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(ORIGINAL.)

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

BY A. R.

BYRON.

[Born in London, 22d January, 1788—From 1790 to 1798 resided in Scotland—Wrote his first poetry in 1800—At Harrow School four years—At Cambridge University composed *Hours of Idleness*—In 1803 wrote *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*—July 1809, embarks for Lisbon—September 1809, lands in Greece—March 1810, leaves Athens for Smyrna—May at Constantinople—Tour in the Morea—July 1811, arrives in London—1812, *Childe Harold* published—1813, wrote *Gaiour and the Bride of Abydos*—1814, published the *Corsair and Lara*—2d January, 1815, married Miss Milbanke—April 1816, sails for Ostend—Visits the Plains of Waterloo—September 1816, in Switzerland, engaged on third canto of *Childe Harold*, Manfred, and the Prisoner of Chillon—At Venice two or three years—Finished *Childe Harold*—1819, removes to Ravenna—Intimacy with the Countess Guiccioli—Wrote *Prophecy of Dante*, *Sardanapalus and Cain*—1821, removes to Pisa, wrote *Werner*, the *Deformed Transformed*, last Cantos of *Don Juan*—September 1822, removes to Genoa—writes for the "*Liberal*"—August 1823, arrives at Capalonia—joins the Greek cause—Arrives at Missolonghi 5th January, 1824—Byron's Suliote Brigade formed—Forms scheme of going to the United States as Ambassador or Agent of the Greeks—1824, April 9, seized with fever—12th, confined to his bed—16th, becomes worse—six o'clock, morning of the 19th, died—Body embalmed—2d May sent to Zante—26th June, reached the Downs,—buried privately at Huckwell, two miles from Newstead Abbey.]

THE career of Byron was as brilliant as it was brief. Like the eccentric meteor, he flashed across the literary horizon, attracting for a time the admiration and awe of the world, and then suddenly disappearing while they gazed. The unprecedented popularity of Lord Byron's writings on their first publication, may be satisfactorily accounted for, apart from their real intrinsic merits, as the production of superior poetical talent, by the peculiar circumstances of the times, and the interest which attached to Byron as a man, and distinguished him from the poets of his day. Descended, by his father's side, from one of the noblest and most renowned Norman families that came over with William the Conqueror, and by his maternal ancestors, from the ill-fated race of the Scottish kings, the meed of distinction was more than half won, before he himself had done anything to merit it. His birth and title obtained for him a hearing at once, by exciting the public curiosity, and in his first publication Byron took care that every thing connected with it should deepen the impression. It was published in an obscure town, in a style of affected plainness, which was meant as a contrast to the embellished form usually adopted by noble authors. He, as it were, stripped himself of the trappings of birth and title, and descended into the arena to contend with equals for the high meed of fame. His extreme youth, (which he somewhat ostentatiously pleaded as an extenuation of his faults,) coupled with the

infamous notoriety of his father, and the renown of his grandfather the "Hardy Byron," were well known to the public, and when Gifford in the *Edinburgh Review* attacked the "*Hours of Idleness*" with unnecessary severity, the public, with a praiseworthy generosity, took sides with the Poet against the Reviewer. This popularity, which was still farther increased by the scorching reply which soon after appeared in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, never forsook Byron during his brief and wayward career. But it was not the title nor the youth of the poet that alone assisted in bringing him thus favourably into public view; it was the kind or *genus* of the poetry, even more than its intrinsic merit, considered as poetry in the abstract. When Byron was prominently before the public, almost the only poetry which had appeared for a long time was that which may not improperly be called romance in verse. It was the descriptive and narrative, the outwardly passionate, which reached its utmost perfection, as in one sense it may be said to have had its origin, in Sir Walter Scott. The public, however, had had enough of this kind of poetry; it had long before been satiated with the didactic, prosaic verse, which had made way for itself, more by the high polish of the language, and weight of sentiment, than by any merit strictly poetical. Woodsworth had published much, but had been bitterly opposed by the literary censors of the day, and, besides, Woodsworth never was intended to be a

popular poet. There was one field, one region of poetry, yet unexplored, and into it Byron was impelled, as well by the native bent of his mind, as by his peculiar habits and education. It was the region of Passion—a prolific region which had been overlooked by the more elegant poets of the Pope and Dryden school, and which was not strictly within the range of Scott. It was for Byron to explore and bring forth its treasures. In doing so, he did not address himself to the delicate, refined, and somewhat artificial taste which loves to revel in arcadian bowers, and to hear the beautiful harmonies of Nature chanted in elegant and polished periods. He cared not for the babbling of streams, flowery arbours, green fields, and trees with golden fruit, and “flowers such as in Eden bloom’d of old;” nor did he draw from the world of romance, from grey chronicles, and superstitious tales of more modern origin. The world of passion *within* was his field. It was to the sternest, gloomiest, and most powerful feelings of the heart that Byron appealed. In this his great strength lay, and it was this which at once raised him, in the eye of the mass, far above all his cotemporaries. There was a vigor, and a freshness in his works, which was the more apparent and striking, as contrasted with the more studied and formal beauty of his predecessors, something which rivetted the mind even in the stormiest times of political and civil discords. Men read, and gazed, and admired. The oracle too sat apart, shrouded in mystery, and its responses were listened to with the more attention, and a reverence approaching to awe or fear. Periodicals teemed with imitations of his peculiar style, critics tried to outdo each other in flattering sycophancy, and it was no wonder that the warnings of the moralist were unheard in the universal shout of applause which sounded throughout Europe during his life, and which, after his death, disarmed the criticism and reprobation with which a moral and thinking people never fail, sooner or later, to regard the disappointed and ambitious sceptic, whatever may be his talents.

Twenty years have not passed away since Byron’s death, and yet in how very different a light is he now looked upon, both as a poet and as a man. His renown has faded, and the Byronic, in mind, manners or poetry, has passed, with the best part of mankind, into a synonyme for all that is misanthropic, vain and sceptical. A close observer, even in the palmiest days of Byron’s greatness, might have predicted that this would be the case. Indeed the prediction was more than once uttered by those who best knew his lordship, and whose high and established reputation left no room to suspect, that envy or jealousy had given rise to the prediction. It was a truth *then*, as it is now, and ever will be, as long as man remains constituted as he now is, that to stand the test of time, poetry must address itself to something higher and holier than the passions. It must lay

hold on the gentler and better feelings, on that which constitutes the *humanity* in man, on man as a being, erring, it may be, and sinful, but still a moral and religious being. True poetry speaks not to the impure, or if it do speak to them, it is in language which they cannot understand. Talent may throw a glare of nebulous light around the productions of the sensualist; skill may arrange the drapery so as to conceal the loathsome figure within; gorgeous and brilliant imagery may dazzle and bewilder; and for a time gilded vice, or gloomy misanthropic scepticism, be passed off at least for wit, and a generous freedom of opinion, if not for virtue—but the delusion will soon be dispelled, and the charm broken.

The three great defects in Byron’s character, and which appear so conspicuously in his writings, were vanity, misanthropy and scepticism. His vanity, strange as it may seem, was yet co-existent with no small degree of pride; indeed so closely were those opposites united in Byron, that it is difficult to say which was the root and which the branch. “I am naturally an aristocrat,” said he, in an attack on Southey, and it was the truth; he was an aristocrat, and so much was he alive to what he considered his dignity, that his most intimate acquaintance were often surprised at finding themselves shunned by his lordship for some omission of the merest punctilios of ceremony. By long habits of morbid self-communion, he had conceived exceeding false notions of his own consequence, and hence he often exacted more consideration than was his due. In 1809, just before he went abroad, he went to take his seat in the House of Lords, and with a singularity in consonance with his character, presented himself at the bar of the House alone. Lord Eldon, the Chancellor, seeing him abashed and pale, quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, expressing at the same time, with becoming courtesy, his regret that the rules of the House had obliged him to call for the evidence of his grandfather’s marriage. “Your lordship has done your duty and no more,” said Byron, making a stiff bow, and touching with the tip of his fingers the Chancellor’s hand. Another instance of the same ridiculous pride is found in his lordship’s stretching over from Girgente to Malta, when on his way to Patras, expecting a salute from the lamented Sir Alexander Ball, then Governor of Malta. The guns were of course mute, and after waiting some time, his lordship turned away with a petulance and vexation which he took no pains to conceal. On his return from abroad he exhibited another proof of his weakness, on his first appearance as a speaker in the House of Lords. On this occasion, he recited a speech on the Nottingham riots, which he had previously written with great care, and committed to memory. It was just such a speech as any young nobleman might have written, sparkling, flowery, and on the whole rather common-place. In Byron’s

eyes, however, it was the *ne plus ultra* of oratorical efforts, and his vanity led him to misinterpret the encouragement with which a good natured house received the new fledged orator, into admiration of his great talent and forensic abilities. Mr. Dallas gives the following account of the sequel to this silly scene :

"When I left the great chamber," says that gentleman ; "I went and met Byron in the passage ; he was glowing with success, and much agitated. I had an umbrella in my right hand, not expecting that he would put out his hand to me ; in my haste to take it when offered, I had advanced my left hand. 'What !' said he, 'give your friend your left hand upon such an occasion ?' I showed the cause, and immediately changing the umbrella to the other, I gave him my right hand, which he shook and pressed warmly. He was greatly elated, and repeated some of the compliments which had been paid him, and mentioned one or two of the peers who had desired to be introduced to him. He concluded by saying, that he had by his speech given the best introduction to Childe Harold's pilgrimage."

About the same time, that is, just before the publication of Childe Harold, Mr. Galt observed, as he says, a paragraph in the London *Morning Post*, a notice of Lord Byron's return from Africa, in which he thought he could discover his lordship's own hand, and his lordship's embarrassment, on the subject being mentioned, confirmed the suspicion that he was the author. Galt adds : "I mention this only as a tint of character indicative of the appetite for distinction, by which, about this period, he became so powerfully incited, that at last it grew into a diseased craving, that were the figure allowable, it might be said, the mouth became incapable of supplying adequate means to appease it—every pore became another mouth, greedy of nourishment."

"Have you seen my three helmets," he inquired of Leigh Hunt, one day, with an air between hesitation and hurry. On being answered in the negative, he said he would show them to him, but stopped short, and put it off. These three helmets, says Hunt, he had got up in honor of his going to war, and as harbingers to achievement. They were in proper classical shape, gilt, and had his motto, "Crede Byron." Moore tells us that Lord Byron's notions of rank were in his boyish days so little disguised, that he got the nickname of the "Old English Baron," and anxious as he is to cover up and extenuate Byron's failings, and to apologise even for his graver crimes, Moore is forced to admit that Byron's pride and vanity were as conspicuous as his great talents. The celebrated Mr. Stendhal, who enjoyed a good deal of Byron's society, gives numerous anecdotes to the same effect. "I discovered," says he, "that Byron was at once enthusiastic in favour of Napoleon, and jealous of his fame. He used to say, 'Napoleon and myself are the only in-

dividuals who sign our names with the initials N. B.' (Noel Byron.) "During a third part of the day," says he, "Lord Byron was a dandy, expressed a constant dread of augmenting the bulk of his outward man, concealed his right foot as much as possible, and endeavoured to render himself agreeable in female society. His vanity, however, frequently induced him to lose sight of the end, in his attention to the means. Love was sacrificed—an affair of the heart would have interfered with his daily exercise on horseback !"

The charges of pride and of vanity which attach to Byron's character, could be abundantly proved, as well by examination of his letters and private journals, as by the evidence of his most intimate friends. These are the vices which tainted his whole life, which make his writings in numberless instances only the records of his own folly and weakness. To attempt to decide as to the merits of Byron's poetry, without taking into the account these traits of his character, would be but labour to no purpose. It is not with Byron as with most poets, whose writings may be judged of by their intrinsic poetical merit, without reference to the individual poet. Shakspeare may be judged of in this way, for he wrote as it were unpersonally, analysing human nature, and opening up the hidden fountains of passion and feeling which belong to the race. In all his writings he scarcely furnishes even the slightest data from which an opinion can be formed as to his personal character and habits. We hear nothing from Shakspeare of his blighted friendships, jealousies and private resentments, his "silent rages," his personal beauty or deformity. Indeed, self is entirely left out, the man is merged in the poet, and the laudable curiosity which we feel in relation to the private history and personal character of so great a man can only be increased, and not satisfied, by the hints of his cotemporaries, and the accidental notices which laborious antiquarians glean from the periodicals of that day. The same forgetfulness of self is apparent in Milton. In one beautiful and affecting passage of his divine poem, he breaks forth in a strain of subdued and gentle eloquence, when alluding to his blindness :

Hail holy light ! offspring of heaven, first born !

Theo I revisit safe,

And feel thy sovereign vital lamp ; but thou
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs
Or dim suffusion veiled.

* * *

Thus with the year
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or light of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,

But clouds instead, and ever 'during dark
Surround me—

But in all his poems we shall scarcely find another allusion to himself, unless it be in some of his sonnets, his lines to his wife, and his noble filial tribute to his father.

Byron's poetry is, in these respects, as different from that of these great masters, as the cast of his mind was inferior. It is saturated with selfishness. True as the needle to the pole, he speaks, travels, and writes, only for one purpose. Alas! he did more than speak and travel and write for the sake of selfish notoriety. He plunged into excesses which his better nature taught him to look upon as debasing and criminal. He affected to despise, as he actually trampled upon, not the conventional rules of society, merely, but the more sacred precepts of morality and virtue; he exposed to ridicule the sanctioned and acknowledged usages of society, broke through restraints which he had voluntarily assumed, and which, once submitted to, ought religiously to be observed. He was in fact a self-immolated victim, a gladiator battling with society, and in the face of a world which he affected to despise, playing the most fantastic tricks to attract attention; now cursing a heartless and unfeeling public, and now, in all the abandonment of unreturned sympathy, wailing that he was alone and desolate. This perpetual sacrifice at the shrine of self, is one of the most deplorable and fatal errors of Byron's life, and one which, while it has done much to corrupt and vitiate those who have really sympathized with him, yet has tended to weaken and tarnish, if not to destroy the reputation he once possessed. While the actor was alive, the public felt no slight interest in looking on, and even now it is not so much the egotism of Byron which disgusts, not so much his efforts to advance himself, as the anxiety he manifests to drag down every one else. Some egotists are most agreeable companions, and are not only tolerated but liked. It is, however, too much credulity to believe that the public, at least the best portion of the public, will derive much pleasure or profit from the outpourings of a diseased mind, from the wailings of wounded vanity, the sneers of disappointed ambition, the scoffs of an assumed scepticism, and the painful record, of half-accomplished plans, and fierce, joyless debauchery. With all these the poetry, and especially the correspondence of Byron, abounds. It seems as if Byron had not only been in a great degree regardless of that prudence which ought to regulate the confessions of an author, when writing for the public, but that he was entirely ignorant of human nature, and of the injurious influence which such unreserved confessions must ultimately have on his reputation as a man and a poet. From daily and hourly brooding over his plans and misfortunes, he supposed that

what was of highest interest to himself, would be equally interesting and agreeable to the public. Hence it was, (that like the Pharisees of old, when they were about to enter on their devotions,) he went into the public street and rang a bell to let the public know he was about to confess. But Byron's confessional was the press, where, alas! there is no oath of secrecy, and no absolution. So complete was Byron's delusion, so unreserved his confessions to the public, so insatiable his passion for notoriety, and such his vanity and love of self, that if these were then extant, a single line in relation to himself, except that which he himself wrote, his character and habits, his failings, his vices and his splendid talents, would be nearly as well known as they now are after the voluminous labours of his biographers. Indeed Byron is his own best biographer, and from his writings, nay even from his poems, those of them that were written *expressly for publication*, we can glean a faithful and most minute record of all he thought, did, and suffered in his wayward career. We have in these a record of his birth, an account of his early education, his childish sports and vexations, his first love, his earliest sacrifice to the muses, his silent, solitary wanderings, when in the first blush of boyhood,

He roam'd, a young Highlander, o'er the dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh, Morven of Snow!

He paints, and oh how faithfully and fully, the strugglings of his better nature with an already morbid ambition, when from the seclusion of a university he looked with a beating heart and eagle eye on the "lofty seat of canonized bards." His young and ardent attachments, the pangs which followed his first appearance as an author, his revenge, his unfortunate marriage, his long and forlorn wanderings, his return, his renown, his satiety and disgust with society, his renewed wanderings, and the splendid but deceitful halo which gilded his last hours—do we not find all these recorded with a minuteness and feeling which leave no doubt of the accuracy of the descriptions? Other men, even in their most secret records of their experience, leave unnoticed some moods of mind, some actions ungrateful and irksome to be thought of; but Byron disclosed *all*. And what a fearful disclosure was it! what an awful mixture of the fiendish and godlike; of powerful and original talent, linked with grovelling passion, and cheerless unmitigated misery. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter, in the last lines Byron ever wrote, dated in Greece a few weeks before his death:

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys,
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze,
No funeral pile.

Misanthropy is the second distinguishing characteristic of Byron's poetry—it is equally characteristic of the poet, the secret in part of his great sway over his readers, and in its effects exceedingly pernicious. It spreads a gloom over the face of nature, renders daily duty irksome, predisposes to suspicion, undermines health, and seriously injures and deadens the moral powers. Indeed misanthropy may be styled the *lues Byronica*, the fatal fascination which, when it has once thoroughly enchained its victim, removes all power and all wish of escape. That Byron was constitutionally misanthropic is doubtless, to a certain extent, true, and thus far instead of being blamed, he is rather to be pitied. But the tendency of his writings is not on this account less pernicious. There is, however, a great deal of affected misanthropy and melancholy in his poems; for on no other hypothesis can we account for the singular inconsistency which he displays in cursing the world in one instant, spurning it from him with disdain, and the very next moment eagerly courting its notice, and bewailing its want of sympathy. If he was really and truly a Timon, it is impossible to reconcile his feelings with his actions; if he really despised the "world and the world's law," why was he, as Galt styles it, so "skinless" and sore when it turned against him? That was a very singular kind of solitude which could suffer itself to be broken in upon by such companions as usually surrounded him; which could be converted into a place of torture by a base squib from a stray London periodical. It was, in truth, the merest affectation of independence in Byron, to pretend to be above caring for the world's opinion. He of all men should never have thrown himself upon his dignity, and resolved never to read English works, he who literally, as somebody has said, "wept for the (English) press, and wiped his eyes with a proof sheet." And yet he was generally ready to assert his independence, and that sometimes in a style not the most courteous nor poetic:

"Dogs or men! (for I flatter you in saying
That ye are dogs—your betters far,) ye may
Read, or read not, what I am now essaying,
To shew ye what ye are in every way.
As little as the moon stops for the baying
Of wolves, will the bright muse withdraw one ray
From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath,
While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.
Don Juan, canto. vii.

At the time these lines were written, he declares his "utter abhorrence of any contact with the travelling English," yet, as Galt remarks, "it was evi-

dent he was ill at ease with himself, and even dissatisfied that the world had not done him enough of wrong to justify his misanthropy." In truth, it was his own unbridled temper that had driven him from England, and from the society of those great lights of the age, whom in a fit of disappointed rage he had attacked wantonly, without the slightest provocation.

In tracing the various phases of this misanthropic moodiness, in the different characters whom Byron introduces in his poems, we shall be able to see how completely the feelings of the poet had been transfused into his heroes, and at the same time be able to form some idea of the mental suffering which Byron must have endured, and which made him literally a "homeless and desolate wanderer among strangers." That he was sincere in thus describing his own condition, can hardly admit of doubt, for there is an affecting air of reality in his melancholy complaints, that too strongly interests the feelings to allow them to be looked upon as fictitious:

I loved, but all I loved are gone;
Had friends—my friends are fled;
How cheerless feels the heart alone,
When all its former hopes are dead!

Fain would I fly the haunts of men,
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the silent glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.

Sadly disordered must his mind have been, to have given vent to such feelings as these in the very prime of his youth; with fortune just beginning to smile upon him, with health on his cheek, and fame already half won.

In one of his most affecting poems, addressed to Augusta, and written after he had experienced how little enjoyment fame and ambition could confer, he seems to melt at the thought of what he had been, and to bend his proud spirit to repentance:

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees and flowers, and brooks,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks.

I have outlived myself by many a day,
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumberer, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have filled a century,
Before its fourth in time had passed away.

The description he gave of MANFRED was of himself:

My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine;

The aim of their existence was not mine.
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger. Though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh.

The following is equally characteristic :

And now CHILDE HAROLD was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee.
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But pride congeal'd the drop within his eye ;
Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolv'd to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea.
With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,
And even for change of scene would seek the shades
below.

The GIAOUR, though possessed of more fire and
animation than the Childe, is not without traces of
the same gloomy character :

My days though few, have passed below
In much of joy and much of woe ;
Yet still in hours of love or strife,
I've 'scaped the weariness of life.

My memory now is but the tomb
Of joys long dead ; my hope, their doom :
Though better to have died with those
Than bear a life of lingering woes.

"In CONRAD THE CORSAIR, Byron has depicted
the harsher lineaments of his own character. He is
in fact a Childe Harold without listlessness, such as
the noble pilgrim would have been, but for the sati-
ety which had relaxed his energies."—*Galt*.

"A man of loneliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh ;
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale,
The sable curls in wild profusion veil.
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals ;
Though smooth his voice and calm his general mein,
Still seems there something he would not have seen.

LARA is but the Corsair with a different name ;
the description of Lara's hall is a sketch of New-
stead, and the introduction to the poem as faithful
a portrait of Byron, as can be conceived :

"In him inexplicably mixed appear'd
Much to be lov'd and hated, sought and feared ;
Yet there were softness too in his regard,
At times a heart as not by nature hard—
He stood a stranger in this breathing world
An erring spirit from another world,
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped,
His early dreams of good outstripped the truth,
And troubled manhood, followed baffled youth ;

With thought of years in phantom chase misspent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent.
And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath
In hurried desolation o'er his path.

"But unless the reader can himself discern, by
his sympathies, that there is the resemblance I con-
tend for, it is of no use to multiply instances. I
shall therefore give but one other extract, which
breathes the predominant spirit of all Byron's
works—that sad translation of the preacher's "van-
ity of vanities ; all is vanity."—*Galt's Life of
Byron*, p. 209.

"Look on me ! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death ;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease, and some insanity—
And some of withered or of broken hearts ;
For this last is a malady that slays
More than are numbered in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
Look upon me ! for even of all these things
Have I partaken—and of all these things
One were enough ; then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or having been, that I am still on earth.

Manfred.

The gloomy misanthropic vein which pervades
Byron's works, produces very pernicious effects on
his readers, and especially on those of an imagina-
tive cast of character, as it gives false views of real
life, shrouds the visible universe in unnatural dark-
ness, and by repressing the spontaneous affections
of the heart, gives rise to suspicions alike charac-
teristic of the Byronic school, and ruinous to peace
of mind.

There are graver charges brought against the
poetry of Byron, which can be sustained as amply as
the charges of vanity and misanthropy already al-
luded to, and the consequences of which are, if pos-
sible, still more pernicious ; the charge of licen-
tiousness and scepticism. The first of these I shall
not touch upon. Those who have read Byron, can-
not but have perceived, and, if they have had any
regard for his character, lamented the truth of the
charge. It applies not, however, to some of his best
and earliest poems—to portions of *Manfred*, the
Giaour, *Lara*, *Childe Harold*, and others. The ad-
mirers of Byron, and even some of his Biographers
who would not wish to be considered his admirers,
or his apologists, pretend that Byron's worst writings
are purer than those of the earlier English drama-
tists, whose works are still not only tolerated but
admired. The weakness and fertility of the plea
need not be exposed ; it is enough that the uniform con-

sent of the public, including the best and most intelligent of all ranks, has banished Byron's works from the family circle; if it has banished those of them not so noted for licentiousness, the public will be no losers. The topic is a fruitful one, but let it pass.

The charge of scepticism is, generally, if not universally, admitted even by Byron's admirers. "To class Byron among *absolute* infidels," says *Gall*, "would be to do injustice to his memory." Nor do we wish so to class him. Indeed, were the truth known, there are far fewer absolute infidels than many would have us believe. There are many who allow themselves to be considered such, and some who glory in the title, who in the secret recesses of their own hearts, feel that their professions are false. Arguments they can meet, if not with argument, at least with wit and ridicule; they can cavil or raise objections against truths and doctrines obscurely revealed—attack them, and their pride of intellect is aroused, and they act on the defensive with a zeal that, in their cooler moments, surprises even themselves, but when they have silenced an adversary, they are themselves unconvinced. There is within them something which whispers that the lip is false to the heart, and in their better moments they are not unwilling to avow the very sentiments which in the heat of dispute they denounced as ridiculous and absurd.

"I do not reject the doctrines of Christianity," said Byron to Dr. Kennedy; "I only want sufficient proofs of it. That I want is," he added, "to be convinced that the Bible is true, because if I can believe that, it will follow as a matter of course, that I must believe all the doctrines that it contains." It would serve no good purpose to enter minutely into the theological creed of Lord Byron, if indeed he had any settled system of belief. His account has long been settled; it is no less certain that professed free thinkers and sceptics have used Byron's name and writings to add dignity to their infidelity. His life affords the best of all possible commentaries on their wretched principles. That it was as thoroughly wretched as it could well be, will be soonest granted by those who are best acquainted with it.

Byron was fully sensible of his great talents, and presumed too much upon them, setting himself above the rules of propriety which ought to have restrained him as well as the humblest member of society. It seems indeed to have been the prime error in Byron's composition to think himself above ordinary mortality; so that if all men agreed on any particular point, *that* was the very one on which Byron was the most likely to maintain an opinion exactly the reverse. No reputation was too well established, no character in private life too estimable, no station too high, to be exempt from Byron's self-willed attacks. The world had united in according the highest praise to Sir Walter Scott, both as a man and a poet. Byron calls him "Apol-

lo's venal son," and advises him not to "foist on the public his stale romance." Southey, whose many admirable writings, both in prose and verse, are distinguished by uncommon splendor, and profound reflections, uttered in language the most sustained and beautifully exact and simple, Byron affects to despise as beneath criticism.

According to Byron, Woodsworth

Both by precept and example shows,
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose.

and Bacon, the boast of Englishmen, the profound Bacon, was "incorrect in trifles for which a school-boy should be whipped," and was disparaged to make room for Voltaire, "that great and unequalled genius—the universal Voltaire." The field where the liberties of Europe were secured, the very mention of which sends a shrill to the heart of every lover of freedom, Byron apostrophises as

Bloody and most bootless Waterloo!

Which proves how fools may have their fortune too,
Won half by blunder, half by treachery.

Wellington, he calls "the best of cut throats," Milton he affects to consider as a prosy poet, nor was Shakspeare himself exempted from the ill concealed sneer which habit and natural disposition rendered familiar to the young poet. For all this, there may be some excuse. Byron was young, and driven on by a breeze of fortune, which was likely to sway if not to upset a steadier bark than his. He was possessed, too, of original and powerful talent, of a brilliant genius, which might occasionally lead him too far from the safe, because common, track. In as far as speculative opinions are concerned, or hasty expressions, little comports with the respect which should ever be paid to acknowledged reputation, and the excuse may be admitted in full, the more readily as the fame of the great men whom Byron attacked, could not be sullied by any misjudged efforts of his. But Byron's life, even more than his writings, contradicted the sober experience, and shocked the sensibilities of mankind. And with a singularity which can scarcely be accounted for, Byron seems to have used efforts to blazon abroad his follies and crimes. He was, in sober earnest, sufficiently abandoned, and sunk low enough by what some were pleased to term fashionable follies, and indiscretions—but *he was not* content with this—he must have the reputation of being worse than he in fact was. He must boast of his vices, and cast into the teeth of sober minded men, his renunciation of the rules of morality, by which they were guided. He must not only be separated from his own wife, but must revel in open and profligate intimacy with the wife of another man. His appeals for sympathy must be made to the world against his own wife, and this not once or

twice merely, not only when the first pang of disappointed love made it difficult to restrain his feelings, but after years of uncomplaining silence on her part, which might have taught him, if not the duty of banishing rancorous feelings from his heart, at least the impropriety of blazoning them abroad to the world.* It is conduct like this which has tarnished the reputation of Byron, which Moore, the most lenient, the most attached of his biographers, finds it difficult, with all his easy morality, and his persevering efforts, to gloze over, and conceal. It is this which has made Byron's example so unsafe to be followed, which among the best and wisest of mankind, has made it a beacon to warn, rather than a guide to encourage and conduct. It is the unhappy tendency of Byron's morals, and the many unseemly blots upon his character as a son, a husband, and a friend, that has shaken public confidence in his productions as a poet. That his conduct in all these relations was far from exemplary, is too well known to require much comment. Captain Medwin represents Byron as speaking of his character previous to his first leaving England, in these terms: "I was at that time a mere Bond Street loungeur, a man of gambling and coffee houses; my afternoons were spent in luncheons, and boxing, not to say drinking. In fact, my constitution was ruined by my early excesses." Such were some of Byron's youthful indiscretions, need we wonder if even at that early period of his life he was miserable. Had he but opened his eye and ear to the beautiful and the good which surrounded him on every side, had his poetic fervour carried him outwards to the eloquent face of nature, to the visions of sublimity and grandeur which pressed upon his attention, or upwards to the poetry of Heaven, and not *inwards* to the unweeded rankness which had already begun to cluster about and overstep his best affections and highest hopes, a very different fate might have been his. As it was, he sowed the wind, and he reaped the whirlwind. "All the friends of my youth," says he to Capt. Medwin, "are dead, shot in duels, ruined, or in the galleys," and he himself was but like a blasted tree, with its leaves seared, and nothing left but the melancholy remains of former beauty and strength to remind the looker on of what it might have become, had there been no canker at the root. Byron's misery sprung from his own gloomy feelings, and partly perhaps from constitutional infirmity. When he was waning into the sear and yellow leaf he was scarce more miserable than in the first blush of manhood. When he was scarce twenty-one years of age, and about to leave England, he writes to Mr. Dallas, in language which

too plainly shews that the "rust of bitter, bitter thoughts" had eaten into his soul: "Friendship!" says he; "I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and *perhaps* my mother (!) a single being who will care what becomes of me." In little more than two years after he had written this melancholy sentence, he returned from his wanderings, and found his mother a corpse. Her chief failing had been a too fond affection for her son, which prevented her from checking his violent ebullitions of passion till she found it too late. Byron was at Newstead when she was buried. Galt says: "Having declined to follow the remains himself, he stood looking from the hall-door at the procession, till the whole had moved away; and then turning to one of the servants, the only person left, he desired him to fetch the sparring gloves, and proceeded with him to his usual exercise." Byron was present at another similar scene, where his assumed indifference, did not pass off so quietly. It was when the body of the poet Shelley was cast ashore between Leghorn and the Bay of Spezia. He had been drowned some time before, and Byron and some friends of the deceased determined to reduce the body to ashes. "When the duty was done," says his biographer, "and the ashes collected, they dined and drank much together, and bursting from the calm mastery with which they had repressed their feelings during the solemnity, gave way to frantic exultation. *They were all drunk*; they sang, they shouted, and their barouche was driven like a whirlwind through the forest!"

Not long after this demoniac revelry, Byron himself was no more. He died in the prime of life, just as he had entered upon a new and more dazzling career than any that he had yet seen. That Byron was attracted to Greece, partly by sympathy for its oppressed and struggling patriots, every one will admit. The enthusiasm in behalf of liberty was at that time as ardent as it was universal. But the eye of Byron was fixed on Greece, by other considerations. In Greece he had won the fairest, if not the first laurels which had ever graced his brow; he had visited and become familiar with most of the classic spots which will ever render Greece a sacred land to the admirers of genius, and antiquity; he had drunk in inspiration from the same air and earth and skies as her poets and sages of old; had worshipped at the shrine of her genius, and had wandered a pilgrim on the glorious mountains, where "Freedom's hallowed footsteps blest the soil." But Byron had other attractions to Greece. He had exiled himself from his native land, and had been wandering about aimless and without a home. Geneva, Pisa, Venice, Genoa, had each been tried and found irksome; there was to be found there but disappointment and vexation, and Greece therefore was hailed as a refuge from satiety and disgust, and a reputation already blighted. It was not an

* Those who wish to estimate the sincerity of Byron's affection for his wife, may consult his verses entitled "A Charity Ball," "Epigram on my Wedding day," 1820, do. 1821, on hearing Lady Byron was ill, 1816, and other minor poems.

entirely new enterprise, but it offered glittering and splendid honours to the adventurer, and Byron engaged in it with enthusiasm ; as characteristic of his nature, as of the speedy disappointment which was so soon to follow. Indeed, of all men, Byron was the least fitted to be practically useful, in a contest such as Greece was then struggling to maintain. Byron was fond of ease, in love with sedentary habits, engrossed with himself and his personal aggrandizement. What was worse than all, he was entirely ignorant of business, and of men, and of consequence, soon became involved in senseless quarrels with those who were about him. "Lord Byron's undisciplined spirit could ill brook delay ; he was out of his element ; confusion thickened around him ; his irritability grew passion ; and there was the rush and haste, the oblivion and alarm of fatality in all he undertook and suggested. As instances of this we may mention his attempts to keep clear of both the Greek factions, in the hope of reconciling them, his threatening to libel Colonel Stanhope in the Greek Chronicle, and the insane attempt to overthrow the power of the Turks and emancipate Greece, by the establishment of a printing press ! But it is needless to heap up instances of this kind. Thus much has been said on Byron's failings and vices, for the purpose of warning those who may be fascinated by the splendor and power of his genius, and thus insensibly prepared for imbibing his pernicious principles or following his example. The warning is needed by very many. It requires no ordinary effort to break through this fascination, to escape from the gloomy shades in which Byron's poetry envelopes the youthful and trusting spirit. *Time* will break the charm, and dispel the illusion, but what if, before this, the clear sight and healthy relish of the soul have been contaminated, and the taints of skepticism spread over its once fair lineaments !

The general characteristics of Byron's poetry, which we have thus sketched, are so apparent, even on a slight inspection, that few will be disposed to doubt the correctness of the conclusion. As to his comparative merits, as a poet, there exists much greater discrepancy of opinion. By some he has been placed among the great lights, in the galaxy of English Poets ; reckoned on the same list as Shakespeare, and Milton, and as little inferior to them in the essential requisites which form the true poet. That this estimate is far from being a correct one, is too plain to need proof ; nor is the estimate of those who allow Byron no merit beyond that of energy and passion, any nearer the truth. Because Byron prostituted his genius to unworthy purposes, it does not necessarily follow that therefore his genius was of an inferior cast. It proves only that the tendency of his writings is injurious, and on that account they are to be shunned ; it is matter of regret that the fine gold should thus have become dim, and the earnest hopes of thousands have been disappointed. By-

ron was an original Poet,* but his originality was very different, in most respects, from that of other poets. Byron was original because he himself was conspicuously present in every poem. Manfred, Lara, the Giaour, Childe Harold, and even Don Juan, and Sardanapalus, are but Lord Byron in different words. Other poets had not ventured to make themselves their own heroes, and then to exercise their ingenuity and tax their originality in finding opportunities, and creating circumstances, in which they could display themselves. They created characters, and then studied as far as possible, naturally to shape circumstances so as to exhibit and bring forth the characters ; but Byron's characters, or at least the characters of his heroes, were furnished to his hand. They were all cast in one mould. Byron is the same fitful, passionate being ; the same omnipresent, all pervading spirit, wherever he appears in battle, or in the festal hall, on the stormy bosom of the ocean, or in the rude, lone, cave, with sparkling diamonds decked. Originality like this, captivated the public taste, because it enchained their sympathies, and gave a life-like interest to the hero. Another excellence and characteristic of Byron as a poet, is the vigour and freshness of his descriptions. He was not a poet of nature, and never could have been while he was so misanthropic and so unprincipled a man.) The poet of nature must be at peace with himself ; a being as guileless and guiltless, as unsophisticated and confiding in his disposition as it is possible for erring and sinful mortals to be ; ambition and the rankling passions of envy and hate must never have a home in his breast. But Byron had rather the eye of a painter, than the observation of the true poet. The outward, and visible beauties of a landscape he could transfer to his page, but there is scarcely a whisper to be heard of the inward and gentle harmonies with which nature blesses the ear of her devoted worshipper.

But it is when he leaves nature, and paints the feelings and especially the passions of man, that Byron exhibits his real strength. It is then, that he leaves common poets at immeasurable distance beneath him, and soars up with an unflinching wing to the highest summits of the mount of song. Especially is this the case when he describes the grand, the terrible, the revolting. He then revels in a congenial element, and seems to have absolute control over all the passions and fears of mankind. He interests deeply, and often painfully, but it is too often followed by something which proportionally depresses and shocks ; he exalts, as if to show the strength

* It would be easy to convict Byron of numerous plagiarisms, and even of adopting as his own, literal translations from foreign poets. The most noted instances are his introduction to the *Br. de Abydos*, lines on Henry Kirke White, Alp's reflections near the walls of Corinth, Hassan's return, in the *Giaour*, &c.

with which he can dash us to the earth. Byron is among poets what *Salvator Rosa* is said to be among painters. He brings wildness, and grandeur, into his foregrounds, and rivets the attention on these and not on the misty and receding beauties which most place in the distance. With what art does he embellish the tale of *Ukraine's Hetman*. The thousand tones and signs, "the involuntary sparks of thought," the burning chain that bound the young and trustful spirits of the loving pair—And then the terrible revenge of the enraged father. We see the victim bound to the struggling steed, and hear the wild savage shout which followed him, borne away to the forest, fleetier than the wind. We see and hear it all; the wild plain of far extent, the career of the snorting steed; the swollen limbs, the gore which, oozing through his limbs, ran o'er; the thirsty troop howling like fiends, as they chase on with their long gallop—on, on, through thicket and rushing stream, and over hill and weary plain; the desperate plunge which leaves them behind, and the faint, slow, painful, progress, till the contest is over at last, and there they lie, "the dying on the dead," with the vulture wheeling in narrowing circles impatient for his prey. He paints again, and we see the gorgeously decorated hall, and hear the sound of revelry by night, in *Belgium's capital*; beauty and strength are there, music with its voluptuous swell, and whispers not needed when the eloquent eye can speak with such sudden and subduing power. It is but for a moment,—the master spirit is grieved that the vision of delight should bless our eyes even for an instant—and it passes away; and there is hurrying to and fro, pale cheeks, and gathering tears, and choking sighs;—a moment more, and there is mounting in hot haste, the mustering squadron, the deep thunder peal, the wild gathering war-note of the clans, alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass—
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
bent.

He paints again, and on the restless bosom of the ocean we see the floating corpse,—

The sea-birds shriek above their prey,
On which their hungry beaks relay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His hand heaves with the heaving billow;
That hand whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
Hung by the tossing tide on high,
Then lell'd with the wave,

Again—and the *Eternal City*, the mother of dead empires, is before us:

The noble of nations, there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

Or it may be that he paints the *Seven-hilled City* as it once was, the centre of the world, with thundering millions in her streets. We look on in wonder, but the eye rests on the tide of existence, ebbing and flowing in the vast amphitheatre!

We see before us the gladiator lie; his manly brow
Consents to death and conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now,
The arena swims around him;—he is gone.

He sets before us pictures of human life, not more graphic nor more to the life, but more characteristic of the poet:

"We wither from our youth, we gash away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first,—
But all too late—so we are doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle,—and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And *Death* the sable smoke where vanishes the
flame."

There is much abruptness, and inequality of measure, as well as harshness, in *Byron's* poetry, as must necessarily be the case, since he wrote so much with such rapidity; but there is a finish and perfection in many portions of all his poems, that may indeed be equalled, but can never be excelled. Indeed it is doubtful whether any poet has written more that could be collected with more propriety, and with less risk to the author's fame, into what is called a volume of "*Beauties*." Many of his *Hebrew Melodies*, are exquisitely perfect; and in his larger poems there is such frequent transition, and so little dependence placed for effect on the continuity of the story, or depth of the plot, that selections might be made in abundance, of gems which would be rendered only more valuable by removal from the defilement into which they were cast.

The description of a sinking ship for instance:

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave,
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

Add the next stanza, which is still more affecting and beautiful:

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash

Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
 Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Don Juan, canto II.

And the following which is less frequently quoted, but not surpassed by anything of the kind in his works.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
 The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
 Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;
 And all within its arch appeared to be
 Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
 Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
 Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
 Forsook the dim eyes of the shipwreck'd men.

Ib.

The following specimen will show how Byron delights to mar the beautiful by the contact of the vulgar. It is one instance, out of thousands, which might be brought.—

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
 Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
 Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
 Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,
 Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
 Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest ;—
 In short he was a very pretty fellow,
 Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

It is needless farther to multiply quotations :— Indeed it was not with his character and standing as a poet, that we have had to do ; as a man we have seen him to be as far beneath the level of common men as he was exalted by talent and genius above them. He is an unsafe guide, and a very dangerous companion, therefore, to the young. The effect of his writings is evil, and those alone can decide how pernicious, who have felt it. As a poet, his genius was of a high order, but it was prostituted and debased. And the result with Byron, as with every other poet who like him degrades the “heaven born light and faculty divine,” to minister to a craving ambition, and moody selfishness and misanthropy, has proved that transient popularity is far different from fame.

The light in which Byron is now, as if by common consent, looked upon, has proved a lesson to succeeding poets, as impressive as it is useful. It shews that egotism and self-worship will at last bring disgust ; that he who would live in the hearts of his fellow men, must seek to be loved as well as to be admired, must possess something more than talent or genius, the rarer faculty of rightly using and applying these gifts. To constitute a great poet, something more

than genius and talent is necessary. “The greatest poets that ever lived,” says the elegant author of the Introduction to the Greek Classic Poets, “have, without exception, been the wisest men of their time ;” he adds, “the knowledge of the mind and its powers,—of the passions and their springs,—the love and study of the beautiful forms of the visible creation ; this it is which can alone teach a man to think in sympathy with his fellow creatures.” A great man, himself an example of what is purest and worthiest, as a poet and philosopher, has expanded and opened up the same idea, when speaking of Shakspeare :

“What then shall we say ? even this : that Shakspeare, no mere child of nature ; no automaton of genius ; no passive vehicle of inspiration, possessed by the spirit, not possessing it ; first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge became habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and at length gave birth to that stupendous power, by which he stands alone, with no equal nor second in his own class ; to that power, which seated him on one of the two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain, with Milton as his compeer, not rival.”

At an infinite distance below that summit must Byron's station be assigned. How high he might have soared, but for his misdirected and perverted genius, and his untimely end, it is hard to say. It is certain that the language in which Byron described the character of “Childe Harold,” can, with the utmost propriety be applied to himself. “He was never intended as an example, further than to show that early perversion of mind leads to satiety of past pleasures, and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected.”

HUMAN LIFE.

Ah, what is life ! a dream within a dream !
 A pilgrimage from peril rarely free ;
 A bark that sails upon a changing sea,
 Now sunshine and now storm ; a mountain stream,
 Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone ;
 A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,
 Yet for a season fair to look upon.
 Life is an infant on Affection's knee,
 A youth now full of hope and transient glee,
 In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon
 A time-worn ruin silver'd o'er with years.
 Life is a race where slippery steeps arise,
 Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
 And when the goal is won, the grave appears.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE HEBREW MARTYRS:

A TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BACKWOODS OF CANADA," &c. &c.

In the early part of the Christian Era, there lived a young Hebrew named Azariah, the son of Josiah and Salome, of the tribe of Judah, persons remarkable for their piety, looking with fervent hope for the consolation of Israel, for that Saviour set forth by the prophetic writers of old, as the Redeemer of all mankind. The Holy One, the Chosen of God, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace, who was to gather together the outcasts of Israel, the despised and neglected nations of the earth.

Deeply impressed with the importance of these things, Josiah and Salome early instilled precepts of virtue and religious obedience into the mind of their son. The seeds of piety early received in a good ground, sprung up and gave the promise of bringing forth fruit even to an hundred-fold. Dutiful, patient of reproof, wise and learned beyond his years, no wonder that the fond parents looked forward to his riper years with hope and satisfaction.

But the fairest of human prospects may be overcast. The race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong. Unforeseen misfortunes fell upon Josiah, while he yet deemed all things prosperous, like the evil messengers that followed each other, with haste to declare the evil tidings to the Patriarch of old, so swiftly did one calamity follow the step of another, till all that made life desirable had faded from the grasp of Josiah, and he was forced to sell the last remnant of his inheritance to the nearest of kin, according to the Levitical law of the Jews.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," were the only words that were uttered by Josiah, as he meekly resigned the patrimony he had inherited for many generations. For his own private deprivations Josiah repined not, but there were those that were dear to his heart, that must suffer with him, and his eye overflowed when he looked upon his young son and his mother, who stood beside him.

"Be not cast down my father," observed the young Azariah; "there are yet five years till the year of redemption; who knoweth but that I may, by the blessing of the Lord, be enabled to redeem mine inheritance,"—and a beam of hope lightened up his fine countenance as he spoke.

Animated by this hope, Azariah joined himself to the company of a foreign merchant, and journeyed with him in a distant country, thinking, by unremitting industry and frugality to be enabled to return

and reinstate his beloved parents in their former patrimony.

In their journey towards the capital of Persia, they were set upon by one of those predatory bands that infest the borders of the desert. In the short, fierce struggle that ensued, many of the caravan were slain; among these the merchant and his son, and at the close of the day Azariah found himself the unwilling captive of one of the leaders of the Tartar band. In this situation he experienced the horrors of slavery, in all its bitterness—but he forsook not the statutes of his God; but, like Daniel, held fast his integrity, and although dwelling among heathen and idolators, he hallowed the Sabbaths and walked humbly and devoutly before the Lord.

Often in the still hours of night when all around were hushed in sleep, would the lonely captive rise from his lowly bed, and, standing at the door of his tent, look earnestly towards the land of his fathers, and pray that he might yet behold the sun behind his native hills, and worship the Lord in his holy temple. He still continued to think upon the Scriptures, and to look forward with hope to the fulfilment of the prophecies, awaiting the time when the sun of righteousness should arise with healing in his wings, to give light to those that sit in darkness and in the valley of the shadow of death.

Far distant from Jerusalem, he knew not that the Star of Bethlehem had risen; that the long promised Messiah had appeared; that the Word had become flesh, and dwelt among his people.

A day of excessive toil and suffering had impressed more painfully than ever the painfulness of his life, on the mind of the captive Hebrew. In the solitude of the desert Azariah sought where he might pour forth the anguish of an overburdened spirit. He had that day endured every species of insult and personal indignity from his oppressors, and his heart was a prey to the most gloomy feelings. The charmer Hope, whose syren voice had so often spoken peace and comfort to him in his afflictions, now spoke no more. He considered himself as forsaken of his God and forgotten of all men.

In the words of the discontented prophet of the Ninevites, he exclaimed, as he cast himself on the parched earth: "It is better for me to die than to live." "As he uttered these last words his eye fell on the leaves of a plant, whose poisonous qualities were known to produce instant death on those that

had the temerity to swallow a small portion. His hand was extended to pluck the noxious weed when a shrill and piercing cry of terror smote his ear; and again it was repeated in wilder tones of agony, and Azariah starting to his feet, beheld, Sahib, the eldest son of his master, a youth of twelve years of age, pursued by a hungry leopard. The panting fugitive was already within the grasp of the savage, when an arrow from the bow of Azariah arrested his flight, and laid him writhing on the sand. A faint murmur of grateful acknowledgment broke from the lips of the young Arab, as his deliverer disengaged him from the grasp of his dying enemy, and kneeling beside him, tenderly supported his faint and bleeding form on his arm, applying the folds of his turban to staunch the blood that flowed in profusion from the wound inflicted on his shoulder by the claws of the leopard.

Azariah was still engaged in endeavours to restore animation to the frame of the insensible youth, when a party of horsemen approached swiftly across the desert, headed by Mahmoon, the father of Sahib, the tyrannical master of Azariah; in a few brief minutes they were beside him.

At the sight of his beloved child in so ghastly a condition, to all appearance dead, the Arab chief uttered a cry of anguish, and casting himself on the body of his son, rent his clothes and gave way to frantic lamentations. Then turning to Azariah, accused him of having cruelly and revengefully murdered his child.

A crimson flush of indignant feeling reddened the cheek and mounted even to the pale brow of the young Hebrew slave. He folded his arms proudly over his bursting heart, and turned silently away from his accuser.

"Son of Ismael, you wrong the Hebrew—behold there the murderer of your son," exclaimed one of the company, pointing with his spear to the savage beast that lay stretched on the sand. "See the arrow that arrested his cruel purpose, drawing, as he spoke, the barbed instrument from the neck of the beast.

At that instant the breast of the "youthful Sahib became convulsed with sighs that indicated returning life, and shortly afterwards his eyes unclosed and rested for a time on the face of his sorrowing parent; but soon they appeared to wander, as if searching for some other object, and when they rested upon the troubled, agitated face of his preserver, they became suffused with tears, that with silent eloquence declared the gratitude his lips were without power to utter; turning to his father he spoke a few words in his ear, accompanied with earnest gestures.

The sullen countenance of the Arab became softened in expression, as he listened to the passionate appeal of his child.

"Slave," he said, "turning towards Azariah, and speaking in subdued accents: "Thou has taken a noble revenge for the blows inflicted on thee, this

morning. Hast thou parents living in thine own land, to whom thy life is dear? "Thou hast preserved the life of a child, and given joy to the heart of his parents. I restore thee to thine. Go—from this hour thou art free."

But a few brief minutes had passed, since Azariah had considered himself forsaken of his God, cast off from all hope of deliverance, and he had rashly resolved to rid himself of that life which he regarded only as a painful and heavy burden. He knew not that he had been preserved for better things, to bestow joy and gladness on the heart of a parent, and to convert an enemy into a grateful benefactor and friend. Surely, O Lord, he exclaimed, "Thy judgments are true and righteous altogether; thy thoughts are very deep, and thy ways past finding out. I acknowledge thy power, thy goodness, and thy mercy; and confess mine own unworthiness. Thou hast visited thy servant in the land of captivity, even as thou didst the Patriarch Joseph, when he lay fast bound in prison in the house of his enemies. Holy and blessed is thy name."

The thoughts of his parents, his home and his country, by turns came over the mind of Azariah, filling his heart with emotions of tenderness, and his eyes with tears. The words of freedom, so sweet to the ear of the captive, banished the sorrows of nine long years of hard and bitter bondage; he was alive only to the sweet consciousness of liberty.

The captive exile now hastened to return; but many days of weary travail were before him ere his eyes could again be blessed by the sight of his native land. Animated with the hope of bringing joy to the hearts of his disconsolate parents, and meditating on the delight he should experience on once more beholding the beautiful, the beloved city, he journeyed onward towards Jerusalem.

It was a night of stillness and of beauty—one on which the traveller might be tempted to pause; and lifting his soul in thankfulness and admiration, to exclaim: "How glorious are thy works, O Lord; in wisdom hast thou formed them all." The moon was rising in fulness of splendour, as Azariah entered upon the hill country of Judea; her long lines of silver radiance brightened the fields and vallies, and trembled with unrivalled lustre on the clear rolling waters that diversified the flowery plains.

The soft sighing zephyr that swept along the groves came loaded with the rich perfume of the orange and olive blossoms; the citron, pomegranate and fragrant balsam—all around, above, below, bespoke the wisdom and bounty of their great Original.

Azariah felt a holy glow of pious gratitude fill his mind, as he gazed around on the works of the Creator, all equally useful and beautiful in their order. With the sweet Psalmist of Israel, he was tempted to exclaim, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst regard him?"

Yielding to the fervour of his feelings, he prostra-

ted himself on the dewy grass, and poured forth his soul in a prayer of thankfulness and praise to the Giver of all Good, who had bestowed such innumerable blessings on his creatures; nor did the grateful Azariah forget to acknowledge that goodness which had sustained him during his years of captivity, granting to him the joy of again beholding the land of his people.

As he ascended the hill that commanded a view of Jerusalem, his eye turned with holy rapture to the lofty spires of her public buildings, her holy temple; with all her ancient walls and towers glittering in the moonlight. It was on such a night as this he had turned with lingering steps and tearful eyes, to look back on her walls, when he went forth a self-banished exile to a distant land, cheered by the hope of returning with the means of restoring the ancient heritage of his forefathers.

He had indeed returned to the city of his birth, but friendless—and as destitute as when he wandered forth, a stranger and pilgrim in the world.

Still the fond idea that his return would fill the heart of his sorrowing parents with gladness, offered a solace for every disappointment.

"Surely," he exclaimed "in the society of his parents and of his kindred, Azariah will find a balm for every care."

Starting from the reverie into which he had fallen, the young Hebrew rapidly resumed his journey.

The moon was down, and the shades of night had wrapped the city in gloom, when the weary traveller entered the gates and bent his steps towards the street which contained the house of his parents.

With hurried step he sought the dwelling of his beloved relatives, but found it inhabited by strangers. He enquired with fluttering accents for its former tenants, and was told that Salome had long since been numbered with the dead, and no one knew aught of the aged Josiah. His kindred, too, were dispersed, and strangers filled their places in the city; and those that had known Azariah in the days of his boyhood, now knew him no longer! This, then, was the reward of his pilgrimage, his years of slavery and sorrow; the fondly treasured hopes that had cheered his lonely captivity were at once blasted and overthrown. So fading, so fleeting, is human happiness.

The vivid emotions that had so lately animated the breast of Azariah, gave place to feelings of hopeless despondency.

"What have I to do here?" he cried, in the bitterness of his heart; "I return to the home of my youth, but find it desolate. Woe is me, my parents; wherefore did I leave you, or why did I return to know your loss?" he exclaimed, as he hurried from the spot and paced with rapid and disordered steps the now lonely and deserted streets.

Overcome at length by agitating reflections, Azariah paused and leaned his back against the supporting buttress of an apparently untenanted building.

Here he remained lost in a train of distressing thoughts, when a low soft chaunt of voices from within the walls, stole upon his ear and roused him from his reverie.

It came at first like the distant flow of waters, or mournful sighing of the autumnal breeze, then louder swelling, rose in distinct and solemn tones a choral hymn of praise and thanksgiving.

To Azariah those sweet sounds breathed of peace and holy joy. His troubled spirit was soothed while listening to the unseen choir, and he continued to linger near the spot long after the echo of the voices had died away within the walls.

Who this band of religious devotees might be that thus assembled together at the still hour of midnight, when the rest of the inhabitants of the city were wrapt in sleep, to celebrate and hymn their Maker's praise, Azariah could not learn; but he loved to wander near the spot, and catch the lofty notes of vocal harmony floating on the calm air of night. Sometimes his ear caught words of strange import that filled his soul with wonder, and feelings of deep interest were awakened in his breast that had till now been strangers.

The return of Azariah had taken place during the early persecutions practised against the Christian Church, when the followers of Christ, realizing the pathetic picture drawn by the masterly hand of the Apostle of the Gentiles, speaking of the former martyrs, saith, "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain by the sword—they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, forsaken, (of whom the world was not worthy); they wandered in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves of the earth."*

The converts of Christ experienced those trials of their faith which had been foretold them by their Lord. "In the world," he said, "ye shall have tribulation and anguish; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake. Yea, the time cometh when whosoever killeth you, shall think he doeth God a service. If they have hated me they will hate you also."

In the stillness of night, when their enemies slept, the persecuted Christians met in lonely and deserted places, to offer up their evening sacrifice of prayer and praise: to ask the assistance of the Holy Spirit to give them grace to bear meekly and firmly the cruelty of their oppressors, and to hold fast the faith, in spite of temptation and persecution; to strengthen each other by devout converse, and by uniting in prayer to Him who had counted them worthy to suffer for his name's sake, and to instruct and confirm the belief of their converts to the faith of Christ's Gospel.

And though their numbers were oftentimes thinned by the relentless power of those blind zealots who exulted in putting down the followers of the Lord,

* Hebrews.

they faithfully held fast the profession of their faith—nothing wavering; refusing to deny the Saviour who had redeemed them with his precious blood—counting the sufferings of the present time not to be compared with the promise of eternal life set before them. Thus it was, that though the Christians were despised and rejected of men, yet the word increased and prospered among them, and the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.

It was to one of these devout assemblies that Azariah had chanced to become an uninvited listener, and from that time he sought the place of their midnight worship, when all slept, to listen to the Christian's nightly hymns, and to walk and watch without the building, joining in secret with that heavenly choir.

Since his return to Jerusalem he had heard strange rumours, that the long expected Messiah had appeared—that in the person of Jesus, the teacher, as he was termed, the wondrous things set forth by the prophets of former days had been fulfilled, and many that had witnessed the miracles performed by him, and in his name, had believed on him and acknowledged him to be the Lord's Christ; but that the Scribes and Pharisees, and rulers of the Jews, who looked for a temporal prince, that should wield the sceptre of David, and restore again their nation to its regal power, and break the yoke of the Romans from their neck—hardened their hearts and blinded their eyes to the truth. Loving darkness rather than light, they rejected the Lord Jesus and put him to a shameful death—even the death of the cross; but the grave which could be no prison to the holy one, (whose body could not see corruption), had given up its dead, and Christ had risen on the third day, and had appeared to his disciples.

These things at first fell like idle tales on the ear of Azariah, and he scarcely heeded them; but when he beheld the constancy, the zeal, the divine charity, the forbearance and devotedness of these poor, despised, rejected, Christians, he said in his heart,—“Surely the spirit of truth is with them.”

Hitherto Azariah had been withheld from searching into the truths of this new doctrine, because with the weakness incidental to humanity, he feared to incur the vengeance of his countrymen, and the displeasure of the chief rulers of the synagogues, who exercised the utmost severity against all those that openly professed to be followers of the Gospel, or were even suspected of being favorable to its precepts. But the mind of Azariah was not always to be fettered by the influence of the world. A faint dawning of light had glimmered on the gloom that superstition had cast over his mind, and he began to turn a willing ear to those who went abroad publishing the good tidings of great joy, that God had visited his people, declaring perfect remission of their sins to all that believed on the name of Jesus Christ, the mediator between God and man.

It chanced one day, that returning from a village a few miles distant from Jerusalem, and musing in his heart on those things which he had heard spoken, Azariah perceived a vast concourse of people gathered together on a hill without the precincts of the city.

Urged by motives of curiosity, he bent his steps towards the spot; but what a sight presented itself. Kneeling on the bare earth, surrounded by the fierce and savage multitude, he beheld a Christian mother supported on either side by a lovely female child.

Their pale but calm countenances, expressed firmness and courage beyond their years, and seldom pertaining to the weakness of their sex, but well befitting the cause for which they were about to suffer. Their innocence, their meekness, and their heroic constancy, moved not the cruel purpose of those fierce men who had led them forth to die.

The throng pressed thicker and closer round the victims. There was a deep and sullen murmur among the people, like the hoarse rolling of a distant torrent; as the voices of the Christian mother and her children, low and tremulous at first, then gathering strength, arose in fervent prayer:

“Father of Heaven, take home thy children, weary with this their earthly pilgrimage. Receive them unto thy holy habitation, where all tears shall be wiped away; where sorrow shall be no more seen, and death can have no more dominion over them. Saviour of the world, behold thy servants, ready to seal their faith with their blood! Thou, who hast led captivity captive, and burst the bars of death, opening to thy believers the gates of eternal life, receive our souls! Thou, who hast made a full and perfect sacrifice for the sins of the world, forgive our enemies, and lead them to the knowledge of the truth.” The rising tumult among the crowd drowned the voices of the Christian martyr and her children. Azariah became violently agitated: “And is it thus, O Lord, thy children perish?” he exclaimed, struggling to force his way through the infuriated crowd, with the vain hope of saving the victims. The cry of horror that burst from his lips was drowned by the fearful clamour of the multitude. The soul of Azariah sickened as that tumult increased; a cloud of thick darkness came over his eyes, and with a shuddering cry he sank senseless on the ground.

The sun was sinking low in the western horizon, when he again became conscious of existence. The groans, the execrations, the murmurings of that murderous crowd had died away into silence; the work of death was done, and they were gone to seek fresh victims for their vengeance.

The low sighing of the fitful breeze, as it mournfully swept through the boughs of the palm-trees; the hoarse murmur of the rivulet along its pebbly bed, and plaintive cooing of the doves in the distant groves, alone broke the stillness of the scene.

The memory of the past came like a half-remembered vision of the night over the mind of Azariah.

He raised himself, and mournfully gazed around. There lay the bodies of the murdered martyr and her children, even as they had bowed their heads to the stroke of death.

"Ye have fallen like lilies crushed by the fierce bolt of the tempest; like the opening flowerets beaten to the earth by hail storms; ye are stricken to the dust, ye are fallen!" he cried, bending with weeping eyes over the pale clay before him.

"They are fallen," exclaimed a voice near him; "but to rise again more gloriously. The earthly tabernacle is indeed faded and defaced; but the glory that shall be revealed to them passeth not away. Mourn not, O man, for the perishing clay, but say: 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labour and their works do follow them—even so saith the Spirit.'"

Starting from his melancholy contemplations, Azariah looked up, and beheld advancing from among the trees, a man of venerable appearance, whose majestic countenance and flaxen hair, whitened by the hand of time, impressed his soul with awe and admiration. To the eye of the enthusiast he appeared as one of the prophets of old, come forth on a mission of salvation, to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.

"Why look ye on the dead," he continued, "and wherefore are thine eyes dimmed with tears. Happy are those that are counted worthy to suffer for righteousness sake. The gates of death open to them a passage to everlasting life; an eternal inheritance, unfading, and that passeth not away. They have fought the good fight, they have finished their course, and from henceforth is laid up for them a crown of everlasting glory!"

"Teach me, father, how I may attain that glorious inheritance;" cried the young Hebrew, turning towards the stranger with flashing eyes and kindling brow.

"Repent, and forsake thy sins! believe on the Lord Jesus, the Redeemer of the world; the Son of the living God, and thou shalt be saved. He is the resurrection and the life; whoso believeth on him, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whoso liveth and believeth on him shall never die, but is passed from death into life. In Him was life, and the life was the light of man. He died for our sins, and God has raised him for our justification." Then turning towards Azariah, he unveiled to him the truth of Christianity, the character and office of Christ, and what he had done and suffered for men and for their salvation.

As he listened to the words of the stranger the heart of Azariah burned within him. He remembered the mysterious word of the Prophet Isaiah. "My righteous servant shall bear the sins of many, and he shall make intercession for the transgressors. The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all."

He beheld in him not the restorer of the liberty of

Israel from the bondage and yoke of the Roman tyranny, but from the spiritual bondage of sin. The redeemer of the soul, not of the body, to the glorious liberty of the children of God. Such were the tidings that the Christian Apostle proclaimed to his wondering convert. Sinking at length on the ground at his feet, Azariah cried out in the language of the Gospel: "Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

Kneeling beside his proselyte, the venerable Christian lifted up his hands in thanksgiving, that one more soul had been led to embrace the words of truth and life. Then leading him to the brook that flowed near, he baptized him into the Church of Christ.

"Thou hast now become," he said, "a Christian. Stand forth young soldier of the cross. I send you forth into the world—to persecution—to temptation—to imprisonment—to stripes—to death: but thy Redeemer is with thee; His arm is mighty to save; He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. He has promised that great shall be the reward of those that love and serve him. Fear not young Christian, the Lord is with thee. Seest thou these, my son?" he added, solemnly pointing to the corpses of the martyred Christians. Darest thou maintain the faith of Christ even as these maintained it with their last breath, amid the scorn and scoffing of men, in the front of cruel and painful death?"

"I can! I will!" replied the young champion of the cross, raising his hands to heaven, in token of his zeal, his whole countenance kindling with fervor as he spoke.

"The blessing of the Lord be with thee, and may His work prosper in thy hands, my son."

A divine peace descended on the heart of Azariah, as lowly bending, he received the benediction of the venerable pastor. To the mind of the young convert it appeared as though he had been summoned from a distant land to receive the light of divine truth, and to become an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, and he blessed the hour that had restored him to his freedom, and to the saving knowledge of divine truth.

Azariah assisted his venerable companion to inter the bodies of the martyrs—hallowing for them a lowly bed by the side of the stream. "It is indeed good to die, as those have died," he said, as he heaped the mould above their graves. The burial rites being completed, he followed his conductor to a lonely and rugged glen, where safe from intrusion and danger, the Christian converts met to offer up their evening prayer.

It was in this humble church in the wilderness that Azariah became fully acquainted with the truths of the Gospel, and with the life and sufferings of his crucified Redeemer.

With a spirit that disdained all fear, the young champion of the cross went forth into the world

preaching and declaring the doctrine of redemption, and the remission of sins.

His zeal, his powerful eloquence, his patience and forbearance under trial, gained him the love of many people, and in spite of persecution and tribulation, he went on his way rejoicing that through his labours many were led into the way of truth.

But the moment of trial was now approaching when the Christian hero should be called upon to give proof of the sincerity of his faith. At the dead of night, Azariah with many others, who had been found guilty before the chief priests and rulers, of preaching the doctrine of the New Testament, were condemned to be led forth without the walls of the city, to be put to a cruel and ignominious death.

With a fortitude that well befitted the cause in which they were about to suffer, the devoted band of martyrs moved forward to the place appointed for their execution, undismayed by the shouts and angry revilings of the gathering multitude.

The glare of the torches now, for the first time, revealed the countenances of those who were about to suffer for the cause of righteousness, and which had hitherto been concealed by the shades of night.

Whose was that venerable form conspicuous from the divine calmness and majesty of his demeanour?

Could it be the aged Josiah, who now stood forth among the band of Christian martyrs, and appeared before the astonished eyes of his son, as one risen from the grave? Yes, it was him!

The powerful claims of nature were felt and acknowledged.—Bursting the fetters that enthralled his limbs, Azariah sprung forward. "Have I found you, O my father!" he exclaimed, as he cast himself on the bosom of his parent. "Now, O Lord, Thy will be done."

The venerable Josiah raised his sightless eyes to heaven: he had recognized the voice of his long lost child; he felt the warm tears of filial affection gushing on his bosom. "Now, indeed," he said, "O Lord, may thy servant depart in peace, since these feeble arms have embraced my son, and mine ears have heard the profession of his faith."

He bowed his head on the breast of Azariah—the conflict was over, and the spirit of the aged Christian had burst its mortal thralldom.

"I am ready to follow thee, my father, even unto death. May thy spirit tarry for mine: Saviour, Redeemer, receive the souls of thy servants,"—exclaimed the son of Josiah, as with intrepid heroism, he met the death-blow that laid him lifeless beside his revered parent.

VANITY.

SILLY and worthless people generally take most pains to adorn themselves, as in the animal world insects are the gayest in colours.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

The following lines were suggested by the description of a lady's grief over the dead body of a husband, whose mental qualities *had been* such as to command the admiration of a gifted mind.—The description was accompanied by a reminiscence of the grief of Lady Falkland, whose husband was shot, for his loyalty, during the civil wars of England. This lady, from the hour of burial of her husband's body, never left apartments she had caused to be fitted up as chambers of mourning,—excluding daylight therefrom.—In them she pass'd many years, and only left them for the tomb. There have been few widows like Lady Falkland,—the cause is clear—there have been few such men as Lord Falkland:

I cannot hope for pleasure more,
I cannot hope for joy—
No other wish have I in store
Than speedily to die.

I've lost what Earth cannot restore
What Monarchs cannot give,
That which my heart did value more
Than life—and yet I live.

What now to me the beauteous spring,
The summer's balmy breath;
The garden's richest blossoming!—
My dearest friend is Death.

I look upon the icy face,
The fix'd and glaz-ed eye,
Where once was ev'ry youthful grace
And Love's sweet harmony.

I call upon him by his name,
I kiss his pale cold cheek,
I fold mine arms around his frame,—
And yet he does not speak!

I lift the envious lids which hide
The eyes I lov'd so well,—
And gaze into their orbs where Pride—
A glorious Pride—did dwell.

But yet no token do I see
Such as there us'd to swell,
When, fill'd with softest love, on me
Their priceless glances fell.—

I feel, I feel,—we ne'er again
Shall know each other more:—
Oh shake not to thy centre, brain!
Heart!—break not at thy core.

One look—one look—thou coffin'd one!
One last, fond, look!—and now—
My course of happiness is run
On Earth!—Oh, Death! Come Thou!

(ORIGINAL.)

BORDER LEGENDS.

THE THREE GIBBETS.

THE mountainous districts in the North of England, and I believe every where else, seem to have been, in all ages, equally impervious to the march of intellect, as to that of armies; and, therefore, in them, have lingered to the present moment, and may long yet linger, more than the relics of the darker ages; while all around, in the plains below, the romance of superstition hath been swept away by innovation, if not by refinement.

The fearful legends of the now simple and peaceful inhabitants, always refer to the Border feuds of their fierce forefathers, or to the age which immediately succeeded them; and whatever interest they may excite, or however dull they may be, they possess at least one powerful claim to our attention, in the main incidents upon which they are founded being absolute positive facts, capable of proof, from extraneous and collateral evidence: this assertion, as well as those previous observations, will receive their illustration from the following tale:—

The coast of Cumberland, or rather that portion of it connected with our tale, exhibits such a scene of wild sterility and naked desolation, as can hardly find a parallel in a country so populous and so well cultivated as England. There is, in the first place, a wide waste of high and undulating sandhills, affording but a scanty pasturage for sheep and rabbits, and terminating to sea-ward in an irregular ledge of weatherbeaten rocks, interrupted, here and there, by a large break or gap, through which the tide flows for miles towards the distant mountains; at the foot of these rocks, a sandy plain, inclining slightly towards the sea, extends in length as far as the eye can reach, and varying from fifty to one hundred paces in breadth.

On this beautifully level beach, in the latter end of October, in the year of grace —, two persons were walking with such haste, and at so late an hour—for it was sometime after sunset, towards one of those ravines, as to cause the few straggling fishermen they passed, to stare at them with no little curiosity; they were evidently not fishermen, like themselves, and who else, except smugglers, ever visited those bleak and barren sands, and yet one, at least, of the strangers, could claim no kindred with them; the other, however, might, but he was closely muffled in a large surcoat, with his hat so much drawn over his face as to prevent their closer scrutiny. “And what can be the object of their hasty walk, which the Gunnerkell,” as the ravine was called, will “soon terminate, for the tide is coming in with

fury, that will drive yon lugger from her moorings yet before it ebbs.” “There is little chance of that,” said another, “as it ebbs already; but she’s a daring craft to venture so near a lee shore, on such a night,—but Norman’s best bower stood a harder tug than this, on his last trip, when he rode it out so bravely, where the cutter durst not follow:” and their conversation as naturally turned upon the hairbreadth ‘scapes of that daring smuggler, as if they had known him as he passed them. Meanwhile, the forgotten objects of their curiosity pursued their mysterious journey, in solitude and silence, interrupted only by the tinkling of a sheep-bell in the distance, or the hoarse murmur of the breakers at their feet. Star after star shot out a sudden and flickering ray, indicating, to our travellers, that twilight was fast fading into darkness, and the chilling night wind made the youngest and tallest of the two gather around him his cloak in tighter folds, as he rather impatiently demanded of his companion the fulfillment of his promise, to reveal to him, at this spot, the important secret he had to communicate. They were just then turning the point which formed one side of the entrance into the ravine already mentioned, and before he had time to receive an answer to his question, the sharp report of a carbine or fowling-piece echoed through the gloom in which they began to be shrouded, and the smuggler started—“Art afraid,” contemptuously observed his companion, “of a shepherd boy shooting the owls or the rabbits?” and a dim figure was seen gliding stealthily away behind the rocks. “No,” he sternly answered, “Norman knows not fear, even when shots are fired at higher game; but that, methinks, might have well been spared for a surer mark.”

“Thou’st been in battle then, I trow; but less of boasting would more befit a brave warrior, unless, on a such a night as this, to keep his courage warm, which else might be cooled in this pinching blast, or flee away at the night bird’s scream.”

“De Clifford’s heir might rue such taunts,” but his angry answer was cut short, and a thousand thoughts, like unbidden and unwelcome spectres, careered in quick succession through his wildered brain, as he suddenly stopped to gaze at a blackened spot upon the sand: for every foot of that lone beach to him was, perhaps, better known in darkness than in daylight; for he had seldom, if ever, seen those bright and sparkling sands glittering in the sunshine. “It is—it is, as I hoped and feared; and here he lies, yet warm and weltering in his blood.”

This he said as if speaking to himself, when, turning to his companion, he continued, "and now *you* may return—and live."

"And what came I here for?"

"To die! but there's thy ransom," pointing to the bleeding body before him, and then to something on the dark sea; "and there the price of *thy* blood, not of thy cousin's—but mine may be mingled with it, if I stay prating here." To tear off some of his heavier clothes, and dash them into the receding wave, was but the work of a moment—one more, and the gallows tree would have lost two of its victims, for another shot rung through the welkin, as he dashed into his native element, and was seen to breast it gallantly among the breakers, to gain his vessel, which De Clifford thought he reached in safety, notwithstanding the almost incessant firing upon him from the shore, by the revenue officers and their men, as he heard the wild shout of his comrades, when they welcomed the return of their leader.

De Clifford's attention, which had only for a moment been diverted, with intense and fearful interest, to the fate of his unknown and mysterious companion, was again directed, in utter amazement, to the bleeding body before him. He drew his hand across his forehead, as if in doubt, whether it were not some wandering of his dreaming fancy, instead of an awful reality. But to decide, seemed as difficult as to unravel, the wildering mazes of the tragic scenes he had witnessed, in such rapid succession.—Why was he led to the beach for so different a purpose?—How came his dark and scheming cousin to meet a death he had, perhaps, more than once deserved, and in such a place?—For what purpose was he there?—But these were questions which involved the terrors of that fatal night, in darker and deeper mystery; and they were not yet over; for he was roused from his musings, by the startling grasp of a rude hand upon his shoulder, and manacled ere he had time to announce himself De Clifford's heir; "Aye, and Thanet's too," said a voice, harshly at his ear, "if stern justice should not cut the entail." And the overwhelming horrors of his suspicious and suspected circumstances burst upon his mind at once, and he seemed to sink under them, into all the sullenness of conscious and detected guilt. He marked not, if he heard at all, the tauntings of that reckless band, composed, as is not unfrequently the case, of the traitorous offscourings of those very wretches, condemned to be the victims of their heartless infidelity.

The variegated leaves of Autumn had long faded and fallen: the range of hills we have mentioned, had been clad, again and again, in the coldly pure but lovely garb of a Winter's wreath; the mountain torrent had swelled, had foamed, and subsided; and the thousand warblers, on bush and spray, had announced the return of exhilarating Spring, and all Nature, with all its fond admirers, except the fondest

of them all, united in the joyous chorus; for to him, in his cold damp dungeon, these glories did not return: deserted by his friends, triumphed over by his enemies, loaded with chains, and branded as another Cain, how could they!—

On that fatal night, the last of his liberty, De Clifford had met his cousin Thanet, in a large assemblage of rank and beauty, at the hospitable mansion of a common relative. When the latter had laid aside, which he well could do when he chose, his cold and repulsive manner, and pretended to soothe, with his hated and hypocritical officiousness, the fitful and melancholy mood of his affectionate cousin, as he was pleased, rather ironically, perhaps sarcastically, to designate the amiable and youthful De Clifford, who, sickened with such false assiduities and pretended friendship, retired from those festive balls, to seek relief and retirement in the refreshing coolness of the evening air. Thanet went in search of him, to chase away, as he said, his moody humour, in order to restore him, in his wonted cheerfulness, to the gay and happy party he had left. But he appeared to have found the task he had undertaken, of more difficult accomplishment than he had supposed; and they had wandered together far along the beach, till they arrived at a lone and dreary spot, well suited to his horrid purpose, when, with the assistance of one of the band of smugglers, then known to be on the coast, De Clifford had murdered his cousin, for when he was caught in the very fact, this ruffian was with him, but made his escape, or was drowned, or shot, in attempting to reach his vessel hovering near. Such was the popular story, on the following morning, to which, an unfortunate train of untoward circumstances gave a powerful degree of plausibility. But this was not all; the manor of —, with some valuable farms, would revert back to the ancient house of De Clifford, from which they had been violently wrested by the strong arm of power, in the dark ages, when might was right. Besides, it had often been observed, that, if any thing should happen to the sickly and delicate De Clifford, Thanet would be heir: but while, what called forth the reply to this, when it reached De Clifford's ear, was forgotten, it was well remembered, that he had been heard to say, that if the hale and robust Thanet should die, the De Clifford would be *his* heir. Thanet, too, had hinted of fears he entertained for his personal safety, from, what he termed, the dark machinations of his relative; and yet he appeared to manifest an affectionate regard for him, which appeared to meet with no other return, on the part of De Clifford, than cold courtesy or positive contempt. And yet, it was somewhat extraordinary, that this dangerous character should, notwithstanding, be such an universal favourite, with high and low, rich and poor; for his private charities began now to be published, and contrasted with so much villainy, as could lead to such cool and deliberate bloodguiltiness, and

all for the sake of that, too, which he seemed only to value as affording the means of adding to a benevolence, which was already as unwearied, as it was unbounded. There were some few, wiser than their neighbours, who had long seen something in his contemplative and abstracted manner, which led them to suspect him to be meditating nought of good : it was even whispered, that he had formed some dreadful and mysterious compact with the evil one, of which he had repented, and was endeavouring to evade its fulfilment, or mitigate its consequences ; but it was never, no—not in one solitary instance—supposed he could be innocent.

It is an extraordinary fact, that among gregarious animals, in their native wildness, when one of their number is sick or wounded, the rest will persecute it to the death. And do we not, sometimes, see an approach to a similar feeling among mankind, which was strikingly exemplified in the present instance ; for the amiable and the benevolent De Clifford was saluted with the hootings and hissings of assembled thousands, as he knelt, at his last sad devotions, on the fatal scaffold, which he had ascended with a firm and unflinching step, although the paleness of his countenance, heightened, not a little, by the deep mourning in which he was attired, together with his attenuated and emaciated figure, even without the accompaniment of a guilty conscience, might have well accounted for a different line of conduct in that awful moment.

Instead of the public confession of his crime, with all its horrifying particulars, which was so eagerly, and so ardently expected, he merely said, in a clear and solemn manner : “ I am innocent of the crime for which I am about to suffer,” and then added, with no small degree of prophetic energy, while his eye brightened as he spoke, “ and this first—last blot, upon De Clifford’s name, shall yet be wiped away ; and before the minds of the spectators could recover from this unexpected and astounding declaration, he was launched into eternity.

Many and grievous were the lamentable accompaniments to this melancholy catastrophe. His aged father, sensitively alive to that high and aristocratic feeling of hereditary honour, for which his family had been distinguished through successive generations, did not long survive this stain upon his escutcheon. His sister, of whom more hereafter, felt, and faded under, all that weight of unuttered, unutterable grief, which woman alone, in the faithfulness of her affection, can know : but she had a distant female relative, as young, as gay, and as lively, as ever bounded over those sunny hills, in search of the heather bell or the violet, during the blither and exhilarating season of their blossoming ; but on its return, when this calamity befel them, although these first and loveliest of flowers bloomed as fair as ever, and although she was once seen among them, on those same hill sides, yet, was it, for a far

other purpose than to gather them. Her bounding step had lost its elasticity, her lively, laughing air, had been chased away by sorrow or sickness, yet the rose, on her transparent cheek, seemed more beautiful—more distinguishingly bright than ever ; but before this striking emblem of her beauty had faded, its lovely tint had fled for ever, from that pale and emaciated countenance, and she was laid in the cold grave. Some said she died of that disease, which extends its uncontrollable influence, with such certain, though insinuating fatality, over every portion of our otherwise healthy island. But why she should have been seen wandering on those hills, the very last time she had ventured to leave her chamber, indeed long after she had been thought unable to leave it, at so late an hour too ; and more than all, on the very spot which was so carefully avoided, at that hour, by the neighbouring peasantry, as commanding a view of the fatal tree, on which the bones of poor De Clifford were dangling in the blast, and whitening in the sun, none could tell ; yet those who believed in second sight, and many in that district believe in it to this day, denied that she had been there, but that it was her wraith, as they designate this shadowy image of the dying or the dead, when it walks abroad in a visible shape, either as the sure forerunner of immediate dissolution, or to show to some distant friend, that the vital spark, in its prototype, has to that moment been extinguished.

Young Thanet, who was found senseless and bleeding on the sands, and supposed to have been dead, was, for a long time, considered in a dangerous, and in a hopeless condition ; and when he did recover, his mental faculties seemed to have received such a shock, as to render his restoration, to the rank of rational beings, extremely improbable. While he continued in this state, the rumours afloat about his ravings, though vague and various, were uniformly fearful ; and, once or twice, was he seen wandering along that fatal beach, for it was thither he bent his way whenever he would escape for a moment, from his attendant, who had received express and particular orders to prevent him ; and when there, it was said, his mania raged with redoubled fury. He would call De Clifford’s name, again and again, till he fancied himself mocked by the repeated echoes, when a convulsive shuddering would seize his frame, and he would continue, in a low and subdued tone of voice, to murmur over his name, and to accuse himself as his murderer, till exhausted nature would sink under the dire conflict, leaving nothing but the fixed and writhen features, to indicate the storm that raged within. It was thought, indeed, that he was recovering fast, when, during some lucid interval, he was abruptly informed, by his prating nurse, that his cousin had been executed ; a circumstance, his friends had been particularly desirous should be kept from his knowledge, till his recovery should be completely established.

The old woman would never tell what she heard and saw that fearful night; nor would she ever enter that house again, nor venture after sunset within the gloomy precincts of the park that surrounded it; and this was the more mysterious, as she was so fond of talking about the deeds of death that had been done there in former times;—about the room that none might enter, to view the tumbled couch and the stained floor—the skull* that lay over the grand entrance to the great hall, with its grim visage, half veiled by an old tattered banner taken in some border fray; how often it had been buried in the lone church-yard, at the edge of the wood hard by, and returned of its own accord; how, in the last rash attempt, by some young misbeliever, to consign it to a more congenial place of rest, where it might moulder in peace with its kind, how the Hall shook as with an earthquake, and tottered to its base: and above all, what sights and sounds were heard and seen there, at a certain hour of the night—but when pressed for an account of that night's horrors, she shrunk in dismay from the recital, and the only conclusion that could be drawn from the circumstance, was, that, if too horrible for old Gabby to relate, they must be frightful indeed; but there was something still more mysterious than all this—the small cottage and the little croft, which took all her hard savings to pay a little rent for, suddenly became her own, and was neatly fitted up; she bought herself a cow too, and altogether her circumstances were so materially changed for the better, that she would no longer go out, as was her wont, to tend and nurse the sick of the parish. Where her means came from, no one could even conjecture, yet it seemed as if it had some strange connection with De Clifford's fate—for people began now, for the first time, to talk of his declaration of innocence, as a most extraordinary thing; little, however, was said about it, and that only in whispers, which showed that some secret and suspicious feeling had got abroad. The solicitations for old Gabby to disclose this unknown and mysterious something were renewed, under this feverish excitement, with irresistible impetuosity, and she could no longer withstand the temptation to communicate to one solitary and faithful friend, who had been sworn to secrecy, the events that led to the bettering of her circumstances. "But it is too late to tell so long a tale to-night, nor do I care to tell it in the dark,—come to-morrow," she said; and as she opened the door for her departure, the little garden wicket creaked on its hinges, and light and stealthy footsteps were heard under the fence—they looked and listened, but as they could neither see any thing, nor hear it again, concluded it must have been but a phantasy of their own excited imaginations.

* This skull may still be seen, at least it might a few years ago, on a ledge or rude shelf over the principal entrance into Hornby Hall, an old baronial mansion, between Penrith and Carlisle, and not far from De Clifford's Tower.

The morrow came, and it had hardly dawned, when her anxious friend, faithful to her engagement, was at old Gabby's cottage. She tried to lift the latch, but the door was locked—she must be gone to the moor to milk her cow, she thought—as she retraced her steps to her home; and, after an hour or two had elapsed, returned again to the charge; still the door was fast, and the cow, with distended udder, was lowing at the croft gate: she called—entreated—threatened—but all to no purpose; at last, through a broken pane of glass, she drew aside the little window curtain and looked in; but no living thing could she see, nor was old Gabby again ever seen, nor was any search or enquiry made after her by the terrified inhabitants of that scattered hamlet, nor did they care to talk, after this, about any part of this mysterious affair. In this manner, "years flew by," and the whole matter appeared to be forgotten.

Thanet had long recovered from his malady, and lived respected, if not esteemed, for his acts of piety and liberality. He endowed the little parish church, with a glebe, and rebuilt the vicarage,—granted certain immunities to the fishermen—connived at trespasses upon his warren,—and, above all, gave up his claim to wreck and salvage, as well as to *beef and weaf*.* Yet some how or other, although he had the suffrages of an applauding populace, in his favour, the old people shook their heads, in astonishment, when it was rumoured abroad, that he was about to be married to De Clifford's sister. Yet among the younger part of the inhabitants, every eye glistened with delight, and every heart danced for joy, at the bare idea of the approaching festivities, which, it was understood, should extend to all ranks and degrees in the parish. At length, the long looked for day arrived, which was spent in revellings and feasting, and, at night, the lawn, in front of De Clifford's Tower, as the ruins of this old Manorial Mansion, are still called, though they have nothing now left, to prove their claim to such a title, except the remains of an old castellated court yard wall, and scarcely a vestige can be traced of the lawn and shrubbery, which were lighted up, on this joyous occasion, with innumerable torches. When the music, and dancing, and merry-making, were at the highest, a call was made for the bride,—the word was caught and reiterated by the happy throng, when she immediately made her appearance on the balcony, leaning on Thanet's arm; every hat was doffed, and every tongue was awed into silence, by her lovely but dignified demeanour, as she descended, to mix, for once, with the delighted assemblage, in the merry dance; but it had hardly commenced, when the bridegroom's eye was attracted by, and rested upon, the figure of a man, who did not seem to join in the

* By these terms are implied all stray sheep and cattle, which, in those pastoral districts, belong to the Lord of the Manor, when the right owner cannot be ascertained.

revels ; he was closely muffled in the ample folds of a blue cloak ; he moved not, nor spoke, but bent his constant and chilling gaze upon the newly wedded pair, and ever and anon, as Thanet looked in that direction, he met his eye ; at length he took a longer and surer look, when the stranger perceiving that he was noticed, approached and whispered, "meet me alone to-night, where last we met, and fear not." He then glided away among the crowd, and would not have been noticed, if Thanet had not followed him with such a fixed and earnest look, as attracted the attention of his guests, and his pale countenance, and quivering limbs, were instantly observed by the quick glance of female affection ; and that lovely bride was taken by her women, terrified and fainting, to her own apartment. Shortly afterwards, the bridegroom too was missing, but what had become of him none could tell ; amazement, not unmixed with consternation, was depicted upon every countenance, as each one turned to his own home, anxiously enquiring of his neighbour, the cause of the abrupt breaking up of the revels. In the absence of all satisfactory explanation, it was decided, by more than one little group, that something supernatural had been seen. Whether it was owing to the indelible impression, which the execution of poor De Clifford had made upon the minds of these simple and superstitious people, that led them to revert to that circumstance in their conversation, or to the mystery that had just been thrown over the nuptials of his sister, or to whatever cause it could be attributed, it so happened, that this was the subject which occupied the attention of every little company, as they journeyed homeward, to their dwellings. It was at first suspected, and afterwards asserted, that De Clifford himself, muffled up in his cloak, had appeared in his bodily form, to prevent the consummation of the marriage ; some even saw his pale countenance, as he appeared on the scaffold, while others heard him challenge the bridegroom to mortal combat ; and all recollected a thousand circumstances, concerning De Clifford, tending to exculpate him from the crime for which he suffered. They now also called to mind the long smothered recollection of the hints and inuendos of the old nurse, together with her disappearing so mysteriously, as circumstances, in some way or other, they knew not how, connected with the events of that night, and which conspired to lead them into utter bewilderment, and to a vague and fearful looking forward to, of some awful catastrophe. Some one mentioned, as an extraordinary coincidence, that it was on that very night seven years ago, that De Clifford was taken, when the fatal firing was heard on the beach, and the blue light seen dancing on the wave, and, whether this was true or not, it was no sooner mentioned, than the same shots were distinctly heard, and the same blue light as clearly seen, by the appalled group, and immediately afterwards, ere that

panic stricken moment had passed, a man, mounted on a black charger, dashed by at full speed. The wind was high, and whistling through the seared and faded leaves, or driving them before it, so that the noise, of his approach and departure, was alike unheeded, and he seemed, to their bewildered and excited imaginations, to sweep past them on the wings of the wind, and, as his horse's hoofs struck fire on the flinty road, to disappear in a flash of lightning. This put a stop to all further communing on the subject, and they held their breath for very fear.

That ominous night, long and cheerless though it seemed, at length passed away, and the great and bright luminary rose as beautiful, and shed over the landscape, as splendid a flood of glory, as if not a leaf nor an insect had stirred upon it, since its last setting ray, had lighted him to repose, as he sunk, in peace, to his ocean bed : but this, by no means, calmed the apprehension which agitated men's minds, the night before, as some vague rumour prevailed, that a messenger had arrived in fearful haste, at the tower,—that blood had been spilt, in apprehending the mysterious stranger, whose presence had so baleful an effect in marring their rejoicings at the nuptial banquet—that he was the very person, who had been accessory to the crime for which De Clifford suffered, and that he had already been committed to prison, to take his trial for that, as well as for other heinous offences, arising of course out of the life he had led ; for he was no other, than Norman, the well known smuggler.

The popular feeling had long been in Thanet's favour, and his unceasing and unwearied efforts, to rescue this wretch from his impending fate, had a direct tendency to cause it to flow more freely towards him, for on that retired and secluded waste, the people have rather a favourable predilection, even to this day, for persons of Norman's dangerous profession ; but this feeling had begun to ebb so much, that the whole of his conduct was now viewed through another medium, and regarded with a dark and suspicious eye, and the consequent whisperings and murmurings, reached even the nuptial chamber, so that when he returned, late on the following day, soiled with travel, and worn out with fatigue, De Clifford's sister, as she began, all at once, to be significantly designated, could not, or would not see him. He knew the popular feeling had failed him, but this was no more than he was prepared for : he rallied, however, his sinking energies, to save the poor prisoner, and when every other scheme failed, he organised, and personally assisted in, a plan for his escape from prison. The counsels of the wicked are treacherous. He was obliged to admit one friend into his secret, and this friend betrayed him. Suspicion and guilt, seemed now, to have marked him for their own, so that with all his riches, and rank, he could not procure those sureties the law required, for his personal appearance before the inferior tri-

bunal, to which he had thus rendered himself amenable, and he was consequently committed to prison. Soon after this occurrence, Norman was brought to trial, upon several indictments, on one of which, the abduction and murder of old Gabby, he was found guilty, and shortly after, executed, and his body hung in chains, on the same hill with De Clifford's, the scene of horrid deed, and of her rude burial. This place, he had chosen, as the least liable to interruption or discovery. The trial was witnessed by crowds, with the most intense interest, and with a strong presentiment, that something would be discovered which might prove De Clifford's innocence, but they were disappointed, as not a scintilla of evidence further than was already known, could be elicited; till the doomed individual, seeing that his last and only hope of escape must be abandoned, offered to deliver up the pledge which he held for it, to be redeemed, as it might, by the only individual, interested in his fate, but who was now incapacitated from assisting him. This was a paper, with Thanet's sign manual and signet attached to it, stipulating the reward for De Clifford's assassination. A sudden and deafening shout of triumph, from the assembled multitude, rent the court, when it was read, and rung through the inmost recesses of the adjoining prison house, and shook, at least, one of its inmates, with fear and dismay.

On a small eminence, commanding an extended view of that unfrequented waste, and which forms the crowning point to the promontory we have mentioned, another gallows tree was erected, and the hill is known to this day by the name of the 'Three Gibbets.'

The Portcullis of that lonely Tower was never raised again for De Clifford's daughter, till all that remained of that heartbroken fair one, was borne to the family cemetery, in the little village church, and deposited by the side of the bleached bones of her brother,—and then it fell, and no inhabitant again ever entered it: indeed, from the lights that were seen, and the strange noises that were heard there, no one cared to be seen in its vicinage, even in sunlight. The distant branch of the De Clifford family, to some one of whom it necessarily reverted, tinged, perhaps, with the feeling of the times, from which few were free, suffered it to fall to decay, and the roofless quadrangle still remains a ruinous and melancholy monument of the superstitious fears that were entertained, and of the ruthless deeds that were done, in those days of darkness which have long since passed away.

A MONK.

G—Abbey, Feb. 1840.

LANGUAGE.

SPEECH measures infinity, and brings order out of chaos.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SOUL.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

Soon shall this mind that now with thought is rife
Be palsied in the close embrace of death,
Soon shall this hand that now is warm with life
Be stiff and frozen 'neath his icy breath;
Soon shall these eyes that shine with lustre bright
And show the flashings of a fiery mind
Be seal'd for aye, and quench'd their Spirit light!
(The doom in store for all of mortal kind.)
Oh painful thought!—and yet alas! too true,
That man who feels his spirit soar so high
That other worlds seem given to his view,
As meanest reptile is but born to die.
Within himself exists a pow'r sublime
That knows no limit,—save Omniscience' bar,
That tracks with eagle eye, the course of time,
And o'er the future throws its glance afar:—
That tears aside the curtain that conceals
Fair Science' radiant form; with wondrous might
The System of the Universe reveals
And throws e'en on Eternity, faint light.
That rises on the restless wings of Thought
So far beyond the boundary of Earth,—
That Pride repels the creed by Atheists taught,
That even Mind is of Material birth.
'Tis foul, to say, that Genius' lava flame
Is nought superior to the lambent light
That rises from the stagnant pool; that Fame
And Virtue are, as glowworms of a night!
Ambition, Honour, all that doth upraise
And elevate mankind, but rainbow hues
Of Earth's phenomena! volcanic blaze
Of furious Mania's phrenzied Phantom views!
Away—it cannot be—that tow'ring mind,
Which, like a Pharos, gazes o'er the deep
Of mystery, shall vanish as the wind,—
Slink back to Chaos, as a worm would creep?
Away accursed thought!—why, even now,
I gaz'd upon the starry skies—until
The clog of earth fell from my fever'd brow,
And more than mortal peace my breast did fill.
The Essence of the Spheres wav'd rustling 'round;
Immensity!—magnificent!—sublime!—
O'erpower'd me:—methought I heard the sound
Of Planets rushing in the race of Time!
Eternity itself seem'd to appear,
Before my startled, wonder-stricken eye!—
And as I view'd the spectre scene with fear,
A Voice proclaim'd: "The Soul can never die!"

HUMANITY.

The mass of mankind will always seem like a salt ocean, which even the sweet rills and rivers that run into it cannot sweeten.

(ORIGINAL.)

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

BY "MUSOPHILUS."

IN the choice of his subject, we must confess, Mr. Dana cannot justly claim originality. It is one which has frequently been turned to use in modern poetry; yet he has treated in a spirit and manner peculiarly his own. Unlike the monarchs of the present literary world, he has chosen to draw no *loveable villains*. Mat Lee bears about him no spell—is endowed with no elegant exterior and a rotten soul—has no intellectual forehead or elegant eyes to excite our sympathy. He has no one virtue which towers in sight, and shines amid the gloom of vice and hides the myriad of his crimes. We honour him for not yielding to that absurd evil in letters, which aims to bring into intimate association intellectual power and moral depravity. That was a foul system of ethics which could not be tolerated long. A compound of misanthropy and voluptuousness is too pernicious in its tendency for a moral poet to encourage. Resolved into its proper elements that system would be comprised in two commandments: *Hate your neighbour, and love your neighbour's wife.*"*

The picture which Mr. Dana has drawn is one which innocence can always regard. Its painter has our thanks for demonstrating that an odious character can be poetically endurable, without the usual allotment of one redeeming quality. Surely the gloominess of a depraved heart and the stings of conscience call for powers for their delineation which no *cicada* poets possess. Mr. Dana is competent for the execution of his design, and has shown that he can produce a poem which calls aloud for sympathy.

It was not by accident that the poet represented his villain as a piratical rover on the sea. We are persuaded that Mr. Dana does nothing by "accident." There is a merit and a beauty in thus disposing of his hero, which is not undeserving of some remark. The sea, as sailors have told us, is well adapted to the awakening of thoughts; and if there be dark clouds which haunt the memory, they will, when we are far from land and human habitations, present themselves in their terrific gloom. For then the picture of youth and innocence is ever before the mind's eye, and we gaze upon its rainbow hues with a melancholy satisfaction. The hamlet where we were born;—the grassy banks by the brook on which we sat and watched the gambols of the shy trout; the old school-house with its windowed raggedness, where we were taught to be prematurely wise; the hills over which we roamed in pursuit of the nimble-footed deer;—the lawns and the dells which our feet have trod in search of wild flowers;—the jessamined cottage where our mother's praise

was joy and her reproof was tears;—where her voice was sweet as the tolling of a distant bell;—the little chamber where we slept and first learned to pray;—the green mound with its flowers and cypress, under which our brothers and sisters repose; the gravestone which marks the resting-place of an injured friend,—these, these are objects which *will* come before our memory, in despite of any efforts to prevent them. And if the guiltless man can think of those scenes without manly tears, what bitter anguish must rend his soul whose remembered innocence will sit like an incubus over his spirit, until Death has added its last and dreaded sting! The poet knew this, and has felt that

" 'Tis fearful, on the broad-backed waves
To feel them shake, and hear them roar:
Beneath, unsounded, dreadful caves;
Around, no cheerful shore."

The sea's solitude must have been almost intolerable for the blood-stained buccancer—

———"What fear ye now?"——

"The workings of the soul ye fear;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath;
Ye fear the unseen one, ever near
Walking his ocean-path.

From out the silent void there comes a cry—

'Vengeance is mine! Thou, murderer, too shalt die!'"

The philosophy on which the poem is based is obvious. It consists in the illustration of powers of conscience and the imagination. The employment of supernatural agency, by which he gains greater scope for the display of poetical power, seems to be very appropriate. Viewed in this light, the ship and the horse are merely the results of remorse and a diseased imagination. Lee is bereft of the power to distinguish between the inward fancies of his own imagination, and the outward objects of sense. If Mr. Dana have succeeded in the development of this idea, and we think he has—certainly he has shewn himself a *Thinker*, or (what is its synonyme,) a *Poet*.

It is a maxim almost too trite to be repeated, that to persuade and move, the writer or speaker must himself be persuaded and moved.

———Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia laudent.

Horatii, "Epistola ad Pisones," 101-2.

Whatever may be the sentiment which Mr. Dana wishes to awaken, he is sure to accomplish his design, by hearty conviction and sincerity. We look in vain in his poems for affected passion and a sickly pomp of declamation. The poetry that issues from his soul, comes, if at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain—sending forth its waters in beauty and purity. It consists, not in words and phrases, nor

*Vide Article on Lord Byron in Ed: Rev: by T. B. Macauley.

yet in rhythm and rhyme—it must be self and in self. It can be imitated, but cannot be taught by the Academy or the Portico.

Aside from the poetic sensibility which is shown in every part of "The Buccaneer," we must note the art which he has displayed in the language employed to symbolize his conceptions. The selection of phrases, the distribution of pauses, in poetry, may be, as in eloquence, merely the product of originality. Sound and jingle may tickle the ear, but never can move the heart. It is when the conceptions are grand the development of them equally grand, that our attention is fixed and our admiration won. We must maintain that in his compactness of language, Mr. Dana expresses briefly, yet vividly, his conceptions in strong subdued colours. Perhaps it would be wrong to say that his picture is highly finished, even to a nicety of detail. Such a nicety would impair the effect which he aims to produce. He gives you the outlines with boldness, and leaves the filling up to be supplied by the imagination. To examine "The Buccaneer" carelessly, is like looking at a *Titian* in a twilight room. At first, you can see little or nothing;—anon, the picture becomes visible and produces its proper effect. It is after waiting until the film of prejudice is removed that the rose-coloured clouds—the beautiful rainbows and the light graces are apparent, and the beauty is appreciated. In this way, he exemplifies Hesiod's anomalous saying, that the "Half is the greater than the Whole." For this reason, therefore, "The Buccaneer," can, for the unimaginative and unreflecting reader, have no superabundance of charms.

We have spoken of Mr. Dana only as a poet; yet his prose-writings would be a fair text for eulogy. His tales, letters and essays are indicative of much sensibility and deep thought. Any one who feels any longing to read poetry or beautiful prose, and chooses to examine the works of Richard Henry Dana, will be amply rewarded for the labour it may require.

To draw, our already-too-long article to a close, we shall congratulate those who will hear "sweet voices," and admire "prismatic tints" upon the presentation of this poem. We say, with confidence, that it is no flimsy paste-board box—no collection of wild jargon and measured inanity. As our friend Teufels Droeckh, ("Sartor Resartus,") would say:—"It is no simulacrum or 'ghost-defunct' of a book, such as is too often palmed on the world, and handed over booksellers' counters, with a demand of real money for it, as if it too were a reality!"

And thus we bid the author of "The Buccaneer" an unwilling farewell. We are aware that we have fallen into a more eulogistic strain than is befitting a modern critic, who reviews with carping and causticity. But, in our praise we are sincere, and look

not to the author or bookseller for pay for what, in honest conviction, we have written.

We have only to add, that the quotations from a poem unknown to the greater part of the Canadian public, will render our article one of some interest and value; and, we flatter ourselves, that we have not done amiss in presenting, to our readers, bright and pure draughts from a fountain which may not have been unsealed.

(ORIGINAL.)

A YOUTH'S ADDRESS TO FAME.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

I gaze upon thy features, Fame!

With idolizing gaze;

And worship, Ghebre like, the flame,

Thy sun-like glance displays.

The meteor's track is not more bright,

That shoots athwart the sky,

Illumining the shades of night

With phosphor brilliancy!

And yet a softness from it streams,

Enchanting to the view,—

As delicate, as rainbow beams

Contrasting Heaven's blue.

A laurel wreath is twin'd around

Thy pale and lofty brow,—

Oh, if that wreath my temples bound!

How chang'd my soul from now!

If such should be my destiny,

To wear, that more than crown!

I'd scorn to bow, or bend the knee,

For Monarch's smile, or frown.

Thy robe is spotted o'er with gore!—

How rich the crimson glow!—

I'd rather far, that robe I wore,

Than one as white as snow.

Oh, Fame!—I've wept,—and still do weep,

For Fate proclaims that I,—

Shall ne'er assist, the fields to reap,

Of Immortality.

'Tis this, that steeps my soul in sorrow,

That stamps my brow with gloom,—

Fain would I hope a brighter morrow,

But Hope points to the tomb!

THE ROAD SWEEPER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

THERE he stands, leaning against the palisades opposite a long rambling edifice, called, time out of mind, B—— hall. There stands Darby Moore, the legitimate sweeper of "the long crossing," his broom resting on his arm—for he has but one—and the corresponding sleeve of his coat pinned by a large cork-

ing pin to the fold of his red waistcoat; his hat is so evidently, if not of Irish manufacture, twisted by Irish hands, that even if our Sweeper's name was not Darby Moore, or we had never heard his mellifluous brogue, no doubt could be entertained as to where he came from—the brim of the hat is bent over his left eye, impressed by the mark of his finger and thumb, pinched in by perpetual bowing, so as to have a knowing, roguish twist; the crown has disagreed with the round, or they have come to an almost separation by mutual consent. I have seen “a handful of hay,” symptoms of a red handkerchief, crusts of bread, and even a mutton-bone peeping through the slit—nay, even staring out—for Darby says, “that sorra a pocket has he, but the crown of his hat; for Nelly says she can't *affoord* pockets to his coat!”

The weather has been so fine, that one might imagine

“Othello's occupation o'er.”

Not so—in winter Darby sweeps the mud from “the long crossing,” and in summer waters the dust. I found he had been so liberal of the pure fluid that I said,

“Darby, why you have converted the dust into mud.”

“Mud! oh, ma'am dear! do you call that ‘sprinkling’ mud! Och hone! well but *my ladies* is hard to plaze! The pleasures I takes in making ‘the long crossing’ agreeable—just a little thickening, and softening, and cooling, and to call it mud! O my, my! Well, to be sure! Why, thin how would you have it? Sure, it isn't in regard of the honour like halfpence I get—and sure enough the sight of a silver fourpence would do the sight of my eyes good—'tis n't in regard of the half-pence, but the honour of sweepin' for the best and handsomest ladies, and the finest gentlemen in England, that's what I think of; and, my lady if ye'll plaze to bespeak *the nature of the damp*, it shall beas ye like, ma'am; good reason I have too. I always says to Judy; Judy says I, the Irish lady always brings me good; if it's only twopence she gives me, it's the regular seed of wealth—it grows, so it does. God bless her! And now, my lady, how would you like the ‘long crossing’ to-morrow?”

It would be impossible to describe the shades of expression that passed over Darby Moore's face during this piece of eloquence; the merry twinkle of his keen grey eye; the movement of the muscles which contract, expand, and twist his mouth; the action of his hand, which does duty for two; the shrug of his shoulder, and the anxious leer from under his eye-lid, to see how the hint about the twopence takes.

“Darby, I do not think I ever gave you more than a penny at a time in my life.”

“Well, the master gives me a penny, and yer honour gives me a penny, and sure that's twopence;—

bedad! if yer ladyship will give me the twopence now, I'll tell the master next time—if yer ladyship wishes it—if not, why, as the fool said, ‘We'll let it stand a penny for Johnny, a penny for Jacky.’”

Darby, as he says himself, “is not altogether beholden to sweepen;” he has been a “soldier”—talks with contempt of the “French,” and declared the other day “that th' Almighty never created but one real man in the world (barrin her Majesty, for whom he had great respect.) and that was the great Juke of Wellington, God bless him!” So Darby has a pension. What it is, he has never been heard truly to declare; it may be much, it may be little; if you inquire, he has the most ingenious way of telling and not telling.

“The pension, ma'am? Oh, bedad! it's little I get for the beautiful arm—flesh, blood, and bone, it was, my lady, that I lost.”

“But how much is it, Darby?”

“Faix! my lady, it's a mere nothing, and the wife and childre' to the fore.”

“But how much!”

“To my sorrow, my lady, I've no larning—I'm no hand at the figure; and I'm thinkin' they do me out of some of it. Ye see I managed finely, until Miss Joy, round the corner, was married.”

“How was that?”

“Why, ye see, her sweetheart alway came to see her twice aday, and tho' *the baste* (horse) was *nothing but a hack*, still I'd a regular sixpence to hould it. She's married now; and faith *I don't think he's plazed with his bargain*; for when they come to see the old lady and gentleman in the shay—which is more 'possible to hould than the baste—I never get anything *but coppers!*”

The little match-children, who made up such a piteous story to our cook, about their father *having left his bones at Waterloo*, were Darby's offspring. I reminded the cook that the battle had been fought more than twenty three years ago, and she was so angry that, even at the risk of spoiling our dinner, she pursued the urchins, and found them in the very act of dutifully sharing the pie crusts and meat she had bestowed, with my old friend, Darby Moore. This was not to be borne; she called them little story-tellers, but not in those words—and their father took their part.

“I ax yer pardon, ma'am, but here is some of what ye gave them, God bless ye!” and he held up the remains of a shoulder of mutton. “That's a bone, ma'am. Sorra a much mate on it; ye'll not say *that's not a bone!*”

“Certainly not.”

“Well, then, the childre' tould no lie; they said *their father left his bones at Waterloo*; and so I did, God help me!—*the bones of my beautiful arm and my five fingers*; they tould no lie ma'am. It wasn't their fau't ma'am, if ye couldnt understand English.”

(ORIGINAL.)

FATAL RING.

A DRAMA.

BY E. L. C.

Continued from our last number.—Conclusion.

ACT. III.

Scene 1st. The Bois de Boulogne. The Count de Chateaubriand, with haggard countenance and disordered dress, pacing rapidly to and fro, beneath the trees; he pauses frequently to listen, and casts wild and anxious looks around him. Suddenly he perceives a man slowly approaching through the forest, with his hat slouched over his face. The Count scans him for a moment, then advances and accosts him.

COUNT.

Friend, in this forest

Hunts the king to-day ?

(The person thus addressed starts, and turns abruptly away without reply, when the Count angrily detains him.)

COUNT.

Boor, can'st not speak ?

One questions thee, who brooks not insolence
From lord or slave. Say, is the royal chase
Held here today ?

(The man speaks in a hoarse and feigned voice.)

It is, it is—

And now, let me begone.

COUNT, *(gazing intently upon him.)*

Not yet i' faith,

Not till I've scanned that face, thou fain would'st
hide.

There's somewhat in thy tone, feign'd though it be,
That tells me I've a task not look'd for here,
Now to perform. Villain, I know thee well ;
So e'er this weapon, *(drawing his sword)* drink thy
heart's base blood,

Down on thy knees, and mercy ask of Heaven,
For none I'll show to thee.

(The man sinks upon his knees, and his hat falling off, discovers the pale and terror-stricken face of D'Arville.)

Pardon, my lord !

COUNT, *(vehemently.)*

Pardon for thee !

False, perjured, traitorous knave ! thou who hast
stung

With malice unprovok'd, the hand that fed,
The heart that trusted thee with all its hopes.
They all have perished—perished by the blight
Of thy foul tongue—so thou shalt perish too !

Would that my steel could deal a thousand deaths,
Each long and lingering as thy guilt deserves.

D'ARVILLE, *(arresting the Count's arm as it is raised to strike.)*

One moment stay !

Hear how thou art avenged, and be appeased.
I thought not, dream'd not, when I gave the ring,
Of aught has since befell—else, ne'er had love,
Or bribe of glittering gold, won me to wear
A traitor's hateful name. But, on my head
Has fall'n punishment, too sore, I deem,
E'en for my deep offence. The trusted one,
She, for whose love I bartered precious truth,
Has fled my arms, lured by a lying page,
Who oft has bearded me with words of scorn,
And with her borne, all of that sordid pelf,
I held so dear—leaving me desolate,
A wretch forlorn, of every joy bereft.

COUNT.

Say on, say on !

For now, by Heaven, thy words make glad my soul ;
'Tis joy to see thee thus—thou who hast made
My being desolate, by deed might shame
A fiend, deserv'st all curses ever pour'd
On earth. Yet still thou liv'st—and if I thought,
That thou wert weary of thy wretched life,
And longed for death—death should not now be
thine.

But thou art earthly, and thy sensual heart
Still clings to life,—still in its base desires, /
Finds secret joy, that makes remorse forgot.
Therefore it is, my steel shall drink thy blood ;
For 'tis too much, thou still unarm'd should tread
The green-robed earth, and with its meaner tribes,
Share the low pleasures of their sordid lot ;
E'en this is comfort that shall not be thine—
Therefore, prepare ! thy last, last hour is come.—
One moment more, and thou art lying here
A senseless clod, like this beneath my feet.

D'ARVILLE, *(gasping with terror.)*

Mercy, my lord !

As thou dost hope to find it for thyself,
Show it to me !

(The baying of dogs and sound of horns is heard through the forest. The Count drops his upraised arm, yet still retaining his hold of D'Arville, pauses to listen.)

COUNT.

Hark, hark ! they come ! and here unmoved I'll stand.
Here will confront her, with a look shall blight
Her guilty joys. Hist ! move not—speak not,
Save to thank thy God for this reprieve,
Brief though it be.

(The sounds of the chase approach nearer, and suddenly the whole train burst through an opening in the forest. Foremost in advance rides the king, with the Countess de Chateaubriand by his side, gaily laughing and conversing. At the sight, the Count becomes maddened, and quitting his hold of the valet, who immediately springs into the thicket and escapes, he darts forward, and seizing the bridle rein of the Countess, he fixes his eyes with a terrible expression upon her, and drawing forth a stiletto, he attempts to plunge it into her bosom, exclaiming with frantic vehemence,)

Estelle ! Estelle !

This to thy perjured heart ! the last fond proof
Of love by thee betrayed—love that would yet
Preserve from deeper guilt, if there be deeper,
Thy unhappy soul.

(The Countess shrieks, and falls fainting from her saddle, thus escaping the destined blow :—the king snatches her in his arms—the whole train are thrown into confusion, and cries of “seize him, seize him,” resound on all sides. The king interposes, exclaiming imperatively,)

Harm not that man !

On to the huntsman's lodge, and leave him free.
It is our will—your duty to obey ;
Let none gainsay me, as he prizes life.

(The king puts spurs to his horse, and rides away, bearing off the Countess, and followed by his train. The Count remains gazing after them till they are lost in the forest, then waving his arms with a frantic gesture, exclaims)—

Gone, gone ! for aye !

My faded flower, and he, the royal spoiler.
Loyalty, farewell ! farewell, my home !
My country I renounce—embrace its foes,
And foremost in their ranks, lend heart and hand,
To crush your kingly ravisher.

(He plunges into the forest and disappears.)

SCENE II.

Paris. An apartment in the palace. The king and the Duchess d'Angouleme.

KING.

Dost think it true !

DUCHESS.

Ay, beyond doubt,—

So says St. Vallier, who at early morn
Got tidings from the camp.

KING.

Purporting, that the Count Chateaubriand
Had join'd the Emperor's ranks ? Did'st say so,
Madame ?

DUCHESS.

I did ; and in command of a picked force
Was marching even then, towards the frontier,
Where the Duke D'Alençon guards the post.

KING.

I care not, faith,

So we are rid of him—and yet, ere long
We'll take the field again in our own person,
And then, good sooth, this arm must palsied be,
If from our own, and from our foemen's ranks,
Each traitor be not purged.

DUCHESS.

The field say'st thou ?

Dost long for sterner joys than those love yields,
Or palls the soft Estelle upon thy sense,
With all her world of charms ?

KING.

Not so,—and yet,—

I would I loved her less, for oft methinks—
It may be jealous fancy,—yet I deem

She yields a cold return to my deep love,
Colder than that my burning heart would crave ;—
So hath it seemed, or I have dream'd it so,
E'er since that fatal meeting in the wood,
With her mad lord. That fierce and vengeful
look,

That flashing steel, those words so terrible,
They chill'd her soul, ne'er warmed to life since
then.

DUCHESS.

Yes, she hath changed,—paler her cheek,
Less eloquent her eye, more sad her smile,
And oft midst mirth, she sits in dreamlike mood,
Gazing on vacancy, and then anon,
Wakes with a startled look, and changing hue,
As though some mocking whisper met her ear,
And curdled her young blood.

KING.

I know 'tis so,

Yet wherefore ? What deep root of bitterness
Springs in her secret heart, marring its joys !
Whene'er I question her, she lifts her eyes
With gentlest love to mine, and if within them,
Gathered tear-drops stand, her lip wears smiles,
And words are whispered, as her lovely head
Lies pillowed on my breast, that like a charm
Lull every doubt to rest.

DUCHESS.

Thou art too credulous,

Too deep in love to read thy mistress right,
Dost thou not see ambition is her bane ?
The pomp, the power, yielded to her control,
Won her to thee—'twas like a dazzling dream,
And thou awhile, the glitt'ring pageant's god.
But she hath waked,—returned to her first love,
Mourns o'er her guilt, and like a petted child,
Weeping for that it cast in sport away,
Sighs for her innocence, and naught will please,
Since that bright toy is gone.

KING.

I think not this, but that the forest scene,
Where by a fatal chance she met the count,
Unstrung her nerves; for since that luckless hour
She's droop'd and pined—too keenly sensitive
To bear unharmed, a shock so rude.

DUCHESS.

Perchance, she's jealous.

KING (*smiling.*)

Gave I cause,

It might be so,—but scarce the nightingale
Will quit his rose for flowers of meaner hue,
As all must be, where she, the garden's queen,
Rears her bright head, and sheds her rich perfume.

DUCHESS.

All own the rose is fair,
But different in degree,—from the rich flower,
The boast of gay Provence, to the soft glory
Of La Merveille rare, the wonder of the age.

KING.

Mine is that wonder,—as yet unsurpassed,
At least in our parterre few boast such charms,
Seldom such lines of beauty, can the eye
In woman trace, as make my fair Estelle
The peerless one, the fairest of the fair.

DUCHESS (*pointing to the door.*)

One comes e'en now,

Whom some have thought as bright, so wilt not
thou,

Because one image renders thee unjust
To all beside.

(*While she speaks the Marquise d'Etampes enters through an open door from the corridor, with a letter in her hand. She starts in confusion upon observing the king, and is about to retreat, when the Duchess detains her.*)

DUCHESS.

Stay, gentle Anne,

Thou thought to find me here companionless,
Yet need not flee with such a startled look.
Sire, pardon her, 'tis the young Marquise d'Etampes,

She who comes, to fill the vacant place,
Left by the Baroness St. Vallery,
As my first maid of honour.

KING.

Worthy to fill it, Madame,

If the gem honours the casket.

(*The Marquise delivers the letter in silence to her mistress, and with a low obeisance to the king, retires. He stands gazing after her with evident admiration as she passes out, then turns towards the Duchess, who is seemingly absorbed in the perusal of her letter.*)

KING.

Madame,

When came this brilliant wonder to our court,
I said but now, earth held not one to mate
With my fair mistress,—yet that brow, those eyes,

Might win an anchorite from his lone cell,
To worship at her shrine.

DUCHESS, (*raising her eyes from the letter with assumed indifference.*)

Yes, she is fair,

But such a shrinking thing—not used to courts,
Nor to remain here long, as she is plighted
To the Duke De Rance, and to be wed
When she shall come of age, at six months hence.

KING.

Nay, by thy love, not so,—

'Twould be a sin to twine this springing flower
Round that old trunk. I'll mate her better yet,
And more in keeping of her secret wish,
I warrant thee. Madame, I must away,
To lose the impress of this vision bright
In the effulgence of a brighter, far.
Thou'lt sup with us this eve,—and pray thee, bring
This fair one in thy suite,—nay, never smile,
We would see more of her, for well we love
Bright forms of beauty, woman's more than all.

(*Exit King*)DUCHESS (*exultingly.*)

Ay, thou shalt see her to thy heart's content,
And to mine also, for the bait takes well.
St. Foix, thy fall is near; and, fair Estelle,
Thy destiny hastes on to its fulfilment.

(*Exit Duchess.*)

SCENE III.

A shaded walk in the palace garden. Beatrice gathering flowers. Florian, one of the royal pages, approaches and addresses her.

Ha! mistress Beatrice,

Good morn to thee. Thou look'st the garden goddess,

With thy flowers, so fresh and bright.

BEATRICE.

They're for my lady, she doth love them so,—
More with each passing day, I oft times think,
And fancies, fresh ones, poured into her lap
With every hour.

FLORIAN.

A harmless whim,
More innocent than some might be indulged,
But wherefore comes she not as was her wont
To the court revels, doth time speed gaily
In her lonely bower, that thus she dwells retired?

BEATRICE.

Ah, no, but wearily,—

Not as in pleasant Britany, when scarce
The rose that deck'd her hair, wore fresher bloom,
And swiftly flew the bright wing'd moments by,
Laden with innocent joys.

FLORIAN.

Knew she what I know,
She'd shun retirement, and come boldly forth.

BEATRICE.

What dost thou know ?

Say, is there aught to fear ? If so, I pr'ythee tell
Where danger lurks, and in what hidden form ?

FLORIAN.

Then, why to the ambassador's, last eve,
Came not thy mistress, maiden ? Did the king
Her absence crave, or urged he her to come ?

BEATRICE.

Troth, did he, earnestly,—

But she was ill,—sick, sick at heart, she said,
Not fit for gaieties and courtly joys,
And prayed to be excused. But when he passed,
Forth from her presence, I a burning spot
Marked on his cheek, that told of wounded pride,
And from it augured woe.

FLORIAN.

Ay, he was chafed full sore,
And for a time, a lowering cloud o'erspread
His kingly brow, that yielded not to mirth,
To wine, nor music's spell. But when at last
His lady mother with her radiant train
Graced the gay scene, he woke to joy again,
And from the Marquise D'Etampes glorious eyes,
Quaffed love's divine elixir, till the past
Fled like a vanished dream, and the glad present
Seemed to fill his soul.

BEATRICE.

Ah, it might seem,

But could not be, methinks. Firm is the sway
Held by my lady o'er his royal heart,
And one bright vision scarce could break the spell,
Time has but made more strong.

FLORIAN.

Beauty unaided in her task might fail,
But cunning malice is a strong ally,
And works her deadly ends, by thousand means
Unknown to noble hearts.

BEATRICE.

Pr'ythee explain,
Thou speak'st in mystery.

FLORIAN.

Know then the Duchess D'Angouleme decrees
Thy lady's fall.—It is her wish to rule,
Grant honours where she lists, and raise to power
The few whom she prefers. This she can do
Only through her who sways the royal heart,
Wherefore she'd have the mistress of the hour
A creature of her own—and such an one,
Is fair D'Etampes,—a dream of beauty—
But with heart as false, desires as base
As woman ever own'd.

BEATRICE.

I see it all,

And for my mistress weep. The first false step
Leads to a labyrinth, whence is no escape,
But onward, onward, plunging deeper still,
In wo and crime. Good sir, I thank thee
For this warning given, but fear it comes too late :

My lady's reign is o'er. Could she regain
All that she cast away, when it commenced,
It still were well, but now such thought is vain,—
Henceforth a thorny path her feet must tread,
Watered with tears of penitence and shame.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

An apartment in the palace. The Duchess D'Angouleme reading. She throws aside her book as the Marquise D'Etampes enters, and eagerly accosts her.

DUCHESS.

Welcome, fair Anne,
How doth the spell work now ?

MARQUISE.

Right bravely, madame,

DUCHESS.

And St. Foix ?

MARQUISE.

Will be recalled,

And Bourbon henceforth wears the sword of France.

DUCHESS, (exultingly.)

I triumph then !

This for thy generalship,

(Clasping a bracelet on her arm.)

The mate to it,

Thou hast already won.

MARQUISE.

Ay, rich with brilliants,—

But its rarest gem, this which adorns the clasp.
(Shewing her other arm encircled by a bracelet,
the clasp of which, contains a small miniature
of Francis.)

DUCHESS.

I see thou need'st

No farther aid of mine to carve thy fortunes,—
Remember only this,—I rule through thee,
Or thou dost share her fate, whom arts of thine
Have banished from the heart where she held sway
One brief week since, firm as thine own is now.

MARQUISE.

Madame, thy wishes ever shall be mine.
But yet, I trust, that love's uncertain chains
I know to rivet, by a stronger spell
Than she whom I supplant. She was too trusting,
Too secure by far, in her own charms ;
Else she had baffled us with all our skill,
And still maintained her power.

DUCHESS.

'Tis true she is more pure and soft than thou,
And quite as beautiful,—nay, frown not, Anne,
Thou too art bright, and wear'st a queenly beauty
On thy brow ; but less of woman hast thou
In thy soul, less to endear, than she ;
More of command, which, if thy sway can be
Once firmly fixed, may cause it to endure
When the light fancy of a minute's o'er,
And passion has grown calm.

MARQUISE.

Mere beauty only,

Though as an angel's pure, is no security
To human love,—upon the accustomed eye
Too soon it palls, unless the lambent flame
Of heavenly genius keep it always bright,
Clothe it afresh in forms forever new,
Varying and exquisite ; like those strange lights,
Whose fitful gleams the frozen north illumine,
And to the zenith dart their dazzling rays,
In change unceasing ; yet revealing still
In their wild play, new glories to enchant,
And witch the eye.

DUCHESS (*smiling.*)

Ay, as last eve, thou didst,
When that most beautiful of earthly forms
Came 'twixt thee and thy hopes, and well nigh
crush'd
The green and tender buds of thy young love.

MARQUISE.

Didst note that scene, then, Madame,
When the king, like one entranced stood gazing
Motionless, while up the vast saloon
Like angel visitant from other spheres
Glided that angel form,—upon her lips
A smile so soft, so sad, none could resist it,
He who worshipp'd once now felt its magic
Thrill again his soul, and with love's rapture,
Breathed into her ear, his burning words.
Heavens, how my pulses throbb'd—I held the lute,
I just had struck its chords for one who sued,
But with a careless hand,—again I touch'd them,
With a power unknown, unfelt till then,
And sang a strain, so soft, so thrilling sweet,
It might have charm'd Eurydice from hell,—
I saw him start, change colour, quit her side,
Leaving her paler than the marble form
'Gainst which she lean'd. How my heart triumph'd
then !

Joy'd in her fall, and her abrupt retreat
Hail'd as the sign of victory achieved,
My reign commenced ; its term less brief than hers,
Or I would end it here.

DUCHESS.

That on thyself depends,
As yet thy vigilance must never sleep,
Nor must thou leave in thy fair rival's hands,
One token of past love. Entreat the king
To ask again each jewelled pledge he gave,
Upon the plea that they are naught to her,
Now that affection's dream is all dissolved,
And hope's enchantments o'er.

MARQUISE.

I'll triumph e'en in this ;—
Madame, thou'lt see I will, nor leave one link
To bind him to her chain.

DUCHESS.

Thou canst not be too wary,

For I know his changeful heart, capricious
As a woman's—therefore, with warning word,
Bid thee remember, thou hast part to act
Most difficult, would'st thou preserve his love,

MARQUISE.

Madame, I've studied him,
And where the countess fail'd I shall be arm'd
With shield of triple strength.

DUCHESS.

Use not thy power, if gained,
For selfish ends, else it were better lost—
Did'st speak as I desired thee yester eve,
Of young Fleuranges ?

MARQUISE (*colouring.*)

Madame, I will.
There was no fitting time when I could speak
As thou'd have wish'd me to.

DUCHESS (*with a frown.*)

Let it not be delay'd,
Vainly I've sought to move the king for him,
Another he prefers to fill the post
About his person, vacant by the death
Of Duke De Beauvais—I would Fleuranges
Had it, and that thou should'st win it for him,
Since in this, my power is naught.

MARQUISE.

Madame, I'll do my best,
But if I fail, deem it no fault of mine.

DUCHESS.

Thou can'st not fail, if thou dost earnest plead,
Or if thou should'st, thy power is mockery.—
An idle boast, which it would thee become
To cast aside.

(*She goes out, followed by the Marquise, who wears a haughty and offended air.*)

SCENE V.

An apartment in the palace of Fontainebleau,
Beatrice stands beside a table earnestly and sadly
regarding the countess, who sitting opposite,
is perusing a letter just received from the king.
She finishes reading and casts it from her with a
flush of indignation, exclaiming :

This is too much !

An insult unprovoked, unkingly, low !
I look'd not for it,—yet deserve it all,
I feel, I feel I do !

(*Bursting into tears*)BEATRICE, (*anxiously approaching her.*)

Madame, what mean those tears ?
That note ?

COUNTESS.

Ah, question not,
'Tis right I bear it all unmurmuring ;
The king but sends, requiring quick return
Of all his gifts—he might have spared me this—
And yet the paltry act can ne'er be his,—
He is too noble for a deed so mean,—

Another, jealous of my recent power,
Has done it in his name—'tis worthy her,
But she shall wait, I will not send them now—
Go, say I'm ill,—and bid the page return
In three days time, when he shall have them all.

(*Beatrice retires.*)

(*The countess rising, opens a cabinet, and taking thence a casket empties its contents upon the table. She stands for a moment gazing silently upon them, then speaks in a low tone.*)

COUNTESS.

I care not for these gauds,—
But that they should be ask'd from me again,
And ask'd by him,—'tis that has wounded me,—
But let it pass, I willingly should bear
Reproach and scorn—the portion I have won,—
Glad I resign to her these glitt'ring gems,
Mementos they of guilt, and deepest shame,—
None, none recalling one departed joy,
Unmixed and pure—but thou, fair fatal ring,
(*Looking at the turquoise on her finger.*)

First pledge of love,—and ah, a talisman
That my dark destiny has stamped with woe,—
How, as I gaze upon thee, mem'ry wakes,
Calling bright forms from out the shadowy past,
And rousing vain regret, and deep remorse,
With their undying pangs to pierce my heart,
(*She sinks upon a seat and hides her face in her hands.*)

BEATRICE (*re-enters.*)

Madame, I did thy bidding—
But the page unwillingly departed,
Fearing, he said, to brave his mistress' wrath,
Went he successless back.

COUNTESS.

She seeks a triumph
Which a nobler soul would hold in scorn ;
For once I'll baffle her. Send thou this casket
To the jeweller, and bid him fuse
Its contents in one mass—and when again
Hither returns the page, say thou to him,
That there he'll find the weight in solid ingots ;
But that each device, th' inscriptions all,
Are to my heart transferred, there graven deep—
Too deep for chemists' art e'er to efface.

BEATRICE.

Hoard not such memories, madame ;
'Tis to nurse deep pain, and drop by drop,
Shed fatal poison in thy daily cup,
Till peace and life are gone.

COUNTESS.

I'd have it so ;
Therefore I cherish them. For sin like mine
There should be no repose—no rest from pain :
Nought but the stinging worm, the scorching fire,
To blight and scar my heart.

BEATRICE.

Ah, madame, since that meeting
With my lord, thou ne'er hast seem'd the same.

COUNTESS.

Nor shall I, e'er again,—
Then my rous'd conscience woke to sleep no more,
And ever now before my startled sight,
That form I see—haggard, and wild, and wan,
His hand upraised against my guilty breast :
His eyes on fire—the wreck of what he was—
I, I the cause—I, who of constancy,
Made empty boast, yet when he nobly trusted
To my faith, dishonoured him—made shipwreck
Of his peace—betrayed his love—base that I was !
Most wretched that I am !—(*Weeps.*)

BEATRICE.

Pray thee, my lady,
Grieve not in this sort ; 'tis this hath changed thee,
This deep self-reproach—these bursts of passion
That convulse thy frame, so oft, and fearfully.
Hueless thy cheek—thine eye hath lost its light ;
Thy lip its sunny smile. Wert thou the same
As when the king first loved, he ne'er had changed ;
And I implore thee, for thy own sweet sake,
Since thou for him hast burst all other ties,
To cling to this, nor let another, triumph
In thy fall.

COUNTESS.

Alas, I fell

When some might deem I rose. Ne'er can I sink
To lower depths than those, where now I lie.
Ties, didst thou say ? I have no ties to earth,—
That one, of shame, which for a transient time
Held me in guilty thrall, I joy to break ;
Nor would I, on such terms as I have reign'd,
Queen it o'er loyal France. Oh, for the past !
The innocent past ! when joy's bright fingers
Strewed my path with flowers, I scorn'd to pluck ;
Sighing for gaudier blossoms, that when found,
Held in each chalice, poison for the heart—
Death for the soul—for the affections,
The dank mildew's blight.

(*Beatrice weeps in silence, the Countess tenderly regards her.*)

Girl, dost thou weep ?

I would I were as pure as those bright tears
That gem thy cheek—tears such as angels shed
O'er the frail ones of earth. Could I shed such,
I'd give Golconda's diamonds, were they mine.
But dry them now—come, I would ask of thee,
Hast thou heard aught of him—alas ! alas !
How shall I name him now—cans't thou not tell
By this emotion, what my lips would speak.

BEATRICE.

Madame, I can ; and I have heard—
Almost I fear to tell.

COUNTESS, (*with trembling eagerness.*)

Nay, tride not ;

Quick, let me know the worst—I will hear all,
Whate'er it be.

BEATRICE.

Madame, 'tis said,
Thy lord,—

COUNTESS, (*quickly.*)

Call him not so!
A thing like me, to claim aught pure and good!

BEATRICE.

Pardon, my lady,
Thou dost rate thyself too low by far;
Others have erred without—

COUNTESS, (*angrily interrupting her.*)

Prate not,—I'll none of it.
Say, what of him?

BEATRICE.

Madame, 'tis rumoured
He's in arms 'gainst France—that he hath joined
The Duke de Bourbon's force, who, as thou know'st,
Hath openly rebelled against the king,
And now within his castle of Chantelle,
Which he hath fortified, remains shut up,
Right in the kingdom's heart. 'Tis added, too,
The Count is sadly changed—quite wild at times,
Wand'ring and strange, and of his mind bereft.

COUNTESS.

Alas! alas!
What ruin have I caused—what bliss destroyed.
Proud boaster of a strength, that weakness proved;
Vain of that virtue which but seeming was—
An airy phantom, that with valiant show
Defied encounter, yet like recreant base,
Yielded at his first onset, to the foe.

BEATRICE.

Ah, madame, thou hast erred,
And error brings its own sore punishment,
Without these stern upbraidings; let's flee this place.
Thou hast thine ancient home in Picardy,
Now tenantless—'tis thine, thou know'st;
Thither we'll haste, and there, if joy's not thine,
Peace may be found, and calm repentance bring
Content at last.

COUNTESS, (*shuddering.*)

Go there, dost say!

To that dear home where my pure childhood passed,
Where my youth opened like a stainless rose,
Where I have knelt at my dear parents' feet,
And lisped my prayers, and heard them bless their
child,

And felt the holy kiss pressed on my brow,
By their fond lips, embalmed by holier tears,—
Bright tokens of their love. Oh, never there!
No, never those dear shades shall hide my guilt,—
There every breeze would whisper deep reproach,
Each murmuring stream utter sad tones of woe,
And in my path the dead would hourly stand,
With cold averted looks, and stony eyes,
Shunning my touch—aye, mine—th' impure, the lost.

BEATRICE.

Thou wilt not go?—
Then where shall we find rest?

COUNTESS.

Earth, earth can yield me none;
Nor ever more shall it claim thought of mine.
In that still convent, near my bridal home,
(Ah me, what memories sweet that word awakes!)
I will abide, a sad and veiled nun—
The world renounced, and all of life to come,
One act of penitence and humble prayer.

BEATRICE.

Oh, madame, there?
'Twill be too much—the sight of that glad home;
Its turrets rising through the distant trees,
Must fain recall,—

COUNTESS, (*interrupting her.*)

Days of bright innocence and happy love,
Thrown in deep contrast with the weary hours
Of present pain, like points of golden light,
Seen through the gloom, while all the heavens
Are wrapp'd in cloud and storm. Thus, what I was,
And what I am, kept evermore in view,
Shall form a part of my soul's discipline,
More fearful far, more terribly severe,
Than sternest penalty of thought or scourge,
Could e'er inflict upon the quiv'ring flesh.

BEATRICE.

'Twill be too fearful, more than thou canst bear,
Such life of misery, such living death,
With all the pains of hell.

COUNTESS.

'Twill be as God decrees,
I but entreat he'll grant me time, my peace
To make with him, and then unmurmuring
I'll obey his call, come when it may,
One only purpose lik'd with earth still keeps
Its hold upon my heart,—one cherished wish,—
Again to tread those paths, trod once in joy,
And in that bower, the scene of past delights,
One farewell breathe to love, to peace, to hope,
Then to my dreary destiny resigned,
Seek my lone cell, and in its silence deep,
Purge my soil'd heart from earth's unholy stains,
And rend each idol from its secret shrine.

BEATRICE.

When dost thou purpose, madame,
To depart?

COUNTESS.

Four days from hence,
Before the king returns I would begone,
Make all things ready, lest by any chance,
Delay should mar our purpose. Now I'll rest,
Thou see'st how small a thing wearies my frame,—
Glad token that its toils will soon be o'er,
My throbbing heart at peace.

(*She retires, attended by Beatrice.*)

SCENE VI.

The apartments of the Countess de Chateaubriand in the palace of Fontainebleau; the Duchess d'Angouleme and Marquise d'Etampes.

MARQUISE.

Did I not tell thee, madame, I would reign
Unrivalled here, e'er many weeks went past;
And so it is,—none to dispute my sway,
None to divide the empire of that heart,
I would have all mine own.

DUCHESS.

Thou dost mistake,
Not yet that heart is won,—thy rival's image
Still maintains its place, despite thy arts,
And none who mark'd his grief, his deep regret,
When from the cage he found his fair bird flown,
Could say, "the king loves not."

MARQUISE, *(with chagrin.)*

'Twas anger at her flight,—I soothed him soon,
Sung him the lays he lov'd, and with fond wiles,
Won him to sweet forgetfulness of all,
Save present joy.

DUCHESS.

Yet, waked he not
When thy deep spell was o'er? E'en now I left
him,
Buried in sad thought before the semblance
Of that lovely face, he worshipped long.
Trust me, thy task's not done,—one word of mine
Would end thy unfix'd sway, and her recall,
Whose reign was far more absolute, than thine
Shall ever be.

MARQUISE, *(turning pale.)*

But thou'lt not speak that word.

DUCHESS.

That is as thou shalt say,—
Thou know'st the terms on which I stand thy friend,
For she, who'd holds in bonds that royal heart,
Must yield herself to me, an instrument
By which at will, I'll sway the helm of state.
Let her oppose me, and her fate is sealed,
She falls to rise no more,—another fills
Her place.

*(Exit Duchess.)*MARQUISE, *(looking haughtily after her.)*

Ah, it doth chafe me,
Even to seem to yield to thee,
But I must stoop a while, hard though it be,—
Then I'll defy her,—when my power is fixed,
And triumph, in my turn.

(Exit.)

SCENE VII.

(Britany; time midnight. A park surrounding the castle of the Count de Chateaubriand, two figures are seen stealing cautiously along under the deep shadows of the trees,—they suddenly emerge into the moonlight and one of them partially unclosing her veil, reveals the features of the Countess. She pauses, presses her hand

upon her heart, and casting round a melancholy gaze, speaks in a subdued tone.)

COUNTESS.

Lie still my heart,
Oh, it will burst its bonds! my home! my home!
My fair and happy home! thus I return,
A culprit to thy shades; thy verdant turf
Polluted by my tread,—thy very gales,
As soft they fan my cheek, whispering reproach,
And the slow swaying of thine ancient trees,
Seeming to warn me hence.

BEATRICE.

My lady,
Pause not for these sad complaints, time presses,
We must haste—if thou would'st gain the garden
Loiter not, for see, the moon sinks fast
Toward the west, and we our path in darkness
Must retrace back to the convent.

COUNTESS.

It matters not,—
I pray thee let my eye drink in its fill,
For never more these scenes shall meet its gaze.
(She moves slowly on looking around her.)
Ah, how I loved to rove at evening there,
In that green glade,—then I was innocent,
Beloved and loving,—and how oft I've stood,
His arm around my waist, gazing delighted
On that ancient tower, silvered as now,
By the soft moonlight,—holding converse sweet
Of the glad past, and of the joys in store
For coming years—and oft with pride he'd speak,
A noble pride,—of his high ancestry,
Its boast, a stainless name, honour unblenched,
And valour worthy of its lion crest.
Ah, woe is me, that I was doomed to cast
On its escutcheon fair, the first foul blot!
Should he not hate me, were it but for this?

BEATRICE, *(striving to urge her on.)*

Madame, this path
Leads us direct to the small postern
In the garden wall, I pray thee haste.

COUNTESS.

Ah, well I know
That winding way, down by the brook,
How gay I was of heart, how light of step
When last I threaded it—changed now,—how chang-
ed
The mirror tells not, though it shews a form
Like some fair flower sear'd by the autumn's frost,
But the deep whispers of the soul make known
The changes wrought by guilt.

BEATRICE.

Madame, we're at the gate,
Pray speak not loud—silence is best observed
Lest e'en a dog be roused by our approach.

COUNTESS, (*Trembling, and clinging closely to the arm of Beatrice,*)

Ah, should the count be here!

My heart grows sick e'en at the very thought—
I could not live to hear him spurn me hence,
As sure he would I shall we go on? Ah me,
I faint—one moment let me rest,—here,—here
Beside this stream that murmurs in its course,
Just as in by-gone days.

(*She sinks upon the bank, while Beatrice loosens her veil, and sprinkles her face with water, speaking at the same time in a low tone,*)

BEATRICE.

Comfort, my lady,

None are stirring here, at this still hour;
The baron, as thou know'st, ne'er walks abroad,
After the dews have fall'n,—for my lord,
He's with the Duke de Bourbon, safe ensconced
In the old walls of Chantelle.

COUNTESS, (*rising,*)

I'm strong once more,—

It was a sudden pang came o'er my heart,
But it has gone again. Lend me thine arm—
And now, (*pausing,*) hush, hush! I hear a footfall,—
no—

'Twas but the wind stirring some withered leaf—
Can'st thou uncloset the gate? but softly girl,
Lest e'en a bird should wake from its sweet sleep,
Scared by the guilty thing that trembling steals
Where once she gaily passed,—her handmaid innocence,

And radiant love attendant on her steps,
(*They pass cautiously through the gate and advance slowly up a shaded alley.*)

COUNTESS.

Ah, these old walks,—how sad they look,

As though they mourned my shame,—and see this vine,

Its tender branches, spread o'er the damp ground,
Uncheck'd, untrain'd—no hand to guide its shoots,
No voice to carol neath its clust'ring shade
In evening's purple light.

(*As they pass onward, a part of the castle becomes visible through an opening in the trees, a light glances from one of the windows, and as the countess observes it she exclaims in a low and agitated voice,*)

Look! look!

From my own chamber streams that ray;—
Can he be there? oh, speak! dost think he can?

BEATRICE.

Impossible, my lady,—

Calm thyself, see, see, the light has gone,
Some glancing ray, shed from a menial's lamp,
As he passed to seek his midnight couch.

COUNTESS.

Have patience with me, guilt has many fears,
Else every sound and sight, stirred me not so.

How many thoughts come thronging at the view
Of that dear home, that pleasant chamber,
Where I used to sit, watching my doves,
And feeding on sweet thoughts, that coloured life
With hues might shame the dazzling brow of heaven.
And then, and then—but no; I am forbid
To breathe that name. Hush, hush, my heart! lie still;

It should have been a spell to keep thee pure,
That cherish'd name, I dare not utter now.

BEATRICE.

Madame, the moon sinks low;

If thou would'st rest, let's gain the alcove quick;
Tarry not long, I pray! we must begone
E'er all is darkness to perplex our path.

COUNTESS.

Ah loved, and lovely bower,

Hallow'd to memory—dear and sacred spot!

I'll enter thee alone, no eye shall see
My heart's last struggle e'er it bid adieu
To earth's fond ties: there were they cherish'd—
There shall they be dissolved. Wait thou awhile,
I will not keep thee long.

(*Beatrice sits down upon a garden bench, and the Countess turning into a side alley, proceeds towards the alcove. When she reaches its entrance she pauses irresolute, clasps her hands, and bows her head upon her bosom, then overcome by her emotions, and with tears streaming from her eyes, she enters and casts herself prostrate upon the mossy floor. Silence for a few moments succeeds, when in low and broken tones she gives utterance to her feelings.*)

COUNTESS.

Impure! Impure!

Yet He that pardon'd her, whose sins were great,
May cleanse my soul: He can alone forgive.
To Him I look—Him ask for strength, for aid,
In this dark hour, when all earth's props have fail'd,
And I am cast, a wretched, sinful thing,
Low grovelling in the dust; yet hear, oh God,
My heart's deep vow, at this still midnight hour;
The calm moon looking, with her cold, bright eye,
Down on my altered state; hear me renounce
All human hopes, all earth-born happiness,
And henceforth dedicate to thee alone,
My life, my soul.

(*She rises, and stands for a few moments looking around her.*)

Bright phantoms of the past,

Why will ye flit across my startled sight?
And now ye come—again, again. I cannot
Banish ye! It is my punishment—
Still, still to gaze back o'er the fearful gulf
My feet have passed, to the bright days of bliss
And innocence, left far behind.

(*A deep groan is heard, and the Countess starting round, sees the figure of a man standing at the entrance of the alcove, earnestly regarding her. Unable to speak, she stands with outstretch-*

ed arms, and pallid cheek, in an attitude of terror and supplication. He moves forward and addresses her in a low stern voice.)

Woman! what dost thou here?

COUNTESS, *(in a voice of agony, and sinking on her knees.)*

Ernest!

COUNT, *(with increased sternness,)*

Ay! once I answer'd to that wretched name,
They call me now, *Avenger!* Come, I'll teach
Those pretty lips to babble that harsh word,
For they were wont to make the harshest, music.

COUNTESS, *(shrinking from him with terror,)*

Mercy! I pray.

COUNT, *(mockingly.)*

Ay, thou shalt have it,
Thou wilt own it such,—one fond embrace—ha!
Thou used not to shrink thus from my arms,
But royal paramours make dainty lips.

(He laughs wildly.)

COUNTRESS.

Ah, spare me! pity me!

I do not say forgive,—God only can
Have mercy on my sins.

COUNT.

Ay, they are great,
See what they've made of me! A frenzied wretch,
Intent on one wild hope, one desperate wish,—
'Tis now fulfilled—and thus thy guilt I cancel;—
Thus! and thus!

(As he speaks he throws his arm around her—and plunges a dagger repeatedly to her heart. She utters a faint shriek and falls lifeless upon his shoulder. He rises with her in his arms, and rushing out into the moonlight, stands gazing on her face, then wildly speaks.)

COUNT.

'Tis done! that devilish deed,
And I'm avenged! How fair she looks! how pale!
How beautiful! But for one damning thought
I'd kiss these lips—they are too fragrant now,
For the foul worm to banquet on. But yet
It must be so,—come then, fair one, and false,
I'll lay thee gently on thy bridal bed,—
Long hath it stood lonely and tenantless,
Screen'd by its velvet pall—there sweetly sleep;—
I'll to the Duke again, and bear with me
This reeking blade—one service hath it done,
But e'er I sheathe it, France shall mourn her king.
(Exit, bearing off the body of the Countess)

END OF THIRD AND LAST ACT.

LOVER'S QUARRELS.

No love is so sweet as that which follows ill-humour, as we press sweet oil out of the bitter olive.

ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

OF the government and manners of the Arabians before the time of Mahomet, we have few and imperfect accounts; but from the remotest ages, they led the same unsettled and predatory life which they do at this day, dispersed in hordes, and dwelling under tents. It was not to those wild and wandering tribes that the superb Palmyra owed its rise and grandeur, though situated in the midst of their deserts, where it is now beheld in its melancholy beauty and ruined splendour, like an enchanted island in the midst of an ocean of sands. The merchants who trafficked between India and Europe, by the only route then known, first colonized this singular spot, which afforded them a convenient resting-place, and even in the days of Solomon it was the emporium for the gems and gold, the ivory, gums, spices, and silks of the far eastern countries, which thus found their way to the remotest parts of Europe. The Palmyreneæ were, therefore, a mixed race—their origin, and many of their customs, were Egyptian; their love of luxury and their manners were derived from Persia; their language, literature, and architecture were Greek.

Thus, like Venice and Genoa, in more modern times, Palmyra owed its splendour to the opulence and public spirit of its merchants; but its chief fame and historical interest it owes to the genius and heroism of a woman.

Septimia Zenobia, for such is her classical appellation, was the daughter of an Arab chief, Amrou, the son of Dharb, the son of Hassan. Of her first husband we have no account: she was left a widow at a very early age, and married, secondly, Odenathus, chief of several of the tribes of the desert, near Palmyra, and a prince of extraordinary valour, and boundless ambition. Odenathus was the ally of the Romans in their wars against Sapor. (or, more properly, Shah Poor,) king of Persia: he gained several splendid victories over that powerful monarch, and twice pursued his armies even to the gates of Ctesiphon, (or Isaphan) his capital. Odenathus was as fond of the chase as of war, and in all his military and hunting expeditions he was accompanied by his wife Zenobia, a circumstance which the Roman historians record with astonishment and admiration, as contrary to their manners, but which was the general custom of the Arab women of that time. Zenobia not only excelled her countrywomen in the qualities for which they were all remarkable—in courage, prudence, and fortitude, in patience of fatigue, and activity of mind and body—she also possessed a more enlarged understanding; her views were more enlightened, her habits more intellectual. The successes of Odenathus were partly attributed to her, and they were always considered as reigning jointly. She was also eminently beautiful—with the oriental eyes and complexion, teeth like pearls, and a voice of uncommon power and sweetness.

Odenathus obtained from the Romans the title of Augustus, and general of the east; he revenged the fate of Valerian, who had been taken captive and put to death by Shah Poor: the eastern king, with a luxurious barbarity truly oriental, is said to have used the unfortunate emperor as his footstool to mount his horse. But in the midst of his victories and conquests, Odenathus became the victim of a domestic conspiracy, at the head of which was his nephew, Mæonius. He was assassinated at Emessa during a hunting expedition, and with him his son by his first marriage. Zenobia avenged the death of her husband on his murderers, and as her sons were yet in their infancy, she first exercised the supreme power in their name; but afterwards, apparently with the consent of the people, assumed the diadem with the titles of Augusta and Queen of the East.

The Romans and their effeminate emperor, Gallienus, refused to acknowledge Zenobia's claim to the sovereignty of her husband's dominions, and Heraclianus was sent with a large army to reduce her to obedience; but Zenobia took the field against him, engaged and totally defeated him in a pitched battle. Not satisfied with this triumph over the haughty masters of the world, she sent her general, Zabdas, to attack them in Egypt, which she subdued and added to her territories, together with a part of Armenia and Asia Minor. Thus her dominions extended from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean, and over all those vast and fertile countries formerly governed by Ptolemy and Seleucus. Jerusalem, Antioch, Damascus, and other cities famed in history, were included in her empire, but she fixed her residence at Palmyra, and in an interval of peace she turned her attention to the further adornment of her magnificent capital. It is related by historians, that many of those stupendous fabrics of which the mighty ruins are still existing, were either erected, or at least restored and embellished, by this extraordinary woman. But that which we have most difficulty in reconciling with the manners of her age and country was Zenobia's passion for study, and her taste for the Greek and Latin literature. She is said to have drawn up an epitome of history for her own use; the Greek historians, poets, and philosophers, were familiar to her; she invited Longinus, one of the most elegant writers of antiquity, to her splendid court, and appointed him her secretary and minister. For her he composed his famous "Treatise on the Sublime," a work which is not only admirable for its intrinsic excellence, but most valuable as having preserved to our times many beautiful fragments of ancient poets, whose works are now lost, particularly those of Sappho.

The classical studies of Zenobia seem to have inspired her with some contempt for her Arab ancestry. She was fond of deriving her origin from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, and of reckoning Cleopatra among her progenitors. In imitation of the famous

Egyptian queen, she affected great splendour in her style of living and in her attire; and drank her wine out of cups of gold, richly carved and adorned with gems. It is, however, admitted that in female dignity and discretion, as well as in beauty, she far surpassed Cleopatra. She administered the government of her empire with such admirable prudence and policy, and in particular with such strict justice towards all classes of her subjects, that she was beloved by her own people, and respected and feared by the neighbouring nations. She paid great attention to the education of her three sons, habited them in the Roman purple, and brought them up in the Roman fashion. But this predilection for the Greek and Roman manners appears to have displeased and alienated the Arab tribes; for it is remarked that after this time their fleet cavalry, inured to the deserts and unequalled as horsemen, no longer formed the strength of her army.

While Gallienus and Claudius governed the Roman empire, Zenobia was allowed to pursue her conquests, rule her dominions, and enjoy her triumphs, almost without opposition; but at length the fierce and active Aurelian was raised to the purple, and he was indignant that a woman should thus brave with impunity the offended majesty of Rome. Having subdued all his competitors in the west, he turned his arms against the queen of the east. Zenobia, undismayed by the terrors of the Roman name, levied troops, placed herself at their head, and gave the second command to Zabdas, a grave and hitherto successful general. The first great battle took place near Antioch; Zenobia was totally defeated after an obstinate conflict; but, not disheartened by this reverse, she retired upon Emessa, rallied her armies, and once more defied the Roman Emperor. Being again defeated with great loss, and her army nearly dispersed, the high-spirited queen withdrew to Palmyra, collected her friends around her, strengthened her fortifications, and declared her resolution to defend her capital and her freedom to the last moment of her existence.

Zenobia was conscious of the great difficulties which would attend the siege of a great city, well stored with provisions and naturally defended by surrounding deserts; these deserts were infested by clouds of Arabs, who appearing and disappearing with the swiftness and suddenness of a whirlwind, continually harassed her enemies. Thus defended without, and supported by a strong garrison within, Zenobia braved her antagonist from the towers of Palmyra as boldly as she had defied him in the field of battle. The expectation of succours from the east added to her courage, and determined her to persevere to the last. "Those," said Aurelian in one of his letters, "who speak with contempt of the war I am waging against a woman are ignorant both of the character and power of Zenobia. It is impossible

to enumerate her warlike preparations, of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons and military engines."

Aurelian, in fact, became doubtful of the event of the siege, and he offered the queen the most honourable terms of capitulation if she would surrender to his arms; but Zenobia, who was aware that famine raged in the Roman camp, and daily looked for the expected relief, rejected his proposals in a famous Greek epistle, written with equal arrogance and eloquence; she defied the utmost of his power; and alluding to the fate of Cleopatra, expressed her resolution to die like her, rather than yield to the Roman arms. Aurelian was incensed by this haughty letter, even more than by the dangers and delays attending the siege: he redoubled his efforts, he cut off the succours she expected, he found means to subsist his troops even in the midst of the desert; every day added to the number and strength of his army, every day increased the difficulties of Zenobia, and the despair of the Palmyrenes. The city could not hold out much longer, and the queen resolved to fly, not to ensure her own safety, but to bring relief to her capital:—such at least is the excuse made for a part of her conduct which certainly requires apology. Mounted on a fleet dromedary, she contrived to elude the vigilance of the besiegers, and took the road to the Euphrates; but she was pursued by a party of the Roman light cavalry, overtaken, and brought as a captive into the presence of Aurelian. He sternly demanded how she had dared to oppose the power of Rome? to which she replied, with a mixture of firmness and gentleness, "because I disdained to acknowledge as my masters such men as Aureolus and Gallienus. To Aurelian I submit as my conqueror and my sovereign." Aurelian was not displeased at the artful compliment implied to his answer, but he had not forgotten the insulting arrogance of her former reply. While this conference was going forward in the tent of the Roman emperor, the troops, who were enraged by her long and obstinate resistance, and all they had suffered during the siege, assembled in tumultuous bands, calling out for vengeance, and with loud and fierce cries demanding her instant death. The unhappy queen, surrounded by the ferocious and insolent soldiery, forgot all her former vaunts and intrepidity: her feminine terrors had perhaps been excusable if they had not rendered her base; but in her first panic she threw herself on the mercy of the emperor, accused her ministers as the cause of her determined resistance, and confessed that Longinus had written in her name that eloquent letter of defiance which had so incensed the emperor.

Longinus, with the rest of her immediate friends and counsellors, were instantly sacrificed to the fury of the soldiers, and the philosopher met death with all the fortitude which became a wise and great man, employing his last moments in endeavouring to console Zenobia and reconcile her to her fate.

Palmyra surrendered to the conqueror, who seized upon the treasures of the city, but spared the buildings and the lives of the inhabitants. Leaving in the place a garrison of Romans, he returned to Europe, carrying with him Zenobia and her family, who were destined to grace his triumph.

But scarcely had Aurelian reached the Hellespont, when tidings were brought to him that the inhabitants of Palmyra had again revolted, and had put the Roman governor and garrison to the sword. Without a moment's deliberation the emperor turned back, reached Palmyra by rapid marches, and took a terrible vengeance on that miserable and devoted city; he commanded the indiscriminate massacre of all the inhabitants, men, women and children—fired its magnificent edifices, and levelled its walls to the ground. He afterwards repented of his fury, and devoted a part of the captured treasures to reinstate some of the glories he had destroyed; but it was too late; he could not reanimate the dead, nor raise from its ruins the stupendous temple of the sun. Palmyra became desolate; its very existence was forgotten, until about a century ago, when some English travellers discovered it by accident. Thus the blind fury of one man extinguished life, happiness, industry, art, and intelligence, through a vast extent of country, and severed a link which had long connected the eastern and western continents of the old world.

When Aurelian returned to Rome after the termination of this war, he celebrated his triumph with extraordinary pomp. A vast number of elephants and tigers, and strange beasts from the conquered countries; sixteen hundred gladiators, an innumerable train of captives, and a gorgeous display of treasure—gold, silver, gems, plate, glittering raiment, and oriental luxuries and rarities, the rich plunder of Palmyra, were exhibited to the populace. But every eye was fixed on the beautiful and majestic figure of the Syrian queen, who walked in the procession before her own sumptuous chariot, attired in her diadem and royal robes, blazing with jewels, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her delicate form drooping under the weight of her golden fetters, which were so heavy that two slaves were obliged to assist in supporting them on either side; while the Roman populace, at that time the most brutal and degraded in the whole world, gaped and stared upon her misery, and shouted in exultation over her fall. Perhaps Zenobia may in that moment have thought upon Cleopatra, whose example she had once proposed to follow; and, according to the pagan ideas of greatness and fortitude, envied her destiny, and felt her own ignominy with all the bitterness of a vain repentance.

The captivity of Zenobia took place in the year 273, and in the fifth year of her reign. There are two accounts of her subsequent fate, differing widely from each other. One author asserts that she starved herself to death, refusing to survive her own disgrace and the ruin of her country; but others inform us

that the emperor Aurelian bestowed on her a superb villa at Tivoli, where she resided in great honour; and that she was afterwards united to a Roman senator, with whom she lived many years, and died at a good old age. Her daughters married into Roman families, and it is said that some of her descendants remained so late as the fifth century.

The three sons of Zenobia are called, in the Latin histories, Timolaus, Herennicanus, and Vaballathus. The youngest became king of part of Armenia; but of the two oldest we have no account.

TO A LADY,

ON HER VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Since thou must leave us, rove sweet,—farewell,
May Providence unfold thee in its arms,
Protect thee from the ocean's fatal swell,
And shield thee from all danger and alarms.

Blow, gentle breezes,—speed her onward course,
Swell the full-bosomed canvas with your breath,
Make the proud ship scud through the billows
hoarse,
But enter not in league with traitor Death.

Yet whispers Fear: "Thou ne'er shalt see her more,"
Oh maddening thought!—"Tis false—we'll meet
again!

Hope loudly cries, as oft she did before,
"Much sweeter pleasure follows after Pain."

I turned to Nature—kindly to our race
And asked if thou shouldst always stay away?—
Spring's opening flowers wore a brighter face,
Returning swallows gladly twittered "nay."

We part.—Yet surely, sweet, thou wilt return
To see thy home—thy friends—thy favourite tree,
To breathe this air—and happiness to learn
In smiling, sunny Canada, with me.

Yon mountain wrapped in tender robe of spring,
Could scarcely drag me from my much-loved
books,
Till side by side we heard its echoes ring:
It then derived new beauty from thy looks.

Though absent hence, thine image still will beam
On me with light,—and viewed through memory,
Will seem impressed for sunshine, cloud and
stream,—
The sprightly squirrel frolic still like thee.

Look at me in the moon and soul-lit stars,
On which we loved to gaze, night after night;
When the soft radiance of their pearly cars,
Reflected in thine eyes appeared more bright.

And should'st thou e'er forget me (heaven forefend!)
This moon that watches o'er thy nightly bed
Will scowl to make thee from thy wandering bend,
And from a cloud shake terror on thy head.

If thou her meaning then wilt but obey,
And let thy thoughts fly back to this fair spot,—
She'll weep in vain, to drive the clouds away
And shew her pensive face without a blot.

The separation drear thou must propose
Thy throbbing breast doth but too plainly moan;
That sigh—a world of love would fain disclose,
This kiss—assures me thou art all my own.

Oh, leave me not! How can I bear thy loss!
The tortures of thy absence who can tell!
Peace, heart!—Worse pangs thy destiny must
cross:
Bid gentle, beautiful Delia, farewell.

S Y L V I O.

JESTING.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or seasons.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pshaw!" said the Queen, "it is his profession, I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in, but the font? or to drink healths in, but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admission; and profane jests will come without calling. In the troublesome days of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign; more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown. Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which fieth from them in the deed.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. O, it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any

for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.

No time to make jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more shewing of wit when the head is to be cut off. Like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepulus ingini*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.—*Fuller's Holy State.*

(ORIGINAL.)

ODE TO ENGLAND.

BY MORGAN O'REARDON.

Blest England, my country, to thee let my numbers,
Should freedom or glory e'er call forth their strains,
Should they strike for the Briton whose loyalty
slumbers,

Or the slave that still groans under tyranny's
chains—

To thee let them wake,—nor has fancy created,
Nor has poet e'er peopled some sphere of his
own,

More bright, or more pure, or more gloriously fated
Than England, my country, encircles thy throne.

Not a land so remote on the world's wide round
But thy mind has explored, or thy children have
known,

Nor so great or so free were the nations they found
But they still could feel pride in that land of their
own;

Nor a spot is there seen on the far-spreading sea
That's not dotted with ships, which, tho' far they
may roam,

Still each crew is as fearless as each heart is
free—

For England's their birth-place, protector, and
home.

Not a state, or a nation that claims at this hour
To be civilized, wise, to be great, or refin'd,
But owes to our England a part of that power
That's the cause of true greatness—the pow'r of
the mind;

And there is not a soul that e'er panted on Earth
For liberty, honour,—to be great, to be free,
But the sun, noble England, that warmed into birth
Its brightest desires, first reflected from thee.

Nor the sea on its bosom e'er bore yet a soul
More bold, or more cool,—more true hearted or
free,

Nor the Earth,—tho' as far as from pole is to pole
Than the hearts that claim birth-right, my country,
from thee;

And were I deserted, alone on some shore,
Though friendless and poor, yet respect still I'd
claim,

Could I boast but one honour, I'd ask for no
more,—

'Tis an Englishman's birth-right a share in her
fame.

And where is the heart that one moment can pause,
Or a soul-prizing spirit that e'er would control
Its love and respect for that country and laws
Which has shown every feeling that's bright in
the soul?

Whose possessions, as far as the Earth do they run,
Whose wisdom's unfelt but where mind is un-
known,

And whose glories encircle the globe with the sun,*
While the Earth offers homage and blesses her
throne.

Then England, my country, tho' tame be each num-
ber,

It still has one merit—'tis the wish of my heart,
'Tis the hope, that in danger thy sons may not slum-
ber,

And that thou mayest ever be great as thou
art,—

That the Rose and the Thistle and Shamrock, like
brothers,

May e'er be united and twined round thy throne,
And that thou, who hast calmed the storms of all
others

May ever ride safe o'er the the storms of thine
own!

Shamrock Hill, Gore District, ?
July 4, 1840.)

* Great Britain, a power to which Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared; which has dotted the whole Earth with her possessions, and military posts,—whose morning drum follows the sun, and keeping company with his beams, circles the globe daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE DREAM.

I HAVE heard of some who never dream, but it is not so with me. I sometimes dream, and many a pleasant excursion have performed while the limbs were extended at their ease on the couch, and the senses locked up in the arms of Morpheus. I hate long preambles, and must therefore enter on my dream.

There is in my vicinity a very high mountain which raises its lofty, towering, head to the clouds of Heaven. Had it been in the plains of Shinar, it would have saved much brick and hard labour, as the builders would certainly have chosen it for the foundation of their Tower. To a great height from its broad base equally around, the ascent is gentle; but where its longitude begins to contract, it is very steep and bold. At the summit we come to a beautiful area, not more in superficies than perhaps an acre of ground, not quite level but broken here and there with ledges of granite, and small chasms in the rocks. In the spaces between the ledges are found trees of a white birch, covered with a bark which easily divides into innumerable folds of the finest and most delicate silk. These are spruce trees, some maple, a profusion of wild flowers, and mountain ash, adorned with clusters of red berries, the year round. On reaching the summit of this stupendous mountain, the hard labour of climbing is soon and richly rewarded. The view is most extensive, and varied, taking in a circumference of nearly one hundred miles around in every direction from the lofty centre on which the beholder stands. Within the circumference of this grand view, we see the habitations of men, villages, glittering spires, meandering rivers, smooth lakes and oval ponds, interspersed here and there, and buried among the remains of the primeval forest, till in the far distance we lose all that is earthly in the blue sky. This beautiful mountain answers a nobler end than that which Pope attributed to the "column" erected in memory of the great fire in London. For, though it is "pointing to the skies," it is not "like a tall bully," lifting up his head to tell his "lies," but for twenty miles around it serves instead of both a thermometer and a barometer to the rural inhabitants. Its lofty grey head indicates the approach of cold and heat, fair and rainy weather, by signs which never deceive. Old and young are therefore accustomed to look up to the signs which our mountain assumes, before every change of weather, with more than telegraphic regularity and certainty.

But where is my dream? Well, then, here it is, but give me time. "In the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men," methought that, in company with my best friend, who has been my companion for thirty years in joy and in sorrow, till we have both grown old together, I found myself on the top of this lofty eminence. What struggles and toils we encountered and overcame, before we made our land-

ing good, need not be told. Suffice it briefly to say, that, on the summit, we found ourselves in company with a great multitude of people, but whose faces were all new to us. They were not, however, disagreeable, because they were new acquaintances, seen only for the first time. I have been on the top of this mountain more than once, but I never happened to have got there in my waking hours half so easy, and with so little fatigue, as on this nocturnal excursion. What a pity that, when the poor old body is in quiet sleep at home, the mind, or spirit, or whatsoever it may be, could not perform journeys to do our necessary business, and return to us when we are ready to rise and dress ourselves in the morning? True indeed it is, I have something that not unfrequently performs ærial journeys and voyages to remote countries, far quicker, I should suppose, than the power of steam can ever be expected to do, but then the messenger is giddy, volatile, confused and unintelligible, and therefore unprofitable. But what has all this to do with the relation of my dream? I do not know how it is, but really dreams are ticklish and shy, too much like a vapour rising from the stagnant marsh, not staying long enough in one position to form a figure or shape that can be described. Proceed, however, I must; for of my dream I have some hold. I left off when we got to the summit of the mountain. In my dream I did not find the area like what it was when I was there before—a bleak, uneven surface, covered with brush, wild flowers, trees and gray rocks, but a labyrinth of grottos, and chambers cut out of the rock, and covered over with dark moss. Within the rocky chambers and grottos were all manner of what, at some period of the world, were chairs, tables, earthen vessels and couches, all in good keeping, but old and covered with moss, and of a fashion which no man now living ever witnessed. They were; such as we may suppose, people, lacking mechanical genius, might have made and used more than a thousand years ago. We, with our temporary companions, amused ourselves by roving from one chamber to another, in the city of the Rock, to gaze on the strange curiosities which met us at every turn. I tried to make a list of the most remarkable, but after fumbling in my pocket for a long time, to bring out a pencil, the hand, while I thought it was writing, made no move, and the pencil made no mark. When we were all about to retrace our steps downward to the plain, and back to our homes, a grave looking man, somewhat past the meridian of life, with his locks nearly as white as snow, placed himself on the gray fragment of a detached rock that lifted him a little more than the head and shoulders above the crowd, and slowly raising his hands to attract public attention, thus, as nearly as I can remember, spoke with a clear, distinct, and solemn voice:

"I am very glad, my friends and countrymen, to see so many of you in this place. Moved, no doubt

by motives of laudable curiosity, to see the ancient reliques preserved on this mountain, you have not been deterred or frightened by the steep ascent you had to climb, but persevered manfully until you had reached the top; and now your toils are richly rewarded by a sight of these ancient relics of ages long past. But, how did you get here? you could not have climbed the hill in any sort of vehicles that man has ever made. You could not have come riding on horses:—for you have passed over a steep ascent, some places almost perpendicular, where the best footed horse in the world, could not stand for one moment; such is the nature of the bold ascents which lead to this lofty eminence, that a man, however willing, cannot help the neighbours, (except now and then when he happens to obtain a footing,) by a short pull, or by a word of encouragement. Every one had to climb the hill himself, with but very little more assistance than it pleased Providence to give him. I wish you, then, my friends, to observe that there is a moral lesson to be learned from this excursion to the mountain. The hill on which we stand is high, but heaven is higher than the earth. The world in which we live will wax old. The works of our hands, even of the best mechanics and artificers, though made of the best and most durable materials that can be found, will grow old and decay: and such of them as shall escape the ravages of time through a few ages, will appear to succeeding generations as antiquated as these ancient curiosities, preserved in these moss-covered caverns now do unto us. The generations of men that felt as proud in their day of these antiquated relics, as we can be of the productions, and achievements, and refinements of our times, have long been mouldering in the dust, and their names and memories are totally lost and forgotten. We shall soon be mingled with our kindred earth: but the vital spark that has been kindled within us can never die, live it shall in the fields of intellectual perfection, where all is purity, goodness, love and happiness, with myriads of other beings in the kingdom of light with God—the fountain and source of all goods, to men and angels, or in darkness to which neither light nor joy can ever penetrate. When we quit this lower world, the vital spark—the undying spirit within us,—must be ready to enter into one or the other of these regions of felicity or darkness. There is no half way between them. It is, at one leap endless happiness, or endless sorrow; happiness is high above the earth, and not the fruit of the earth, except only by snatches, and at the best, of very short duration. It uniformly ends with human life. True happiness, that which is durable, and worth having, must be derived from above. You did not, my friends, arrive at the top of this lofty mountain without hard labour. Neither can you climb up to the hill on which the author of all good has his throne, without labour. True it most certainly is that in love

to our world, He sent his well beloved son to be our Redeemer, Advocate and Saviour, that He might redeem us from sin, by His death, and open for us the gates of His everlasting kingdom; but that we may be prepared to enjoy the blessings of that kingdom, it is indispensable that we receive and serve Him as our king,—be taught by Him as our prophet, and love Him with all our hearts. If we embrace His salvation on the terms and conditions on which it is offered to our acceptance, we enter on the ascent which leads to a higher eminence than this lofty mountain. We have to labour and to strive; for He says, “seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;” “strive to enter in at the strait gate—labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth to eternal life.” You have, in the name of your king, and by using the armour which He gives you to put on, to strive against your own and His enemies; and these enemies are, your own evil passions and propensities—your love of wealth, pomps, pleasures and vanities; and the wily stratagems of the evil one, the spirit that keeps possession of the hearts of the disobedient. Your enemies are numerous, powerful, vigilant and alert. They are around—in your path wherever you move; and what is worse, you entertain, in your own bosoms, traitors that are ready to favour their views. They attack you in various forms and ways. Sometimes they throw a glare over all that you see in the world, which flatters you into the belief that no bliss is equal to that which it promises. Sometimes you are beguiled into the belief that you are in a fair way of reaching to celestial happiness without taking any other trouble than merely to let yourselves swim down with the tide of time, in the soothing hope that time itself will land you on the happy shore. But mind none of their services. The path which you are going to tread is chalked out as the map of your journey, by Him who shed His blood for you, and further explained by His intimate friends who were with Him while He was upon earth, and upon whom He dropped His mantle, Elijah like, at His departure into glory. If you be attentive, you cannot miss the path. The marks are conspicuous and obvious. Every where it is marked with TRUTH and HOLINESS, giving glory to God and peace to men. If you be in this way you will be adorned with the spirit of peace, meekness, patience, devotion and charity, and the object most conspicuous, seen at the further end, but not so far distant as not to be seen by a GOOD EYE, is the Saviour himself, standing in His royal robes, with a crown of gold in His right hand, ready to put on your heads, if you so strive and run as to obtain. So certain as it required you, in order to reach the top of this lofty mountain, to strive hard, so certain it is that, in order to arrive at a blessed immortality, you must fight, under the banner of the Cross, against your spiritual enemies.’’

When the reverend man got so far in his discourse

as this, it happened that a person standing near the door of a chamber, covered with grey moss, and not hitherto distinguished from the primitive rock, out of which it had been cut, saw through the door which was partly open, a great collection of seemingly modern wax figures, representing a mother and her children, reclining and sitting on beds of the most antique fashion, like all the furniture of the rocky caverns, covered with grew moss. Led by a curiosity which he did not seek to control, he approached to the door slowly and softly, with a view to feast his eyes on the beautiful wax-works, without disturbing the attentive hearers, who hung on the lips of the holy man; but the moment he touched the door, to open it wider, the jar which it made on the rusty hinges, communicated a slight shock, like that of electricity, to the wax images which made them look as if they had life. The motion of life in the limbs and muscles, and sparkling, bright eyes, in what he took for figures of wax, came upon him so sudden and so unexpected, as to draw from him an involuntary scream, and a quick retreat. The scream put an end to the discourse, roused me from my slumbers, and pleasant dreams; and, behold, when I awoke, the multitude had vanished, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind."

A SEXAGENARIAN.

EXERCISE.

I may (says Dr. Uwins, in his recent Treatise on Mental Diseases) urge upon all, and especially those whose habits and callings are sedentary, to contrive some motive for daily and regular walking; even should they not appear at present inconvenienced by their confinement, the cloud will be insensibly collecting that shall sooner or later darken their spirits, or break upon them in the fulness of apoplectic stertor. A physician with whom I was well acquainted, and who scarcely ever was upon his legs, used to say to me, that he found no inconvenience in sitting, day after day, in his carriage and his study; nor did he, so far as his immediate feelings were concerned; but he died suddenly and prematurely from an apoplectic stroke, which I verily believe might have been averted had he made less use of his carriage and his books, and more of his limbs. In contrast with his case, I will just state that I last week conversed with a veteran in literature and in years, whose powers of mind no one can question, however they may differ from him in speculative points. This gentleman has preserved the health of his body and the "soundness" of his mind, through a long course of multifarious and often distressing circumstances, by steady perseverance in the practice of walking, every day. It is curious that he has survived, for a very long period, almost all the literary characters that were his friends and contemporaries at the period in which his own writings excited so much pub-

lic attention; almost all of those who have dropped into the grave one after the other, while he has continued on in an uninterrupted course, were men of far less regular habits, and, I am obliged to add, also of much less equanimity of mind; but the preservation of this equanimity has, I verily believe, been mainly insured by the unvaried practice to which I have referred, and which to others would prove equally available, if steadily and perseveringly pursued. "Were I a gentleman, Dr. Uwins," my neighbour, Mr. Abernethy, used to say to me, "I would never get into my carriage;" and certain it is, that many diseases of the most troublesome kind, besides unsoundness of mind, may be traced to the idle habit of carriage gestation.

DANCING.

DANCING seems to have been reckoned, as well among the Hebrews as the Greeks, one of the first-rate accomplishments, and to have been associated not only with their poetry, but with their religious worship. Almost all the earliest Greek poets, as Thespis, Cratinus, and others, not only excelled in dancing, but taught it to freemen, or gentlemen, for money. Sophocles was one of the best dancers of his generation; he had a very handsome person, which he was fain to exhibit in the dance's grace-displaying movements; when his play of Nausicaa was acted, he not only danced, but played at the ball. With the Hebrews, dancing must assuredly have been associated with notions of dignity, otherwise it would not have been used in their most solemn worship: and yet the taunting rebuke given to David by his wife, presupposes, in her estimation, something of levity combined with that exercise. With the Romans, after their connexion with Greece, dancing was also deemed a high accomplishment. In the age of Cicero, the first men of Rome made a boast of their skill in dancing; as Claudius, who had triumphed; Caelius, the enemy of Cicero; and Lic. Crassus, son of the celebrated Parthian Crassus.

(ORIGINAL.)

STANZAS—I LOVE.

BY W. O. B.

I love to see one bird alone on high
Soar prettily beneath the clear blue sky;
I love the forest glade, its gay green trees,
When gently bowing to the pleasant breeze.

I love the sound of the murmuring rill
With its mossy stones, and its banks so still;
I love to pace the shady footpath good
Meandering to the edges of the wood.

I love the brightness of the distant scene,
To spend an hour on the flowery green;
I love to look up on the golden west,
I love the eve,—I love the hour of rest.

WALTZ AND TRIO.

BY MR. W. H. WARREN.

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each with a piano (p) part on the left and a violin (v) part on the right. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various dynamics and articulations:

- System 1:** Piano part starts with *mez* (mezzo-forte) and *fr* (forzando). Violin part has triplets and accents.
- System 2:** Piano part has *rf* (ritardando forzando) markings. Violin part has *8va* (octave) markings and triplets.
- System 3:** Piano part has *8va loco* markings. Violin part has *8va* markings and triplets.
- System 4:** Piano part has *loco* markings. Violin part has *loco* markings and triplets.
- System 5:** Piano part has *fr marcato* markings. Violin part has *fr* markings and triplets.

The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs in both parts.

8va loco

TRIO.

FINIS. *pia*

for *pia*

for > > *mez* > >

D.C. §

DR. ADAM SMITH.

THIS distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, for simplicity of character, and for muttering to himself as he walked along the streets. As an anecdote of the first peculiarity, it is related of him, that, having one Sunday morning walked into his garden at Kirkcaldy, dressed in little besides his nightgown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had, in reality, trudged along the king's highway all that distance, in the pursuit of a certain train of ideas; and he was only eventually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance, in a crowded street, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.—It is told, as an example of the second peculiarity, that, on the evenings of those very days which he had devoted to the composition of the *Wealth of Nations*, he would sometimes walk backwards and forwards through his parlour, waiting for an opportunity when he might abstract a lump of sugar from the tea-table, unobserved by his house-keeper, who exercised a kind of control over him.—It used to be related of him, that one day, as he was muttering very violently to himself, in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fish-women, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down for a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Hech! and he's weel put on too;" that is, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having, of course, much increased her sympathy.

A LANDSCAPE NEAR CADIZ.

I REACHED at length a sandy tract, covered with dwarf fan-palms, gigantic aloes, prickly pears, and other shrubs, with many beautiful flowers peculiar to the country, and which I was not familiar. Numerous lizards, which lay basking on the sunny path—some brown or red, of five or six inches in length, and others about eighteen inches, of a beautiful bright green—fled into the bushes at my approach. Hawks of various kinds were sailing and screaming through the air; and rabbits from time to time rustled amongst the underwood. These were the only signs of life in this wilderness. The extended plain, with its thicket of fan-palms, and strange, tropical foliage, the hot heavens of cloudless azure, the glittering towers, domes, and flat-roofed buildings of Cadiz, which rose into view as I reached a slight eminence, together with the long lines of bright sandy coast dotted with snow-white towns, dazzling the eye with the glare of the sun, and all thrown into still brighter and stronger relief by the intense blue of the bay, with here and there a cluster of lofty date-palms towering in the distance, combined to form a scene

so peculiar, so brilliant, and so strikingly Eastern in character, that with difficulty I could believe myself in Europe. It exactly realized my conceptions of the torrid clime of India, whither I could imagine myself suddenly transported.

I was here particularly struck with the great want of green which is characteristic of a Southern landscape. Something there was in the foliage generally which might perhaps claim the name, but pale blue predominated in the aloes, browns, olives, and yellows in the other shrubs; there was yellow ochre, too, of the richest hue in the sand, indigo in the sea, and intense ultramarine in the sky; but of green—the clear, fresh, decided green of England—there was none.

CRIMSON CLOVER.

The following notice is extracted from the fifth edition of the Code of Agriculture, page 433, and its object, is to bring into extensive use, as a field crop, a plant hitherto cultivated only in our gardens, as a curious and rather pretty looking annual:—"It is a subject of astonishment that this valuable plant (the *Trefolium incarnatum*) should not have been long ago introduced into this country, and cultivated on an extensive scale. If sown in autumn, after a crop of potatoes or other roots, it produces next spring a crop fit to be cut for soiling cattle, eight days earlier than lucerne, and a fortnight before red clover. Care, however, must be taken to have good seed, and not to sow it too deep. It produces two excellent crops in one year, the first of which should be cut as soon as it comes into flower, and the second will produce a considerable quantity of seed. From its early growth in spring, when other articles for feeding stock with advantage are so difficult to be obtained, it is likely to become a valuable acquisition to British husbandry." If this clover—the seed of which is, we believe, to be had in considerable quantity of the seed-merchants in this country—be sown in spring, it is considered that it will produce a full crop in Scotland in the months of July or August, and must be of great value to those on whose lands the common red clover does not succeed, or where the crop may have partially failed. It is proper to remark, that this is an annual plant, and therefore should only be employed in partial husbandry.

EPIGRAM.

The old fables say, that the monkey complains
Of the hairy protection made for his brains;
But—strange wonder to tell,—that some people
Should choose
To wear their hair long who have no brains to lose.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

OUR TABLE.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.—BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

UNDER this somewhat original title we have met with a number of poetical compositions, many of which we have before seen, but which are not on that account less pleasant to meet again. The volume is a collection of pieces which with few exceptions have been already published in some of the American periodicals.—Though many of them possess no particular merit, there are a few which would do no discredit to any pen. Among these we may mention “The Beleaguered City,” and “The Midnight Mass for the Dying Year;” the latter of which we take the liberty to subjoin :—

Yes, the year is growing old
And his eye is pale and bleared !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling
Solemnly and slow ;
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing ; Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray !

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers ;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands, in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond old year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised lear,
A king,—a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice !

His joy ! his last ! O, the old man gray,
Loveth her ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
And the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
Pray do not mock me so !
Do not laugh at me !

And now the sweet day is dead ;
Cold in his arms it lies ;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist nor stain !

Then, too, the old year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
Vex not his ghost !

Then comes, with an awful roar
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm wind !

How ! how ! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul ! could thus decay,
And be swept away !

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST, WITH ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS, &c.—BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

WE have had the pleasure of receiving two of the volumes of this splendid work—one of the most generally interesting that has recently emanated from the press—interesting, as well from the nature of the subjects, as the manner in which Miss Strickland treats them.

“The Lives of the Queens of England.” Of how a vast fund of interest are they possessed : Romance and reality, fact and fiction,—may be taxed to the utmost, and yet scarcely exceed the sober truths which are to be found in their history,—from the bride of “the Conqueror” to our own fair Queen, whose history has been perhaps less chequered than that of any of her illustrious predecessors, though even hers has not been without a spice of romance. In the two volumes we find thirteen memoirs—five in the first, and eight in the second ; the former ending with the wife of Henry II., the latter with the Queen of the second Richard ; the whole distinguished by good taste and deep research, initiating the reader into the familiar life of the court—the habits of the sovereign—and the influence of individuals or coteries upon the affairs of the kingdom. In this rests its principal historical value. As a literary production, in the language of a London reviewer, “it will be regarded as a publication of romantic interest, uniformly distinguished by refined feeling and pure morality.”

The author of this work is a sister of Mrs. Moodie, our own valued contributor, and of Mrs. Frail, author of the “Backwoods of Canada,” &c. &c., a short tale from whose pen graces our

present number, and, if we mistake not, there is another sister, who is not inferior as a writer to these—a remarkable instance of talent in a single family; for all of them are possessed of genius of a very superior order.

We shall look forward with interest to the receipt of the succeeding volumes of these “Lives.” The extent to which they may run, when completed, we cannot pretend to guess; but, judging from what we have already seen, they must be somewhat voluminous; and, we do not doubt, their popularity will be commensurate to their excellence.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

The last number of this neat and excellent weekly announces that its publication has been discontinued—a most unexpected result of its industrious and useful labours. This journal has been in existence nearly four years, and has borne a most respectable appearance—being the only periodical representative of the literature of Nova Scotia.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES.

IN common with our fellow citizens, generally, we have recently derived much gratification from the very interesting lectures of Mr. Buckingham, upon the antiquities, history, geography, manners and customs of the East.

The “Oriental Traveller,” for by this name Mr. Buckingham is widely known, has for some time been making a tour on the American continent—laying the treasures of his memory before the people, in the different towns through which he necessarily passed, and gathering, in return, a popularity beyond parallel with that of any individual of whom we have heard, on any such or similar mission. Indeed, in almost every part of Canada which he has *professionally* visited, he has found it somewhat difficult to obtain accommodations for the many who thronged to hear him.

We confess ourselves to have been highly gratified. We are, it is true, of opinion, that Mr. Buckingham sometimes introduces digressions comparatively too lengthy—though never tedious; and by this means impairs the value, though he may increase the interest of his lectures. We must, however, admit, that the clearness of his descriptions, and his happy manner of introducing anecdote, with the piquancy and richness of his digressions, which uniformly tend more fully to illustrate the subject matter of discussion, will, with many, if not with all, amply counterbalance the objection which we have taken to their length.

Mr. Buchanan will continue his lectures for a few evenings, when he will proceed on his tour. That he may continue in his hitherto successful career, we believe, is the universal wish of those who have heard him speak.

DR. HALL'S LECTURES ON POPULAR CHEMISTRY.

THE rooms of the Mechanics' Institute possess a very unusual attraction, in the weekly lectures of Dr. Hall, which, we rejoice to state, give every promise of excellence. The first lecture was extremely well and respectably attended, and gave much satisfaction to the audience.

FINE ARTS.

MISS DEMING.—We have recently seen several very fine miniatures—excellent likenesses—from the pencil of Miss Deming, an American lady, who has for some weeks resided in this city. We are glad to see encouragement so freely given to this clever artiste. It speaks well for the taste of our citizens, whose liberality, in this instance, at least, is eminently deserved.

MR. INGALLS.—The “Portrait Gallery” of this gentleman is generally well filled. He has taken a number of excellent likenesses, several of which may still be seen in his rooms. We would recommend such of our friends as have an anxiety to procure correct portraits of themselves, to pay Mr. Ingalls a visit.

THE DAGUERRETYPE.—This *original* discovery, which has created so great a sensation in Europe, and from which so wonderful a revolution in the arts has been predicted, is now in operation in this city, and may be seen at the rooms over Mr. Herbert's Music Store. Several “sunlikenesses” have been already taken, which, if they do not realize all the expectations that have been formed, are yet sufficiently striking and strange to call for the admiration of all who witness them. The likenesses are of the size of small miniatures, and are very correct in their delineations of the original.