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PAUL CLIFFORD.

To Review works as they issue from the press, is a principal duty of the periodical. By reviews, those who may not possess the works reviewed, are not left totally ignorant of them; and these who have the works, are furnished with a useful analysis, not to be otherwise obtained without a sacrifice of time and thought, not convenient for most perusers of new works. If this is a duty incumbent on the Editors of periodicals in places where literary creations are continually flinging into the abyss—it may not be less so, in a nook which has few stars of its own sky, and which must wait until the luminaries of another hemisphere are on the wane, before it expects them to rise above its horizon. In the former case there is less time for the journalist to grapple with every appearance, and more difficulty of choice, than there are here; here like angel visits there is much space between each; and from inexperience it behoves us to be more on our guard, that every meteor visitant be not mistaken for a comet; and that bright clothing should not pass off every straggler for an angel. Some of our readers may think the term *Novel* should prevent serious attention being paid such works; but when we consider the popularity which such have of late years attained to, the vast sums which have been expended in their circulation, and the extended influence which they exert, it will appear that they differ very much both in character and consequence from the Novels of preceding generations. A brief enquiry into the nature of this change, and into the reason of this popularity and influence, may tend to demonstrate why attention should be paid such works. The Novels generally of a former century were written evidently for the thoughtless and the idle: their intent was by uncommon and striking incidents to create mere excitement—and they were for the most part monotonously bombastic—filled with exaggerated pictures, and frothy sentiments, and producing in the minds of their readers, a worthless dream-like enjoyment, from which no lasting good of any kind was derived; and which generally added to the vapour and pomposity of the reader's character. Modern Novels on the contrary, address themselves to the most literary and polished of the human family; their chance of success depends on their

truth to nature—on the information which is blended with amusement in their pages, and on the strength and beauty of their composition. Some of the brightest names on the literary annals of the world, have been identified with these comparatively light works; and the best of them exhibit a chain of occurrences which in all probability have passed, and are passing in the great theatre of life—and exhibit them with as much vigour and beauty, as if the powerful minds of their authors had borne a part in the scene. As such, modern Novels must retain strong hold on the reading world; and it is to be regretted that their beauty and philosophy, and historical information, and natural truth, but too frequently are accompanied by passages which have by far too much of base alloy in their structure.—While Novels are of the nature we mention, and are the productions of men whose names are a tower of strength, they seem most legitimate matter for the reviewer; and perhaps many who affect contempt for such works, are in the constant habit of feasting on more deleterious compounds, because they pretend to truth, but which are less beautiful, and much farther from fact and nature. However, we believe that the prejudice against works of imagination is in a great measure extinct, and that good or evil are the considerations now; for we find the religious world as abundant in romance and novel of its own caste, as if it found that parable and allegory and fable were legitimate and very productive sources of information and delight.

Paul Clifford is written by Mr. Bulmer; and claims attention, from its author having previously produced works, in which sublime philosophy and religion were delightfully blended in interesting narratives. These volumes differ greatly from his other works, and from those of his cotemporaries in the same line—The scene is partially laid amid low English life and habits, and the pages contain very caustic satires on the institutions and practices of the country. Previous to giving any examples of its sentiments or underplots, we will give an outline of its story, and of its principal characters.—In the words of its author,

“The Hero of the story is an attempt to portray an individual of a species of which the country is now happily rid, but which seem to me to have possessed as many of the real properties of romance, especially comic and natural romance, as the foreign Carbonari and exotic pirates whom it has pleased English writers, in search of captivating villains, to import to their pages.”

The scene is laid in London, and the death bed of a wretched woman is one of the first sketches. The departing wretch leaves her child, a boy of three years old, in charge of the landlady of the ‘Mug’ public house, where she dies. The boy is represented as growing up full of harmless spirit and vivacity—and the ignorant and vicious landlady treats him with tenderness, and

provides for his education in a way not common among her class of life.

“ In a word, she was desirous that he should receive an education far superior to those whom he saw around him. And attributing like most ignorant persons, too great advantages to learning, she conceived that, in order to live as decorously as the parson of the parish, it was only necessary to know as much Latin.”

The education of Paul is discussed by the landlady and a crowsy of her's, a ragman—and his tutor is pointed out in a dialogue, which is rich in Cockney diction:—

“ ‘ You sees, Dummie, though I often beats the boy, I loves him as much as if I war his raal mother—I wants to make him an honour to his country and an icxception to my family !’

“ ‘ Who all flashed their ivories at Surgeons' Hall !’ added the metaphorical Dummie.

“ ‘ True !’ said the lady,—‘ they died game, and I ben't ashamed of 'em. But I owes a duty to Paul's mother, and I wants Paul to have a long life. I would send him to school, but you knows as how the boys only cerrypt one another. And so, I should like to meet with some decent man as a tutor, to teach the lad Latin and vartue !’

“ ‘ My eyes !’ cried Dummie, aghast at the grandeur of this desire.

“ ‘ The boy is 'cute enough, and he loves reading,’ continued the dame. ‘ But I does not think the books he gets hold of will teach him the way to grow old.’

“ ‘ And ow came he to read, anyhow's ?’

“ ‘ Ranting Rob, the strolling player, taught him his letters, and said he'd a deal of janius !’

“ ‘ And why should not Ranting Rob tache the boy Latin and vartue ?’

“ ‘ 'Cause Ranting Rob, poor fellow, *was lagged for doing a panny !** answered the dame, despondently.

“ There was a long silence : it was broken by Mr. Dummie : slapping his thigh with a gesticulatory vehemence of a Ugo Foscolo, that gentleman exclaimed—

“ ‘ I 'as it—I 'as thought of a tutor for leetle Paul !’

“ ‘ Who's that ? you quite frightens me, you 'as no marcy on my narves,’ said the dame, fretfully.

“ ‘ Vy, it be the gemman vot writes,’ said Dummie, putting his finger to his nose,—‘ the gemman vot payed you so flashly !’

“ ‘ What ! the Scotch gemman !’

“ ‘ The werry same !’ returned Dummie.

“ The dame turned in her chair, and refilled her pipe. It was evident from her manner that Mr. Dunnaker's suggestion had

*Transported for Burglary.

made an impression on her. But she recognised two doubts as to its feasibility,—one, whether the gentleman proposed would be adequate to the task,—the other, whether he would be willing to undertake it.”

Paul, as might be expected from the character of his patroness, and his place of residence, mixes in very bad company ; and on a dispute with the dame, he quits the “Mug” public house for ever. After some very unlikely adventures, Paul meets with a former acquaintance, Long Ned, and accompanies him to the play—there Paul is attracted by a young lady, whose appearance is thus beautifully drawn :

“ Her hair, of a bright and fair auburn, hung in profuse ringlets about her neck, shedding a softer shade upon a complexion in which the roses seemed just budding, as it were, into blush. Her eyes, large, blue, and rather languishing than brilliant, were curtained by the darkest lashes ; her mouth seemed literally girt with smiles, so numberless were the dimples that, every time the full, ripe, dewy lips were parted, rose into sight, and the enchantment of the dimples was aided by teeth more dazzling than the richest pearls that ever glittered on a bride. But the chief charm of the face was its exceeding and touching air of innocence, and girlish softness ; you might have gazed for ever upon that first unspeakable bloom, that all untouched and stainless down, which seemed as if a very breath could mar it. Perhaps the face might have wanted animation ; but, perhaps, also, it borrowed from that want an attraction ; the repose of the features was so soft and gentle, that the eye wandered there with the same delight, and left it with the same reluctance, which it experiences in dwelling on, or in quitting, those hues which are found to harmonize the most with its vision.”

Paul's companion is less elegantly and honestly employed ; and in the confusion at the door of the theatre, he abstracts a gold watch from the pocket of an elderly gentleman, who was in company with the young lady just mentioned. Long Ned decamps, and Paul, amazed at the unexpected circumstance, is arrested. Lawyer Brandon, the person robbed, appears against Paul ; and the latter protesting his innocence, but refusing to impart the name or residence of his comrade, is sentenced to three months' confinement in Bridewell.

“ Paul was conducted in state to his retreat, in company with two other offenders, one a middle-aged man, though a very old ‘*file*,’ who was sentenced for getting money under false pretences, and the other a little boy, who had been found guilty of sleeping under a colonnade : it being the especial beauty of the English law, to make no fine-drawn and nonsensical shades of difference between vice and misfortune ; and its peculiar methods of protecting the honest, being to make as many rogues as possible in as short a space of time.”

Up to this time Paul is represented as being "honest in the teeth of circumstances," and naturally disinclined to robbery or fraud—but as was premised, the Bridewell initiates him in crime; and with a cool logical villain named Augustus Tomlinson, he breaks prison and escapes. Among the arguments used by Tomlinson to induce Paul to become a thief, are the following:—

"It is the way all governments are carried on. If you want to rectify an abuse, those in power call you *disaffected*. Oppression is 'order,' extortion is 'religious establishment,' and taxes are the 'blessed Constitution.' Wherefore, my good Paul, we only do what all other legislators do. We are never rogues so long as we call ourselves honest fellows, and we never commit a crime, so long as we can term it a virtue!"

Won by such logic, and by his utterly destitute, and outlawed state, Paul agrees to the tempter's suggestions, and is introduced to a set of highwaymen who are met at the public house of Gentleman George. Shortly after this introduction, Paul is accessory to a robbery committed on an eccentric clergyman, but by a ruse appears to be his deliverer; and accompanies him home, for the purpose of gaining further intelligence. Here Paul again meets with the lovely girl whom he saw at the play, and whose name is Lucy Brandon. Paul being an elegant young man, and endowed with many natural, and some acquired accomplishments, joins in the company, and bears a part in the hilarity of the evening; during which he sings the following pretty stanzas:—

" THE WISH.

"As sleeps the dreaming Eve below,
Its holiest star keeps ward above,
And yonder wave begins to glow,
Like Friendship bright'ning into Love!"

"Ah! would thy bosom were that stream;
Ne'er woo'd save by the virgin air!—
Ah! would I were that star, whose beam
Looks down and finds its image THERE!"

Paul escorts Lucy to her father's mansion—which is thus vividly described:

"This is my home," answered Lucy; "but it is an old-fashioned, strange place; and few people, to whom it was not endeared by associations, would think it handsome."

"Pardon me!" said Lucy's companion, stopping and surveying, with a look of great interest, the quaint and Elizabethan pile, which now stood close before them; its dark bricks, gable ends, and ivied walls tinged by the starry light of the skies, and contrasted by the river, which rolled in silence below. The shutters to the large oriel window of the room in which the Squire usually sat were still unclosed, and the steady and warm

light of the apartment shone forth, casting a glow, even to the smooth waters of the river : at the same moment, too, the friendly bark of the house-dog was heard, as in welcome ; and was followed by the note of the great bell, announcing the hour for the last meal of the old-fashioned and hospitable family.

“ ‘ There is a pleasure in this ! ’ said the stranger, unconsciously, and with a half sigh : ‘ I wish I had a home ! ’

“ ‘ And have you not a home ? ’ said Lucy, with *naïveté*.

“ ‘ As much as a bachelor can have, perhaps, ’ answered Clifford, recovering without an effort his gayety and self possession.”

After taking leave of Miss Brandon, Clifford joins his gang—he is by this time Captain of the Highwaymen ; his appearance is thus pictorially described :

“ Dark trees, scattered far and wide, over a broken but verdant sward, made the background ; the moon shimmered through the boughs as she came slowly forth from her pavilion of cloud, and poured a broader beam on two figures just advanced beyond the trees. More plainly brought into light by her rays than his companion, a horseman, clad in a short cloak that barely covered the crupper of the steed, was looking to the priming of a large pistol which he had just taken from his holster. A slouched hat, and a mask of black crape, conspired, with the action, to throw a natural suspicion on the intentions of the rider. His horse, a beautiful dark gray, stood quite motionless, with arched neck, and its short ears quickly moving to and fro, demonstrative of that sagacious and anticipative attention which characterizes the noblest of all tamed animals : you would not have perceived the impatience of the steed, but for the white foam that gathered round the bit, and for an occasional and unfrequent toss of the head.”

Several adventures intervene ; and Clifford disposes of the members of his gang, posting himself and two others in the city of Bath. Here he intended to desist for awhile from his vocation, and tired of it, to seek some opportunity of quitting it for ever, by getting married to some rich fool. His person, accomplishments and ability, made this a very probable circumstance, when the dissipation and crowds of Bath are considered. Here he meets Lucy Brandon, whom he now finds to be an heiress—from the simplicity of the squire, her father, he enjoys much of her company. The following sweet sketch occurs at this juncture :—

“ Silent, and stilling the breath which heaved in both quick and fitfully, Lucy and Clifford sat together. The streets were utterly deserted, and the loneliness, as they looked below, made them feel the more intensely not only the emotions which swelled within them, but the undefined and electric sympathy which, in uniting them, divided them from the world. The quiet around was broken by a distant strain of rude music ; and as it came nearer, two forms, of no poetical order, grew visible : the one

was a poor blind man, who was drawing from his flute tones in which the melancholy beauty of the air compensated for any deficiency (the deficiency was but slight) in the execution. A woman, much younger than the musician, and with something of beauty in her countenance, accompanied him, holding a tattered hat, and looking wistfully up at the windows of the silent street. We said two forms—we did the injustice of forgetfulness to another—a rugged and simple friend, it is true, but one that both minstrel and wife had many and moving reasons to love. This was a little wirey terrier, with dark, piercing eyes, that glanced quickly and sagaciously in all quarters from beneath the shaggy covert that surrounded them; slowly the animal moved onward, pulling gently against the string by which he was held, and by which he guided his master. Once his fidelity was tempted—another dog invited him to play; the poor terrier looked anxiously and doubtfully round, and then uttering a low growl of denial, pursued

“The noiseless tenor of his way.”

“The little procession stopped beneath the window where Lucy and Clifford sat; for the quick eye of the woman had perceived them, and she laid her hand on the blind man’s arm, and whispered him. He took the hint, and changed his air into one of love. Clifford glanced at Lucy, her cheek was dyed in blushes. The air was over—another succeeded—it was of the same kind; a third—the burden was still unaltered—and then Clifford threw into the street a piece of money, and the dog wagged his abridged and dwarfed tail, and darting forward, picked it up in his mouth, and the woman (she had a kind face!) patted the officious friend, even before she thanked the donor, and then she dropped the money with a cheering word or two into the blind man’s pocket, and the three wanderers moved slowly on. Presently, they came to a place where the street had been mended, and the stones lay scattered about. Here the woman no longer trusted to the dog’s guidance, but anxiously hastened to the musician, and led him with evident tenderness and minute watchfulness over the rugged way. When they had passed the danger, the man stopped, and before he released the hand which had guided him, he pressed it gratefully, and then both the husband and the wife stooped down and caressed the dog. This little scene—one of those rough copies of the loveliness of human affections of which so many are scattered about the highways of the world—both the lovers had involuntarily watched; and now, as they withdrew their eyes—those eyes settled on each other—Lucy’s swam in tears.

“‘To be loved and tended by the one I love,’ said Clifford, in a low voice, ‘I would walk blind and barefoot over the whole earth!’”

Clifford’s love for the amiable Lucy Brandon, is mixed with

agony, on account of his character and course of life—yielding at times to repentance and hope, and again to despair and remorse—he is virtuously inclined, but vicious in practice. After a desperate rencontre and robbery, Clifford's two associates are arrested, and he resolves on attempting their rescue, taking leave of Lucy, and going to the Continent, to seek a more creditable profession. In his interview with Lucy, she requests that he will remove the mystery which is about his character; but in an agony he tells her she may yet hear of him without blushing, and bids her adieu until then. The rescue has some powerful and fine touches; we select a few passages.

“ He found all prepared. He hastily put on his disguise, and his follower led out his horse, a noble animal of the grand Irish breed, of remarkable strength and bone, and, save only that it was somewhat *sharp* in the quarters, (a fault which they who look for speed as well as grace will easily forgive), of almost unequalled beauty in its symmetry and proportions. Well did the courser know, and proudly did it render obeisance to, its master; snorting impatiently, and rearing from the hand of the attendant robber, the sagacious animal freed itself of the rein, and, as it tossed its long mane in the breeze of a fresh air, came trotting to the place where Clifford stood.

“ ‘ So ho, Robin!—so ho!—what, thou chafest that I have left thy fellow behind at the Red Cave. Him we may never see more. But, while I have life, I will not leave *thee*, Robin!’

“ With these words, the robber fondly stroked the shining neck of his favourite steed; and as the animal returned the caress, by rubbing its head against the hands and the athletic breast of its master, Clifford felt at his heart somewhat of that old racy stir of the blood which had been once to him the chief charm of his criminal profession; and which in the late change of his feelings he had almost forgotten.

“ ‘ Well, Robin, well,’ he renewed, as he kissed the face of his steed;—‘ well, we will have some days like our old ones yet; thou shalt say, ha! ha! to the trumpet, and bear thy master along on more glorious enterprises than he has yet thanked thee for sharing. Thou wilt now be my only familiar,—my only friend, Robin; we two shall be strangers in a foreign land. But thou wilt make thyself welcome easier than thy lord, Robin; and *thou* wilt forget the old days, and thine old comrades, and thine old loves, when—ha!’ and Clifford turned abruptly to his attendant, who addressed him, ‘ it is late, you say; true! look you, it will be unwise for us both to quit London together; you know the sixth milestone, join me there, and we can proceed in company!’ ”

* * * “ Clifford mounted, and rode from the yard of the inn. As he passed through the tall wooden gates into the street, the imperfect gleam of the wintry sun falling over himself and his steed, it was scarcely possible, even in spite of his disguise and rude garb, to conceive a more gallant and striking specimen of

the lawless and daring tribe to which he belonged; the height, strength, beauty, and exquisite *grooming*, visible in the steed; the sparkling eye, the bold profile, the sinewy chest, the graceful limbs, and the careless and practised horsemanship of the rider."

After the rescue, and the flight of the late prisoners,

"Clifford and his equestrian comrade only remained in the field, or rather the road; the former sprang at once on his horse, the latter was not long in following the example. But the policeman, who, it has been said, baffled in detaining the fugitives of the hedge, had leaped back into the road, was not idle in the mean while. When he saw Clifford about to mount, instead of attempting to seize the enemy, he recurred to his pistol, which in the late struggle had to hand, he had been unable to use, and taking sure aim at Clifford, whom he judged at once to be the leader of the rescue, he lodged a ball in the right side of the robber, at the very moment he had set the spurs in his horse and turned to fly. Clifford's head drooped to the saddle-bow. Fiercely the horse sprang on; the robber endeavoured, despite his reeling senses, to retain his seat—once he raised his head—once he nerved his slackened and listless limbs—and then, with a faint groan he fell to the earth. The horse bounded but one step more, and, true to the tutorship it had received, stopped abruptly. Clifford raised himself with great difficulty on one arm; with the other hand he drew forth a pistol; he pointed it deliberately towards the officer who had wounded him; the man stood motionless, cowering and spell-bound, beneath the dilating eye of the robber. It was but for a moment that the man had cause for dread; for muttering between his ground teeth, 'Why waste it on an enemy?' Clifford turned the muzzle towards the head of the unconscious steed, which seemed sorrowfully and wistfully to incline towards him. 'Thou,' he said, 'whom I have fed and loved, shalt never know hardship from another!' and with a merciful cruelty, he dragged himself one pace nearer to his beloved steed, uttered a well-known word, which brought the docile creature to his side, and placing the muzzle of the pistol close to its ear, he fired, and fell back senseless at the exertion. The animal staggered, and dropped down dead."

We now pass to the trial scene; it is drawn with much power—the prisoner's defence is a spirit-stirring and logical article. We give only a few concluding paragraphs. While the jury were retired, considering of their verdict, a man sends the following note to the Judge:—

"MY LORD JUDGE,

"I make bold to beg you will do all you can for the prisoner at the Barre; as he is no other than the 'Paul' I spoke to your worship about. You know what I mean.

"'DUMMIE DUNNAKER.'"

It is here necessary to say, that the Judge had lost an infant son ; and for a series of years all his efforts to recover his child were unavailing. Dummie Dunnaker had for some time been engaged in the search—and at length the powerful, and still aspiring statesman, discovers in Clifford the highwayman, his son and heir.

“ As he read this note, the Judge’s head was observed to droop suddenly, as if by a sickness or a spasm ; but he recovered himself instantly, and whispering the officer who brought him the note, said, ‘ See that that madman be immediately removed from the court, and lock him up *alone*. He is so deranged as to be dangerous !’

* * * * “ Scarcely had the intruder been withdrawn before the Jury returned.

“ The verdict was, as all had foreseen,—‘ Guilty ;’ but it was coupled with a strong recommendation to mercy.

“ The prisoner was then asked, in the usual form, whether he had to say any thing why sentence of death should not be passed against him.

“ As these dread words struck upon his ear, slowly the prisoner rose. He directed first towards the Jury a brief and keen glance, and his eyes then rested full, and with a stern significance, on the face of the Judge.

“ ‘ My Lord,’ he began, ‘ I have but one reason to advance against the sentence of the law. If you have interest to prevent or mitigate it, that reason will, I think, suffice to enlist you on my behalf. I said that the first cause of those offences against the law which bring me to this bar, was the committing me to prison on a charge of which I was wholly innocent ! My Lord Judge, *you* were the man who accused me of that charge, and subjected me to that imprisonment ! Look at me well, my Lord, and you may trace in the countenance of the hardened felon you are about to adjudge to death, the features of a boy whom, some four years ago, you accused before a London magistrate of the theft of your watch. On the oath of a man who has one step on the threshold of death, the accusation was unjust. And, fit minister of the laws you represent ! you, who will now pass my doom,—you were the cause of my crimes ! My Lord, I have done. I am ready to add another to the long and dark list of victims who are first polluted, and then sacrificed, by the blindness and injustice of human codes !’

“ While Clifford spoke, every eye turned from him to the Judge, and every one was appalled by the ghastly and fearful change which had fallen over Brandon’s face. Men said afterward, that they saw written there, in terrible distinctness, the characters of death ; and there certainly seemed something awful and preternatural in the bloodless and haggard calmness of his proud features. Yet his eye did not quail, nor the muscles of his ^{lip} quiver. And with even more than his wanted loftiness, he met the regard of the prisoner.” * * * * *

* * * * "Though Clifford ceased he did not resume his seat, but stood in the same attitude as that in which he had reversed the order of things, and merged the petitioner in the accuser. And Brandon himself, without speaking or moving, continued still to survey him. So, with erect fronts, and marble countenances, in which what was defying and resolute did not altogether quell a mortal leaven of pain and dread, they looked as might have looked the two men in the Eastern story, who had the power of gazing each other unto death.

"What, at that moment, was raging in Brandon's heart, it is in vain to guess. He doubted not for a moment that he beheld before him his long-lost, his anxiously-demanded son! Every fibre, every corner of his complex and gloomy soul, that certainly reached, and blasted a hideous and irresistible glare! The earliest, perhaps the strongest, though often the least acknowledged principle of his mind, was the desire to rebuild the fallen honours of his house; its last scion he now beheld before him, covered with the darkest ignominies of the law! He had coveted worldly honours; he beheld their legitimate successor in a convicted felon! He had garnered the few affections he had spared from the objects of pride and ambition, in his son. That son he was about to adjudge to the gibbet and the hangman! Of late, he had increased the hopes of regaining his lost treasure, even to an exultant certainty. Lo! the hopes were accomplished! How? With these thoughts warring, in what manner we dare not even by an epithet express, within him, we may cast one hasty glance on the horror of aggravation they endured, when he heard the prisoner accuse HIM as the cause of his present doom, and felt himself at once the murderer and the judge of his son!

"Minutes had elapsed since the voice of the prisoner ceased; and Brandon now drew forth the black cap. As he placed it slowly over his brows, the increasing and corpse-like whiteness of his face became more glaringly visible, by the contrast which this dread head-gear presented. Twice as he essayed to speak, his voice failed him, and an indistinct murmur came forth from his hueless lips, and died away like a fitful and feeble wind. But with the third effort, the resolution and long self-tyranny of the man conquered, and his voice went clear and unfaltering through the crowd, although the severe sweetness of its wanted tones was gone, and it sounded strange and hollow on the ears that drank it.

"Prisoner at the bar!—It has become my duty to announce to you the close of your mortal career. You have been accused of a daring robbery, and, after an impartial trial, a Jury of your countrymen, and the laws of your country, have decided against you. The recommendation to mercy—(here, only, throughout his speech, Brandon gasped convulsively for breath)—so humanely added by the Jury, shall be forwarded to the supreme power, but I cannot flatter you with much hope of its success—(the law

yers looked with some surprise at each other; they had expected a far more unqualified mandate, to adjure all hope from the Jury's recommendation).—Prisoner! for the opinions you have expressed, you are now only answerable to your God; I forbear to arraign them. For the charge you have made against me, whether true or false, and for the anguish it has given me, may you find pardon at another Tribunal! It remains for me only—under a reserve too slight, as I have said, to afford you a *fair* promise of hope—only to—to—(all eyes were on Brandon: he felt it, exerted himself for a last effort, and proceeded)—to pronounce on you the sharp sentence of the law! It is, that you be taken back to the prison whence you came, and thence (when the supreme authority shall appoint) to the place of execution, to be there hanged by the neck till you are dead; and the Lord God Almighty have mercy on your soul!"

Clifford's sentence is commuted to perpetual banishment—Lucy becomes acquainted with his crimes, his birth, and his punishment, at the one time. She sees him in prison—he departs on his destined route—after some time, escapes—Lucy joins him, and they settle in America. The highwayman's reform may be gathered from the paragraphs with which we conclude this epitome of his history.

"In a certain town of that Great Country, where shoes are imperfectly polished,* and opinions are not prosecuted, there resided, 20 years after the date of Lucy Brandon's departure from England, a man held in high and universal respect, not only for the rectitude of his conduct, but for the energies of his mind, and the purposes to which they were directed. If you asked, who cultivated that waste? the answer was, 'Clifford.'—Who procured the establishment of that hospital? 'Clifford.'—Who obtained the redress of such a public grievance? 'Clifford.'—Who struggled for and won such a popular benefit? 'Clifford.' In the gentler part of his prospects and his undertakings, in that part, above all, which concerned the sick, or the necessitous, this useful citizen was seconded, or rather excelled, by a being over whose surpassing loveliness time had flown with a gentler and charmed wing. There was something remarkable and touching in the love which this couple (for the woman we refer to was Clifford's wife) bore to each other." * * *

* * * "A trace of the trials they had passed through was discernable on each: those trials had stolen the rose from the wife's cheek, and had sown untimely wrinkles on the broad brow of Clifford. There were moments, too, but they were only moments, when the latter sunk from his wonted elastic and healthful cheerfulness of mind, into a gloomy and abstracted reverie: but these moments the wife watched with a jealous and fond anx-

*See Captain Hall's late work on America.

iety, and one sound of her sweet voice had the power to dispel their influence. And when Clifford raised his eyes, and glanced, from her tender smile, around his happy home, and his growing children, or through the very windows of his room beheld the public benefits he had created, something of pride and gladness glowed on his countenance, and he said, though with glistening eyes and subdued voice, as his looks returned once more to his wife,

“ ‘ I owe these to thee ! ’ ”

“ One trait of mind especially characterized Clifford—indulgence to the faults of others: ‘ Circumstances make guilt,’ he was wont to say. ‘ Let us endeavour to correct the circumstances, before we rail against the guilt ! ’ His children promised to tread in the same useful and honourable path that he now trod himself;—happy was considered that family which had the hope to ally itself with his.”

The principal characters beside Clifford and his accomplices, and Lucy, are Sir William Brandon, Lucy's uncle—Squire Brandon, her father—Lord Mauleverer, her lover—and MacGrawler. The first of these is drawn with great spirit, but we would fain think that it is not after nature. Sir William is a powerful rising statesman, who with apparent integrity, and dignity, has a heart sordid and base in the extreme. There is a disgusting mingling of pride and utter meanness; of untiring ambition and misanthropic contempt for the world; of smooth, amiable and eloquent feelings, with others grovelling and cruel as can be imagined, which makes this character, we would hope, rather a caricature than a portrait of the morals of high life. Squire Brandon, should be made less a fool, we would imagine, if it were only that the eye might have *one* honest dignified character to rest on amid the herd of villains which this book treats of. Lord Mauleverer is a picture of a dandy, epicure, debauchee and statesman, combined so as to form a Lord. MacGrawler is introduced as a writer in the Assineum; and in depicting this character, the author has endeavoured to vent an unwonted degree of bile against Scotland, and Scotchmen, and against a periodical, which we suppose to be the London Atheneum. Lucy Brandon is a lovely creature; and we are involuntarily led to regret, that with such power and perceptions, the author did not more frequently choose amiability and beauty, rather than hypocrisy, violence and fraud, for his pencil. We are induced to give one little sketch of Lucy's character—from a number, which more characteristic are rather long for our pages, and which would suffer by separation from the story.

* * * * * “ Brandon, taking leave of his brother, mounted to the drawing-room in search of Lucy. He found her leaning over the gilt cage of one of her feathered favourites, and

speaking to the little inmate in that pretty and playful language in which all thoughts, innocent, yet fond, should be clothed. So beautiful did Lucy seem, as she was thus engaged in her girlish and caressing employment, and so utterly unlike one meet to be the instrument of ambitious designs, and the sacrifice of worldly calculations, that Brandon paused, suddenly smitten at heart, as he beheld her; he was not, however, slow in recovering himself; he approached, 'Happy he,' said the man of the world, 'for whom caresses and words like these are reserved!

"Lucy turned. 'It is ill!' she said, pointing to the bird, which sat with its feathers stiff and erect, mute and heedless even of that voice which was as musical as its own.

"'Poor prisoner!' said Brandon, 'even gilt cages and sweet tones cannot compensate to thee for the loss of air and wild woods!'

"'But,' said Lucy, anxiously, 'it is not confinement which makes it ill! If you think so, I will release it instantly.'

"'How long have you had it?' asked Brandon.

"'For three years!' said Lucy.

"'And is it your chief favourite?'

"'Yes; it does not sing so prettily as the other—but it is far more sensible, and so affectionate.'

"'Can you release it then?' asked Brandon, smiling; 'would it not be better to see it die in your custody, than to let it live and to see it no more?'

"'Oh, no, no!' said Lucy, eagerly, 'when I love any one—thing—I wish that to be happy, not me!'

As she said this, she took the bird from the cage, and bearing it to the open window, kissed it, and held it on her hand, in the air. The poor bird turned a languid and sickly eye around it, as if the sight of the crowded houses and busy streets presented nothing familiar or inviting; and it was not till Lucy, with a tender courage, shook it gently from her, that it availed itself of the proffered liberty. It flew first to an opposite balcony, and then recovering from a short and, as it were, surprised pause, took a brief circuit above the houses, and after disappearing for a few minutes, flew back, circled the window, and re-entering, settled once more on the fair form of its mistress, and nestled into her bosom.

"Lucy covered it with kisses. 'You see it will not leave me!' said she.

"'Who can?' said the uncle, warmly, charmed for the moment from every thought, but that of kindness for the young and soft creature before him;—'Who can?' he repeated with a sigh," * * * *

The volumes are replete with political allusions, all caustic, many of them just. Not content with this, the author has given several of Clifford's associates the personal characteristics of a few eminent public men. Those parts of the work evince much

merit as distinct pieces, but they appear most wofully unnecessary to the story, and are stuffed in, as good specimens in a museum, quite unconnected with what goes before or follows. They seem a meretricious kind of ornament, laid on to attract a moment's popularity; but which will lastingly disgust. If the thought of identifying real with imaginary characters were a good one, why not construct a fable in which they should be necessary actors? As it is in this work, you may suppress the entire sprawling parenthesis, without the story being at all injured. The incongruity of those political sketches, and the abrupt breaks from them to the story, and from the story to them, tend to make many parts very chaotic; it is allegory mixed with simple narrative, the natural effect of which is, like the new patches on old garments, to injure both. George the Fourth is represented as the keeper of a tavern, which is the resort of highwaymen. His cognomen is Gentleman George, his tavern, Windsor Castle. The company which Clifford meets there, are, Fighting Attie, the Duke of Wellington; Long Ned, Lord Ellenborough; Scarlet Jem, Sir James Scarlet; a Sallow Gentleman, Mr. Huskisson; Old Bags, Lord Eldon; and others. Mobbing Francis, Sir Francis Burdett—is also dragged into the volume, as unnaturally as possible;—Bachelor Bill, the Duke of Devonshire, and Cunning Nat, Mr. Nash—also pass the stage, not as the characters of a great dramatist, but as those of a good posture or costume master. We would wish to give illustrative extracts of these passages, but we sacrifice wit for propriety; and avoid licentiousness by giving up broad humour and very keen satire.

One or two sentiments which more particularly seized attention in reading, we select.

“Reason is a sorcereress when she confines her efforts, an imposter when she enlarges them.”

If we mistake not, there is a mass of truth in this sentence—well worthy the cool close attention of sceptics of every grade.

The following admirable apostrophe to fashion, or the love of being *fine*, is worth the price of the two volumes.

“O THOU divine Spirit, that through England burnest in every breast, inciting each with the sublime desire to be *fine*! that stirrest up the great to become little in order to seem greater, and that makest a Dutchess woo insult for a voucher! Thou that delightest in so many shapes, multivarious, yet the same; Spirit that makest the high despicable, and the lord meaner than his valet! equally great whether thou cheatest a friend, or cuttest a father! lackering all thou touchest with a light vulgarity, that thy votaries imagine to be gold!—thou that sendest the few to fashionable balls and the many to fashionable novels; that smitest even genius as well as folly, making the favourites of the former boast an acquaintance they have not with the graces of a mushroom peerage, rather than the knowledge they have of the muses of

an eternal Helicon!--thou that leavest in the great ocean of our manners no dry spot for the foot of independence;--that palest on the jaded eye with a moving and girdling panorama of daubed vilenesses, and fritterest away the souls of free-born Britons into a powder smaller than the angels which dance in myriads on a pin's point. Spirit! divine Spirit! carriest thou not beneath the mantle of frivolity a mighty and sharp sword, and by turning into contempt, while thou affectest to display, 'the solemn plausibilities of the world,'* hastenest thou not to the great family of man the epoch of redemption?"

Many who are alternately sinful and maudlingly repentant year after year, might catch a spirit that would give health to their intentions, from the words of the Robber.

"Repent!" said Clifford, fiercely, and his answer opened more of his secret heart, its motives, its reasonings, and its peculiarities than were often discernible. 'Repent'—that is the idlest word in our language. No,—the moment I repent, that moment I reform! Never can it seem to me an atonement for crime, merely to regret it—my mind would lead me not to regret, but to repair!"

The following is sweetly expressed and is not less true.

* * * "This is a wicked world, and the peach-like bloom of character is easily rubbed away.!"

We must here close our remarks; we have left some of the most powerful passages in the book untouched, but we have also not meddled with anecdotes and sentiments which should never have been written, and to publish which, argues that much of the peach-like bloom of character has been rubbed from the author by this wicked world. With many good passages, we think the work not well calculated to do good.—Highwaymen—unprincipled Statesmen—and villainous private characters, form its stamina; these are drawn with so much of the author's heart and soul, and with so little, if any, condemning accompaniments, that admiration, not disgust is excited by depravity and vice. The history of Turpin is said to have influenced Clifford in his taking the road—the history of Clifford is well calculated to weaken industrious praise-worthy habits, and to strengthen in youth foolish and dangerous longings after mock-gentlemanly life and adventures. We could strengthen our opinion by a thousand references and arguments; but space fails, and we conclude hoping that our short notice of the work may be in some measure pleasing and profitable. As the work of a man of genius, giving many new sketches of life and character—with wit, humour, and great vividness—it demands attention. As the produce of such a mind as Bulwer's, it requires care in the young reader to escape contamination—and requires the reviewer to give the necessary

warning. As to its originality, its plot and cast of character is said to be a close copy of Gray's *Beggars' Opera*; the incident of Clifford shooting his horse, has been acted to the life at Astley's, at least a dozen years ago. Taking every objection, it is a work of much abstracted merit—our chief objection is, that it is not so decidedly on the side of virtue as every work of the present age should be; and as the talented Bulwer might so easily and delightfully render a couple of volumes.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

[FOR THE HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

OfT, from this mighty maze of lake and wood,
 A willing glance is turn'd to Ocean's queen;
 Where sits the Sovereign mid her subject brood
 Of gallant Islands, ancient, proud, serene.
 Imperial state she holds mid ocean's green;
 The modern Rome—Britannia—in her zone
 Are gems from every clime—and o'er each scene
 Of varied earth, her mind or arm has flown,
 Until no rival ray disputes her peerless throne.

HERE, where the Indian lately strung his bow,
 And urg'd his bark, Lord of the lonely shore;
 She bade her strong unconquered current flow,
 And beast, and savage tribes are lords no more.
 The daring stranger o'er the billows bore
 His goods, his tent, and burn'd his friendly sail;
 And made his home beyond the Atlantic's roar.
 Sons of an iron father soon prevail,
 And hold their gentle sway o'er mountain, flood and vale.

But shall they e'er forget that parent spring,
 That marble rock, from whence their race was hewn?
 Oh no, and oft the mind's returning wing,
 Finds gladly o'er the triple Island strewn,
 Romance, love, valour, and each nobler boon,
 Which gives the historic page its dazzling noon.
 Fancy has Shakespear's mask, and Milton's wand,
 Byron's red sun, and Heman's silver moon;
 Philanthropy has many a Howard hand,
 And Valour points to those who o'er all earth command.

See on the right, who wraps her tartan plaid ?
 'Tis Caledonia, brave and sternly strong ;
 Child of the rock and glen, who oft has made
 With patient skill the gardens smile among
 The deserts gloom ; whose bards delight in song,
 Heroes in daring, scholars in renown.
 Wild Chivalry amid her hills had long
 His favourite seat, but slowly soothed down,
 Letters, and morals now, compose her brightest crown.

Ah ! not forgotten Isle of western sea,
 Erin ! the boisterous, beautiful, and brave ;
 Cradle of warrior, forum of the free,
 Home of the bigot, outlaw, saint and slave ;
 Field of domestic tyranny, and grave
 Of noblest Spartan dust—if wisdom's lore,
 Oppression, frenzy, freedom, ever gave
 Interest to loveliness, the mind will pore
 On scenes which bless, and blast, thy lovely western shore.

And shall not these romantic nursing Isles,
 Be long remembered mid the " Andes" gloom ?
 Where " Chesapeake" bids mighty valleys smile ?
 Where rolls " St. Lawrence" mid Canadian bloom ?
 And where Chebucto's tranquil bay has room,
 Round peaceful shore its glassy breast to wind ?
 Yes, " Home," " Old Country," " England" shall resume
 Full oft their witchery o'er the kindred mind,
 And in soft silken ties the parted nations bind.

T.

MOUNT CARMEL.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

" And Elijah went to show himself unto Ahab, and there was a sore famine in Samaria."—I. KINGS.

It was the third year of the famine—the dwellings of the poor had long paid dreadful tribute unto the destroyer—the hollow eye and pallid cheek, the frenzied ravings of tortured nature, and the skeleton corse unmourned and unhonoured, marked his progress over the land—and the palace of Ahab was at length invaded by the absolute tyrant. Nothing better portrays the

weakness of man, and the emptiness of grandeur, than those plagues of nature. The eye of Majesty, the splendid diadem, the sceptre of authority, the nod which is answered by human beings as if it were the bowing of an earthquake; and the low mandate more potent than the roar of lions—what are they before the pestilence and the famine? Will those heralds of the King of Kings crouch at the throne of ivory? Alas! the baubles of royalty burst like bubbles in the grasp before such terrors; pomp and pride evaporates before such tests—or if they continue, are but a miserable mockery of their former consequence.

Ahab, roused by the plague, resolves on making personal exertion to save a remnant of his cattle; and dispatching Obadiah, the governor of his house, in one direction, he tells him, to seek grass by all the rivers, and pools, and fountains of water; while he himself bent on a similar errand, goes sorrowfully anxious on another track.

Amid all these desolations of nature, produced by three years' absence of the refreshing rain; amid all the bereavements of humanity, which famine creates—the king forgot not to pursue one object almost abstractedly: one enemy still occupied his thoughts, although the face of heaven had made war on himself. It is said that "Love is stronger than death"—the song is sweet and true, although the history of our race can give but few instances of its demonstration; while the omnipotence of hate in a fallen bosom, the triumph of revenge over suffering and death, is inscribed on every page which records our half rational eccentricities. Ahab amid all the evils of his reign, the strength of his land wasting away, the splendour of his crown becoming dim—amid all, he thinks of the hated Elijah! He has sought for him in all the surrounding nations, requiring oaths in attestation that they had not afforded him shelter. Elijah! he who had so often stood in his path thwarting all his favorite plans—Elijah the blasphemer of the great Baal—the despiser of the king's dignity—the magician who has foretold this dreadful famine, and who has had his revenge, by the scourge falling too truly from the meanest habitation of the land, to the palace and the throne. Oh! for the sorcerer within his grasp—befitting sacrifice would the king then offer to his own passions, and to the angry powers of nature, who thus blanch the heaven and the earth with their scorching breath. But the Prophet was safe in a hiding place afforded by the king of Creation; and was fed by food which came as it were from the tables of heaven; while Ahab and his people were confounded by supernatural terrors.

And behold, as Obadiah wandered along by the bed of the shrunken stream, seeking for spots of verdure, Elijah met him! The believing ruler starts from the man of mysterious power as from a spectre—and falling on his face enquires, art thou my lord Elijah? The question was answered, and the astonished governor is told to go and tell Ahab. Obadiah shrinks from the

task as from a sure infliction—"What have I done," said he, "that thou wouldst give Ahab occasion to slay me? he has long sought for thee, and behold as I go to tell him Elijah is here, the spirit shall carry thee I know not where, and the disappointed king will slay thy servant." Elijah assures the doubting governor, that he will that day, meet his master; Ahab is informed of the object of his search being near, and gladly turns to satiate his rage and revenge,

We may imagine the meeting of these august personages—the King of Israel, and the Prophet of the Most High—and seldom did the banks of those now miserable streams, witness a more impressive scene, in their best vernal moments. Ahab, the proud rebel against the god of his fathers; the vengeful apostate eager to show his zeal to his new creed, by bloodshedding; the curbed tyrant who finds his splendid schemes, and his grasping arm too short to contend with his invisible opposer; Ahab with the contending lines of fear, rage, and pride marring his imperial brow, meets the placid and dignified Elijah.

Well may the Prophet be placid under threatened privations, the wild birds of the valley have not long ceased to minister to his necessities. The better feelings may gleam like an unfading sunbeam across his breast, he has just been taught an immortal lesson of benevolence, from the widow of Zareptah. Strong in his pious confidence, little need he care for the lightning of the tyrant's eye; he has but newly risen from the master-miracle of raising the dead. "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" said the scowling monarch—troubleth her with thy threats, and thine incantations, and by the scourges produced by thy demon act? Art thou he that troubleth Israel? What an unmeaning and taunting question to ask the man of the Lord—he whose exertions and sufferings all proceeded from his love of country, and his sense of duty. He who arose from among the inhabitants of Gilead to rebuke the King for his crimes, and to warn of the evil that was about to ensue. Art thou he that troubleth Israel? Do we at this day find this subterfuge, of the guilty blaming the innocent, worn so thin by time, that it is thrown by like a garment in which is neither defence nor warmth? Or do we not find it still strong, unblushing as ever, on the lips of every proud or impudent oppressor? Is their security shaken, or their deeds exposed—a pestilent fellow, and a stirrer up of sedition, is he who scans their conduct. They cry, "Peace, peace, when there should be no peace;" and the husbandman who scares the filthy birds from his crop, is with them, a reviler of the gods. "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" was the paltry challenge of Ahab when he met his enemy. And the man of God looked through and through his moral cowardice, and worthlessness, and answers the tyrant boldly. "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house have troubled Israel—ye have forsaken the Lord of Hosts to follow Baalim. Now therefore send and gather

to me, to me, the prophet of the forsaken altars, gather to me all Israel, in Mount Carmel; and the prophets of this new deity, four hundred and fifty; and the prophets of his groves, four hundred; gather them to me at Mount Carmel, and we will see which god is the Lord." Abah, perhaps, willing to avert the famine scourge by any means, or in case of failure, to have so great an assembly as witnesses of his vengeance, agrees to the trial; and the prophets of Baal are collected from every quarter of Israel.

The morning of trial arrives—and the soft bosom of Carmel is pressed by an unwonted number of feet. The gathering crowds come winding up its paths, eager to procure favourable places from whence they may behold the strife between Jehovah and Baal. Others with a similar intent, come broad and slowly as a tide over the wide plains of Esdrælon from the regions of Samaria. The prophets of Baal are high amid the groves which wave on the declivities of the Mount, and the King surrounded by his chosen warriors, appears a conspicuous object on a commanding and central eminence. His diadem glitters, and the lance and sword of his men reflect dazlingly the early beam. The company are assembled, and nought except a mighty hum, as if of summer ocean gurgling on its shores, arises to the spectator's ear.

One eminence of the mountain seems now the point to which all eyes turn, and at which all hands are pointed. It is solitary, except that one person, seeming to be abstracted in thought from the scene, rests there, with his arms crossed on his breast, and his eyes fixed on the wide glare of the heavens. It is Elijah—he rises—approaches to the brink of the eminence, and casting a glance over the living mass below, stretches forth his hand.—The King bends forward to hear, the lances bristle closer to the precipice's verge; the prophets of Baal turn their backs for a moment to their altars; and the multitude around turn ten thousand eyes, cautiously to the eminence of the prophet. A profound silence occurs in that splendid amphitheatre of nature; the rustle of the parched leaves are heard plainly, and the cry of the distant falcon as he starts from such an unusual scene, echoes around in the stillness; Elijah's clear voice rises like a trumpet blast, as each sound is hushed, and each ear strained to catch his words. "How long halt ye between two opinions?" exclaims the prophet, "If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him?" The silence is again unbroken, except by relaxed breathing after the exciting stillness—the people answer him never a word. The traditions of their fathers, the teachings of Moses, their own experience, make them yet tremble at openly and solemnly denying the God who smote the first born of Egypt;—and the frown of yonder diademed slave, the terrors of his remorseless sword, the weight of his fetters, and the darkness of his noisome prison house, prevent them from taking the God of Jacob as their portion, to the rejection of Baal. Elijah

again breaks the sublime silence, and addressing the gathered multitudes of Israel, he exclaims, "I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord—Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men." He then demands a trial of the respective gods, and proposes that the trial shall be by fire; when the bullock is laid on each altar "the God that answereth by fire, let *him* be God." At the proposition of so sublime and reasonable an ordeal, the people no longer restrain expression; but shout an answer in the thunder of ten thousand voices—"it is well spoken."

The priests of Baal choose their bullock, and having dressed it, and laid it on the altar, they besought their god to vouchsafe the mysterious sign, and to answer by flame from his invisible habitation: but the moments passed away without any appearance; *from morning until noon* the exhausted dupes and deceivers cried out, "O Baal hear us! O Baal hear us!" but there was no voice, nor any that answered. And at noon, Elijah again came forward to the brow of his precipice; a sarcastic smile flashed over his countenance, and he exclaims to the impostors, "Cry aloud for he is a god—he is talking, or pursuing, or is on a journey; or peradventure, he sleepeth and must be awaked—cry aloud." And the miserable priests did cry aloud, and cut themselves, until the blood gushing out, made their features more hideous, than despair and passion had done before. The time of evening sacrifice approached, and the suffering wretches, *ashamed and confounded*, were without answer of any kind from their god.

Now Elijah arose, and calling the people near, he repaired the broken altar of Jehovah. Still recognizing the bond between Israel and the Lord, he sets up twelve stones according to the number of the sons of Jacob; this ceremony delightfully renews the time when the Lord said to the Patriarch, "Israel shall be thy name;" but it contrasts mournfully, the Prince who struggled in spirit and prevailed, through faith—with the wretches who claim to be his descendants, yet rejected his god, and now tremble under the scourge of their apostacy. The altar is raised, and the wood, and the sacrifice is laid thereon; to avoid all suspicion of deception, water is poured over the sacrifice, wood, and altar, once, and again, and again. And at the time of offering the evening sacrifice, Elijah came forward, and again stretching forth his hands, he offered up an invocation to the God who never slumbers nor sleeps.—At this eventful crisis, the gathered multitudes are intensely excited, but silent as the grave: again the ten thousand eyes which sparkle over Esdrealon, like moonbeams on a disturbed lake, are bent to the altar of the prophet. The distant hills are alive with intense gazers; multitudes crowd the high places of Samaria, Cana, and Gilboa, to whom the prophet in his imploring attitude is the sublime centre of attraction. The declining sun mellowed the impressive scene with his broad rays—the gazers who crown the western heights, look

gigantic against the glowing sky. In some parts the hills threw their dark shade far over the valley, and up the opposite groves; and anon, their broken outline, allowed the rich beams to flow in a full and glorious volume; lighting up, beautifully picturesque, vast triangular patches of the living valley. As each breeze passed over the hushed scene, the gazers trembled as at the voice of one of the rival gods: as each shade spread along the heaven, they supposed it the herald of his chariot; and when from a moment's obscurity, by a passing cloud or a peak, the sun again looked in, they were ready to shout, "the God! the God!" thinking it the fiery messenger of Omnipotence.

Elijah stretched forth his hand, and prayed. "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day, that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me; that this people may know that thou hast turned their hearts back again." He ceased, and lo! the fire of the Lord indeed—falling visibly from heaven! The burnt sacrifice, the wood, and the stones are consumed; and the water from the trough is licked up, and dissipated before the flickering messenger. The ordeal was past—the true God had asserted his own right—and the people bow to the earth, falling prostrate, and shouting tremulously, "the Lord he is God! the Lord he is God!" The sound rises from the extensive plain in muttered thunder; it again comes out from every shelve and slope of the heights of Carmel; it aspires shrill and continuous as an ascending flame from the distant hills: and "the Lord he is God" reverberates around again and again, like the sound of many waters.—Elijah is ruler now; he has caught the hearts of Israel in his mighty toils; his influence spreads over the subject multitude, as that of the prophet and representative of Jehovah: And where is Ahab, and the prophets of Baal? Of the first, Elijah says to his ready hearers, "let not one of them escape;" and the late apostate multitude, hurried the wretches to the brook Kishon, which years before ran red with the blood of Sisera's host, "and they slew them there." To Ahab, Elijah says, "Up, eat and drink, there is sound of abundance of rain." So ended the ordeal—termination befitting the times, and the occasion. Bloody was the code of policy then; extermination was the mild reverse of success. The breath of the powerful whatever or whoever he was, was fate—no institutions raised sacred mounds against violence and wrong; power whether of the sword or the mind, was the voice of omnipotence, and reason too often gave the sceptre to wild uncurbed passion. Yesterday, Elijah hid for his life, from Ahab; next evening, in presence of Ahab he orders the slaughter, the immediate slaughter, of four hundred and fifty men! men too, who were priests of the ascendant, the royal creed! "Let none of them escape," exclaimed the stern prophet to the shouting multitude, who led the already mangled captives away to death:

to Ahab he gives the joyful tidings, "the sound of abundance of rain is on mine ear;" the plague is past; up, eat and drink." The unfortunate impostors died by the stream which there lies had tended to shrivel from its natural proportions, like the victim of hellish acts. And the King went down to the banquet, submitting to the commands of the triumphant prophet, as to the voice of destiny; his threats forgotten, and his heart bowing in involuntary obeisance before the moral greatness of the man of God.

J.

THE SERENADER.—A PICTURE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

A massive stone Balcony curiously fretted by artists of other days, protruded one or two feet from the walls of a casseled mansion. Vine clusters twined around the not less graceful open work of the balcony, and from a little recess formed by the southern pilasters, a taper, unseen itself, sent a kind of fairy ray around its narrow sphere. Did the taper light nothing but the pilasters and the floor of the balcony? and gleaming from the open work of the architecture, did it only glint back amid the gloom from the stone moulding of the castle. Ah! as soft a form as was ever given the ideal Venus, leans over the cumbrous balustrade; her raven tresses fall on shoulders transparent and fair as the cold surface of the polished alabaster; lips like coral threads, are parted as if the maiden were listening to some whispered love-tale; and her eyes of a jet which shames the deep hue of her tresses, seem rested with a scrutinizing confidence on some beloved object. And indeed to a less partial glance, the object seems not unworthy of the lustre they attract; a gaily dressed young Cavalier rests one hand on the butments of the balcony, and with the other on his breast, seems an eloquent though natural advocate of some gentle suit. His raptured eyes full of azure hopes, his fair long locks, and ruddy countenance, well contrasts the bright being above, into whose soul he is pouring his own; no wonder that she has answered his breathed serenade, and has ventured from her chamber to hold a moment's

midnight converse with her beautiful beloved. These are the objects, beside the fretted balcony, and the wreathing vine, which the taper's ray falls on. Attracted by so placid and beautiful a scene, and deterred by the thick gloom beyond, the little yellow beam lights few of the murky atoms which hide surrounding objects. But at an angle of the castle, catching the straggling lines of light, what forbidden object looks forward from night's "sooty blanket"? A grisly countenance half hidden by a cloak, and which compared with the conversing lovers, seems a fiend before angels, glares mysteriously vehement on the balcony party. His eye brows are knit, and a scowl as of triumphant yet miserable villainy is on his iron visage.—Why does he move with stealthy pace towards the lovers: and, why is the sword which sparkles in the light, introduced into such innocent peaceful company? Alas! crouching in the shade of a pillar behind the maiden on the balcony, another ruffianly but more proud figure is observed; the turtle doves are entrapped! the hunters, careless of the pheasant's golden beauty, are within grasp of their victims!—Abound! a thrust, a piercing yell, and a hollow curse follow; the azure eyed youth is prostrate on the ground, his fair hair already dabbled by his own blood, and the assassin's sword again raised to strike; the maiden shrieks and throws herself forward as if to parry the murderous blow—she is seized by a frowning relative from behind, and borne backward—she grasps convulsively at the pilasters of the balcony—the taper is overturned, and the light deserts those in their utmost need, to whose destruction it ministered. Dense obscurity enwraps the unfortunate maiden, and her bleeding lover. His groans have already ceased, and as she is borne through the hated mansion, her shrieks die away on the insulted airs of night.

CORNY CRAYON.

SAINT MONDAY.—A TALE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Cove is a little village delightfully situated, a little within the entrance of one of the finest harbours in Ireland—that of Cork. On a fine Monday morning in July, Tim Connors, dog fancier,

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cock fighter, and shoemaker, of the above named little village, induced himself to perch on his seat, and to make sundry manœuvres preparatory to his commencing the operations of the week. He had been taking a walk, and a small drop of Cork porter, the day before; and he felt most wretchedly disinclined to strain his sinews, in his occupation, just as they had learned to relax; and to cripple up his body like a frog on a stone, after beating half the village, the evening before, at leaping and vaulting. Water and oil never made a worse attempt at cottoning together, than did Tim's corduroy, and what he called his "stool of repentance." But he had resolved to be steady; his clothes were not the better for long use, and he intended to work hard to resledge himself; Michaelmas was approaching, when his year's rent became due, and he must either leave his nest or pay for it; so he had resolved to do the former, and to be steady that he might do so. In both these cases, of clothes and rent, Tim sadly envied the chattering sparrows who built in the eaves of his house, who toiled not, neither spun, and yet lived merry lives. "Plenty to eat, and nothing to pay, that's the land to live in," thought Tim. With all his failings, Tim was a man of some energy and information—he was the Cobbet of the village tap room; and not a turf-cutter on the fair green would he turn his back to. For logic, whether of the hand or the head, he bore the bell from Cove; and although disinclined to work at his trade, on Monday mornings or any other time, he had with much patience, perseverance and ingenuity, made himself master of miniature ship building, as the handsome model suspended from the ceiling of his little room might vouch; brass guns which bristled from its sides, and the little bell which hung, innocent of disturbing the watch, were cast by Tim himself—from the keel to the top-galant mast, and its gay pendant, all was his handy work. The young boys looked up to Tim's ship as a master-piece of art, and to Tim himself as being next to the schoolmaster, although he was so free and full of fun. Neither did the old boys of the parish refuse to acknowledge Tim's supremacy; and if a dog or a game cock was to be swopped, or GREAT NEWS to be unravelled, Tim was the pride of the village, for advice or information.

Such was Tim, "fat, ragged, and saucy," to use a phrase of his own; and "a good boy, a clever fellow, and a lazy shoemaker" to use a description given by his neighbours. Tim was resolved to be steady, as we said, and had "sat down" on the fine Saint Monday in July. "To be steady," this phrase was full of meaning in Tim's acceptation of it. It combined a system of morality, philosophy, and religion—a code of penances, slavery, and obscurity—it was indeed an often repeated, solemn and all important word. It meant walks given up, dogs neglected, ship building in statue quo, Cork porter untasted, politics left to Statesmen, rival "good boys" unbeat, rival "clever fellows" unobscured, and the "lazy shoemaker" metamorphosed into a late-and-early, hard working honest man. No wonder if Tim felt some misgivings at taking such bonds upon him—but he sat down, and whistling "Paddy Carey" to the time of the "Coolun," he commenced setting his "kit" in order. Ever and anon, as might be expected, he raised his head, and looking from his window, which opened to a beautiful view of the harbour, allowed his thoughts to stray beyond the walls which caged his body. He gazed on the cool flood which murmured below, and on which the sun's rays fell like glittering diamonds, and involuntarily he wished to be a little fish sporting and swimming all day about the banks of the Lee—the black bird's note came with a fragrant breeze from groves at the opposite shore, and Tim without intending any disparagement to human nature, sighed to be a good-songed black bird, who had no shoes to make, or rent to pay. Still he kept regulating sundry matters which the hurry of Saturday night had disarranged—and next time he raised his head, a party of lounging happy fellows passed along the shore, throwing stones at one another, and at every chip which floated with the tide, or at every conspicuous object on the beach, which could form a cock throw. Their easy manner, and joyous mood, was after Tim's heart; and forgetting for a moment his resolution, he rose up, half determined to go and have a stroll and a bit of fun—but recollecting that his money was spent, and his credit as bare as his coat, his resolution to "be steady" was again thought of, and down he sat once more. Scarcely had the gay rascals on

the shore passed by, when a party on the water came in sight—they were more comfortable, more happy, and had better prospects before them than the first squad; and Tim leaned out of the window to watch their movements. As they neared, they laughed so loudly, that Tim laughed again in sympathy; they soon passed, singing all manner of songs together, and seemed to shape their course for one of the Islands, which like sleeping turtles, beautifully specked the broad bright bosom of the deep. As the boat and its jovial crew dwindled to a mere dark spot in the golden distance, Tim turned in, and thought his room of about seven feet square, smaller and darker than ever. He sat down again—although like the little jumping toys called witches, he would be much happier to rest on his apex, than his base just then. Still he sat, and pressing the corduroys most unwillingly, to their oaken supporters, he whistled he knew not what, and commenced setting his tools in order for a third time. He began to feel proud of his resolution—it was a penance, and as such an act of religion—he already felt something like a proof that “virtue is its own reward”—and with rather satisfied, or imagined satisfied, feelings, he was about calling himself, an altered man, when, as if to show how he could resist temptation, he again allowed his glance to reconnoitre the landscape. And at this time who should he see, winding down the cliffs which led from her cottage to the river, but Anty Walsh! Anty—the “Maid of Lodi,” the “Kitty of Coleraine,” the “Nancy Dawson,” and the “Black Eyed Susan” of all his songs. This was a most legitimate and conscience-satisfying excuse for a walk—so no more scruples, or wise saws—*quick* was the word. The apron was doffed, and thrown on the ground flat and black as an overdone pancake; the slippers were slipped up behind; and five feet eight high, Tim was about handing his snuff-colour-black-coat from one of the thousand nails that graced his walls, when again glancing at Anty with a look eloquent and happy, he found that she was hurrying to one of the boats which were about starting for town. This was another damper for Tim—he thought of the boys telling him yesterday, that he might give his coat to his gossip, after taking a few more Sunday’s out of it; he also recollected the fat,

black, fiend looking, and saucy engineer, of the "Lee" steamer, who remarked, that his " 'at 'ad a safety valve were a crown should be ; and that no matter ow Tim might be habused, e could never be blown up, wile e ad such a waste pipe in is ed." In the twinkling of a bed post all this past through Tim's mind, and he knew, that however those habiliments might do for a lounge about Cove, they would never answer to appear in town, and in Anty's company. "Death before dishonour" thought Tim, and while he mused, the golden opportunity had passed by. Anty stepped into the boat, helped by one of the boatmen, who evidently said something to her, which occasioned the laugh, that fell faintly on Tim's ear. He did not laugh again for sympathy, but looked black as night at the fellow who made so free with his betters—and resolved to "be on his law" the next opportunity of kicking up a row, in his company. Anty and the boat soon glided out of sight; and Tim sat down without taking off his coat, less inclined to do penance than ever, and evidently seeking some judicious loop hole, through which he might give his unfortunate resolution the slip, for one day more. Vacantly employed Tim now scraped a little grit on his lap board, and commenced rubbing his sewing awl, as if to give it an exquisite point; although in fact it was but to take the point from his reflections, that he was careful about. In this excited state, he continued rubbing, rubbing, away, rather vehemently and at random; when suddenly the awl slipped, and piercing him above the knee, made him jump! and ejaculate! as if, in spite of the engineer's prophecy, he had indeed been blown up. Revenge, for this shock and pain was the next feeling--he ran the awl into the floor and snapped it in two, and flung the handle at the unoffending picture of the Duke of Wellington, which was pasted on the wall under a string of bird's eggs, and above a little cracked mirror. Instead of striking the Duke, the handle came in contact with the eggs, and the dried shells fell on the hero's miniature, like so many Waterloo medals.

At this juncture, a rat-tat-tat was heard at the door. "Come in," said Tim, crossly as if he did not care though old Hornie

made his appearance—the door shook on its rickety hinges ; and pleasant and jolly looking, fair red and white from the farm, in walked Mrs. Larissy from near Cloyne, with Tim's " first job for the week." " A good morrow to ye, Mr. Connors," said Mrs. Larissy, " and I'm glad I found ye in—and troth that's no easy matter—your like the ould fox, seldom at home when he's looked for. Haith then its yourself thats quite comfortable here Mr. Connors, and I make bould to say, you have a good lot of shiners in the stockin, agin the time you bring the woman home." Tim grinned a courteous good morrow to these annoying observations, and Mrs. Larissy sitting down, continued : " I've brought you a job, Mr. Connors, I'm the first this week, I blieve, this good Saint Monday—so I hope you'll do 'em chape, and off hand at once, and very nate ; for they're my Sunday brogues." So saying, she presented her job, and paused for a reply. A pair of brogues in their best days, are far from being very delicate sentimental manufactures—what were they, when they had survived even usefulness, and were exhibited not only *worn out*, but defiled with many soiling spots from the labours of the past week ? Altogether, they were about the last things, which a spirited young fellow, like Tim, would be willing to take on his lap ; particularly on a Monday morning in July, more particularly after the romantic irritation of thought which he had just felt. Had one of the Cove girls come with her dancing pumps, to get " a stitch in time to save nine"—her pretty pouting lips talking of their ailings, and her sparkling eyes telling that she was thinking of fifty other things ; most likely Tim would have felt very differently, and have half forgotten Anty Walsh, and his wounded knee. But his meditations to be broken by Mrs. Larissy, and her brogues, was too bad, too humiliating for any philosophy which he had at command just then.

He took them in his hand, and said nothing, but seemed to Mrs. Larissy to be eyeing them with all the easy interest of an amateur in such matters. To a more impartial spectator, the glance of Tim's eye, and the grasp with which he held the unfortunate brace of toc-boxes, might tell that his thoughts were far, far away ; and that he cared no more about the brogues, than the

duelist would care about his pistol case on the morning of meeting. He raised his eyes slowly, and glanced a moment from the window—it stood open, and on the cool clear tide which gurgled by, an Indiaman was just dropping down from Passage, while her boat was pulling towards shore, as if on some final errand. A thought flashed over Tim's mind, it smoothed his brow, and lighted his eye, as a long sought verse comes to a distressed poet. He bent well backward, the hand which grasped the brogues was thrown behind, suddenly, an electric jerk brought his body in an opposite angle, and with a war whoop, and a "scaldings below," the brogues were impelled through the window like a flash of lightning. Mrs. Larissy was astounded. Tim bent forward, like Apollo watching the flight of his arrow—and remained statue-like, until his victims descended into the cool stream, and their splash arose dimly on the listening ears of him and Mrs. Larissy. "A good throw," said Tim, with a kind of demoniac laugh—"a good throw; and they made no ducks and drakes, but gave a dead man's dive, and down with them at once. "You thief o' the world," said Mrs. Larissy, "what do you mean? Oh! my brogues are gone for ever!" and seeming to feel their catastrophe in her own person, she remained gazing for a moment, as the disturbed water spread into beautiful rings about the point of their immersion. "Your brogues are gone to ould Nick, Mrs. Larissy, honey," said Tim, "good bye, I've swallowed a ball o' wax—and before George—I'm goin to turn gentleman for awhile, or else my name is not Tim Connors." So saying he shuffled on his hat, with the safety valve crown, and hurried out, like one bewitched. Mrs. Larissy sat stupified, she soon saw him running down the cliffs like a two year old heifer, and conjectured, that he was going to fish up her brogues from their premature grave. Flattering deceptious thought, he bent his course to the Indiaman's boat, which had by this time run ashore; after conversing a while with the coxswain, he sat on the gunwale, and whisking his legs over the side, made one among her merry crew. Her mission fulfilled, she soon pushed off again, and Tim taking an oar, six stout fellows bent to their toil, and pulled after the vessel, which by this time had gained a little

ahead. "Mischief's in the man," said Mrs. Larissy; as she hurried out, "where is he goin wit me brogues? if there's law in Cork i'll have it for the likes of him, I'm not goin to wait till he comes back from Ingy, for my Sunday pumps." Tim was soon on board the Indiaman, despising supremely Mrs. Larissy and her pumps. The ship spread her broad sails to the lusty breeze; and all full, she soon bent to her shining course, and as a bird quits the earth for its proper and more delightful element, she ran out rejoicing to the magnificent deep.

Nine years had passed by, since the brogues and Tim went to sea. Mrs Larissy had forgotten both, and she had had a kind of revenge by taking the room, and other apartments in the house, which Tim occupied. Here she set up a little Public, and had a ship and globe painted on her sign, with the grateful intelligence "good entertainment for man and horse;" a married daughter conducted the farm, and all went on smoothly. Nine years we say had passed, since the Monday morning that Mrs. Larissy was a customer to Tim Connors, in the house she now occupied herself, when on a fine autumnal evening, a handsome bark ran into the harbour and *came to* opposite cove. She looked dark and beautiful as a water spirit, sitting on the stream as if she belonged to air and water; and her active crew gathered up her white canvas, rapidly, as the sea gull folds its wings at the close of evening. A boat put off, and in a few moments, the Captain of the "Fair Rover" stept on shore. A group of persons had collected to witness the arrival of the boat's crew, and they remarked the enquiring glances of the Captain, as he strode up the beach; and they more strongly remarked, that he paused for a moment outside the "Ship andGlobe" and then entered its humble portal. The Captain was soon seated in the little room, which was once the sanctum of Tim Connors. "What have you to drink, Landlady?" was his first enquiry, "wishá then no great varieties for the likes o you, sir," said Mrs. Larissy, "but we've some Cork Porther, as shtrong and as thick as buttermilk, and a little of the native as pure as crystil." "Give me a darn of both," was the reply. Both were soon laid on a small table

before the window—a long pipe, and tobacco were next demanded—and in a few moments the stranger gazed amid the vapory columns which enveloped him, and which crept from the little casement out into the pure air, as if each fairy cloud of his own making, were peopled by his imagination. So he sat for a while, his glance alternately directed to the landscape, the room, and again to the ideal scenery in the fragrant vapours.

This uncongenial state could not last long, and as Mrs. Larissy answered his rap on the table, he laid down his pipe, heigh ho'd, whistled, and sung in a breath, and then commenced the following conversation. "Who lived in this room before you got it, Landlady?" "Oh then" said Mrs. Larissy, "sorrow a much good lived in it, till we took the house, to keep a little public. Ranting Tim the shoemaker, who run off to sea, lived here, eight or ten years ago. I'll never forget the fellow, the longest day I live, any how; its a dirty trick he saryed me." "What did he do?" said the stranger. "Haith then 'twould be hard to tell what he did'nt do, except work; and the never a much of that went a mortal long ways with Tim. Still he did'nt do much harm after all; but he was a heerum skeerum kind of a fellow, and he threw a fine pair of brogues of mine out o' that windy, the mornin he went away, and then walked a board an Ingy ship, swearin he was a gentleman." "Was there any good in him?" said the Captain. "Haith then he was as smart a boy as was in the parish," said Mrs. Larissy; "he'd jump and wrastle like a showman; and I'll never forget the merry songs he'd sing, when he'd come down to Cloyne on the batter."

A sailor now arrived, enquiring for Captain Connors; and having deposited a small box, and taken his allowance, he departed. The name, connected with the stranger's interrogations, and the conversation respecting Tim, staggered Mrs. Larissy—she looked intently on her visitor, who, watching her emotions, smiled, and looking her full in the face, sung the first verse of "Paddy Carey," in a style not to be mistaken.—It was Tim himself! Tim, the "good boy, clever fellow, and lazy shoemaker," returned Captain of an Indiamar! This was indeed an unexpected con-

summation—Mrs. Larissy felt much confusion on account of the liberty of speech which she had allowed herself ; but all was soon set right by the ease and good humour of Captain Connors.

The history of the previous nine years were long to be related, as what history of nine years were not—but the landmarks, the stepping stones of this history, are brief enough. By smartness, persevering industry, and fortunate coincidences, Tim had gone through the several gradations of “man afore the mast,” steward, second mate, mate, and had at length arrived at that summit of naval mercantile ambition, the command of an Indiaman. The *Fair Rover*, a beautiful bark of 500 tons register, called *Tim*, the late “scape grace ‘Tim,’ Captain ! This exaltation, like the oak from the acorn, or the gold and purple cloud from the foul exhalations of earth, seemed to proceed from the musing of Saint Monday, and Mrs. Larissy’s “first job for the week.” Tim’s good resolution was not lost, although its field of action was altered ; and his exaltation at sea, as his comfort on land might have been, was due to his being *steady*.

It was an incident well known and long talked of at Cove.—Did we know, and had we space to give, the minutia of Tim’s history—the coral building, by which he ascended from the stool of repentance in the room five feet square, to the Indiaman quarter deck, bounded only by the shores of the atlantic—the narrative would no doubt afford an excellent example of the triumphs of perseverance over circumstances ; and of the essential nature of integrity, without which, perseverance is but narrow duplicity ; and in the end, unprofitable, unsatisfactory cunning. S.

SPIRIT MEETINGS.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

If we may never meet again, upon this beauteous earth,
 In body and in spirit joined, in sorrow and in mirth ;
 If spirit must with spirit mix unshackled pure and free,
 Ere thou my friend, so far away, can converse have with me.

Oh! meet me then, if not before, my comrade, brother, friend,
 And let our long, long parted souls, once more enraptur'd blend.
 My fleshly heart, so oft engrossed, by earthly grief and love,
 Would fain bid one farewell to all, before t'would hence remove ;
 Would fain take one embrace of those with whom I've travelled here,
 And glance in concert o'er the scenes, which we held doubly dear.
 It may be weakness—so the cold, and stoic tongue will tell,
 Even let them keep their flint, I love, such weakness passing well.

Oh I meet me then, and meet me there, my lov'd one, in the air,
 Or on the earth, and let our sprites, our once love semblance wear.
 'Tis but a passing moment, on the verge of awful space--
 When we may mighty scenes, and thoughts, with lightning step retrace.

And is it light ye stoic band? and will ye proudly smile,
 On dreams, which thus with thoughts of earth, our future state defile?
 I smile again in scorn, ye cold, forget ye that our earth,
 Is dear, and should be, as the scene of trial and of birth?
 The sphere, which He who made the whole, has link'd with our fate ;
 Where first he taught our breathed powers to ponder on his state ;
 Its dust was made our spirit's robe—our fleeting home, its bowers ;
 Children, and men, and hoary hairs, its treasure, still was ours.
 And do ye scorn ye stoic crew, the feelings which would fain,
 Take one farewell of all its scenes of rapture and of pain?
 If so, the miser's love of good, attracts your glance above,
 Nor much I deem your callous hearts possess of heavenly love.

Oh! meet me there, ye lov'd ones, meet, and answer well my call,
 And fly into my soul's embrace, when free from fleshly thrall:
 And flit with me like guardian flames, above our native land ;
 Where we may drop a spirit's tear, o'er many a sacred sand.
 Within the city's crowded piles where we sojourn'd so long,
 And bowed unto an iron yoke, and tasted oft of wrong ;
 Where sweet domestic hearth we had ; and passing glance of lore ;
 Oh! meet me there—my kindred soul—when life's bright dream is o'er.

And by the sparkling placid stream, which like a silver vein,
 Stole 'neath the little rustic bridge, and through the daisied plain ;
 Beside the well known willow tree which shaded o'er our bath,
 Oh! meet me there—with boyhood's pulse—to trace our infant path.

And on the mountain's balmy top, amid the rich perfume,
 Of airs of heaven and earthly sweets, the heather, furze, and broom ;
 Where we have clamber'd oft, to gaze on subject scenes below,
 and pointed to the dusky town, and distant peaks of snow ;

Starting the lonely bird from nest, the coney from its lair,
And breathing life—when life is o'er, my brother meet me there:

And where the cool bright ocean laves eternally its sand,
And murmuring, wreathes its snowy crest along the glistening strand ;
Where the cool summer haunt we found, amid the rocks sublime,
Where marble arch, and cave, were made by wonder-working time ;
Where snowy flocks on billow's breast, or on the craggy peak,
Gave fitting chorus to the scene with wildest call and shriek ;
Where polished shells, the gems of deep, unrivalled carpet gave ;
Oh ! meet me there—one glance to cast, upon our native wave.

And by the cottage where our gay and thoughtless hours were spent ;
Playing we rang'd our fairy gold, within its garden pent ;
Or shouting rov'd its meadows when the hay was scattered round,
Oh ! meet me there—tho' stranger hands, possess the sacred ground.

And on the wild wide deep when manhood calls us far away,
When rudest toil soon spoiled indeed our boyhood's pulse of play ;
Oh ! meet me there—when toil is o'er, when we may sail as bold,
As stormy Petrell, o'er as wild a wave as ever roll'd.

By the Paternal hearth, alas ! so shor. possessed by me ;
At other ingles, where the babes essayed to climb our knee ;
The festal board—the midnight couch—each scene with import rife,
Oh ! meet me there—to give one glance at all those STEPS OF LIFE.

And then—if we may mount the skies divested of our tears,
And read the wonders, of our God amid the rolling spheres ;
And see, and hear, what mortal tongue may never dare to spell,
Oh ! meet me there—our pilgrimage, my brother endeth well.
And let us o'er the lucid plain with highest rapture roam ;
But still, if it may be, oh, meet me in our earthly home.

T.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE joining of Religion to Politics, or more properly speaking, of a Form of Religion to a Form of Government, is an invention of much antiquity in England. It seems a specious method of governing ; for if the one power ruled the body, and the other the mind, by the coalition of these powers, the human family were subdued and controlled in the most effective manner. But

the incongruity of this junction may appear, when we consider that the Religion so degraded by being made a tool of, or by being thought in want of support, was the Christian Religion. Mahomet, who displayed the chivalrous crescent; whose sword was found the best pointer for students of the Koran; the clank of whose armour, with the tramp of cavalry, and the braying of trumpets, were his best missionary discourses—for such a founder of a creed, to join Church to State, was like the marriage of Adam and Eve; the husband produced the rib of which his wife was made, and she was created for him. But for Christ to be so wedded, to the pomp and vanities of this wicked world, argues contradictions and improprieties, to which a bare allusion is sufficient. Many called this latter union, an adulterous connection; and if its offspring were evidence, christian legitimacy is certainly not stamped on its features. A few of the births which this connection produced, may be observed—in carriages emblazoned with mitres; wig'd and laced servants of the Servants of the Man of sorrows, driving four in hand; gilded palaces, whose proprietors pronounce “the blessing” from a throne ten Sundays out of the fifty-two, and fly to watering places and court circles, from duns, for the remainder of the year; a bench of bishops busied in temporal intrigues, too dull to spout, and too meddling to hide political incapacity by silence; a peculation of one tenth of the national property; curates imbued with piety, learning and poverty, but under fearful constraint to fox hunting and quadrille dancing superiors; churches deserted; sects incongruous as the spawn of Nile, but all agreed to protest against the abuses of Alma Mater; Religion made a timid guest, not an all beneficent host, in the proud walls erected to her name. These, and a thousand other anomalies, which time would fail us to name, but which force themselves on notice, whichever way we turn our attention, sprang, powerful and acting lies, from the Religio-Political hot bed. These, and many, many other inconsistencies (mild term) have been allowed and bewailed by the best friends of the Church of England, as plainly as they have been execrated by the rest of mankind. Still the system was carried on, and secretaries of state most obligingly countenanced,

and pledged their support, and presented an arm, to doctrines of Him whose Kingdom is not of this world, and whose Kingdom, despite of all opposition, shall cover the earth as the waters cover the bottom of the sea. Perhaps this contrast is too strong—for when were secretaries of state so unfashionable and uncourtly as to mistake the doctrines for the Doctors? Was it not rather the splendor, emolument and power of the humble Minister of the humble Gospel, which they cared for? the power of their own supporters, tools, or dependants? However it may have been, it requires no person at the present day to point out the evils which accrued to “the Church” and to Religion, by so forbidden, so contagious a connection, between the Prince of *this world*, and the “ambassadors” of the Prince of the world to come. Alas! it requires many words, but little need for them, to show which government preponderated, and the interests of which Prince were swallowed up by the budding, blossoming, and golden fruit-bearing interests of the other.

Happily, the abolition of this connection is virtually commenced! The Shibboleth of the one is no longer necessary for gaining the pass of the other. All the great evils remain, the sepulchre is white without, and foul within; but the seeds of future cleansing, fumigating, and eyen building up, are sown—and to the hope of the Church of England, England no longer makes her the prostituted gate way to political power. Hypocrites and flatterers will be fewer, scanners of her architecture will be more numerous, and when the gilded clatter shall have passed by, the friends of Zion will build towers for defence and glory, where late was rottenness and decay.

The admission of Catholics to power, has at once dissolved that odious and paltry supremacy, which the exclamation “Church and King” so long meant. It has, in a degree, said, “the reformed Church is in need of no such adventitious support, it rests on the purity of its doctrines, the sublimity of its beautiful liturgy, and the piety and energy of its ministers.” In degree, this opening to reformation says so, and many myriads of her strayed children

would she yet inclose within her chaste rational pale, if this reform, less limited, had begun a century since. Fortunately these propositions require no argument or proof, for a passing notice is all that was intended.

The chain, which binding the Church to the State, also confines her energies and best powers, has got another dis severing blow within a late period. In May, 1830, a powerful effort was made in the Imperial Assembly, to open the doors of the State to persons of the Jewish belief. The effort failed, but the time for the question had not properly arrived, and the support both in numbers and talent which it experienced, was a decided triumph, although not a conquest. The successful attempt on the part of the Catholics was for seven millions of persons; this on the part of the Jews was for but 30,000; and yet the question was entertained with such gravity, such tempered opposition, and strenuous support, that renewed efforts promise to be entirely effectual. Those who argued that the State should be Protestant, and now argue, with more feasibility, that it should be Christian—say, that the prophecies concerning the Jews, their paucity of numbers, their divided national feelings, and the anti-christian nature of the concession, should exclude the children of Abraham. Those who argue that the State is a system of civilized life, for the regulation of temporal questions of—person, property, and morals—say, that the scattering of the Jews over earth was a call and an obligation on all nations to be charitable to them; that their being but a few, did not lessen the right which every loyal and moral body of people have to participate in their own government, and that the objection of numbers precluded all idea of danger; that excluding them from honour and employment, helped to form the divided nationality spoken of; that christianity did not consist in cunning or politics, but in charity and love—in “doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly”; and that religious tests while they shut out the conscientious sectarian, from his proper employment in temporal matters, do not shut out the hypocrite, the knave, the deist or the atheist. These seem the substance of arguments for and

against the question concerning the Jews. The discussion alone, as we said, is another blow given to the Church and State chain.

It is a pleasing feature in the history of this once chosen people—a people whose early laws are the christian's youthful study, whose inspired citizens are the penmen of the sacred volume, from whose favorite King our Messiah has descended, and after whose glorious city our heavenly mansions are named—it is a pleasing feature in their history, that their degradation is thus partially passing away; forty thousand professing christians had petitioned in their behalf, and ample testimony was borne to the general probity, and charity, of their character.

The subject, connected with our title, to be next considered is, with the virtual abandonment, of a close connection between a particular Church and the State, what actual results will follow? If the connection is weakened, will the offspring be as monstrous and powerful as before? Or will not many concurrent, but perhaps tedious, circumstances make the effect cease with the cause; and as the impetus is lessened or removed, will not the present machinery be slowly laid aside; and the legitimate sources of power and prosperity be alone called into action? Such seems the most probable, the only probable result. Showers have already fallen; portending clouds, like hands appear again above the horizon; and perhaps like a messenger at night, coming when least looked for—the Bolt—altering, purifying, renovating, and enlarging—may fall on the splendid dome of the English Church.