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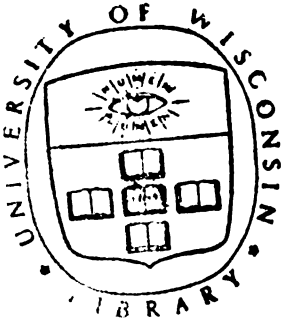

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THE

LOYAL ANCIENT SHEPHERDS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,

AUTHOR OF "HOURS WITH THE MUSES."

VOL. I.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE:
PRINTED FOR THE ORDER BY JOHN WILLIAMSON, STAMFORD-STREET.
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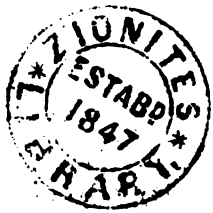

PREFACE.

With a feeling of deep satisfaction we hail our readers, both in and out of the Order, at the close of the First Volume of the *Ancient Shepherds' Magazine*.

Spite of the many difficulties which beset us at the beginning, and embarrassed us as we proceeded, our efforts have been rewarded with a degree of success which encourages us to go on, not without a hope of achieving better things, and of extending our influence among the increasing members of our Institution. If we have not fully realized the promises, or filled up the sanguine ideas with which we set out, a careful perusal of the volume will show that *we have not failed*, but have done as much and as well as the circumstances which have surrounded us would fairly admit. It is true that very little correspondence upon subjects connected with the Order appears, a want attributable only to the members themselves, who either through disinclination or inability have failed to supply us with anything which would have been interesting to the Brotherhood. All matter of this description we have unhesitatingly used, regretting at the same time that we had so little at our disposal. P.C.S. Smith's "History of the Order," which has been carried on hitherto under many grave disadvantages, has been our chief dependence in this department of the *Magazine*. These interesting papers from Mr. Smith's pen here cease, from causes alluded to elsewhere; but we trust that some efficient officer or brother of the society will be found to complete them. We have also been much indebted to our own personal friends, not connected with the Order, who have voluntarily and gratuitously furnished us with contributions, without which we should have been obliged to make large extracts from books, a thing incompatible with our desire to make the *Magazine* as original as possible. We take

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this opportunity of thanking them for the past, and soliciting their future favors. Nor must we withhold our acknowledgements from those *few* Brother Shepherds whose papers have from time to time appeared: may they increase on our hands, and make the *Magazine* what it should be—the real voice of the Order whose name it bears.

Our average sale has been about one thousand copies quarterly; but as the pressure of the times becomes less severely felt, we anticipate a much wider circulation. Nothing shall be wanting on our part to render our little periodical worthy of a place on the table—aye, in the hearts too—of every Brother Shepherd. We do not despair of such a gratifying result. Perseverance, purity of purpose, and earnestness of performance, ought to accomplish it, and these it shall be our constant aim to follow and carry out; relying on the Order for encouragement and support.

In hope we began, in hope we shall proceed. We have new plans, new ideas, new sources, wherewith to commence our second volume. We shall introduce new and agreeable features, adopting greater variety, and keeping pace as well as we can, with the progressive spirit of the times. To-day we claim the indulgence of our readers, and invite them with us "to-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

THE EDITOR.

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THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

NUMBER 1,] JULY, 1845, [PRICE 4½

A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

WITH a feeling of satisfaction, not unmixed with diffidence, we lay before our readers the first number of the ANCIENT SHEPHERDS' MAGAZINE, and in doing so, we deem it necessary to offer a few words explanatory of the motives which suggested its publication, and the probable chances there are of its success.

It was thought by a few of the oldest and most zealous members of Shepherdry that, while every religious, political, and benevolent body possessed its Periodical—nearly every little town its weekly Journal; and, especially, while the Order of Oddfellows, a society similar to our own, sustained with vigour and self-created excellence a Magazine of immense circulation, we, as an Order, growing in strength and intelligence, were justified in the attempt to emulate, if not to equal, the many examples before us. Moreover, it was considered that our Order, having outgrown its youth, and now verging on manhood, seemed to demand some legitimate and convenient means of intercommunication; some acknowledged propagator of its principles; some advocate of its interests and advantages; and some fund of information and enjoyment chiefly contributed by, and accessible to, the numerous members of its own fraternity.

It was believed that a work published under proper auspices, and conducted with a moderate share of ability; adapted by the simplicity, purity, and variety of its contents to the humble and fastidious taste; recommending itself by an uniformly consistent and charitable spirit, would gradually win its way to the affections of those to whom it was addressed, and realize the expenses incurred; if it did not, eventually, become a source of profit, as well as of pleasure, to every individual of the Institution.

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In accordance with this idea there was submitted to the last Annual Meeting a motion, which was sensibly discussed, and satisfactorily carried. The Committee of Management entered into the business of preparation with earnest will and endeavour; and we, as an humble instrument, have exerted ourselves, and promise to increase our exertions, in behalf of an object so desirable; a design so creditable to its originators, and so fraught with promise to the Society at large.

The result is our appearance in the character of an Editor, and the foundation of a Magazine, upon which we hope to build—looking for a supply of materials from our known and unknown friends and correspondents—a graceful, if not a lasting, superstructure, of fancy, reason, and truth.

In the arrangement of what constitutes the *business* of the Order, and for facts relative to its history and progress hitherto, we must be indebted to the assistance—which has been kindly offered—of P. C. S. William Leebridge, and P. C. S. George Smith, editors of the former Journal, and others: men who, by long and practical experience, have acquired a thorough knowledge of its machinery and working thereof. In the Literary Department we have been invested with unqualified power to admit or reject, alter and arrange, as our humble taste and judgment may decide: but in the exercise of that power we shall use as much forbearance, consideration and impartiality, as our imperfect nature is capable of. We should be little worthy of the trust reposed in us did we permit our prejudices, for or against, to interfere with our duty to those by whom, and for whom, our labours are engaged.

Should we be encouraged to proceed in the pleasant task already begun, it is intended that all Party Politics and Religious Controversy, as involving so many antagonist opinions, shall be studiously avoided; and that all articles, from whatever source, or however cleverly written, having the slightest infidel or other immoral tendency, shall be carefully excluded. To mislead by specious argument; to sicken by false sentiment; to tickle the ear by coarse or indelicate allusion; to deaden by a cumbrous mass of pompous diction, is not to entertain, elevate, refine, and instruct. Under this conviction we shall be as judicious in the selection of matter for our columns as our jealous taste, and the amount of contributions submitted to us, will allow. The brief tale, tersely and naturally written; the light and racy essay; the graceful poem, when of a sterling or respectable quality, will meet with ready welcome. Short histories of remarkable events, and biographies of remarkable individuals, will occasionally appear. A page or two will be devoted to the notice of new Books, and choice extracts from others that may come under our observation. Glances at

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the progress of Science and the Arts will not be forgotten. Bits of news, if possessing sufficient freshness and interest, will be transferred to our Column of Varieties. Suggestions for the amelioration of the mental and physical condition of the labouring community will not be overlooked or neglected. Condensed and faithful Reports of our Order, and well-digested plans for its improvement, will appropriately fill our outline. These promises which may appear lavish, we will do our best to perform; but not a page, not a paragraph shall receive our sanction, or escape through our hands into print, which has not some definite, useful, and noble object which does not breathe some healthy moral purpose.

We shall endeavour to give an English character to our Magazine—English in its best sense—straightforward, goodhumoured, generous, and honest. By so doing we hope to produce an agreeable Miscellany, as acceptable to the elegant parlour-circle of the Capitalist as to the humbler (we hope not less homely and happy) fireside of the self-taught or self-teaching artizan, for whose benefit and solace our pen and others will be chiefly exercised. With regard to our Editorial articles, however varying in manner, however different in spirit they may seem, our readers must be content to take them as they find them. We will assure them that our satire shall never be wantonly and unjustly offensive, our sentiment never maudlin and querulous; but should a bitter thought sometime infuse itself into the cup of our reflections, we trust that a drop of benevolence will be found at the bottom which has tempered the whole draught. We *cannot* shut our eyes on what is beautiful and good in our common nature; we *will* not close them on what is evil and repulsive, but endeavour, in conjunction with greater minds, to enhance the one and neutralize the other. Like the month in which we write this page (April), we may be cloudy and bright, gusty and calm, tearful and serene, as our mental moods influence outward expression; but we hope, also, to produce our flowers and verdure, our singing of birds, our babbling of pure waters, and our earnest of more glowing hours, and more prolific seasons. Our prevailing tone will be on the side of cheerfulness, hope, and onward endeavour; and happy shall we be if we waken a corresponding chord in the breast of any Shepherd—any human brother. After all, aware as we are of our comparative incapacity, we have not the presumption to imagine that we shall take a high position among our contemporaries, but the little good we may be able to effect, however insignificant in itself, will be added to the amount of that already done by others, and the end will be answered. Enough for us if the little bias we give to the minds of our readers be in the right direction, leaning towards virtue, truth, knowledge, and consequently towards freedom of soul and happiness of heart.

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We call upon our old literary friends—men whose society we have enjoyed, whose talents we admire, and whose characters we respect—to aid us in our new undertaking; and we call upon the members of Shepherdry, especially, to furnish us with contributions forthwith, in order that we may keep our faith with them in the ensuing number of the Magazine. We shall be happy when occasion offers, to resign our right to a prominent place in favour of others, content ourselves to be simply "a gatherer and disposer of other mens' stuff."

Many difficulties as to arrangement and scarcity of original matter, will, of course, necessarily beset us in the commencement of our career; but these will be removed as we proceed, we shall gain confidence, and friends, and new resources will be opened out to us, and kindly voices, doubtless, will encourage us on; and cautious ones will keep us steady in our course; and if our brotherhood sympathise and cooperate with us in our efforts for success, we cannot, surely, fail to accomplish it. Without further ceremony, then, we lay the first tangible proof of our labours at the feet of our readers, craving indulgence for its imperfections, and trusting that its merits, though few, will not be overlooked or unacknowledged, But as a flourish of trumpets is not the battle, nor a bill of fare the banquet, we refer them at once to the ensuing pages, the cordial and conscientious approval of which will increase the zeal of the Committee, and confer an honour on

THE EDITOR.

FALL OF THE NINE ARCH VIADUCT, OVER THE RIVER TAME, ON THE ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE BRANCH RAILWAY, April 19th, 1845.

The Afternoon of the above day was one of the most brilliant I ever remember; a full tide of genial warmth played upon the infant buds as they burst into a glorious existence. My daughters were busied with their domestic arrangements, whilst I pored over the parliamentary debates, on the all-absorbing question of a Grant to Maynooth College. My canary-bird, which was suspended in its cage from the top of the room, was more lively than usual, for its wild notes were indeed superlatively melodious; more than once did I lift up my eyes from the newspaper to watch the swelling of its little throat, and attentively listen to its delightful cadences. There was a charm in those notes which none but myself could duly appreciate; for that bird was once the peculiar care of one who was near and dear to me. I had scarcely resumed the thread of the debate, when methought a solemn stillness pervaded the whole face of nature. My bird was mute upon its perch. My daughters, for a moment or two, suspended their operations, as if by natural instinct: this stillness was only broken by the dulcet chimes of St. Michael's venerable tower. A booming sound succeeded the awful silence, and then another, and another, like a peal of thunder rumbling through the air, which grew fainter, and fainter until it died away in the distance.

A dreadful shriek from the same cardinal point was heard, wild, loud, and terrific, as it rode upon the light balmy breeze, which scarcely disturbed the new-born leaves of my little garden.

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My fingers forsook their office, and the Guardian newspaper found a resting-place upon the floor of the apartment in which I sat. The short pithy, and the long prosy speeches of the senators, for and against the Grant, passed from my recollection, as if my reading had been but a dream. I rose, and looked towards the place from whence the noise proceeded, when a dark mist appeared before my eyes, as if the world was receding from me, and I a nonentity in a wilderness of chaotic darkness. Reanimation and reason resumed their natural functions, when, lo! that fine majestic work of art, which had but just before reared its noble form to the admiring gaze of the lovers of modern architecture, was gone, as if by the magic hand of some invisible agent, and with it, the chainless souls of fifteen fellow-mortals were hurled into eternity, whilst their frail bodies were ingulfed in the ruins of the Viaduct.

By this time thousands of people were hurrying to the place of the accident. Here and there a widowed mother, frantic with despair, mingled in the throng of anxious spectators; and there, too, an affectionate sister, with eyes red, cheeks pale, and hair disheveled, flowing in wild disorder upon her fine shoulders, hurrying from place to place in dire suspense. I hastened to my garden; for my nerves were inadequate to withstand the scene of devastation, though witnessed from my own door, at a distance of some three hundred yards. In vain I sought consolation in the buds and flowers, whose tender petals emitted an oderiferous perfume, which might have awakened a train of serious reflections in the mind of a stoic; but my mind was too much absorbed in the unfortunate circumstance to contemplate their innumerable beauties.

The next morning was a holy sabbath morn. A calm serenity played upon the face of nature as I walked towards the ruins of the once magnificent Arches. An exhumation, from the vast incalculable blocks of stone and mortar, met my eye, and I turned aside from the scene of horror.

The soldiers, whose hearts are said to be composed of adamant, were touched with sympathy on this mournful occasion; for their conduct, in keeping back the crowd of gazers, was tempered with mercy; the gentle goddess having breathed the breath of peace upon their reckless sabres.

Upon a little mound of earth, on the margin of the river, sat a poor boy, a son of one of the unfortunate beings who was buried beneath the ruins of the Viaduct, constantly pointing to the spot where his father lay ingulfed; but the attentive labourers heeded him not, their operations being guided by the skilful hand of an engineer. Body after body were dug out of the ruins, but the father of the poor child still remained invisible. Several days and nights did he remain in that situation, constantly watching the progress of the indefatigable labourers, in the tardy work of exhumation. Often was he removed from the mound by the soldiers and police on duty, but the next moment he resumed his seat, and pointed again to the spot where his parent lay entombed; for, on that self-same spot did he sit when his father was hurled headlong from one of the spandrils of the Arches into the immense heap of ruins, which for a short time checked the onward course of the winding stream. I tried to divide my sympathy among the unhappy wretches whose agony seemed almost beyond the possibility of endurance, but I must confess that the poor boy claimed more than an equal share. Another exhumation being about to take place, I turned from the scene of horror just as the sabbath bell called forth the accustomed worshippers to the house of prayer, to which I slowly wended my way, reflecting on the uncertainty of human existence.

G. S.

THE RECTOR'S WIFE.—A TALE.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the heart of the fair and fertile county of Kent, not without reason called the garden of England, stands the village of Mayfield; and if the rapid and inevitable changes of the last ten years have not invaded its peace and disturbed its whereabouts, it is as lovely a spot as its name would seem to suggest Swerving a little from the great highway to Dover, it nestles down in a warm and narrow valley, shut in by wooded slopes

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and cultivated uplands. On the surrounding level of its fields the hop, the grape of Kent, grows luxuriantly, and a stream, bright as the face of childhood, with a voice as silvery sweet, with a course as wayward and pleasant, winds through and about the separate and mingled beauties of the scene. Mayfield possesses all the characteristics of an English village of the best class. Its group of white dwellings, their well-thatched roofs streaked with moss, their laticed windows glistening in the light, and gay with flowering plants, their strips of garden neatly trimmed and productive, present to a stranger's eye something which satisfies and delights Its one inn, (for we ackowledge only one,) with its pendant sign standing apart between two old sentinel trees, and swinging lazily and audibly to the wind, seems to invite one into its snug recesses, there to forget one's cares in the homely and truly English comforts it affords. Its old church with its low square tower, whose dim dial-plate thrusts its admonitory face through the clustering ivy, stands on a neighbouring eminence, a holy and necessary feature of the place. Beneath, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," lies the green graveyard, which the hand of false taste has not dared to desecrate, rife with solemn lessons of mortality. Within a rood's length, under the shadow and protection of the church, is the anciently endowed school-house, whence issues the daily hum of embryo scholars labouring at the irksome task, or the sharp authoritive voice of the schoolmaster, which for a moment subdues the murmur; as a clap of thunder seems to silence the audacious chidings of the sea. Contiguous, dropped as it were by chance in a sheltering dell, the rectorage lifts its pointed and fantastic gables, its turret chimneys and broad bay windows Its sharp angles, shady corners, and pendant eaves with the swallows twittering about them, its tasteful grounds, where the wildness of nature is chastened, not checked, and all its comfortable and becoming appliances make it a most picturesque and enviable abode, in perfect keeping with the whole scene. A little way from the village, seated on the stream, is an old mill, which to look upon from a short distance, when the incessant motion of its wheel flings off its spray to sparkle in the sun, is a precious morsel for the painter. Here and there may be discerned a few residences of the gentry looking down from the wooded hills, or glancing from quiet nooks in remote corners of the valley. Then there are scattered farms and romantic wood-paths, and branching bowery lanes, which lead we know not where, but, no doubt, to rural haunts as pleasant as our imaginations. Such is the picture of Mayfield as we beheld it some ten years ago; such may it be to-day, as it is the principal scene of our story "THE RECTOR'S WIFE."

In the spring of the year 1816, a little after the ratification of peace among the nations of Europe, the curiosity of the good people of Mayfield was excited by the circumstance of a strange lady appearing among them accompanied by a female of matronly appearance and maturer years. The lady, who was young and eminently beautiful, wandered for two or three days about the village and its vicinity, evidently taking a pleasurable interest in all she saw. At length her attention seemed particularly arrested by a small but neat unoccupied cottage which stood apart, surrounded by a still healthy looking garden, in a retiring nook of the village

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Liking the situation, and applying for information at the inn, she became the purchaser of the cottage. In a few days simple, but elegant furniture, was brought from a neighbouring town; and the strange lady, with her elder companion, and an interesting boy of some three or four years of age, were duly installed in their new residence. The rustic denizens of Mayfield were growing impatient for the developement of what they deemed a mystery. On the following Sunday the strange lady, with her little household, appeared at church. Every eye was upon her, but any eye, however quickened by curiosity, envy, or prejudice, could see nothing in that beautiful, serene, and melancholy face, but what awakened sympathy and respect. None so alive to suffering, or the outward expression of mental anxiety, than the poor of England, and, I believe of every country, and to this feeling we must attribute the silence, the kind but enquiring looks of the rustics of Mayfield, as the strange lady and her solitary family left God's house on the evening of her first sabbath among them.

In the course of the following week, while making some trifling purchases in the village, the strange lady was discovered to be a foreigner; but of what land remained to be known. She appeared to understand our tongue but very imperfectly, but the lisping, broken, and gentle idiom in which she expressed her wants; and her frank, liberal, and modest demeanour, had a charm which could not be withstood; so that she gained the tacit affections of her neighbours before she was prepared to receive or appreciate them. By degrees she insinuated herself into the good graces of the inhabitants of Mayfield individually and collectively. She would take daily rounds among the people she had adopted; pause at one door to converse, in her pleasing hesitating way, with some housewife, patting the while the rosy cheeks of wondering children; enter another, where the aspect of poverty seemed to invite her, and drop her heart-given mite into the palm of its needy and grateful occupant; hurrying away from the sound of blessings which were called down upon her head.

Madame Jocelyn, for such was the superscription of the few letters she received, was understood to be the widow of a French officer who fell in the wars of the Peninsula; but why she chose to estrange herself from her own country and seclude herself in an English village, could not be clearly ascertained, although the curious seized every chance of arriving at a knowledge of her previous history. That she had some deep-seated cause for sorrow was evident to all who observed her. She was habitually thoughtful and absorbed in some feeling too great or too sacred to be breathed in the ear of the common world. She was sometimes, by the few considerate and respectable people privileged to visit her, surprised in her tears, but the loss of a brave and beloved husband, and anxiety for the welfare of an orphan child, was deemed to be a sufficient reason for the solitary indulgence of her grief. Madame Jocelyn, or as she was oftener called, the good widow of Woodbine Cottage, very rarely allowed herself to be drawn into company. Her time seemed almost exclusively devoted to her household duties, the education of her son, and frequent visits to the sick and indigent of the village. In these last good offices she was guided, assisted, and often accompanied by the venerable incumbent. He seemed to be the only one who possessed her confidence, and if her secret was

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confided to him (for she had a secret) it was kept inviolate, for not a word was dropped which pointed to the truth, till a combination of unexpected circumstances unravelled the mystery, and brought to the heart of the fair foreigner a joy for which she was unprepared.

Ten years had elapsed since she took up her abode in the village of Mayfield, with whose unsophisticated sons and daughters she had become an established favourite. Curiosity had subsided. Her son was growing up into an intelligent youth, and she, though still beautiful, had a somewhat paler cheek, and a more matronly deportment. Her venerable and pious pastor was gathered to the grave, and one much younger succeeded him, but every one soon found cause to rejoice in so worthy a successor. He was a man who seemed not yet forty years of age, of a commanding figure, with a grave, benevolent, and intellectual countenance, and a voice singularly musical and impressive. In his duties, both in and out of the church, he was assiduous, earnest, and charitable. Wherever there was an error to be rectified, a soul to be instructed, a mind to be consoled, there for the pure love of God and man was the rector to be found. His exhortations were characterized by a simple and natural eloquence, which appealed at once to the understanding, riveting the attention, and gently opening the heart for the reception of those pure and sublime truths it was his sacred office to expound. He was a scholar and a man of considerable scientific knowledge; and the rectorage became the occasional resort of similarly constituted minds. The good and the great were often his guests, and save that nor wife nor child hallowed his household by their loving and delightful presence, his home might be deemed one of all but perfect happiness. To his duty as a gospel teacher every other pursuit was properly subservient, as being of secondary importance; but he nevertheless enjoyed the world as a rational and responsible being, for whom Providence had abundantly provided, and to whom had been entrusted the means of dispensing blessings to others. To his equals he was courteous, communicative, and hospitable; to the poor kind, considerate and parental in his generosity; even children literally "plucked his gown to gain the good man's smile," but his hospitality was neither ostentatious nor unwisely lavish, nor his religion austere and affected. He was all that could be desired of a man in so onerous a situation; he felt the full importance of his duties, performed them in a meek spirit, and was in consequence revered and beloved by his flock and all who knew him.

Such was the unexaggerated character of the Rev. Edward Morland the new rector of Mayfield. To such a man Madame Jocelyn could not remain long unknown. The fact of her being a foreign lady, respectable in station, and popular because of her many charitable acts, could not fail but to lead to such an event. It was, however, brought about sooner than she expected, in a singular manner, and with results which gave a new and interesting aspect to her hitherto solitary and mysterious existence. Proceeding to the church one beautiful spring morning, accompanied by her son, and her only female domestic companion, she took her accustomed place near and in front of the pulpit. The solemn service, the sweet and voluble tones of the organ, the harmonious and reverberated chant of the choir, the hallowed and venerable features of the place, all togeth

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prepared the mind for deep and serious impressions, and this morning Madame Jocelyn felt unusually disposed to the indulgence of tender feelings. In spite of herself a few tears, stirred by recollections of the past, trickled from her pensive eyes and fell upon her folded hands, and a melancholy serenity of thought succeeded.

In a few minutes the rector entered the pulpit, and as he uplifted his face after a brief and silent prayer, Madame Jocelyn was struck with its likeness to one she had looked upon long ago, and which still haunted her daily memories and nightly dreams. Could it be that her long-cherished hopes were about to be realized? Could it be that face, that tongue, just reading a fervent passage from the Divine Book, which had beguiled her youth and embittered half of her life? No; his grave and earnest countenance, pale with holy musings, his sacred office, his position in the church, all forbade it. She dismissed the thought. The good rector had given his text and entered considerably into his discourse before the attention of Madame Jocelyn became fixed on the subject. By a natural digression from the main points of his text, he commenced a description of the horrors of war. He pictured the dazzling and imposing pageantry of armies proceeding to and gathering on the scene of action, the din and awful collision in the onset, the subsequent carnage and confusion, the exulting shouts of the victorious, and panic of the defeated; the gradual subsidence of the clash of arms and the thunder of cannon, the following comparative and mournful silence, broken only by the groans of the dying, and the stealthy steps and compressed curses of the prowling plunderer, who under the shadow of the night, and with the horrid license of his trade, stalked among the fallen, to quench the remaining sparks of life, and insult the stiffening corse by rifling it of raiment, or those little mementos of affection which a wife, lover, sister, or parent, bedewed with their tears, and consigned to its care in the last parting and bitter hour. Madame Jocelyn's eyes were intent on the movement of the preacher's lips. He went on to describe a town in the state of siege; the alternate attack and stratagem of the besieger, the terror, physical suffering, and resolute defence of the besieged; the final entrance of the foe; the tide of reckless and merciless soldiery rolling in, and sweeping all before it.

Madame Jocelyn's heart beat violently, and a sickening sense of mental bewilderment came over her; but she still kept her eyes riveted on his face.

He proceeded to complete his description. He spoke of God's temples being entered and wantonly desecrated; of the pavement of the streets slippery with gore; of the terrific glare of fired houses lighting the mass of men, transformed for a time into devils incarnate, to their noisy and beastly orgies; of the sanctuaries of home being invaded, and wives and daughters openly and shamelessly violated in the compelled presence of husbands and fathers; of every species of outrage being committed which force could accomplish or cruel and lawless passion suggest He concluded by condeming, in forcible, eloquent, and convincing language, all warfare, save that of absolute necessity in defence, as deplorable, iniquitous, and altogether unchristian, of incalculable mischief to man, and eminently sinful in the sight of God; but he rejoiced that the civilized nations had

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at last laid down the sword and taken up the olive-branch, and hoped that their united influence upon other lands would have the effect of annihilating, then and for ever, so destructive, so universal a calamity. It was indeed a glowing and truthful picture which he drew, and as if overpowered with the vividness of his own description, he paused from excess of emotion, bowed his face in his hands and was silent, if not weeping.

Madame Jocelyn had fainted and fallen from her seat, and amid the surprise of the rector, the temporary confusion of all, and the tears of some she was borne out of the church and conveyed home. This was but the re-awakening of her secret sorrows to enhance the sudden joy, and the long and tranquil happiness which were yet in store for her.

On the morning following a sabbath so eventful to Madame Jocelyn, she beheld from her window the rector passing through the wicket-gate of her garden, in his approach to the cottage. With an indescribable feeling she met him at the door, and ushered him into her neat parlour. With a kind and cheerful voice he enquired after her health. "I call," he said, "as in duty bound, being witness of your indisposition at church yesterday, to offer such assistance and consolation as I can give, to alleviate, if possible, your distresses, let them arise from what cause they may." Madame Jocelyn assured him that his discourse relative to the miseries of war had merely awakened certain painful recollections, which had for the moment overpowered her, but that she was now quite well. "Very natural," he replied, "that one who owes the loss of a husband (if I am correctly informed) to so cruel a system should be moved, but I rejoice that the circumstance has afforded me an opportunity of making your acquaintance. and expressing my sympathy for your sorrows." They now sat down, and to set the lady more at ease, the rector conversed in French, which he spoke gracefully and fluently. He entered upon general topics, with an acuteness of remark, and a propriety of language which at once interested and charmed. When he spoke upon serious subjects with an earnest but subdued voice, Madame Jocelyn listened to him with profound attention hanging upon the tones in which he delivered his sentiments with a fondness which surprised her, they were so unaccountably familiar to her ear and as she stealthily scrutinized the face of the speaker, its features and expression answered to the strange fancy her memory had conjured up. As, however, he never alluded in the slightest degree to times and circumstances of which she wished to hear, and on which half of her past life had depended, she again dismissed her newly-formed hopes, with the conclusion that human voices and human faces might be so alike as to deceive the most wary, and especially an anxious and sensitive imagination like her own. In half an hour the good pastor took his leave, pleased with his new friend as he was pleased to call her, and the feeling was reciprocal.

He called again and again upon Madame Jocelyn, every time shewing new proofs of his regard, and the interest he took in her welfare. He undertook to extend the education of her son, and according to his mother's express wish, to prepare him for college or some respectable profession. He now lengthened his frequent evening visits, and beguiled the hours pleasantly and profitably with her and her little household, that

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unexpected absence was felt as a disappointment. Gradually a warm and serious sentiment, which she strove in vain to control, arose in the breast of Madame Jocelyn. The feeling could not be mistaken, she had felt it before; and though less passionate and romantic than in her youthful days, she knew that it was *love;* love for her pastor, Edward Morland, the rector of Mayfield. The discovery gave her infinate pain, but she locked up the secret in her heart, although she yearned to expend its treasury of affections upon one so worthy to receive them, and patiently waited the unfolding of events.

Six months passed away in this pure and delightful intercourse, but nothing had transpired, nothing had fallen from the lips of the rector, to fan the widow's unfortunate but virtuous passion. He was respectful as ever, frank, ardent, and disinterested as ever in his friendship for her, but nothing more. The days were now much abridged; the air getting chilly, the fields looking bare, and the woods casting to the ground the remains of their gorgeous autumnal livery. Madame Jocelyn could not take her usual long walks mid the purifying and consoling beauties of nature; but sat, one evening, in company with her old and faithful domestic, by a cheerful fire plying the needle in silence, and brooding o'er the melancholy events of her past life, when the rector made his customary call. He did not enter the apartment with his old cheerful smile, but with a mild reserved air saying "Madame Jocelyn, can we be alone? I have something to communicate." The domestic withdrew.

After a brief embarrassing silence he said, "Victorine"—he paused. This was the first time that he had addressed her thus familiarly, and it had the effect of bringing the warm blood into her face, to which a deathly paleness instantly succeeded. "Victorine," he resumed, "I come to speak to you on a subject which lies very near my heart, and which I have well considered. It rests with you whether it be favourable or not to my future happiness."

The widow attempted to speak but failed therein.

"Since the simple event," he proceeded, "which led to our first acquaintance, I have had numberless opportunities of judging of your general temper, prudence, and virtue. The mental scrutiny has resulted to your credit and my own satisfaction. I know you are amiable and discreet: I know you are intelligent and yet beautiful; I believe you are pious and above worldly reproach; I take your word that you are of good family, and though delicacy forbade an inquiry into your youthful private history, I doubt not it was equally pure with the maturer portion of your life. Such being my conviction you have my esteem, and, need I say it, Victorine? a more exalted and warmer feeling than even that."

Madame Jocelyn sat drooping in her chair, trembling violently, but endeavoured in a scarcely audible voice to express her thanks for his good opinion. Emotions, explicable only to herself, shook her whole being. The rector went on.

"In my quiet musings, after those brief intervals of enjoyment in your society, I have looked around my abode, and, spite of its many comforts, fancied that it looked lonely and cheerless. Though I had never observed it before, the enlivening presence of a faithful and confiding woman seemed

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wanting. I looked about me for the desirable object of my household and my choice—could it miss?—rested upon you. I felt the hold you had taken on my affections, but forbore to explain my sentiments till now, from a fear of being too premature in my conclusions. I am now decided; and if a man who has seen enough of the world's vanities to despise their glitter—if a heart which has been chastened, and, I trust, purified by early mental suffering, but which is still capable of loving, be worthy of your acceptance, I here offer them in exchange for yourself and your esteem. I cannot woo with the romantic ardour of a youthful lover, but your good sense will not expect it. The simple expression of a sincere passion ought to be sufficient for any but inexperienced minds. The diamond is more valuable than its setting. If none more favoured have forestalled me in your affections, (and I have no reason think so), may I beg to know if your heart can respond to my own? May I hope that the coming winter will see you the presiding mistress of my house, the pride of your husband, the admiration of my guests. God has been pleased to surround me with worldly comforts, and by the continuance of his blessing, I can be a guide and father to your son, a devoted companion to yourself, and we can share the joy of doing good, to the extent of our power, among our fellow-creatures, keeping in view the teachings and examples of Him in whose service I am engaged, and to whose glory every deed of my life, I hope, will be dedicated. I wait for your decision but do not press it to night. Take time to examine your own heart, and if its pleadings are in my favour my happiness is complete."

With a calm but desperate courage Madame Jocelyn replied to the urgent solicitations of the good rector. She fully appreciated the honour conferred upon her by the unqualified offer of his heart and hand. She confessed with diffidence and delicacy that she already loved him, but she argued the necessity of a little time for consideration on so important a step as marriage, fraught as it would be with misery or happiness to both. There ought, she said, to be no reservation on either side. There ought to be a mutual undisguised explanation of the circumstances of their former lives, a mutual confidence, in order to prove the worthiness of each other that nothing might remain to poison the stream of their future peace. In a week she would be prepared to enter into the details of her history previous to her coming to Mayfield, with a full trust in his integrity; and if he *then* thought it prudent to withdraw the generous advances he had made, she would wrestle patiently with her destiny. If, on the contrary, he saw no reason to doubt the truth, goodness, and stedfastness of character he now believed her to be, she would be his, devote herself wholly to the wishes of one so deserving, and deem no sacrifice too great which would add to his comfort and his happiness. Her candour pleased and surprised him, and he acknowledged that nothing was so reasonable and proper as the proposition she had made; he should wait with all for the appointed time, and leave her till then in the care of her good angel. At parting he took her extended hand, kissed it respectfully and affectionately, and quitted the house.

"The good rector is cheerful to-night," said the old domestic, who returned to her mistress, "he shook my hand with unusual warmth

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door." The widow returned a vague answer, and sought her chamber full of bewildering thought, and misgivings as to the effect of her promised disclosure. Her prayers were not unavailing that night in heaven.

Though she passed but a restless night, Madame Jocelyn rose next morning with unwonted strength and serenity. Having asked counsel of God, she resolved what course to pursue before slumber closed her eyelids. "For fourteen years," she mused, "have I estranged myself from my own land, pursuing a shadow which has hitherto eluded my grasp, nursing a foolish love and a vain regret, mourning over the commission of a guilty act to which cruel circumstances, in some measure, compelled me, keeping my own secret with unshrinking firmness, bearing up against my grief with unwearied fortitude, and finding at last in this sweet retirement something like returning peace and tranquility, when this good man, this Edward Morland, comes to change the whole current of my feelings, to offer me happiness I am not prepared to accept. If I tell him the whole truth he knows my shame, and will, I fear, reject and despise me. If I disguise it, I retain him by a life-long deception which my soul abhors, a deception which would prey upon my heart, and dash my cup of happiness with gall. No, I cannot dissemble to him as I have done to the world. In justice to a kind and honourable man, and for the sake of that peace of mind which hypocrisy cannot purchase, I will reveal my misfortunes, and trust to heaven for the result. With him, I doubt not, my secret will be in safe keeping, and if I sacrifice my hopes it shall, at least, be at the shrine of truth."

With this determination Madame Jocelyn went about her duties with cheerfulness and alacrity. A burden and a shadow seemed to have passed from her mind, and when on the appointed evening Mr. Morland made his appearance, she felt confident in her power to bear the approaching trial.

"Well, Victorine, I have, with much difficulty, absented myself for a whole week, but I expect to be compensated for my self-denial by your immediate and unqualified consent to make me happy. Pardon my impatience, and put an end to my suspense. I hope your good angel, under whose guardianship I left you, has dictated a favourable response to my wishes."

The widow smiled faintly, and sat down pale and composed.

"Mr. Morland," she began, "I have well considered your generous and honourable offer. I have done considerable violence to my feelings in preparing myself for this, to me, important meeting. Though I claim your friendship and esteem, I feel I am not worthy your love. I cannot to you dissimulate. With a reverence for your sacred character as a minister of the Gospel, with respect for yourself as a man, I cannot go to the altar with premeditated duplicity; with a lie lurking and rankling in my heart. I have committed a grievous sin, which will set a barrier between us—a sin in expiation of which I have shed many, many bitter tears, I feel that my God, against whom I have chiefly offended, has forgiven me; shall I not expect pity from a fellow-creature? In divulging the particulars of my early life, I throw myself upon your compassion, I ask your sympathy, and place implicit faith in your secresy More than this I dare not hope

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for. To begin the history of my misfortunes, I have, contrary to your belief, never yet been married."

"Never married, Madame Jocelyn?" exclaimed the good rector, astounded and incredulous; "but your son"—

"Is the child of guilt and dishonour."

"Guilt and dishonour, Victorine!" muttered he, as he bowed his head between his hands, which he clasped convulsively, "then alas for thee and me!"

"Alas, indeed! Mr. Morland. Hear my story and judge between my culpability and misfortunes. My parents were French protestants; I was their only child, and along with an education suitable to my station, I received their religious opinions. My father made some successful mercantile speculations in Spain, and for the sake of convenience removed his family thither, where he died about a year previous to the sin whose consequences o'ershadowed my after life. The loss of my father shook my mother's delicate frame almost to dissolution, but recovering slowly, she resolved to return to France, when the British troops laid seige to the town in which we lived, and effectually prevented our removal. In common with others, we shared all the doubt, fear, and suspense of that terrible time. At length the town surrendered to the enemy, and the outrages of a victorious, licentious, and infuriated soldiery commenced. Deaf to the voice of command, to the appealings of reason, to the cries of innocence, nothing could restrain them. Frenzy of the most diabolical kind took possession of them, and at this moment I shudder at the recollection of reports that hourly shocked our ears. For a whole week they held ascendency, till the excess of their own fierce indulgences o'ermastered them. In justice to those in authority it must be said that they gave no countenance to such wild proceedings, but endeavoured to check, by every means in their power, the torrent of crime and destruction It was night on the first day of these horrors; I had just seen my mother to bed, feeble from sickness and trembling with terror, when a party of soldiers, reckless with drunkenness, forced the door, and entered the apartment where I sat, with two or three domestics The servants fled to my mother's bed room, and left me to the mercy of the intruders. The men seemed to demand money, and while some ransacked the place in search of it, others pulled me rudely about and offered worse indignities. I was speechless with dismay, but endowed with more than common strength. For a moment I kept aloof, when one in the garb of a British officer rushed in, and confronting the men, commanded them to desist. They seemed to refuse; he drew his sword, and standing before, kept them at bay. Seeing him resolute they at length with loud and angry voices quitted the house. When they were gone I fell on my knees before my deliverer, and thanked him in French, for his generous and timely interference. He addressed me in the same language, and leading me to a seat, assured me of his protection. I had now opportunity of looking on his face. He was young and handsome, polished address, and winning manners He talked a little extravagantly however, as if he had been indulging in wine, and was pleased to praise beauty, but without exceeding the bounds of respect, he left me soon, a promise to keep watch over the house. That night, though I could

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sleep for the alarming sounds in the streets, I received no further molestation. On the next day he came again, renewed his assurances of protection, and staid a considerable time. Grateful for his kindness, and glad to have a protector near me, I could not urge his departure. He talked warmly and eloquently on various subjects, and when he withdrew, expressed a hope that he might claim the privilege of a friend, and visit me as often as his duties would permit, I know not how I answered, for his eyes and his tenderness said more than his tongue, and I felt his meaning. I must confess that I was pleased with him, and in his absence had a vague desire for his return. To my mother, who was confined to her room, I had related my danger and delivery, and she bade me give such reception to the stranger as the merit of his act demanded, but cautioned me against oversteping the bounds of a proper and polite decorum. For two days the stranger came not again, and as the tumult of the town had not subsided, I was both disappointed and alarmed. When he came it was nightfall; to his hurried knock and request to be admitted, as danger was abroad, I answered precipitately. No sooner had he entered, and secured the door, than a boisterous party, who had seen him enter, came up and jeered him on what they called his amour, as he afterwards explained to me, As they threatened to make a forcible entrance he used earnest persuasion to get them away, but without effect. By a united effort they broke down the barrier between us, and my brave defender knocked down the foremost man with the hilt of his sword, at the same time presenting a loaded pistol. The rest, beholding in him their own officer, reluctantly retreated, carrying their fallen companion along with them, and we were left in peace. Again, but more in tears than in words, I thanked the gallant Englishman, and to his desire that he might stay all night to guard the house, I offered no opposition, but leaving him with two male domestics, flew to my mother's apartment. I was happy to find she had been in a deep slumber, and was unconscious of this new disturbance.—But you are indisposd Mr. Morland, Pray let me waive the rest till you are better."

Go on, Madame Jocelyn, for God's sake go on! I must hear you to the end."

Surprised and startled by the rector's singular and impressive manner Madame Jocelyn proceeded. "Next morning, with considerable trepidation, I sat down to breakfast with my protector, who was cheerful and even gay, and exerted all his powers of pleasing. At length, gradually approaching the subject, he ventured to talk of love. Encouraged by my silence he threw himself at my feet, declaring his passion in the most impassioned but respectful language, soliciting my pardon for his temerity, and offering—was I free to accept it—his undivided and devoted heart. As he spoke I took a rapid survey of my own feelings towards him. His seeming rank, his amiable and fascinating manners, his cultivated mind, his personal bravery in my defence, my gratitude, *all* were in his favour, and pleaded for him with a favour I could not withstand. With the frankness which is natural to me, and with the proud but subdued delight of a girl who first sees man her worshipper, I confessed—could I do less?—that I already loved him. I need not tell you how ardently he thanked me, with what undisguised pleasure he assured me of his happiness as he

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kissed my hand at parting. In a few days the frantic soldiery were once more reduced to order and discipline, and comparative peace was restored. In the meantime my mother's health rallied a little, and every hospitable kindness that could express the deep sense of our obligation to the stranger she unstintedly showered upon him. My interviews with the young Englishman now became frequent and protracted. Fearing, as yet, to make my mother acquainted with what would appear to her a too premature connexion, we met in secret. Every day we were knit more closely together, every hour saw me more entangled in the mazes of a new and romantic attachment. By his artful designs (for I must now call them artful) my caution was gradually lulled to sleep, my scruples were overruled, my virtue was undermined, and in an evil and unguarded hour I became the victim of a guilty passion which I blush to name."

Here Madame Jocelyn gave way to her feelings and wept, while the rector with a hurried step and troubled countenance paced the apartment. At length the widow resumed.

"A few, very few weeks passed away in dishonourable and intoxicating indulgence, during which time I saw no diminution of his tenderness. One evening, however, he appeared unusually thoughtful, but, if possible, more devoted than ever. Sitting beside me he slid a valuable ring on my finger and unclasped a bracelet from my arm, saying half playfully, half seriously "We will exchange tokens of affection, dear Victorine, keeping them as talismans to remind us of each other when distance or duty keeps us apart." I perceived nothing in the sentence to alarm me. I saw nothing but the unwonted gloom on his brow, and expressed some anxiety to know the cause. With a sickly smile he pleaded indisposition, and, with a long embrace, during which I felt a tear, a tear of his shedding, fall hot upon my cheek, he departed. That was our last meeting; I never saw him more. On the following day a messenger brought me a letter which he said required no immediate reply. It was from my lover. With a trembling hand and busy heart I tore it open, devoured its contents, and stood paralysed with grief, fear, and shame. It was full of expressions of love and remorse. Under an assumed name, he said, he wooed, won, and wronged me. He mourned that inexorable circumstances prevented his making reparation; but, as his heart was not to be estranged from me, could certain family difficulties be removed, it would be his pride and pleasure to make me his wife. "Till then"; he continued, "I implore you to be consoled, to forgive me, to believe that I have not been the heartless calculating seducer I may appear, We may probably never meet again, (if we do it will be for life) but till the latest moment of my existence, my dear Victorine can never be forgotten, can never cease to be beloved. Duty calls me hence, I depart this very hour.

"Such was the purport of his letter, but it afforded no clue to which he might be found. In vain I made inquiries, in vain I made daily rambles through the town in the hope of again beholding him. It was evident the he was really gone, and the sense of desolate despair that came me words are inadequate to describe. To add to my sorrow my mother suffered a relapse. As I watched over her with affectionate solicitude, brooding on my fate, fearing to lose the only being which seemed to connect

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with the world, my fond parent would attribute my wasted form and faded cheek to my toil and anxiety on her account. It was indeed true in part, but I could not embitter the few fleeting days that remained to her by a confession of my guilt and grief. She closed her eyes unconscious of my sin, and I laid her in the grave with a subdued and repentant spirit. Before I left her to the solitude of the dead I knelt upon the mould that covered her, prayed silently and fervently, and returned home—alas! how lonely now!—with a strengthened, trustful, and tranquil mind. I had scarcely performed this mournful duty than I began to feel the natural and unquestionable consequences of criminal love. Alarmed at this new cause of trouble, and fearing exposure, I hurriedly arranged my affairs, discharged my domestics, disposed of my house, and with one female companion, who yet remains with me, set out for Paris, where my father's property had been chiefly invested. Having satisfactorily secured my little fortune, I assumed the name of Madame Jocelyn, and took my abode in a sequestered village, where I gave birth to my poor boy, who is yet ignorant of his mother's disgrace. Here I stayed three years. The innocent endearments of my child soothed my sorrow, but kept alive my love for his father. A new hope, a new desire seized my mind. I would visit the principal cities of France and England. I might, in my wanderings, meet him: he might be free and unchanged; and, oh! flattering idea! I might yet find peace and joy as his devoted wife. For a whole year I travelled incessantly, mingled occasionally in good society, made use of every honourable means to discover the object of my search, but in vain. Wearied and sick at heart I at length took refuge here. My one great hope gradually subsided. Time did its work of consolation, and my one great misfortune seemed a thing of "long ago." My love for the man who had wronged me gave way to a holier, higher feeling. Religion began to claim my whole heart when your powerful eloquence, Mr. Morland, gave poignancy to my recollections, and your noble offer put me to the necessity of making this painful disclosure. Without reservation and disguise have I made it, and your commisseration, perhaps a continuation of your friendship is all I can now expect, more than that I have not the presumption to claim. A load is lifted from my mind, and with a full reliance on your honour, I resign myself to my solitary lot, too happy if I see my boy take a virtuous path, and an honourable position in the world, ere I die."

Madame Jocelyn (as we must still call her) concluded her narrative with a deep sigh and a few tears of maternal solicitude. With her eyes bent on the ground, she had not observed the many changes that had passed over the face of her auditor in the course of her story. He was now deathly pale and trembling with deep emotion as he said "Madame Jocelyn there is something strange, very strange in your history, and I feel, I *hope* that I am in some way connected with it. Will you satisfy some doubts that yet remain upon my mind?"

"Anything, anything, Mr. Morland, that may convince you of my sincerity."

"Is your present name real or assumed?"

"Assumed of course. My real name is Santerre."

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"Good God!" ejaculated the rector, but continued his questions. "What was the assumed name of your lover—I mean your seducer?"

"Alas! I remember it too well! it was Frank Stanley."

Indeed!—But there have been, no doubt, many Frank Stanleys in the British army. Can you produce the ring he gave you, and the letter, you say, he wrote to you?"

"I can," said Madamoiselle Santerre, taking them from a cabinet and laying them on a table, "you will see that the ring is an emerald, heart shaped. The letter is worn and stained with my tears."

The rector took up the letter, walked to the window, and with his back to the lady scrutinized it closely. It bore neither date nor address, but having read it and laid it down calmly on the table, there was a tear upon it which said more than words.

"In what town of Spain, Madamoiselle, did these painful events of your early life take place?"

"In Badajos, after the siege in 1812."

With compressed lips, but with an expression of eye which indicated inward pleasure, the rector walked slowly about the room, purposely keeping his face averted from the anxious, searching, and inquiring looks of the lady. After a pause he asked with some hesitation, as if fearing the answer would frustrate his newly-kindled hopes, "Was there about this man, this Frank Stanley, any mark, any peculiarity by which you could recognize him?"

"There was. He had on his neck, a little below the left ear, a scar left by a bullet wound. When questioning him about the dangers to which he had been exposed he used to shew me this mark, and express his thankfulness that Providence had guarded him in the strife."

Here the rector started from his seeming revery, and to the surprise of Madamoiselle Santerre, threw himself at her feet, exclaiming, "Rejoice with me, rejoice with me, my own dear Victorine! Behold in me that Frank Stanley, that infatuated and guilty man who robbed you of your honour, who has been the unworthy cause of your tribulation. In the course of your story I felt it would come to this, and I am now grateful to Heaven that I live and am permitted to offer that heart whose first love has never been wholly subdued. But we knew not each other, beloved Victorine! how is this?"

Victorine, bewildered with astonishment, delight, and gratitude, had fallen upon his shoulders, and her tears were dropping thick and fast upon his uplifted face. "Alas!" she replied, "fourteen years of grief and remorse will blanch and furrow the fairest face, but I had a vague presentiment, when I first saw you as God's chosen servant, that I had looked upon your countenance, and listened to your voice in my youthful days. After a little consideration I dismissed it as a mental delusion, but am not exceedingly happy to have found you at last!" Once more, as of old, but in perfect purity and sincerity, their lips met, and seated by each other, their hands locked together, the rector explained some circumstances of his past life.

"I was born," he began, "of a good and pious family in the north of England. My father anxious to have one of his sons in the Church,

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I was educated at Oxford with a view to holy orders When my education was completed, I returned home; but being of an ardent temperament and fond of novelty and adventure, I expressed my preference for the army, which roused my father's indignation. Rightly judging, however, that a few years amid the dangers and discomforts attending a soldier's life would cool down my youthful impetuosity, he purchased for me a captain's commission, and I set out to reap laurels in the Peninsula. After taking a part in a few minor engagaments, I was at the taking of Badajos, where I had the good fortune, my dearest Victorine, to protect you from the insults of a brutal and merciless soldiery Little did I think that so many woes would have resulted from our first meeting. I had not then learned to controul my passions, and your beauty, your interesting position, your gratitude, my own wild desires, all combined to effect your ruin. Knowing I was not at liberty to offer you my hand, though my heart was already yours, with a feeling of indescribable anguish and self-reproach, I wrote that letter. Before leaving England I was betrothed to an amiable young lady, whom I esteemed, and nothing more, but believing that she sincerely loved me, and that my parents were most anxious for the connexion, I could not beg to be released from the engagement. When I wrote to you I was ordered to a distant station, and departed immediately. For six months, though I had much to occupy my mind as a soldier, I was absolutely miserable, hesitating between my love for you, and my ties and promises to those at home. At length I wrote a long letter, in which I unburdened my whole soul, to my betrothed, and had the satisfaction to receive a reply, setting me completely at liberty, as in my absence she had made another choice. This, though it piqued my vanity a little, gratified me beyond measure when I thought of my deserted maiden of Badajos. I hastened to communicate to you the joyful intelligence, renewed my vows, and promised, when duty would permit, to fly to your faithful arms, and make honourable amends for the wrongs I had inflicted. Weeks passed and no answer came to tranquilize my impatient mind. I then requested a brother officer, still remaining at Badajos, to make inquiries after you. He wrote to say that you were gone, no one knew whither. I was distracted: I, by turns, cursed my own baseness and doubted your fidelity. With more recklessness than bravery I plunged into danger, and sought every kind of excitement in the vain hope of banishing your image from my memory. It *would* cling to my recollection. In the tent, in the field, at the feast, it was ever before me, reproaching me with almost unendurable gentleness. Thus I existed, mentally and bodily tossed about, till the battle of Waterloo. Here I courted danger, but when victory furled the British standard I remained unscathed. Disgusted with the enormities of the war-system, weary of tumult, and the turmoil of my own mind, I gave up my commission, and was received by my family with affectionate joy. To the great satisfaction of my father I recommenced my studies for the church, and began my new career with a small living at some distance from here. With a truly humbled and penitent spirit I gave myself wholly to my sacred duties, the performance of which afforded me a pleasure I would not have exchanged for all the liberties of a mere worldly life. I at length obtained, through the influence of a powerful friend of

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my father's, the rectorage of Mayfield; and I believe that Providence hath brought me hither for the especial purpose of atoning for my youthful crime by loving, guarding, and comforting thee, my Victorine, wilt thou not grant me such glorious privilege?"

"Need such a question be asked, Edward? From this moment I am devoted to your wishes, and shall be proud to become the wife of the truant I have sought so long,"

"I have but another request to make. May I not see my boy this evening? May not our marriage be solemnized immediately, Victorine."

"I will send for Charles, but we must prudently keep him ignorant of the circumstances of his birth till a few years have passed over. But with regard to our marriage permit me to have a little time to settle my affairs, and prepare my mind for that happiness I long since ceased to expect. As it is now the end of October, Edward, a brief space intervenes between now and Christmas. Let it be on Christmas day; a time to remind us of Him to whose glory our future life must be devoted."

The good rector with some reluctance assented, and their son was called in.

Mr. Morland took the boy's proffered hand and retained it, while the inward yearnings of a father's heart prompted him to fall upon his neck but he restrained himself, and merely gazed affectionately in his child face.

"Charles," said his mother, "you must henceforth look upon Mr Morland as your father; can you not love him and honour him as such?"

"I can, mother. I loved Mr. Morland long since, and am pleased to be allowed to call him father. I shall be happy to prosecute my studi under a father's eye."

Mr. Morland with a gratified look said "Victorine, let us pray together This little family knelt down. He prayed with more than comm eloquence, fervour, and pathos, while Victorine, in the fulness of her j wept aloud. When they arose from their devotions, three happier hea than theirs did not beat in the world.

"I forgot to say, Victorine," said the rector, taking the hand of future wife, "that I have no father and mother to welcome you a daughter, for I lost both three years ago; but I have a most amiable affectionate sister who will be proud to embrace one of whom she has h me talk so much. I will send for her down to the rectorage before day appointed for our marriage, and God grant that no misfortune intervene to dash the cup of joy with bitterness. I should be ill ab bear up against such a calamity." Beseeching a blessing on the house its inmates, he departed for his own dwelling, with a feeling of which arose from a consciousness of having done his duty, and happiness to two beings so near and dear to him

A few weeks passed rapidly and pleasantly away, and on the mo of Christmas day, Mr. Morland and Victorine, true to each other, before the altar, and by the most solemn and important of all ceren for the living, were made one. The rustics of Mayfield, who had rumours of the approaching event, had filled the church. congratulations were loud and hearty. None so worthy of each

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they cried, "as our rector and the good widow of Woodbine Cottage." Their pastor gave bountiful largess to them, and sent them singing to their homes. Mr. Morland then led his happy but trembling wife to the rectorage, where a few select guests waited to receive them,

"Welcome to thy future home, my own Victorine!" exclaimed the rector as they stepped over the threshold, "which thy sweet society will make a little paradise for me; and where I shall pour my daily thanksgivings to heaven for restoring thee to my arms."

The Christmas festivities, with all the characteristics of ancient usage, went gaily on. When they were passed, and quiet reigned once more in the village and the rectorage, Mrs Morland threw herself upon her husband's neck, and in a whisper which was music to his ear, told him there was not a prouder, happier, and more devoted woman in the world than THE RECTOR'S WIFE.

JULY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Proudly, lovely, and serenely,
Power and passion in her eye,
With an aspect calm and queenly
Comes the summer nymph, JULY:
Crown'd with azure, clothed with splendour,
Gorgeous as an eastern bride;
While the glowing hours attend her
O'er the languid landscape wide.

Now the mantle of Aurora
Streams along the morning skies;
But the bridal wreath of Flora
Loses half its sweets and dyes.
Fierce the noontide glory gushes
From the fountains of the sun,
And a thousand stains and flushes
Strew the heavens when day is done.

Then the heavy dew-pearls glisten
In the twilight, pure and pale,
And the drooping roses listen
To the love-lorn nightingale;
While the stars come out and cluster
With a dim and dreamy light;
And the moon's pervading lustre
Takes all sternness from the night.

Scarce the weary lark betakes him
To his ground-nest on the plain,
Than returning day-spring wakes him
Into gladsome song again.

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Scarce the dew hath wet the grasses,
Or the wild flow'rs curved cup,
Than the thirsty sunbeam passes,
Drinking all its nectar up.

Now the lurid lightening breaketh
Through the dull and lingering rack,
And the solemn thunder speaketh
From his cloud-throne bronzed and black.
Gleaming in the fitful flashes,
Swathing all the welkin round,
Rain, smote earthward, dances, dashes,
With a quick tumultuous sound.

As the lightening, rain, and thunder
Vanish with the cloven gloom,
All the breadth of nature under
Wakes to beauty and perfume.
Birds again essay their voices;
Bees renew their devious toil;
Man with grateful heart rejoices
O'er the promise of the soil.

Now the harvest-gathered meadows
With a second green are gay;
Now the wood's enwoven shadows
Lure us from the dusty way:
More than wont the streams delight us
As they run their pleasant race;
And the lucid pools invite us
To their calm and cool embrace.

Shall I not, as here I wander,
Soul, and sense, and footstep free,
Where the fretful streams meander
With a music dear to me?—
Shall I not remember sadly
Those who have nor hope nor rest—
Those who cannot know how gladly
Nature welcomes every guest?

Would the dwellers of the alleys,
In the city's stony heart,
Could behold these blythesome valleys,
From their wants and cares apart.
Would the pale and patient maiden,
Martyred at the shrine of Wealth,
Could but feel these breezes, laden
With the priceless blessing, health.

Would the tiny toiling creatures
In the noisome mine and mill,
On whose withered hearts and features
Moral mischief works its will;

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Would that they might lift their faces
In this liberal light and air,
And perceive the nameless graces
Of a scene so passing fair.

Let me homeward by the river,
As the golden sunset glows;
Where the corn-fields swell and shiver,
To the blandest wind that blows.
By the woodland brooks that darkle
Through the tangles of the glade;
By the mossy wells that sparkle
In the hawthorn's chequered shade.

Through the dingle deep and bowery,
Up the pasture paths above;
Through the silent lane and flowery,
Sacred to the vows of love.
Homeward, yet I pause, exploring
All thy burning breadth of sky,
While my spirit sings, adoring
Him, thy God and mine, JULY.

SIR,

THOUGH it is now a long time since I flourished in your world, (for flourish I did to some time, I tell you,) I still take an interest in the little affairs which are passing under the sun, (perhaps more the moon) and am concerned to have to say that I see much to disturb the even tenor of the temper even of a ghost; though the airy elasticity of my present state secures me against being much hurt thereby: I allude to the regular daily, and barefaced system of plagiarism from my undisputed property, which I see unceasingly and unblushingly exhibited in the periodicals of the present day, for depend upon it nothing is or can be hid from me. I penetrate, though unseen, into the most private workshops of the Blacksmiths of the Broad-sheet—and dirty holes some of them are, sure enough—and catch them at their dirty work; and though not allowed corporeally to hurt them, I am permitted, as my good friend Tim Bobbin expresses it, to "thrutch their plucks:" The rascals catch many a little twitching, or accident, which they little think proceeds from the justly incensed shadow of the old Joker; but let them beware in time, and draw in the horns, (for horns or ell-long ears seem natural to the brutes), or I tell them plainly I will, ere long, make their faces as long as their ears, which is, verily, saying a great deal. The nuisance is really growing out of all character. I have lately observed a weekly paper which, in one year, has inserted a full edition of my old jokes; and that without a shadow of acknowledgment as to the source whence they are drawn. My friend Egerton Smith says "a plagiarist is a compound of thief and liar"—I cannot better describe them, and so I leave them.

My worthy friend and companion, Tim Bobbin, gives me a jog on the elbow, and requests me to say that he has heavy complaints against the class of bores who poke themselves forward as his imitators; he considers them as standing in the next degree of "arrant rascals" to the plagiarists; and that he feels a sickening disgust at the many awkward attempts perpetrated on the good old Lancashire dialect—which he considers in a degree as his property—the bastard English diluted with bastard Yorkshire, ditto Cockneyism, &c., worse than Hal o' Nab's hodge podge; and he declares that never since his time has there been written (at least printed) a line of "stump Lancashire" in its purity, except by Robert Walker, of Ashton-under-Lyne, and his honest and highly esteemed professor, Sam Bamford, to whom he requests me to give his hearty respects, and to tell him that he shall be most happy to see him, but is willing to forego that gratification so long as may be pleasant to himself. I remain Sir, your very well wisher,

THE GHOST OF JOE MILLER.

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AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE LOYAL ORDER OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS.*

"Who feeds the hungry with a heart benign:
Who gives refreshment when the thirsty pine;
Who grant the stranger shelter from the storm;
Who clothe the naked and the frost nipp'd warm:
The sick who visit with humane intent,
And seek the cottage where the poor lament,
To those, kind, blest, and honoured few, I raise
A humble column of unfeigned praise."

NOYES.

THE LOYAL ORDER OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS having assumed a position which fully entitles it to the favourable consideration of those who are desirous of making a provision for assistance in times of sickness, old age, and death; as no other society offers more beneficial results, or greater security, for the same amount of subscription, it is but natural to suppose that those of its members and others residing in a distant part of the empire should express a wish to become acquainted with its rise, progress and success which have far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of those individuals who first suggested the benevolent project; inasmuch as its ramifications have spread their invigorating influence over one half of the kingdom in the short space of fifteen years.

* By way of introduction to the ensuing Papers on the origin and progress of our Order, we willingly give insertion to the following letter of a correspondent. The request contained therein only one amongst many that have reached us from different quarters; and, if we may be allowed an opinion on the subject, we would say that a plain and succinct account of what we *were* and what we *are*, cannot fail to be interesting to the majority of individuals of whom our Society is composed. It is necessary to state that the first Paper is a reprint from a former Journal, but the articles which will be continued in each and every number of our Magazine, till the series is complete, have never yet been published. Most heartily and sincerely do we wish that they may be attentively read, "and inwardly digested." In addition to these important Papers we are able to promise to our readers a brief history of the advance and spread of Shepherdry in Wisbech, London, and the neighbourhood. The Papers, for which we shall endeavour to afford space, will be furnished by a gentleman of Wisbech, who, though he be only an honorary member, (if we are correctly informed,) spares neither time nor reasonable expense to promote the extension and well-being of the Order. We allude to Mr. Wm. P. Bays, of that District, who has our best thanks for his kind offer.—ED.

"An Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds is a subject which cannot fail to give the greatest satisfaction to a large majority of the members of our Society, inasmuch as it is fraught with information which, to the real philanthropist, will be a rich source of pleasure, morality, and edification.

To understand from what a small origin this mighty structure has been raised—to see its charitable arms embrace so many thousands of our fellow-men in a few years—to reflect on the progress it has made, the blessings it affords, and the beauties it possesses, must be, to every Shepherd and every virtuous mind, a fountain of instruction of the most pleasing nature.

The history of any society whose objects are "to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed," and train up its members in morality and virtue, ought to be read with enthusiasm and satisfaction.

Mr. EDITOR, with these views and feelings on the subject, I most respectfully solicit the following favour, viz: that either you or some of your talented correspondents will be pleased to give to your readers an account of the *Rise and Progress of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds*.

Hoping that you will coincide with my request, and the few reasons I have faintly attempted to adduce, and take the subject into consideration, I shall beg leave to subscribe myself your humble servant,

URIAH SMITH."

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The great principle of philanthropy has long been the admiration of all great and good men, in every age and country in the civilized world; but more particularly did that god-like principle manifest itself, as the great work of civilization advanced, and which invariably kept pace with the advancement of the arts and sciences, which no country in the world has brought to the same perfection as our own. Coeval with this, is the establishment of many useful institutions which reflect the greatest credit on their benevolent founders. Some of them lay claim to great antiquity; others more modestly forbear associating themselves with days of yore. Be that as it may, it does not enhance or depreciate the value of their unbounded utility, nor detract one iota from the character of those worthy and enlightened men, who first bestowed their time and talents in promoting so praiseworthy an object. Those who have read the history of the world, or, more particularly, the history of our own country, know how to appreciate the value of these assertions, which proclaim their co-existence with time itself. We do not lay claim to that honour; for we wish it to be distinctly understood (though we are called Ancient) that ours did not exist antecedent to the year 1826; since which time it has advanced with unparalleled rapidity; for it has, since the above period, risen from one solitary lodge, to the enormous number of 400.

As all things become matters of history, it is desirable that posterity should be put in possession of a few historical facts relative to the first establishment of Shepherdry by a few individuals, part of whom resided in the town of Ashton-under-Lyne, and others in the retired village of Mossley, a delightful place, situated at the eastern extremity of the county of Lancaster.

Their first intention was to establish a common Sick and Burial Society, but fearing it might not succeed, unless it bore some resemblance to those associations for which the public had a strong predilection, it was ultimately agreed that it should be what is generally termed a "Secret Society." The first meeting was held at the house of Mr. Thomas Scholfield, Friendship Inn, Ashton-under-Lyne, on the 25th day of December, 1826. This being Christmas-day nothing but desultory conversation took place, with the exception of a resolution for an adjournment to the 3rd of February, 1827, at which meeting the same parties were present, when Mr. P. Buckley proposed the following remarkable resolution:—

> "That this Society having held its first meeting on Christmas-day, for the purpose of proclaiming glad tidings to future generations, it is resolved, that it shall henceforth be entitled The Society of Ancient Shepherds."

Having carried the above, the next proposition was,—

> "That this Society be held at the house of Mr. Thomas Scholfield, Friendship Inn, and that, in the event of being able to extend beyond one lodge, this be called The Loyal Abel, No. 1.

So that from the very wording of the resolution, we have a proof, that they were not very sanguine in their expectations. This meeting consisted of about twelve persons, who found it necessary to appoint officers for the government of the lodge,—when the first W. M. who ever presided in a lodge of Ancient Shepherds, was Mr. John Whitehead, of Mossley, a very able and intelligent man, who, a few years afterwards, emigrated to the United States of America, where he promised to establish the Order; and, being furnished with necessary credentials for the purpose, we have no doubt of his punctuality; but being "far west," we have not been able to ascertain the fact.—The first D. M. was Mr. Philip Buckley, who, in the year 1839, also left England for the United States.—Mr. George Dowes was appointed the first Secretary to No. 1 Lodge. Being an intelligent

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and persevering man, he was of great service at the commencement, and is still a member of the same lodge.—These individuals found a valuable acquisition in the person of Mr. WILLIAM LEEBRIDGE, whose education and station in life well qualified him for those duties which required the aid of literary talents.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SHEPHERD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

How blythe the life the shepherd led,
Far on the green hill side;
Where nature's stores were sweetly spread,
Like favours o'er a bride.

His fleecy flock, his only care,
Like fairy creatures play'd;
While fondly, to the murmuring air,
He tuned the serenade.

The ceaseless turmoil of the state,
To him was never known;
He envied neither rich, nor great,
Contentment was his own.

No thoughts that rack the poet's brain,
Disturbed his gentle rest;
Nor gloomy care, nor sorrow's pain,
His tranquil mind opprest.

To tend his flock his steps were bent,
As morn shed lustre round;
And rosy health, and sweet content,
His manly features crown'd.

And when the shades of evening fell,
And warn'd him to remove;
He gladly bade the hills farewell,
And join'd his village love.

When by the moon's effulgent beam,
They wander'd thro' the dale,
The shepherd sat beside the stream,
And breath'd his tender tale.

'Twas thus the ancient shepherd's life
Pass'd like the sun-born flowers;
Far from the town's unceasing strife,
He spent his fleeting hours.

And when his simple pipe was hush'd,
When all his pleasures closed,
Beneath the turf his feet had brush'd,
His limbs at length reposed.

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Ah me! that scenes so rich and pure,
Gild but the minstrel's rhyme;
And that an age from sin secure,
Should yield to change and time!

"But let us, hand, heart, soul combin'd,
In such good deeds engage,
That we, through the pastor Christ may find
The *perfect* Golden Age."

SYLVAN.

Manchester.

PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

ADVANTAGES OF A BOOK.

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book—supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have a book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough, or too much. It relieves his home of its dulness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a livelier and gayer and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessaries and comforts for himself and his family, and without a headache. May, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to. But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class, what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! what a bond of family union. He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it—all contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more, it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect—that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

Enter the sacred temple of his breast,
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest—
Wander through all the glories of the mind,
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find.

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate sources of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.—*Sir John Herschel.*

GENIUS, strictly speaking, is only entitled to respect when it promotes the peace, and improves the happiness and comfort of mankind. What should we think of the gardener who planted his flower-bed with henbane and deadly night-shade? What should we think of the general who, being entrusted with an army, and a plentiful supply of military stores, applied these powers to degrading and enslaving his own country? He should be visited with scorn, and punished as a traitor. And why should the man who directs the artillery of his genius, delegated to him for high and holy purposes, to shaking those foundations on which the happiness of his species rests, and who employs the divine spark within him to the kindling of low and debasing passions, be allowed to hear his plaudits swelled in proportion as his powers of doing mischief become apparent? Talent is always accompanied with the responsibility of using it rightly; and the neglect or pity of the virtuous is the penalty which the child of genius pays, or ought to pay, for its abuse. However splendid talents may compel our admiration, they have no right to claim the general esteem of mankind when their possessor exercises them without regard of what is due to the well being of society and himself.—*Literary Gazette.*

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RUS IN URBE.

It has been very unfair on the part of the poets, from Chaucer upwards, towards unfortunate dwellers in cities like ourselves, to confine their praises of May entirely to that spirit which might be supposed to be engendered by living in the country. They evidently did not believe that there was such a thing as spring in London. Look at Covent Garden Market; we should like to know whereabouts in the country spring could ever be seen to such advantage as *there?* What cloudpole district was ever blessed with such a scent-laden air as that which lingers in the centre avenue? Go on to the Pantheon conservatory, there we triumph again. No chance of being overtaken by rain; no damp walks nor grass whereon your shoes get wet through, and you catch cold; no uneducated, half-savage tribes to upset your refinement, and knock down your poetical ideal by their dull reality—oafs, to whom Cerito is something to eat, for ought they know to the contrary; who, if you told them Grisi was a place in Buckinghamshire, would not doubt your word. There is water, too, not as Bacon says, "to mar all, and make the garden unwholesome and full of flies and frogs," but to increase the poetry of the scene, playing to its own music amidst gold fish, cockatoos, and rare exotics—a realization of that artistic conception on a *papier mache* tea tray or envelope box. We don't understand Spring in London, indeed; and cannot enter into its beauties! Why, where, even at its earliest blush, can we see such a concentration of its offspring, as in those long barrows, teeming with primroses and cowslips, which appear to come of their own accord under our very windows, and almost before mother earth herself knows that the buds are out? We do not know what breath of spring air is, forsooth, in this dreary, pent-up London! It is because we are too lazy to seek it. Get up early, and go into Russell Square—aye, even Russell Square—about sunrise, and you may drink such a balmy draught of pure atmosphere into your lungs, as will make you sing again for very light-heartedness. If you doubt what we say, but have not the moral courage to rise at unwonted hours, come home at the same time from a ball; and then see what a lecture the fresh spring air will read to your pale face and done-up gloves—your blinking eye-lids and polka-dishevelled hair. You will hear, too, the "small foules maken melodie," to which the flageolet or piccolo of the quadrille band is a forced and wretched wheezing. The early morning will teach you a lesson, that the May peep of day in London is a delicious thing indeed. But do not cry it down, or perhaps deny its existence, because you are never yourself in trim to enjoy it. We repeat, listen to the birds, though common, dirty, plebeian sparrows, who welcome the fresh spring morning with all the energy they can. It is the voice of Nature in evidence of its presence; and Nature never tells a lie. —*The English Gentleman.*

Notices of New Books, &c.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

AMONG the many periodicals which are put forth as the professed and practical vindicators and encouragers of the poor, none has a greater claim upon our attention and respect than this. Mr. Jerrold is a vigorous and fearless writer, a thorough hater of cant, and an utterer of beautiful though sometimes bitter truths. We do not coincide with all his views, and often wish his satire less caustic but not less powerful, though we are convinced it springs from the fulness of his benevolence. His general tone, however, we heartily approve and admire. Would his pen were legion. Independent of the Editor's deeply and painfully interesting tale, St. Giles and St. James, each number contains a variety of articles, important in character and excellent in quality, from other pens, and so imbued are they with the spirit and intention of the editor that every page "breathes with a purpose." From St. Giles and St. James, in the May number, we extract the following exquisite morsel:—

CHURCH BELLS.—There's something beautiful in the church bells. Beautiful and hopeful! They talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there's a sound in

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them that should scare pride, and envy, and meanness, of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look upon the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, there is a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we have only the ears rightly to understand it. There is a preacher in every belfrey, that cries "Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week-day craft, your heart-burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye, that for all your gilding, all your colours, ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble; learn that, however daubed, and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come; and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of heaven as the sores of uncompromising Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart and walk among the wickedness, the cruelty of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions."

Another extract from "Truth in a Vision," in the April number, if read with the same faith as we have read it, cannot fail to be interesting to our readers. It is hopeful, beautiful, and true:

"A great work is doing in the world," said the Voice; "let men understand it as we do, and duly honour each other in mutual assistance. See how genius inspires labour!"

The sky and the valley were now excluded from his view, and the spectator only saw the interior of an apartment—a study—where sat a thoughtful-looking man, with a pair of compasses in his hand, occasionally drawing lines upon a sheet of paper. Suddenly that scene vanished, and the spectator's view was directed to a wild moor, without a human habitation. A cloud passed over the scene for a moment, then was as suddenly dispersed; and lo! the moor was sprinkled over with cottages—fires were gleaming—the sound of hammers was heard. Beside an opening in the ground, was a mighty smoking engine; an immense rope was coiling round a revolving wheel, and large masses of precious ore were drawn up and heaped upon the ground. Beside the engine stood the thoughtful-looking man—the magician, whose thought had transformed the wilderness into a mine of riches. But the traveller saw children, even of tender age, descending the shaft of the mine, there to labour, far from fresh air and sunshine, and birds, and flowers, and all beauteous things; and he saw them come up again, worn with toil, and with faces pale, and sad, and sickly; and then he exclaimed—"Better had the magician never have conceived this wealth-making plan, and better had the moor remained the wilderness it was, only peopled by the undisturbed red grouse!"

"Hush!" said the Voice. "See more!"

And lo! the interior of a splendidly illumined church, or cathedral, was unfolded, where an orator, in priestly robes, was addressing a congregation of gaily-dressed people.

"None of them think of the poor children who are descending the shaft of the mine on the moor!" said the spectator.

"See more!" said the Voice. "Men *will* come know and honour one another."

Then the interior of a little room was displayed, where sat a young man writing in a book: and, in the intervals of writing, he sometimes looked up at a picture of the mine on the moor; and a number of the working children, in ragged clothing, stood by his desk, and said—"Write for us! write for us! write, and teach people how to treat us!"

And the young man continued to write. Then several well-contrasted scenes were shifted rapidly before the eyes of the traveller.

He beheld a concert room filled with gay ladies and gentlemen, while singers and players on sweet instruments made the walls resound with rich harmony. "They are not singing of the children on the moor," thought the traveller; and at the thought, the scene changed; and lo! at the same time, while the concert was proceeding, he saw a line of men and their children walking home from the pit's mouth, across the moor, after their day's labour, with no music to accompany them but the howling blast of night and winter.

"Music is wanted *there*," said the traveller.

He saw trains of priests and bishops issuing from noble cathedrals in large cities—and then the moor without a church, and the sooty miners. He saw a palace, and court-ladies

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glittering with diamonds; and then he beheld the bottom of the mine and the children in the black passages.

Then he beheld many of the genii going about with copies of the little book which the young man had written, and putting them into the hands of rich and noble people, lords, ladies, bishops, priests, judges, and legislators, coming out of courts, palaces, churches, and carriages; and all the lords, the ladies, the bishops, the priests, the judges, and the legislators, stood still and looked at the frontispiece-picture of the mine on the floor, and began to read in the little book.

Then he turned his view to the moor again; and, lo! a lady of a very gracious aspect came forward and laid down on a certain spot a purse of gold. And then a man with a line walked round the spot upon which the lady stood, and marked out a piece of ground, and the genii began to build a beautiful church; and, near to it, others were building a school-room, and the lady with the kind countenance pointed to the children who stood gazing around, and said mildly;—"these children must no more go down into the mine; but must be taught all good things by those whom I will send."

"Good!" said the traveller.

"Behold the Future!" said the Voice.

Then the traveller looked again, and saw the hall which the genii had built at the command of the Lady, lighted up for an evening festival, and the miners and their families, having closed the day's labour, had washed and dressed themselves in good garments, and thronged into the room. And musicians were there, playing and singing; and in a chair above all the rest, sat the young man who had written the little book about the "Mine on the Moor;" and when he arose to speak, all the men and the women and the children clapped their hands and shouted to greet him; and when he pointed to the Lady who had built the church and the hall, they shouted and clapped their hands again.

Then the Traveller looked far round the church and the hall, and saw that the plain was sprinkled over with neat and comfortable dwellings, with gardens beside them; and inside the houses, he saw books, pictures, and instruments of music, and smiling faces around bright firesides. "This," thought he, "is better than leaving the solitary moor to the red grouse."

"Ay!" said the Voice—as the vision faded, and the traveller saw only the blue, starry sky, and the moonlit valley below—"the vision is true. The spirits of beauty and goodness are always present in the house, though they do not always thus display themselves. This valley, like all other parts of the earth, is always under the eye of heaven. Learn, traveller, to trust in the invisible, and let not your faith be discouraged by passing clouds."

Then the traveller, being awakened from his dream, went down the side of the hill, to find rest and shelter for the night in some house in the valley. J. G.

BUDS OF POETRY. By Thomas Kershaw, Ashton-under-Lyne. Faulkner, Manchester

It is pleasant to see a young man, surrounded by the harsh circumstances, and compelled to the uncompromising duties of a labourer's life, turn from the moral dangers which beset his condition, and look to literature as a solace in his few, alas too few! leisure hours. Here is another instance among many that have come before the world's notice of late years. Mr. Kershaw is a factory operative, and has just produced a little volume of creditable poems. We cannot promise him much fame from this his first attempt, but we would not discourage him; time and study may yet do much for him, and with becoming prudence and modesty, make him an ornament to his native town. We will candidly say that we think he has much to learn and something to *unlearn* ere he can hope to rank among England's acknowledged poets of humble life. His poems display a considerable knowledge of versification, are amiable and pure in spirit, and generally pleasing; but his choice of subjects, we think, injudicious. He aims too high, which only renders his want of power too manifest. Such subjects as "Babylon," "Waterloo," and the "Dead Sea," are unfitted for him. The minds of a high order of genius alone can grapple with them. The gentler affections and the beauties of nature are more within his reach, and better adapted to his limited strength and knowledge. We like, and recommend to the perusal of others, "The Homes of England," "The Blind Child," and the "Child among the Flowers." We are sorry our space does not afford us an opportunity of extracting one of these. Ere he publishes again we advise him to discard certain obscure words and eccentricities of expression. Good plain English is always beautiful if well used. Let him prune, reject, pause ere he writes, and polish that which is written, and he will, doubtless, improve. After all the public voice will decide. It seldom errs.

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MATHEMATICS.

If a horse be tethered at one angle of a triangular plantation, the sides of which are each two chains, how much ground will he be able to graze over, the horse and tether being three chains long?

LODGES OPENED THIS QUARTER.

Wisbech District.

Of the various parts of the kingdom through which the Order of Shepherdry is spreading, this District appears to be not the least important; but as this subject will probably afford matter hereafter for more extended notice in your subsequent numbers, the present article will be confined to an account of Lodges recently opened in London and the Isle of Ely, in connexion with the District, and which, it is hoped, will not be altogether uninteresting to your readers. On Monday, 28th April last, a very respectable lodge was opened by brother Blaxley, Pro. D. C. Land, brother Ephraim Bodger, Pro. Cor Sec. of the District, at the Star and Garter, in the Edgeware-road, London, kept by host Kempshall, called the "Western Star Lodge," with nineteen members, and which has recently received a great addition, with the prospect of becoming a lodge respectable both in number and the character of its members. On Tuesday, 13th May instant, I had the honour, as C. S. of the District, accompanied by brother E. Bodger, to open a lodge at Littleport, called the "Good Intent Lodge," at the house of Robert Merry, with eight members, chiefly young tradesmen, who, from conscientious feelings, prefer holding the lodge in a private house, which, while practicable, cannot be objected to—they have no smoking or drinking, an example worthy to be imitated by all Shepherds—this small number may be rather considered a preparatory step to the introduction of an extensive lodge in this populous village, distant only five miles from the city of Ely, in which is a very large lodge. On Wednesday, May 14th, we opened a lodge (raised through the indefatigable exertions of brother Giscard, of Ely) at Little Downham, about four miles from Ely, at the Club Inn, kept by host Russell, with twenty-eight members, by the name of the "Southern Star Lodge." The introduction of this lodge was exceedingly interesting. Several of the brothers of the "Star in the East Lodge," Ely, accompanied by an excellent band of music, with appropriate banners, formed a procession, within half a mile of the village, which is also very populous. The brothers and friends walked in couples and were received by the C. S. and Secretary to the dinner tables, in a large booth erected for the occasion, thus giving the inhabitants a high treat in witnessing a beautiful procession of Ancient Shepherds, such as had never before been seen amongst them. After dinner the making of members and opening the lodge took place, during which the utmost attention was paid. After the proceedings of the day were completed, brother Giscard, on behalf of the members of the "Star in the East Lodge," introduced by a speech full of kind feeling and brotherly sincerity, presented brother Bodger, with a neat silver medal, having the emblem of the Order, and the following inscriptions engraved thereon:—"Presented to brother E. Bodger, by the members of the 'Star in the East Lodge,' of Ancient Shepherds, for his unremitting attention to the welfare and prosperity of this Lodge and the Order in general. Ely, April, 1845." A tribute to which the constant and unwearied exertions of the valuable Pro. Cor. Secretary justly entitle him. On Thursday, May 15th, we proceeded to open another lodge, (raised with much anxiety and care by brother Edward Smith, of the "Goshen Lodge," Waterbeach.) at Histon, near Cambridge, at the Barley Mow, kept by host Symonds, with sixteen members, by the name of the "Land of Goshen Lodge," making in all during the week fifty-two members. Returns have also been made of additions to the last two lodges, and it is not too much to add that, situated as they are in populous neighbourhoods, their numbers must necessarily increase. May they ever be as virtuous as numerous. The meetings and every thing connected with them were truly gratifying, and conducted with harmonious and hospitable feeling, and the simplicity of the initiations operated as a pleasing charm to all present, and were received with a satisfaction which had not been anticipated. For my own part, I cannot but acknowledge the pleasure afforded me in being made instrumental to promote the welfare and happiness of so many of my fellow-men, and which I accept as a sufficient return for my own personal labours and anxiety connected with the high and important office with which I am honoured. The attentions of the medical gentlemen, in connexion with the above Lodges, brothers Pearson, M. D., of

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Ely, and Penchard, Surgeon, of Cottenham, honorary members of the Order, are deserving the highest esteem, and are worthy of imitation by all medical gentlemen connected with the Order. Their responsibilty is of no trifling kind; for upon their decisions, in a greater or less degree, rests the welfare and permanence of the Order as a Benefit Institution. In the present cases our excellent brothers gave evidence that they were actuated by higher motives than the love of self; and the result of their labours on the occasions, will be a memento affording (I have no doubt) an inward gratification to themselves far exceeding all outward praise, and tend to promote and perpetuate the welfare of their more needy brethren.

It is earnestly hoped that none of the Lodges of our Order will be negligent upon this most important point; so satisfied is the Wisbech District of its importance and necessity as to have passed a law imposing a heavy fine upon every lodge who shall admit a member without a medical certificate as to the general constitution and health of the proposed member and his wife (if any), and such certificate is always laid before the District Officers with the returns at their following quarterly meetings.

A correspondent to "*The Independent Press*" newspaper, (of extensive circulation in Cambridgeshire and adjoining counties,) in reference to the above and other festivals and the Order of Shepherdry observes,—"We have seen the rules of this excellent Order which, in many of the lodges, have obtained the sanction of the barrister appointed to inspect the rules of Friendly Societies, and feel a pleasure in observing the sound principles upon which the Order is fixed, and the security thereby afforded to its members. We believe the mechanic and labourer have much to expect in an hour of need from the benefits to be derived from this and kindred Institutions, and benefits accruing, too, from their own provident exertions; and we cannot but reiterate our former suggestions that societies of this nature have a strong claim upon the attention of the affluent, especially in assisting their servants and dependants to secure such important benefits, and to give evidence that those who are members are in truth and in fact better masters, better servants, and better members of society."

WM. P. BAYS, PRO. C. S.

387, the Pride of Wakefield, George Senior, Nag's Head Inn, Osset district. 388, Nelson's Monumental Glory, James Newton, Nelson Tavern, Ashton district. 389, Shepherd's Pleasure, Thomas Hodson, New Inn, Ashton district. 390, Loyal Eden, Matthew Irwin, Pack Horse, Bishop Auckland district. 391, Western Star, John Hempstall, Star and Garter Inn, Wisbech district. 392, Poor Man's Home, Thomas Gregory, Three Arrows, Bury district. 393, Confidence, George Bridges, Horse and Jockey, Bury district. 394, Good Intent, Br. Robert Merry, Private House, Wisbech district. 395, Southern Star, Br. John Russell, Club Inn, Wisbech District. 396, Land of Goshen, Allen Symonds, Barley Mow Inn, Wisbech District. 397, Shepherds in the Valley, Benjamin Burton, Barley Mow Tavern, Bolton District. 398, Shepherds on the Rock, John Mort, Seven Stars, Bolton district. 399, Loyal Patience, John Smith, Bay Horse, Bury District.

ANNIVERSARIES.

The members of the "Poor Man's Gaurdian" Lodge, of Ancient Shepherds, Normanton, Wakefield district, held their Anniversary on the 2nd day of June. As early as nine o'clock in the morning, the members assembled with an excellent band of music, and forming themselves into a splendid procession, headed by a calvalcade of ninty horsemen, moved in fine order by way of Woodhouse, Warmfield, Heath, and on to Wakefield; returning by way of Kirkthorpe, Newland, and Altoff, to Normanton; where 130 members sat down to an excellent dinner, served up in the superior style of the worthy host and hostess of the Black Swan. The cloth being removed, the usual loyal toasts were given from the chair, and responded to in a manner which reflects great credit on the various speakers. The evening was spent with that harmony and good feeling, which always characterises a lodge of Ancient Shepherds.

Deaths.

On the 17th day of April, 1845, of Apoplexy, D. Pro. C. S. Samuel Turner, of the Ashton district, he had been an active member of the Honest View Lodge, for a number of years.

Br. J. Williamson, Printer, Ashton-under-Lyne.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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UNION IS STRENGTH; HARMONY IS BEAUTY.

WE are surprised and grieved to hear that discord has crept into the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. This society, so rapid and unprecedented in its progress and prosperity; so noble in its principles, and so efficacious in carrying them out, has received a shock from which, we fear, it will be difficult to recover. It appears that the Executive has introduced, and endeavoured to enforce, certain measures which, be they good or bad, have raised up a hot and clamourous opposition. A few clever but fiery spirits, perceiving that their established laws and privileges are being invaded, have gathered a large number of discontented members about them, thrown down the gauntlet of defiance, and resolutely (we will not say rashly) asserted their independance. Whether the new measures are of a character to warrant this outbreak we know not, and it is not our province at present to inquire. It is enough that the evil exists, and to an alarming extent. How it will terminate it is difficult to foresee, but we hope in the restoration of good-will and harmony between the government and every member of the Order. It is a society for which we have a sincere admiration and respect; and though not now ranked amongst its members, we have participated in its pleasures, and enjoyed its advantages. We can bear witness to the intelligence, liberality, and sterling integrity of many of its chief officers, and sorry should we be to behold the disorganization of an Institution which not only embraces and benefits a large portion of the British community, but extends its name and influence to other and distant lands, thriving everywhere with unquestionable vigour and success.

Our sole purpose in drawing the attention of our brother Shepherds to this painful subject is to impress upon their minds the necessity of strengthening by every available means, their bonds of union. We are

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not aware that anything threatens to disturb the peace, or endanger the prosperity of our Order. Indeed we believe we may say with confidence that universal tranquility reigns amongst us. Notwithstanding this, human nature is pretty much the same in one body of men as another. We are as liable to fall into the error we deplore as those who are at this moment entangled in it. It behoves us, therefore, to be watchful, and, if possible, to gather new caution from the melancholy situation of our neighbours. It would be wise to set about discovering the means of avoiding a similar fate. Perhaps it would not be an useless task to re-examine our laws and exclude therefrom that which is valuless, make that clear and explici which seems ambiguous and obscure, fortify that which is weak, establisl the whole on a broad and deep foundation, so imbueing them with th spirit of charity and equity that all may equally respect and enjoy them but that none may have the power to apply them to any but the benevolen purposes for which they were originally formed. It may be that litt alteration is needed till new circumstances arise to demand it, and judgin from the firm and steady growth of our Order hitherto, they seem to hav fully answered the views and objects of the Institution. After all it woul be well to provide for every contingency that is likely to occur, that w may not have to reproach ourselves for remissness and want of forethough when it is too late.

As a natural consequence of this bitter contention among the Od Fellows, many will secede from them and join other societies of a simil character. Many quiet steady-going and steady-paying individuals wh have regularly attended their lodges because they could spend an evenin there sociably and rationally, taking an interest in the proceedings becaus they had a stake in the society, will become alarmed and disgusted, an doubtless ask themselves this question:—"All is getting wrong here. feel it necessary, from my position in life, to attach myself to some socie like this, in order to ensure aid and sympathy in the time of sickness a misfortune. But I want also comfort, and peace, and something lik security for my little monthly investment, and a little disinterested soci intercourse with my brother members, and the satisfaction of knowing th all is going on prosperously and harmoniously. Where shall I find this We answer,—"Among the Ancient Shepherds."

Now we think our brotherhood are willing to echo our answer, but w would not have them do so unless truthfully and conscientiously, and w believe that they are fully prepared for such answer. We would that th so comport themselves, without artifice, guile, or importunity, as encourage such individuals as we have alluded to, to enter amongst u

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We would have such to come *voluntarily*, perceiving by their own good sense that they were not likely to be disappointed in the new society they had adopted. We will quit this part of our subject at present, and advert to other matters which, though they come not in proper order, our readers may pardon.

In the election of men to sustain the chief offices in our Order, we think less regard ought to be had to showy and specious, than to solid and useful qualities. On such occasions personal partiality for any individual, however amiable, however attractive in manner that individual may be, ought not to influence us in our choice. The man chosen ought to be, or believed to be, one who loves the Order for its own sake; one who will work with energy and rectitude; one who will speak the truth temperately, but plainly and to the point; one who holds nothing so sacred and inviolable as his own integrity; the authority with which he has been invested; and the duty he owes to those who have armed him with the power of doing good, a thing which is "its own exceeding great reward." If, however, one who has been honoured with a chief position among us should, through wilfulness or error (for both are concomitants of our common nature), abuse the power delegated to him, let him be recalled by a regular and lawful mode of proceeding, and one more tried and trustworthy be elected in his stead. We would respect and obey all properly constituted authorities, and even in an emergency like that to which we have adverted, where an officer oversteps the prescribed bounds of his office, we would advise that his innovations be calmly and deliberately examined, to see if they really are dangerous or not. If found to be wrong, we would still advise that no harsh language, no fierce upbraidings be used against the offending party. We would recommend, at first, firm but gentle remonstrance, and cool convincing reason. If, however, he should still persist in the face of a majority, prompt and decisive action should be resorted to, which will either bring him to a just sense of his duty, or by removing effectually prevent him propagating further mischief. By no means should he be permitted to hold place beyond the time barely necessary to dismiss him lawfully. Remove the cause, and the disease, if not too far gone, will cease. Let it remain, and it may fester, spread, and corrupt the whole body, and in all probability end in its dissolution. "Union is strength; harmony is beauty," and he who attempts to weaken the one or disturb the other, is no friend to the society by which he is honoured as a member, and the sooner he is rendered powerless the better.

In order to ensure the well-being of our Order, another important matter should not be forgotten and neglected. The strictest economy, not

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approaching to meanness, in financial affairs should be invariably and systematically attended to. The funds of every lodge, contributed as they are, in a great measure, by hard-working men, and strained, as they are in many cases, from the scanty means of every-day subsistence, ought to be carefully husbanded for the noble purpose for which they are deposited. It has been the failing of many lodges in our own as in other societies of a like character, to lavish thoughtlessly large sums on gew-gaw and glitter, on expensive, and to our eyes, useless and gaudy regalia. Squandering that which was raised for the professed object of providing for the sick, giving decent burial to the dead, and aiding and cheering the widow and orphan in their forlorn and needy condition, upon vain and vulgar parade is, in our idea, weak and foolish; it is worse than foolish, it is unjust, not only to themselves, but to the whole brotherhood. The simplicity of benevolence and absence of ostentatious display constitutes its chief dignity and beauty; and it is a proof of pure taste and genuine feeling on the part of any individual, or body of individuals, to do good silently, modestly and effectually. Of course we cannot object to what is necessary to distinguish us from other and similar self-supporting institutions, symbols expressive of our name and principles; but we think that they ought to be (for reasons we have mentioned,) unadorned and of little cost. Neither can we begrudge a little expense in the purchase of fitting tokens of respect for deserving members, who have devoted much zeal and labour to the advancement of the Order; but even this ought to be done judiciously that the honour conferred may appear the greater.

In conclusion we confess that our limited experience unfits us for writing largely on these subjects, but we trust that some of our talented correspondents and brothers will take them up, and give us the benefit of their knowledge and opinions, for which we shall be happy, when occasion offers, to find a place in the pages of our Magazine.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE LOYAL ORDER OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS

CONTINUED.

THE number of members in the Abel Lodge increased with such rapidity, that it afforded the most ample satisfaction to those who took an interest in its welfare. But, whether from the simplicity of its name, or the superior advantages it possessed over other societies of a similar description, we know not; but true it is, its all-absorbing powers of attraction drew to its ranks many individuals who had never before thought of joining any society and whose station in life placed them beyond the necessity of doing so.

That portion of the brethren who resided at Mossley, finding it inconvenient to attend

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to No. 1 Lodge, distant, at least, three miles from their homes, found no difficulty in obtaining permission to open a second; consequently, on the 6th of October, 1827, "The Good Intent, No. 2 Lodge," was opened at the house of Mr. William Farmer, George Inn, Mossley.

There now being two lodges in the Ashton District, with ample means for carrying out the fundamental principles of the Order, it was thought advisable (if possible) to extend its sphere of usefulness beyond the mere precincts of the place of its birth,—by giving life, energy, and activity to their hopeful offspring. They, not unlike our enthusiastic Missionaries in the land of the dark and benighted heathen, went forth into the neighbouring towns and villages, and in the midst of their friends, proclaimed the beneficial results which were likely to accrue to our sick and distressed members, and likewise to the destitute widows and orphans of our deceased brethren.

Can we look upon these men without feeling more than a common interest in their behalf; can we look upon the past labours of those who have been instrumental in giving to the world an Institution which has for its object the relief of the destitute and unfortunate part of the human family, without a desire to confer some mark of distinction upon them, before they are summoned "to that bourn from which no traveller returns?" The consciousness of having laid the foundation of a structure, upon which will flourish, in after ages, the pure and undefiled principles of charity, is to them a satisfaction which, under all circumstances, must be pleasing, but, on the whole, I think it is not a sufficient reward. The pastoral appearance, and the unassuming manners of the Ancient Shepherds, together with the absence of all expensive decorations, attracted much notice, being a beautiful contrast to the splendid pageantry and ostentatious display which the public had, for years been accustomed to witness.

Its popularity being completely established in the locality where it first originated, it was considered indispensably necessary to appoint a Head Officer of the Order, and, as Mr. John Whitehead had been very active in every thing that was calculated to facilitate their benevolent object, their choice fell upon him. This honour he had nobly earned by his untiring labours in the good cause. Thus we find him reaping the reward of his exertions,—first, by being honoured with the presidential chair of the first lodge, and next, by being appointed C. S., which is the highest honour that can be conferred upon any individual by our institution: and no one ever more highly appreciated the proud preeminence of being ranked in the line of his successors than myself, knowing, as I do, that I am ably supported in the great cause of philanthropy, by gentlemen of liberal and enlightened minds, to whom I am an entire stranger in person; but, in pursuing the great work of charity, we have long laboured in the same vineyard,—and, if delicacy did not forbid, I might, with propriety, pass a well-merited encomium upon some of my official brethren, not only in my own district, but upon others who are far distant from the spot where I now wield the elastic goose-quill. Mr. W. having been properly installed, Mr. Leebridge was appointed his Deputy; and, as I write for posterity, I unequivocally declare, that there never were, at any time, two more efficient officers than the gentlemen above named.

An application for another lodge was made from the village of Lees, near Oldham, which request was at once complied with; and on the 10th of October, 1828, "The Loyal Lees, No. 3," was opened, at the house of Mr. John Tobin, Wellington Inn.

The unerring hand of time having wrought another change in the official department, their choice of C. S., as may naturally be supposed, fell upon Mr. Leebridge, a choice which did much credit to themselves, and stamped a lasting honour upon the institution.

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For whether in, or out of office, his talents have always been devoted to the promotion of the cause.

After he had ascended the Presidential chair, the brethren of the Order could not permit his predecessor in office to retire, without bestowing some mark of esteem upon him. His strenuous exertions in promoting our infant society, combined with his disinterested conduct, having won their golden opinions, it was unanimously agreed to place around his neck, a silken band, appended to which was a silver medal, with a suitable inscription; and I am not presuming too much when I say that that medal found a resting place upon a heart which was fully devoted to the cause we are so anxious to see prosper.

Mr. Thomas Chadwick, of Mossley, now one of the Society of Friends, was appointed D. C. S., and such another man, under similar circumstances, could not have been found for the office.

As the opening of new lodges rapidly succeeded each other at a great distance from the seat of government, it required more than ordinary exertions on the part of the officers to fulfil the arduous duties imposed upon them. At that time Chadwick was strong, vigorous, and enthusiastic. With a constitution braced by the keen air of a mountain district, he was enabled to perform the duty which devolved upon him with comparative ease. It must be borne in mind that he is a man to whose indefatigable exertions our Order is more indebted for success, than to any other individual in the whole range of our invaluable Institution. The laborious duties of office never, for one moment, damped the ardour of his pursuit; nor was he ever known to complain when called to a distance of twenty miles, upon the shortest notice, for the purpose of opening new lodges.

As Mr. Leebridge's engagements totally precluded the possibility of his attendance at all times, upon the business of the Order, in consequence of his being frequently called to various parts of the county, as a surveyor and valuer of land estates, Chadwick was under the necessity of officiating for him, which he did with the greatest pleasure; and those who are not acquainted with the real character of this man, will scarcely give me credit when I assert that, he opened, and assisted in opening, sixty of the first lodges of Ancient Shepherds. Such was the enthusiastic disposition of the disciple of George Fox to promote the welfare of our Order, that his very soul was wrapped in the mantle of Shepherdry, and many a weary pilgrimage has he made to pay adoration at the shrine of our Institution.

It may be considered a digression from the subject in question, to state that the founder of that numerous and respectable body of Christian worshippers called Quakers, was a Shepherd in his youth, but after a wandering and religiously enthusiastic life of some years, he delivered his first sermon in 1647, in the village of Dukinfield, North Cheshire, not far from the spot where we dip the point of our stupid pen in the venerable inkstand before us.

How cheering must it have been, to have beheld the very prototype of that great and good man, on a bleak winter's night, starting for some distant lodge which required the aid of experience. With "friendly crook," grasped in the hand of true benevolence, regardless of the rushing wind which swept through the deep valley beneath his humble dwelling, driving the feathery flakes before its all-powerful agency, he went forth on the mission of mercy. Remonstrance, and the fiendish laugh of scorn, proving ineffectual, he bid defiance to the "pelting of the pitiless storm," and gave his enemies the benefit of his sympathy. With most of the brethren of the Ashton and neighbouring districts, Mr. is an especial favourite, and his name is seldom mentioned but with great respect, knowing him to have been a principle in raising our noble structure to the proud pre-eminence

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now assumes. Though he does not, at present, take a prominent part in the business of the society, he still delights to converse upon the subject; when the fire of benevolence flashes from his eye, as he throws its penetrating glances athwart the countenance of a friendly visiter.

In point of talent, he ranks above a majority of the labouring class. As a proof of which we have only to refer to one or two of his literary productions; for we are confident that it is not generally known that he is the author of the *Pastoral Lecture*, which at once proves him to be conversant with the sacred Scriptures. It is impossible for me to conclude these remarks without mentioning another of his productions, which is familiar to every Shepherd, as no one was ever permitted to pass the threshhold of a lodge of Ancient Shepherds without hearing the words of that Song, which gives a hearty welcome to every new-made brother. This is generally termed the *Making Song*, and though it may be considered deficient in poetical sublimity, it is far superior to anything we could have expected from a man with so few advantages as THOMAS CHADWICK.

"Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved;
That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine, only have I left to say
More is thy due than more than all can pay."
SHAKSPERE.

However slightly some men may think of the service of others, it is for me, as a faithful historian, to weigh the value of every active man in the scales of justice, and bestow upon him a conscientious reward, by shewing to posterity how he toiled and sweat in the vineyard of benevolence, that the sons of future sires might reap a rich and an abundant harvest. In whatever district, in whatever part of this vast empire, we find a deserving member of our numerous body, our humble pen will endeavour to paint him in colours the most natural, and becoming his true position in society, without the slightest exaggeration. Such is the brief sketch before you; and such will be the case in our future Notes on the *Rise and Progress of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds.*

There is one fact connected with this notice which we cannot pass over in silence. So recently as the Annual Meeting of the year, 1845, which was held at Molton, in the north riding of the county of York, Mr. C. made an appeal to that assembly to be permitted to take his seat in his lodge without being compelled to take off his hat, which was at once complied with, and our Quaker brethren, are now an exception to a general rule.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OCTOBER.

BY THE EDITOR.

OCTOBER, a blythe and benevolent fellow,
Is here with his tresses enwreathed with the vine;
His broad visage glowing with purple and yellow,
As if he had quaffed of his own barley-wine.

His cloud-car of shifting and shadowy whiteness
Upcaught in mid-air, through the welkin careers;
His shield is the harvest moon, blessed in her brightness,
His sword a light sickle unburnished with tears.

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His crown is a corn-sheaf—magnificent, truly!
Which whispers of peace as it waves to and fro;
His mantle of forest leaves, shaken down newly,
Is clasped with a belt of ripe apple and sloe.

'Tis a time for thanksgiving, oh let us be grateful
For beauties and bounties the season hath brought!
The heart of that being is woeful or hateful,
Who can not, or will not, rejoice as he ought.

The grain in the garner, the grape in the presses,
Give earnest of plenty, and promise of joy;
And the soul, in the language of silence confesses,
His goodness, whose mandate can make or destroy.

Come, walk we the landscape, and cheerfully follow
The beck of our free-footed fancies to day—
By wild-wood and river-path, hill-side and hollow,
From shadows and sounds of the city away.

For children are out on their devious ramble,
(Sweet childhood! I cling to thy memories yet,)
Who rifle the hazle-bough, halt by thy bramble,
And stain laughing lips with its fruitage of jet.

How golden the garment of sunlight that covers
Earth's manifold features of glory and grace!
How teeming with silver the cloud-fleece that hovers
Above, in the measureless marvel of space!

The solemn old woods how they sadden! and slumber
In gorgeous tranquility, fading though fair.
As if some rich sunset of hues without number
Had fallen, and rested in permanence there.

The cuckoo is gone, and the swallow prepareth
To wing his broad passage to far distant bowers;
Some region of splendours and spices, that weareth
The freshly-born beauties of bright summer-hours.

Now turn we our steps, for the lusty sun lieth,
O'erhung with his banners of flame, in the west;
The rook to his cloud-gazing citadel flyeth,
The hind to his homestead, the steer to his rest.

Let us feast upon nature, for silence and sadness
Will fling their stern fetters about her, ere long;
But the heart that is wont to partake of her gladness
Will find her, still living and blooming, in song.

High thought! that the soul of our mould is immortal!
Unwithered, unwasted, by season or time;
That a spring-tide eternal may open its portal,
And beckon us in to a happier clime!

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PASSAGES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

BY G S.

"Our ancestors were as clever fellows as we, or perhaps cleverer at a walk."
CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

AFTER the cares, toils, and anxieties of the week, which had been spent in my customary avocations, in one of the large manufacturing establishments of this country, I resolved to make pedestrian a pilgrimage to the beautiful, romantic, and picturesque valley of Saddleworth, and to visit some of my old acquaintances by the way.

It was one of those delightful mornings in the month of June, so beautifully described by some of our sentimental tourists, which induced me to leave my cottage, wherein I had, for nearly twenty years, been domiciled, amidst the cares and anxieties of a numerous family,—I packed up my writing apparatus and walking-stick, bid good-morning to my wife, and in a few minutes entered the church-yard of St. Michael's, at Ashton-under-Lyne, dropped a tear of sympathy on the grave of a once esteemed friend, heaved a sigh over the obliterated stone of poor Tim Bobbin the second,* passed silently through the town, and in a short time found myself at Hurst Knoll. There I stopped, and laid my arms upon a five-barred gate, to contemplate the surrounding neighbourhood; but that which most excited my curiosity at this moment, was the vast improvement which had been made in the cultivation of the Moss. This once inpenetrable bog yielded to the superior skill of the celebrated Mr. Reed, of Chat Moss, who, in less than two years, brought it to produce a very superior crop of wheat, oats, and barley. But when I view the extent of three or four hundred acres of moss and other lands which have, from time immemorial, been considered to be the sole property of the parishioners, for the purpose of supplying them with peat in Winter, and in Summer as a place of recreation, where all kinds of athletic sports have been practised from a very remote period by the youth of the neighbourhood, it distracts my very soul; aye, and when I thus see the people robbed by the hard hand of an unrelenting aristocracy, who never yielded an equivalent for their ill-gotten wealth, it is more than my poor stock of philosophy can bear; and when I take a survey of the surrounding country, and behold the numerous foot-paths of which the public have, from time to time, been deprived, I involuntarily exclaim with Hamlet,—"there is something rotten in the state of Denmark."

The morning was fast waning away, and the sun's heat was becoming rather intense. The lark which had soared into the heavens, was again descending to the earth, there to remain silent till the shades of evening should call forth another hymn of gratitude to the great Author of our being.

While thus absorbed in silent meditation, an old and venerable looking man accosted me in the following words:—"Sir," said he, "I have, for some time, been observing your intense application to your common-place-

* Robert Walker, author of "Tom Grunt," and "Whistle Pig."

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book; and fancying you are either a poet, or one who is in search of the picturesque. I beg pardon for breaking in upon your meditations." "There is not the least offence," said I, "but I can assure you I have not the honour to be the former, though I am for to-day, at all events, in every sense of the word, the latter; and I very sincerely thank you for your compliment." While putting up my book, and inverting the point of my Perryian pen, I had time to survey the person of my new acquaintance; and on taking a phrenological glance, I found that the organs of locality, benevolence, and wit, were the most prominent, while that of veneration was entirely at variance with his general appearance; his face bore the hue of rosy health and cheerfulness, the deep indented lines of sarcasm on each side of his mouth, corresponded with his fine wrinkled brow; his eyes were small and finely ornamented with long grey lashes; his aquiline nose, and more than ordinary long chin, gave him a very interesting appearance. His dress was that of the latter part of the eighteenth century: he wore a single breasted coat, decorated with large white metal buttons, about the size of a Yankee dollar, a swan-down waistcoat grey small-cloths, which buttoned round his hips, and displayed a shirt as white as the Alpine snow; his nicely-formed inexpressibles were fastened just below the caps of his knees with large silver buckles, below which a pair of fine lambs wool stockings covered his long spare shanks, high quartered shoes tightly bound round his ancles, with large steel buckles made in the form of a pack saddle of olden time; completed the dress of this singular and respectable looking gentleman. I see," said he, on the top of your stick a beautiful head of the celebrated Dr. Syntax, which at once convinces me that you are really in search of the picturesque." "This stick," said I, "is a great favourite of mine, and always accompanies me in my rural rambles; and I sometimes think this head still retains the spirit of the Dr., which sustains and animates me in my long and tedious journies through this mountainous and romantic district. I was born and bred at no great distance, and am well acquainted with most part of the scenery which only requires to be better known to be more highly appreciated; for a single journey into the lofty and majestic mountains would more than amply repay the trouble and expense of any one who has the least taste for that grand and sublime scenery which everywhere presents itself in that romantic locality."

Mr. Oldstyle, for that was the name of the old gentleman, looked me with some degree of interest, then grasped my hand and said, "Your taste is congenial with mine; you have not numbered a very many years but you have seen mighty changes; and I am afraid those changes will not better the condition of the great mass of the people I have numbered eighty summers," in this parish; I have seen the people contented and happy; I have seen the staple trade (the woollen) of my country flourish I have seen the soft and officious hands of our industrious maidens spin the long and substantial web upon one spindle, and that spindle held and sustained by a bolster made of straw, grown upon their own farms, and that web was wove by a shuttle without the aid of a fly. I remember the time when the trees grew vigourously, and bore abundance of fruit;

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corn-fields yielded their ponderous sheaves to the destructive sickle; the brooks well-stored with fish; but that, sir, was before the introduction of the steam-engine: its all-devastating smoke has destroyed the wild fruits of the earth, and rendered almost barren those delightful fields which surrounded our once happy towns; almost daily do I saunter round the last vestiges of our once waving woods, where the music of birds enlivened the labours of our once happy peasantry. With much regret do I behold, when walking in the fields, lanes, and along the margin of the winding streams, that the nuts, sloes, and even the blackberries have degenerated, sickened, and mourned the introduction of that power which political economists say, has annihilated space and economised our valuable time. *Hark ye, sir,*" said he, "had you seen, as I have seen, some sixty years ago, and contrasted those with the present times, you could not have beheld those objects which you call improvements with that degree of interest you seem to do, had you seen those delightful meetings called *boon-spinnings*, and beheld the young people from various parts of the neighbourhood, and I am proud to say, all placed beyond the reach of want, assembled on a fine summer evening, each maiden provided with a wheel and distaff, together with a number of carding ends, carded upon the robin-stick, or more properly speaking, upon a frame, in the form of a three-legged stool, and so systematically did they arrange themselves side by side in the front of the house, or in the middle of the orchard, that it would have enlivened the heart of an old recluse who once inhabited a shattered cottage in a lonely part of the parish: and now," said he, "the operation commenced by attaching the carding to the end of the spindle, the other end being held in the left hand, then would she give the wheel a twirl with her right, retreat a few paces backwards, for the purpose of drawing the thread to a certain fineness, and so on alternately, keeping time to some old English tune, which was then a favourite among the people; when each lass had spun a thread for each of her friends, and two for her lover, the wheel was laid aside, and the remainder of the evening was spent in convivial and social festivity;—dancing, singing, and story-telling was the principal part of the entertainment, which very much delighted the old people, who always superintended the pleasures of boon-spinning. The person at whose house the boon-entertainment happened to be held, introduced, with pride and independence, his enormous brown jug, with its grand accompaniment, bread and cheese, of which, I am proud to say, the people knew no scarcity, and which never failed to give an additional stimulant to those truly convivial meetings, of which, I am sorry to say, the people of modern times have no conception. These," said Mr. O., "were the days of real happiness; these were the days of real prosperity; these were the days of true religion; aye, sir, then you might have seen on the morning of the sabbath, the true worshippers of the Almighty repairing to the house of God, each with his bible and prayer-book under his arm; and the left breast of his home-spun coat nicely adorned with a variegated nosegay, composed of the choicest flowers of his own little garden, culled by the hand of his own dear wife—perhaps the partner of his years— or by a favourite daughter, whose fair complexion had not

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sacrificed one rosy tint to the contaminated atmosphere of a cotton-mill; these," said he, "were the true possessors of the Christian faith; and without ostentation did they repair to the church of Christ, regardless of creeds and ceremonies, there to offer up their prayers and thanksgivings to the only true and living God; and, sir, I say, without fear of contradiction, that these good men never closed the doors of their pews against the admission of strangers, as is too common with the self-righteous hypocrites of modern times. The house of God, plain and unadorned, was a receptacle of charitable men, whose hearts were ever susceptible of feeling, and whose hands never relaxed their charitable office. Such a man, I am proud to say, was my father, Edmund Oldstyle, who, alas! bid adieu to this base and degenerate world about the time that Watt and Arkwright displayed their cloven feet in the north of England

"My dear Mr. O.," said I, "I am compelled to interrupt you, by stating that your notions of Watt and Arkwright are very erroneous, and arise from early prejudice, such as my late father himself never could eradicate; but I am confident posterity will do them justice, by holding them up as public benefactors"—

"Public devils!" exclaimed Mr. O., at the same time wiping the sweat from his venerable brow, and relaxed again into his wonted calmness. "Alas!" said he, "had Watt never been born, and Arkwright strangled in his cradle, how different would have been the lot of man. There are improvements," said he, "of which I am extremely proud, and which do honour to my country. I duly appreciate the improvements in the science of Anatomy; for, not more than a century ago, it was comparatively little known or studied by those who professed the practice of medicine. Now, sir, if you will listen a few moments, I will give you an illustration of the anatomical acquirements of the medical gentlemen of Ashton, during the life-time of my father. The circumstance to which I allude is perhaps unknown to any other individual now living; and as you cater for posterity, I am confident it will not be lost.

In good old times," said he, "when the nobility and gentry of every county in England enjoyed the confidence and respect of the peasantry, and each good lord and his lady preferred the pleasures of a bear-garden to the more refined amusements of the stage, almost every town and village in the kingdom possessed one of these places of fashionable resort, where all classes of society, from the haughty baron down to the sturdy ploughman, assembled, without envying each others happiness, to witness the attacks of the fine old English mastiff, on that sagacious animal, the bear.

About the year 1750, Ashton-under-Lyne possessed one of these appendages of fashion, which rendered considerable emolument to the proprietor, as well as amusement to the public. After Bruin had exerted himself in repelling the attacks of his enemies, he was led round the town to receive upon his back those children who were affected with the hooping cough; as a superstitious notion then prevailed among the old women and nurses, that nothing would so effectually remove the complaint as that of placing the child upon the back of the bear, and allowing it to ride a distance of one hundred yards, for which privilege a fee of three-pence

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was paid. Two days a-week were set apart for Bruin to receive his patients, which he did in the most polite manner;—sometimes he would take hold of them with his fore-feet and press them to his shaggy breast without manifesting a disposition to injure them; thus did he render himself an object of esteem as well as curiosity. After ten years practice poor Bruin gave up the ghost, universally lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. The town's crier, with tears in his eyes, announced his death, when a deep melancholy pervaded every part of the parish. In a few days the parishioners assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to there departed friend. A grave having been prepared on the Moss to receive him, a few solemn strokes upon the big bell of Saint Michael's announced the first movement of the procession towards the dreary heath, where Bruin's bones were intended to lie undisturbed by the profane hand of the resurrectionest. After he had been deposited in "the house appointed for all living," the procession returned in the same slow and melancholy order as before. A plain stone was left to mark the spot where the once respected performer and physician lay. After a few years some sacreligious hand removed the stone, so that, in a short time, the place was totally forgot, save by a few of the oldest inhabitants of the neighbourhood. About thirty years after, as a man was digging turf on the Moss, he was horror-struck at the discovery of what he conceived to be the bones of a human being, and immediately alarmed his neighbours. The bones were then removed to the nearest barn for public inspection; and every one who saw them concluded they were the bones of some unfortunate wretch who had been inhumanly murdered. The vigilant constable lost no time in acquainting the Coroner and a respectable jury, who immediately assembled at the nearest public-house, to inquire into the circumstances; when some of the most skilful surgeons in the neighbourhood attended to examine the body, or more properly speaking, the skeleton; but, alas! their anatomical knowledge was insufficient to distinguish between the bones of a bear and those of a human being, consequently the enlightened jury returned a verdict—'That the bones of some person unknown had been found in the Moss; but how he came by his death could not be ascertained.' A coffin was prepared by the overseers of the parish to receive the remains of the once respected Bruin, who had the honour of receiving Christian burial at the Parish Church of Ashton-under-Lyne; and when the worthy curate pronounced that part of the ceremony,—"for as much as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our departed brother,"—it created much mirth among some of the old wags who had attended the funeral of poor Bruin, (their much respected performer and physician,) on the Moss, thirty years previous. This grand display of anatomical skill by the surgeons of Ashton, and the ever memorable verdict of the enlightened jury cannot fail to find a place in the local records of fame."

The manner in which Mr. O. related this remarkable story, at once convinced me he was no lover of medical quackery, but a great admirer of the scientific principles of practical anatomy. Whatever deficiency there might exist in the anatomical acquirements of the professional gentlemen

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of Ashton at that period, I am sure there is no want of talent in that department of science at present.

However sarcastic the old gentleman might hitherto have appeared, I had already concluded that the love of mankind was his predominant feature; his very heart was encircled in the halo of philanthropy. His benevolent desire of returning to the primitive manners of his ancestors, (however erroneous it may appear,) convinced me that he had the interest and happiness of his fellow-creatures at heart.

"Aye, aye," said the old man, "the miseries of the world originate in a want of universal sympathy, and that sympathy never can exist until the whole family of man is educated upon a different principle: the present (said he) is a principle of self-aggrandisement, and sends forth its baneful effects all over the civilized world."

It was with the greatest reluctance that I bid farewell to this venerable old man, for he had already warped himself round the inmost cores of my heart. His manner and disposition was noble; and he breathed the pure spirit of benevolence.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A GREAT FIRE AT LIVERPOOL, AS SEEN FROM SEACOMBE.

"With like clamour and dire yell
As when by night and negligence the fire
Is spread in populous cities."

SHAKSPERE.

In peace and beauty slept the quiet night;
The stars gaz'd on the waters, as each beam
Envied the brighter image of its light
Within the mirror of that placid stream,
Whose waves, of liquid pearl, o'er golden sands
Glow'd, lovlier than in dreams of fairy lands!

Night, lovely night, and stars and river-stream
Immortal—save in happiness—your dream
Of rest, is but repose of force o'erspent,—
The tiger-slumber of the element.
Night, in a moment, turn'd to lurid day—
The stars bedimm'd—the current on its way
Turn'd into blood by the Vesuvian glare,
That lights destruction from his horrid lare.
When the fire revels o'er a city's domes,
Alike foe to her altars and her homes.

Oh! for the powers of that mightiest One,
That sketch'd thy falling glories, Babylon!
When—not the stars, that like a molten gem
Glow'd through men's lattices, and unto them
Brought peace and happiness upon each beam.
When—not the eye, or ear, or glancing foot

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Pursued the echo of the silvery lute;
But when thy God with vengeance awful breath,
Rous'd up thy children to dismay and death;
No music then to greet thy startled ear,
Save crash of falling roofs and cry of fear.

Such was the scene and change, when wild affright
Startled its thousands on thy banks that night;
Fair *Mersey*, when thy palaces of pride,
The winged cars of commerce on thy tide,
Thy lovlier dwellings and thy loftier spires
Dreaded to bow beneath o'or mastering fires.

The etherial canopy it seemed to clasp
Within its blood-red scope, as if its grasp
Could take in heaven—then spat into the air
Its flakes of flame in impotent despair;
And scowl'd upon the earth with lurid frown,
As fell the fiery shower in baffled vengeance down.

The clattering engine, clang of warning bell,
Cries of the fearful, and the sufferer's yell
Were mingled with the wind, whose wanton breath
Toy'd with the flames in many a spiral wreathe,
Play'd with its ringlets, lov'd its kiss to court,
And seem'd to joy it in the cruel sport;
And in those arms, where zephyrs wont to rest,
The fiery demon bare, and wav'd his flaming crest.

JOHN BALL.

Whitfield School, Glossop.

DARBY AND THE RAM.

(*From the Dublin Penny Journal.*)

Twas one of those days when the sun in its perpendicular altitude looks at two sides of the edge at once—a lovely midsummer day—when nature was laughing till her sides ached, and mother earth, in her gayest mood, was lavishing her promises and her smiles to her often ungrateful children; the lambs were skipping to and fro within their enclosed pastures, and the cows, with grave and matron aspect, were lolling in the sun, and ruminating their already gathered repast—every thing seemed happy except the Shepherd Darby.

Poor fellow! A "green and yellow melancholy," had settled on his manly cheek; his grief he revealed not, but let "concealment like a worm i' the bud," prey upon his spirits; he stalked about the field like a ghost, or leaned upon his crook in silent despair.

Lord Amplefield and Squire Buckthorn were riding past to dinner. "I wonder," said his lordship to the squire, "what can be the matter with my shepherd Darby. He seems in a galloping consumption, and were I to lose him, I would not see his like again for many a long day. He is the most honest, steady, careful creature in the world, and never told a lie in his life."

"Never told a lie in his life! Good! Why, my lord, do you really believe such nonsense?"

"Decidedly I do. I know your opinion is not very favorable as to the moral character of our dependents, yet there are some among them not unworthy of trust."

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They now advanced nearer, and his lordship held up his whip as a signal, and over bounded Darby. "Well, Darby, that shower we had last night served the pastures;'

"It did, my lord, and the cows will give a larger meal, and require milking earlier this evening through means of it."

"Darby, bring over my favourite ram that this gentleman may see it."

"Yes, my lord. Hallo, Sweeper, away for Ballface." In a few minutes the dog hunted the ram up from the flock.

"That's a clever turn, my worthy," said the squire, "here's half a crown to drink."

"Thanks to your honour," said Darby, "but the worth of that in strong drink will serve me a year, and yet I'll spend it on drink all in one night."

"Explain this riddle, Darby."

"Why, sir, when I feel myself merry enough without it, where's the use in taking it? That stream can slake my thirst as well. Yet I'll not speak for others, many a one there are who must have strong drink to give them false spirits. On them will I spend it to open their hearts, and make them forget their day's toil."

"You are a worthy fellow, and a philosopher," said Lord Amplefield, with a look of triumph, as he and the squire rode off. "What say you to my shepherd now?"

"A mighty plausible fellow, indeed! Yet, proud as you are of him, my lord, I bet a score of sheep that before two days I'll make him tell you a barefaced lie, out and out."

"Done!" said his lordship, the wager was laid, and the squire set out on his LIE-MAKING expedition.

He soon ascertained the cause of Darby's melancholy. There had been a quarrel between him and the girl of his heart, the lovely Cathleen. Pride prevented a reconciliation, though both would have given the world to be in each other's arms. To her the squire bent his steps, succeeded in drawing out the secret that she loved Darby with a heart and a half, and then artfully upbraiding her with unkindness in neglecting the "worthy young fellow," who was dying for her, contrived to inveigle her, by a series of falsehoods, into a plan to get reconciled to Darby, and while in the height of his happiness, to coax the ram from him. It succeeded next day to admiration—and the laughing girl tript home, leading the animal with a kerchief taken from her snowy bosom.

Darby was now left to solitary reflection. The hour was rapidly approaching when his lordship usually took his round, and he would infallibly miss his favourite ram—what was to be done? To tell a LIE appeared to his honest mind the very essence of degradation—to EQUIVOCATE was meanness execrable—yet an excuse must be had! A sudden thought seized him—he resolved to see how a lie would look before he told it; and planting his crook in the field, and placing his hat on it, in order to personate himself, he retired to a little distance, and in the character of his lordship, hailed the effigy as follows:

"Good morrow, Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"How are the flocks to-day, Darby?"

"Pretty fair, my lord."

"Darby, I don't see my favourite ram—where is he?"

"Oh, my lord, he——he——he——."

"He what, Darby."

"He was drownd-ed—my—my lord!"

"Darby, if I did not know your general character for carefulness, I should feel exceedingly annoyed, but I presume it was an accident. Send the fat and hide up to the castle."

"That won't do!" murmured Darby, slowly turning away. He resolved to try again.

"Good morrow, Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"Are the flocks well to-day, Darby?"

"Bravely, my lord."

"And my ram, Darby, where is he?"

"My lord, he——he——."

"Is there anything wrong? tell me at once."

"He was sto—len, my—lord."

"Stolen! stolen! I saw him this morning as I was riding past! When was he stolen?"

"That won't do, either," exclaimed the poor shepherd, as he turned away the second time. "Cruel, cruel Cauth!"

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Something seemed to whisper to him, "Try if perhaps the TRUTH will do!" Fresh courage animated his desponding mind, and wheeling about, he recommenced the colloquy, and on coming to the usual interrogation, where's my ram," he dropped on his knees and exclaimed, "Oh, my lord, I had a falling out with my sweetheart, and she would not make it up with me unless I made her a present of your lordship's favourite ram. Discharge me, my lord, do with me what you please, but I could not bring myself to tell your lordship a LIE!"

"That will do!" shouted Darby, springing from his knees, and walking up and down with a feeling of honest exultation. He had scarcely time to compose himself when his lordship and the squire appeared. Darby, on the usual interrogation being put, dropped on his knees, and told "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" and instead of seeing a frown gathering on his lordship's countenance, he beheld him turn with a look of triumph towards the squire, while he exclaimed,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

The ladies are informed, in conclusion, that the squire's forfeited sheep was given to Cauthleen as a dower, and in taking the hand of her shepherd, she promised never again to put his truth and constancy to so severe a trial.

INTRODUCTION OF SHEPHERDRY IN LONDON.

I HAVE many times thought it strange that so valuable an Institution as the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds has not been established in the metropolis of this kingdom. Certainly there are several benevolent orders there, but, I think none better than our own. However, this has been accomplished, but not without some trouble and expense; for, when a secret order is about to form a lodge in a city or town where it has not existed, parties are sure to be a little suspicious.

In December last, I first began to correspond with brother John Shepherd, of the Halifax district, who resides in Paddington, and after very many letters to and from each other, we have opened the first lodge of this Order in London. On February 14th, I applied to *Friendly Fountain* lodge, which was the first lodge in this district, for leave to open a lodge at the *Star and Garter*, Edgeware-road. On this occasion we had the company of brother Atkinson, of the Pontefract district, who was the first person to introduce Shepherdry in Wisbech (18th April, 1838). Brother Atkinson expressed himself highly gratified at the rapid increase we had made in the district: for since that time I have had the honour of assisting to open seventeen lodges in the district, which now contains near 800 members.

At the quarterly meeting held 11th March last, it was resolved, "That leave be given to open a Lodge at the house of John Kempshall, Star and Garter Inn, Edgeware-road, London, as soon as arrangements could be made, and brother K. Blaxley, P. D. C. S., and myself appointed to attend." In consequence of the great expense that would be incurred, I made up my mind, as I had the honour of being chosen to represent the district at the annual meeting, to appeal to the officers and delegates composing that meeting for a little assistance, which was readily granted, wishing me every success in accomplishing the object I so much desired.

On the 28th of April we met twenty very respectable young men desirous of becoming members. We also had the pleasure of meeting several of our members, resident in London, on the occasion. Brother

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Blaxley, P. D. C. S. presided; P. M. James Sly, a member of the *Goshen* lodge, in this district, came from Hounslow, and rendered us great assistance by taking the D. M. office. As I had previously wrote to all the members that I could ascertain where living in London, we had the company of brother Arthur, a member of the *Orient* lodge, in this district, who took the Minstrel office; also brother James Diver, of Pontefract district, and brother John Shepherd, to whom great credit is due for his unwearied exertions in establishing the lodge, was O. G.

Business having commenced, thirteen persons were initiated into the mystic rites of the Order, after which several of them left to fetch their friends—being agreeably disappointed in the interesting nature of the proceedings—we had now to initiate six more, this with the general business of opening the lodge, &c, made us rather late. Brother Robert Wright was unanimously elected to be the first W. M.; brother Henry Stockford, D. M., and brother John Meddings, Secretary: brother John Shepherd being appointed Instructing Officer.

The whole of the evening being spent in business until eleven o'clock, and supper announced, we partook of a substantial repast, at the sole expense of our worthy host, and served up in a superior style by his better half; and, I must here remark, that the greatest kindness was manifested to all parties by brother Kempshall and his wife. After supper no time was lost in communicating all the instruction in our power, and encouraging the new-made brothers to perseverance in their new undertaking; not to be depressed by difficulties, but to exert themselves in a good cause; and which, I have no doubt, will be crowned with success. I hope, whenever an opportunity occurs to take any of our members to London, they will endeavour to pay the *Western Star* lodge a visit. Their first meeting commenced May 26th.

EPHRAIM BODGER, PRO. COR. SEC.

Wisbech.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BR. THOMAS CARTER.

AGED EIGHTEEN YEARS; A MEMBER OF COVENANT LODGE, RY-HILL, OSSETT DISTRICT.

This gentle youth so young and fair
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how fair a flower
In paradise would bloom.

Joyful in the hour of death
Believers close their eyes;
Sweet their last, their parting breath,
That joins them to the skies.

Heirs of heaven, and pilgrims here,
Oft sigh to reach the shore,
Where the saints in light appear,
Weeping for sins no more.

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He who died to set them free,
Shall raise them to his throne,
Bid them shout for victory,
And save by grace alone.

Thus did he, who lately fled,
From his home below,
Join the happy, pious dead,
Their lasting bliss to know.

Ye who saw the path he trod,
His works of faith and love,
Know it was the way to God,
That led to realms above.

Though the grave retains its trust,
The savour of his name
Lives in spite of worms and dust,
And vies with deeds of fame,

Yes; his mem'ry shall survive
Men whose names decline;
Those who safe in heaven arrive,
Like suns for ever shine.

His bones shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And like his Saviour rise.

DANIEL SCOTT, P. M. C. S.

A WORD TO SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY URIAH SMITH.

WHAT a number of different kinds of Institutions are now in existence in this part of the country! What a vast majority of our adult population are members of what is commonly called *Secret Societies;* and what inexhaustable sources of pleasure, morality, and profit do they contain, if put to no other use than the established one.

My six years acquaintance with two or three of them has taught me such a lesson, that if practised in the wide world as in the lodge, our pilgrimage through this "vale of misery and tears" would be considerably improved and softened—the thorns of sorrow blunted—many of our bitters destroyed—our feelings refined—and our moral and intellectual attainments raised to greater perfection. If those beautiful morals which have so often been sounded in our ears, were but practised amongst us in our daily avocations through life—if those examples of wisdom, piety, unshaken fidelity, temperance and virtue were better studied and more deeply impressed—if the golden rule of our great Shepherd were more strictly and universally adhered to, one half of our sorrows, bitters, tribulations,

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and disappointments would be adverted, and the other made more supportable at all times and in all situations.

Viewing these societies in such a favourable light, calculating their advantages, and setting forth their utility to the gaze and admiration of the intelligent, a feeling of pleasure and inward satisfaction will beam on the faces of all who watch and admire, encourage and support fundamental principles and precepts laid down. If the members of Secret Societies would act in accordance with the principles in their code of laws while in their various situations in life, many of the calamities and troubles which disturb us would be entirely unknown. But how different is this to the real state of things. How many act the very reverse? How many conduct themselves in the most disgraceful manner? During the intervals of lodge-attendance the feelings of brotherhood are consumed by ill-will—the ties of friendship are broken asunder—the important recommendations, examples and advice are condemned to temporary oblivion, by envy, malice, prejudice and ignorance. How often have members, of the same society, been seen to disgrace themselves, abuse one another, and cause the whole of the fraternity to be looked upon with suspicion and disgust.

The amount of money unnecessarily expended by some of the members, has often raised the following doubt in my mind, namely, whether the pecuniary benefit derived, was equal to the sum subscribed and spent on the occasion How often has the tongue of many a pale checked wife been heard to disclaim and condemn the "Clubs," as she has patiently waited the return of her husband, by the dying embers at the noon of midnight. Cheerless and dreary must those fire-sides be, when the inconsiderate owners stay at the table of Bacchus till the golden beams of the morning gild the tops of the mountains.

As a member, young in the Order of Ancient Shepherds, and zealous for its respectability and usefulness, I would exhort the brotherhood to conduct themselves (as I believe they have hitherto done) in an honest and honourable manner in the world—to guard against the evils above mentioned—to act in accordance with the recommendations, precepts and examples of their Order, as well abroad as in the lodge; for, by so doing, they will confer honour on themselves, bring blessings to mankind, and credit to the society to which they belong.

THE RETURN OF AUTUMN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE Autumn is now confirmed. The harvest is over; the summer birds are gone, or going: heavy airs have swept the air of its warmth, and prepared the earth for the impressions of winter.

And the author's season changes likewise. We can no longer persuade ourselves that it is summer, by dint of resolving to think so. We cannot warm ourselves at the look of the sunshine. Instead of sitting at the window, "hindering" ourselves, as people say with enjoying the sight of nature, we find our knees turned round to the fire-place, our face opposite a picture instead of a real landscape, and our feet toasting upon a fender.

When some enjoyments go, others come. The boys will now be gathering their nuts. The trees will put forth, in their bravely dying leaves, all the colours of heaven and earth

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which they have received from sun, and rain, and soil. Nature, in her heaps of grain and berries, will set before the animal creation as profuse and luxurious a feast, as any of our lordly palates have received from dish and dessert. Nature, with the help of a little art, can put forth a prettier bill of fare than most persons, if people will but persuade each other that cheapness is as good as dearness;—a discovery to which we think the taxgatherer might help us Let us see what she says this autumn. Imagine us seated at the bar of some fashionable retreat, or boxed in a sylvan scene of considerable resort. Enter, a waiter, the September of Spencer—that ingenious and (to a punster) oddly-dressed rogue, of whom we are told, that when he appeared before the poet, he was

Heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot.

At present, he assumes a more modest aspect, with a bunch of ash leaves under his arm, by way of duster. He bows like a poplar, draws a west-wind through his teeth genteely, and lays before us the following bill of entertainment:—

Fish. infinite and cheap.
Fruit, ditto
Nuts, ditto
Bread, ditto—taxed.
Fresh airs, taxed if in-doors—not out.
Light, the same.
Wine in its unadulterated shape, as grapes, or sunshine, or well fermented blood.
Arbours of ivy, wild honeysuckle, arbutors, &c., all in flower.
Other flowers on table.
The ante-room, with a view into it, immense with a sky-blue cupola, and hung round with landscapes confessedly inimitable.
Towards the conclusion a vocal concert among the trees.
At night, falling stars, and a striking panoramic view of the heavens; on which occasion, for a few nights only, the same moon will be introduced that was admired by the "immortal Shakspere!!!"

N. B.—It is reported by some malignant persons, that the bird-concert is not artificial: whereas it will be found, upon the smallest inspection, to beat even the most elaborate inventions of the justly admired Signor Mechanical Fello.

MECHANICAL FORCE OF THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

When it is considered that the water-power of the cataract of Niagara is unceasing by night as by day, and that the power for practical purposes in Great Britain is only applied, on an average, about eleven hours per day during six days of the week, it may be assumed that the motive power of Niagara Falls is at least forty-fold of the aggregate of all the water and steam power employed in Great Britain, and probably equal to the aggregate of all the motive power employed for mechanical purposes on this earth. The surface of Lake Erie is found to be 331 feet above Lake Ontario, and 565 feet above that of the ocean. The descent of the waters of Niagara River, in the few miles of distance between Black Rock and Queenston, is about 171 feet. exclusive of the grand cataract itself, forming a succession of rapids which, in some places, present to the view the sublime spectacle of the agitated surface of the ocean in a storm; and these rapids continue to occur during the subsequent descent of the river St. Lawrence, from the level of Lake Ontario to that of the sea, making, in the aggregate, above three-fold of the waterfall of the grand cataract, and consequently one hundred and twenty-fold of all the physical power derived from the use of all the waterfalls and steam engines employed, as above stated, in Great Britain, omitting to take into account the several huge rivers that are tributaries of the St. Lawrence. Such, and on so great a scale, are the ordinary operations of the impulses of physical power employed in the "mechanics of nature" in governing the movements of the waters of a single river, exceeding manifold the portion of physical forces rendered available and employed by all the inhabitants of the earth as a motive power in the "mechanics of the arts."—*American Journal of Science and Art.*

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THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

(*From Mrs Sigourney's "Scenes in my Native Land."*)

About fifteen years since, in the glow of early summer, a young stranger, of pleasing countenance and person, made his appearance at Niagara. It was at first conjectured that he might be an artist, as a large portfolio, with books and musical instruments, were observed among his baggage. He was deeply impressed by the majesty and sublimity of the cataract and its surrounding scenery, and expressed an intention to remain a week, that he might examine it accurately. But the fascination which all minds of sensibility feel in the presence of that glorious work of the Creator, grew strongly upon him, and he was heard to say, that six weeks were inadequate to become acquainted with its outlines. At the end of that period, he was still unable to tear himself away, and desired to "build there a tabernacle," that he might indulge both in his love of solitary musing and of nature's sublimity. He applied for a spot upon the island of the "Three Sisters," where he might construct a cottage after his own model, which comprised, among other peculiarities, isolation by means af a drawbridge. Circumstances forbidding a compliance with his request, he took up his residence in an old house upon Iris island, which he rendered as comfortable as the state of the case would admit. Here he continued about twenty months, until the intrusion of a family interrupted his recluse habits. He then quietly withdrew, and reared for himself a less commodious shelter, near Prospect Point. His simple and favorite fare of bread and mik was readily purchased, and whenever he required any other food, he preferred to prepare it with his own hands. When bleak winter came, a cheerful fire of wood blazed upon his hearth, and by his evening lamp he beguiled the hours with the perusal o books in various languages, or with sweet music. It was almost surprising to hear ir such depths of solitude, the long drawn thrilling tone of the viol, or the softest melodies of the flute, gushing forth from that low-browed hut; or the guitar, breathing out s lightly, amid the rush of thunder and the never-slumbering torrent. Yet, though th world of letters was familiar to his mind, and the living world to his observation, for h had travelled widely, both in his native Europe and the East; he sought not associatio with mankind, to unfold or to increase his stores of knowledge. Those who had hear him converse spoke with surprise and admiratian of his colloquial powers, his comman of language, and the spirit of eloquence that flowed from his lips. But he seldom an sparingly admitted this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed i his nature nothing of moroseness and misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindnes to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely enterred hi dwelling to receive from his hands crumbs or seeds. But the absorbing delight of his ex istance was communion with the mighty Niagara. Here, at every hour of the day or nigh he might be seen a fervent worshipper. At gray dawn he went to visit it in its fleecy veil at high noon he banqueted on the full splendour of its glory; beneath the soft tinting the lunar bow he lingered, looking for the angel's wing, whose pencil had painted it; an at solemn midnight he knelt soul-subdued, as on the footstool of Jehovah. Neither storm nor the piereing cold of winter prevented his visits to this great temple of his adoratio

* * * * His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage thithe

* * * * Among his favorite daily gratifications, was that bathing. * * * * One bright, but rather chilly day, in the month June, 1831, a man employed about the Ferry saw him go into the water, and a long tim after observed his clothes to be still lying upon the bank. Inquiry was made. The anxie was but too well founded. The poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. Still t body was not found, the depth and force of the current just below being exceeding great. In the course of their search, they passed on to the whirlpool. There, amon those boiling eddies, was the pallid corpse, making fearful and rapid gyrations upon t face of the black waters. At some point of suction, it suddenly plunged and disappeare Again emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and with face so deadly pale, play among the tossing billows; then float motionless as if exhauste and anon, returning to the encounter, spring, struggle, and contend like a maniac battli with mortal foes. It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find grave beneath the waters that he had loved; that all the gentleness and charity of h nature should be changed by death to the fury of a madman, and that the king of terro who brings repose to the despot and the man of blood, should teach warfare to him w had ever worn the meekness of the lamb. Four days and nights this terrible purgato

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was prolonged. It was on the 21st of June, that, after many efforts, they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage. There they found his faithful dog guarding the door. Heavily must the long period have worn away, while he watched for his only friend, and wondered while he delayed his coming. He scrutinised the approaching group suspiciously, and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low stifled wail at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men. They laid him on his bed, the thick, dripping masses of his beautiful hair clinging to and veiling the features so late expressive and comely. On the pillow was his pet kitten; to her also, the watch for the master had been long and wearisome. In his chair lay the guitar, whose melody was probably the last that his ear heard on earth. There was also his flute and violin, his portfolio and books, scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had prepared against his return from that bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight; the dead hermit mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who had loved him, and ready to be laid by stranger hands in a foreign grave. So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty eight. Learned in the languages, in the arts and sciences, improved by extensive travel, gifted with personal beauty and a feeling heart, the motives for this estrangement from his kind are still enveloped in mystery. It was, however, known that he was a native of England, where his father was a clergyman; that he received from thence ample remittances for his comforts; and that his name was Francis Abbot. These facts had been previously ascertained, but no written papers were found in his cell to throw additional light upon the obscurity in which he had so effectually wrapped the history of his pilgrimage.

SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Blythely at break of the dewy dawn
We trip o'er the spreading plain;
And sweetly sounds our echoing horn
As we hie to the hills again.
Friendly and merry we haste along,
With our flocks and herds before;
Light are our hearts, and blythe the song
We warble in concert o'er.

The hills are gained, and our flocks are spread
Around us on every side,
Cropping the flower from its grassy bed
Where plenty and peace abide;
While we to the horn so light and gay,
Together dance on the green,
On the bold hill tops so bleak and grey.
Or the vales that lie between.

Thus the long day is merrily passed,
And when the calm night comes back,
While the sunset hues are fading fast,
We retrace our homeward track.
The flocks and herds, our daily care,
We place in the fold and pen:
And take of sweet sleep a needful share,
Till the morn breaks forth again.

Again to the pastures we hie away,
And again our flocks are seen
Spotting the slopes of the mountains grey,
Or the valley-fields broad and green,
Again the light measure of dance and song,
And the shouts of our social glee
Ring through the summer air, loud and long,
For none are more happy than we.

Wakefield. P. M. T. CLARKSON.

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PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

Setting aside all imaginative views, and confining ourselves simply to acknowledged facts, let us see if sound philosophy does not enable us to supply an answer to this inquiry. To suppose that God has placed those mighty orbs in the heavens merely to be viewed by us, the inhabitants of one small world, would derogate from the perfections of Him who maketh nothing in vain. As far as investigations into nature have extended, we find the whole material world teeming with life; a drop of water contains its hundreds—the air, the verdant fields their thousands of living creatures, delighting in existence; can we, then, suppose the planetary globes are "cities of the dead;" that there the voice of joy, the piercing vision, the brightness of intelligence, are things unknown?

The discoveries of science are opposed to this conclusion. The nature of light, whether derived from our sun, the planets, or the fixed stars, is found to be precisely the same, resolvable by the prism, into the primary colours. The organs of vision, then, of the inhabitants of the planets must, to a certain extent, we should imagine, be like ours adapted to the reception of this light. They feel, too, the sun's absence, and hence the all-bountiful Creator has provided those more remote from his influence with attendant satellites, to cheer the darkness of their night. Picture to yourself the beautiful night of the planet Saturn; the dark sky illumined by several moons; some rising, others setting, some full, some crescent-like, appear amidst the starry firmament; his rings, arching the heavens as girdles of light, reflecting the sun's rays, and indicating, by the varied appearance of their surface, their own revolution. Imagine this scene, and say whether that planet is the habitation of beings who, like ourselves, are formed to admire the Creator's works, and to adore him through them, or whether it is the gloomy retreat of silence and desolation.—*Drew's Manual of Astronomy.*

RICH AND POOR.

"This is a new reign," said Egremont, "perhaps it is a new era." "I think so," said the younger stranger. "I hope so," said the elder one. "Well, society may be in its infancy," said Egremont, slightly smiling; "but, say what you like, our queen reigns over the greatest nation that ever existed." Which nation?" asked the younger stranger, "for she reigns over two." He paused; Egremont was silent, but looked inquiringly. "Yes," resumed the younger stranger, after a moment's interval. "Two nations; between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws." "You speak of ——" said Egremont hesitatingly. "The rich and the poor."—*Sybil, or the Two Nations.*

WONDERS OF THE PRESS.

At a soiree recently given by the Messrs. Chambers to the numerous persons in their employ, Mr. William Chambers in his opening speech said, "You are of course aware that we print and otherwise prepare nothing but our own works, and such has latterly been the increased demand for these productions that we have, during the last six months, doubled the extent of our premises. We now accomodate ten printing machines, driven by a steam engine of from ten to twelve horse power, and calculate on being able to send forth 50,000 sheets daily. During the past year we have printed altogether twelve millions of sheets and thus used about twenty-five thousand reams of paper. Among the works absorbing this mass of paper, the leading one has been *The Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, the average calculation of which has been 159,000 weekly, while of some particular numbers not fewer than 240,000 have been sold. The next place is taken by the Journal, the oldest of our publications, which averages 88,000 weekly. The remainder of the account is made up by reprints of our *Information for the People*; *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, and *Educational Course*. Such a vast diffusion of literary matter is of course a novelty in the world, and may be pointed to as an undeniable proof of the activity of mind in our time among the middle and humble classes."

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READING A MEANS, NOT AN END.

No man has time to read dead books. The living ones are quite as much as any industrious man can get through, in the course of an ordinary life. The proper business of human life is action; to do; to be something; to discharge our social, our political, and religious duties (if indeed they are distinguishable); to work with men, upon men, for the ordinary wants of existence and the furtherance of good. Reading is not the business of life; nor should it be allowed to occupy an undue share. Ploughing is not the end nor aim of agriculture, only the means. For if a man is reading live books he must take time to think about them, else he might as well be asleep. The mind of a man is a sword, fashioned to cut a way for itself in life, and reading is one of those whetstones whereon the blade is set. Would ye grind on for ever to find an edge? Of a truth, the whole substance of the weapon that was designed for use would be worn out in the sharpening.—*M'Cullagh's Use and Study of History.*

POOR COLERIDGE.

It is my duty and business to thank God for all his dispensations, and to believe them the best possible; bard, indeed, I think I should have been more thankful, if he had made me a journeyman shoemaker, instead of an "author by trade." I have left my friends; I have left plenty; I have left that ease which would have secured a literary immortality, and enabled me to give the public, works conceived in moments of inspiration, and polished with leisurely solicitude; and, alas! for what have I left them?—for a scheme of virtue impracticable and romantic. So I am forced to write for bread! Write the flights of poetical enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife. Groans, and complaints, and sickness! The present hour I am in a quickset hedge of embarrassment on whichever way I turn a thorn runs into me! The future is cloud and thick darkness! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of those who want bread, looking up to me! Nor is this all. My happiest moments for composition are broken in upon by the reflection that I must make haste. I am too late! I am already months behind! I have received my pay beforehand! Oh, wayward and desultory spirit of genius! Ill canst thou brook a taskmaster! The tenderest touch from the hand of obligation wounds thee like a scourge of scorpions.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

INDECISION.

The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first, will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter suggestion of a friend—who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weathercock to every point of the compass with every breath of caprice that blows,—can never accomplish anything great or useful.

ENERGY.

A noble ship successfully striving with the waves of an agitated sea is a grand object. To see her tossed upon the billows; now elevated to the summit of the watery mountains, now almost engulphed in the deep trough of the ocean; yet ever emerging, light and buoyant, from the apparent destruction with which she is menaced, and defying the malice of wind and wave, riding gracefully and majestically on the smoother waters—must awaken in the most apathetic minds, feelings akin to those of true solemnity. Yet magnificent and noble as is the object we have described, it dwindles into insignificance, when compared with that wonderful creation of which it is the truest type—the human mind struggling with difficulties, and rising superior to its misfortunes.

Beauty.—There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the speckled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man's feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of sympathizing grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even clings more nearly to us in our sorrows, and, leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.—*Constantinople.*

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SCIENTIFIC LETTERS.—No. I.

BY MERCURY.

We generally divide nature into three kingdoms, as they are quaintly called mineral, vegetable, and animal. These give birth to three great sciences minerology, botany, and zoology.

Minerology is the knowledge of the solid material, and includes meteorolgy, or the science of atmospheric phenomena. Minerology is now almost identical with geology. It treats of the crust of the earth, its component parts, and mode of arrangement. It is at present one of the most interesting of all the sciences, on account of the light which it throws upon the primitive history of the world. Nature is the Book o Everlasting Truth. Men are only beginning to learn to read it; and it is gradually correcting many false notions, as well as establishing many tra ditional facts. The opposition which is given to the new readings of truth is not injurious to its progress. It compels men to proceed with caution to examine with accuracy, and to assert with fear. Philosophers would run wild without it. Philosophers are as mad as most men, and exceeding prone to imaginativeness when they have made some little discovery. They jump to conclusions immediately, build airy castles, and theorize with a vengeance. Like unbroken colts, therefore, they require a bridle, and that bridle is supplied by the conservatives in science, and meddle not (or rather meddle) with those who are given to change.

The crust of the earth consists of a great variety of layers, like the stock of a tree, or the horn of a cow, each new era bringing its new layer so that we can judge as confidently, though not so minutely, in respect to the duration of the earth, as in respect to the age of a tree or a horned animal. It is true that we cannot specify the number of years required to each stratum or layer of earth and stone, but we call it an era, and know that it must have consisted of a large number of years. But as we cannot remember our own birth, and the beginning of our being is lost in obscurity so it is probable we shall always be in darkness respecting the planet which we inhabit.

It is singular that these layers, of which we speak, are not now all lying in their original position. They must have been deposited in a horizontal position. Had they all remained so, we should never have been able to discover the science of geology. But everything is arranged with so much convenience for scientific research, that man, had he given direc tions for the arrangement, could not have ordered it better. The strata have broken and fallen in at one end, leaving the other pointing upwards sometimes almost perpendicularly. This has been occasioned sometimes by volcanic agency, and sometimes by earthquakes; but it is very conve nient for geologists, who can, by walking along the surface of the earth examine the crust thereof for seven or eight miles in depth. The granite is at bottom of all these. This seems the foundation of what we call the crust. We can discover nothing lower than granite, and if there be a substratum to this also, we are left wholly to conjecture as to its nature Some imagine the earth to be hollow. Sir John Leslie thought it migh

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be luminous within; if so, there might be a world inside as well as outside, and philosophers examining the crust outwards, as ours examine it inwards. Some imagine it to be solid throughout; some think it may be filled with water and fishes; and others with fire, and those beings said to live therein. 'Tis all imagination—but useful imagination, inasmuch as it stimulates to experiment, observation, and discovery. All science begins with theory. They are only the mules and donkeys of science who despise imagination. Who ever made a valuable discovery without it?

This crust has been divided into what geologists call *formations*, or great eras. There are three great formations beneath the deposit of soil and sand, which forms the outside of the earth. These three are called the primary, secondary, and tertiary formations. They consist principally of limestone, sand, and flint-chalk, slate, &c.; and their respective periods of deposition are determined by the relics of antiquity which they contain. In the primary strata there are no relics. These, therefore, must have been formed before the creation of the vegetable and animal. The animal and vegetable remains appear first in the lower strata of the secondary formation, dimly visible in the faint impressions of shells and water plants, the lowest and primitive order of created organizations. The relics of vegetable and animal life become more elevated in rank as we ascend the scale of deposition; first, aquatic plants and reeds, and the lowest and simplest order of shells, corals, mandrepores, worms, &c.; afterwards, fishes, crocodiles, &c.; and, at last, in the tertiary strata, we come to herbiverous and carniverous land animals, of which many hundred species are now extinct.

The regularity with which these deposits are made enable the geologist to determine the era of an insulated formation of rock or earth by the relics which it contains; and, although the number of deposits is not always the same, the order of superposition is so well preserved that it is possible to determine the nature of the deposits beneath by that on the surface. A geologist will never dig through chalk in search of coal. Chalk is never found below coal, and coal is so far below chalk, that if chalk be on the surface it is hopeless to bore it. Many beds of chalk are a thousand feet thick. These rules are useful, and obviate the inconvenience of painful and costly experience. They are useful in directing to the probable position of valuable metals, this leading to the discovery of mines, wells, and other valuable treasures which the earth has not yet opened her bosom to unfold.

It is to be hoped that London will soon reap the benefit of geological skill in the sinking of Artesian wells. The temperance system can never flourish here without them. Thames water is by no means crystal. The other day, in taking a draught from the but rather hastily, I got a large animal in my mouth about three quarters of an inch in length; I made a queer face of it I assure you, when it commenced walloping on the point of my tongue with its tail between my teeth. I spat it out with a vengeance, and sickened over it, thinking all the while of the joys of temperance in the metropolis. I suspect there are very few water-drinkers in Lambeth. The archbishop drinks wine. I prefer it to the Lambeth ditch-

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water. But the latter is much more useful for the solar microscope. The water-company take it from the midst of the city and let it *settle* in the reservoir. There is no filtration, and the pipes run through churchyards and drains, and common sewers, and contract many oderiferous properties of matter in their passage to the domiciles of the rate-payers. But even this water is better than that of the Alps, which causes *goitres* to grow on the throat and fearfully disfigures the poor Swiss, who drink it pure as crystal from Circean cup. Nature is a deceiver. Have a care of her, good folks. Dont put too much confidence in natural food and natural drink. What is the use of Art, but to correct the defects of wild nature?

ELOQUENCE.—The great secret of eloquence is to be in earnest—the secret of Rienzi's eloquence was in the mightiness of his enthusiasm. He never spoke as one who doubted of success. Perhaps, like most men who undertake high and great actions, he himself was never thoroughly aware of the obstacles in his way. He saw the way, bright and clear, and over-leaped, in the vision of his soul, the crosses and the length of the path;—thus the deep convictions of his own mind, stamped themselves irresistibly upon others. He seemed less to promise than to prophesy.

MATHEMATICS.

ANSWERED BY JOSEPH MATTHEWMAN.

1.—The plantation being an equilateral triangle, it forms a sector on each side of the plantation of 60 degrees, and 3 chains for the radius: also, at the end of the plantation, it forms a sector at each end of 120 degrees, and one chain for the radius, together with the area of a semicircle clear of the plantation; from which we have the following results for the whole area:—first, $\frac{6^2 \times \cdot 7854}{2} = 14 \cdot 1372$ chains the area of the semicircle, $\therefore \frac{14 \cdot 1372}{3} =$ 4 ·7124 chains, the area of one of the sectors formed on each side of the plantation; again $2_2 \times 7854 = 3 \cdot 1416$ the area of a circle, with the radius of one chain $\therefore 360 : 120 :: 3 \cdot 1416 : 1 \cdot 0472$ the area of one of the sectors at the end of the plantation. Whence collecting the results, 25 ·6564 chains; or, 2a. 2r. 10¼ p. Answer.

We have also received answers from the following persons:—Ernest Whitworth Ashton-under-Lyne; George Lawton, Mossley; and F. Waterhouse, Stalybridge.

QUESTIONS.

BY JOSEPH MATTHEWMAN.

2. Suppose a cannon was fired above in the atmosphere, where a heavy body was let fall at the same time, and the report of the cannon was heard at the instant that the heavy body fell to the ground, how high in the air was the place where the cannon was fired, and from whence the heavy body fell.

FROM INGRAM'S MATHEMATICS. BY PHILO.

3. Given the distance between the focus of an ellipse, and the nearest principle vertex 12, and the ratio of the curve as 4 to 5, to find the area of the ellipse.

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Review.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

With unwearied vigour and unwavering consistency this now popular Magazine continues its crusade against the manifold errors which afflict society, and while it does not attempt to palliate the vices, it records the virtues and insists upon the claims of the poor, with a depth of truth, and an earnestness of purpose which ought, and no doubt will, command the attention and awaken the active sympathy of those whom God hath entrusted with the means of accelerating the progress of human improvement, and of adding to the sum of human happiness. For its Editor we have a sincere respect and admiration, and proud should we be, could we have the honour of shaking him by the hand during his brief sojourn in Manchester, where, in connexion with his benevolent brothers in genius, Charles Dickens, and Thomas Noon Talfourd, he presides at the forthcoming Atheneum Annual Soiree, an occasion worthy the countenance and presence of such distinguished men.

Did our space permit we would run over *con amore* the many excellent papers which have graced this Magazine during the last three months, but we must content ourselves with a single extract from the Editor's yet unfinished story, St. James and St. Giles; and wishing him increased success reluctantly bid him farewell till the next quarter.

St. Giles, after having passed many years as a convict in the penal settlements, returns, once more free, to his native England. Here he again meets, accidentally, with St. James, who promises him honourable employment, and invites him to go to London, where he shall be provided for. St. Giles, his heart beating with hope and a newly created love of virtue, arrives in the Metropolis, where we introduce him to our readers in the Editor's own powerful and beautiful words.

Here is the scene of a happy childhood. It is full of gracious shapes—a resurrection of the gentle, beautiful. We have lain in that field, and thought the lark—a trembling, fluttering speck of song above us—must be very near to God. That field is filled with sweetest memories, as with flowers. And there is an old—old tree. How often have we climbed it, and, throned amidst its boughs, have read a wondrous book; a something beating like a drum at our heart; a something that confusing us with a dim sense of glory, has filled our soul with a strange, fitful music, as with the sounds of a far-coming triumph! Such may be the memories of a happy youth. And what, as St Giles, with his face leaning on his propped hands, gazed from the waggon, what, seeing the scenes of his childhood—what saw he? Many things big with many thoughts. * * * * *
Human life moved about him full of hope and dignity. He had—or would have—an interest in the great game—how great and how small!—of men. He would no longer be a man-

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wolf: a wretched thing to hunt and be hunted He would know the daily sweets of honest bread, and sleep the sleep of peace. What a promotion in the scale of life! What unhoped felicity, to be permitted to be honest, gentle! What a saving mercy, to be allowed to walk upright with those he might begin to look upon as fellow-creatures! And as St. Giles thought of this, gratitude melted his very being, and he could have fallen upon his knees on London stones, in thankfulness and penitence. Solitude to him had been a softening teacher. Meditation had come upon him in the far wilds; and the isolated, badged, and toiling felon for the first time thought of the mystery of himself; for the first time dared to look in upon his heart—a look that some who pass for bold men sometimes care not to take—and he resolved to fight against what seemed his fate. He would get back to the world. Despite of the sentence that bade him not to hope, he would hope. Though doomed to be a life-long human instrument, a drudging carcass, he would win back his manhood—he would return to life a self-respecting being. * * * *

And then St. Giles passed along Cheapside, and stood before St. Paul's church; and then for the first time felt somewhat of its tremendous beauty. It had been to him a mere mountain of stone, with a clock upon it: and now he felt himself subdued, refined, as the Cathedral, like some strange harmony, sank into his soul. He thought, too, of Christ and the fishermen, and tentmakers Christ had glorified—for he had learned to read of them when a felon in the wilderness,—and his heart glowed with Christian fervour at Christ's temple,—that visible glory made and dedicated to the purposes of the Great Teacher—most mighty in his gentleness, most mighty by his endurance, most adorable by the charity that he taught to men, as the immortal link to hold them still to God! Could expression have breathed upon the thoughts of St. Giles, thus he might have delivered himself. He spoke not: but stood gazing at the church, and thinking what a blessing it was upon a land, wherein temples for such purposes abounded; where solemn men set themselves apart from the sordid ways of life, keeping their minds calm and undefiled from the clink and touch of money-bags, to heed of nothing but the fainting, bleeding, erring hearts of those who had dwelt upon the earth as though the earth had never a grave. Yes; it was a blessing to breathe in such a land. It was a destiny demanding a daily prayer of thankfulness, to know that Christian charity was preached from a thousand and a thousand pulpits; to feel that the spirits of the apostles, their earnest truthful spirits, (ere solemnized by inspiration) still animated bishops, deans, and rectors; and even cast a glory on the worn coats of how many thousand curates! St. Giles, the returned transport—the ignorant and sinning man; St. Giles, whose innocence of childhood had been offered to the Moloch selfishness of society,—even St. Giles felt all this; and with swelling heart and the tears in his throat, passed down Ludgate-Hill, with a fervent devotion, thanking his God who had brought him from the land of cannibals to the land of Christians.

THE SHEPHERD'S REGISTER

OF PERSONS AND EVENTS.

[Under this head we propose giving in this, and future numbers, brief records of persons and event which may be considered in any way interesting to our readers. We shall endeavour to make it page of easy reference to those who are wishful to know when lived and died the great, the good, th useful individuals of our own and other institutions, of our own and other countries; and we invit our readers and correspondents to supply us with such fitting material as may lie within their reach Brief and condensed memoirs of talented and deserving brother-Shepherds will always be acceptabl and claim a first place in "The Register;" but we shall mingle therewith poets, philanthropists, me of science, and writers of fiction, as well as occurrences and events which are worthy of bein remembered, or from which pleasure or profit may be gathered. We hope "The Shepherd's Register will be found not the least interestieg feature of onr Magazine.]

ANCIENT SHEPHERDRY.

Among the numerous Benevolent Societies with which this town is favoured, the Order Shepherdry, as a benefit Institution, appears not the least important, and in the absence all extraordinary means, as processions, advertising notices, and other methods by whic

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public attention is obtained, the steady growth, and indeed rapid increase of this Order appears remarkable. This institution commenced in Wisbech in April, 1838, when the Friendly Fountain Lodge was opened at the Old Bell, with only five members, and which has increased to one hundred and ten, its present number. From this lodge has emanated the "Shepherd's Increase Lodge," held at the Ship, numbering at the present time fifty-nine members, and the "Orient Lodge," held at the Rutland Arms, numbering sixty-one members. The object of this institution is to afford assistance at the time of sickness and death: and many families can bear testimony to the value of its timely benefits. Members are admitted from the age of eighteen to forty-five, affording relief in sickness of ten shillings per week for a limited time, with a less sum for a further time; and in cases of death £10 are paid for the funeral of a member, and £7 in case of a member's wife. These lodges have availed themselves of the salutary provisions of that wise and benevolent act of legislation by which they have been legalised and made permanent, and their valuable funds properly secured from the improper grasp of unprincipled parties who, from necessity as well as mistaken confidence, are sometimes made the holders of such funds. A district has long since been formed comprising the lodges above-mentioned, and also other lodges in London, and at Cambridge, Ely, King's Lynn, Walpole Saint Peter's, Wisbech, Guyhirn, Spalding, Littleport, Prickwillow, near Ely, Little Downham, Streatham, Haddenham, Sutton, Waterbeach, Histon, and Soham, comprising in the whole twenty-one lodges, and nearly 1000 members. We hail these institutions as opportunities for the mechanic and agricultural labourer, to make an independent provision in good health against the hour when probably all other human help might fail, and we cheerfully offer them to the notice and support of those whom Providence has blessed with a larger share of its bounties, from a conviction that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." It is not improbable that our attention will again be called to the progress of this institution.—*Wisbech Advertiser.*

ANNIVERSARIES.

SELBY.—The members of the Friendly Retreat Lodge, of Ancient Shepherds, Selby District, held their ninth anniversary, July 22nd. The dinner was served up in a very superior style by the host and hostess of the Royal Oak.

The cloth being withdrawn, the usual loyal toasts were given by the excellent chairman, and heartily responded to by the company present. On the right of the chair we observed the past and present officers of the district. On the left we noticed the Rev. J. L. Walton, Rev. S. Smith, W. T. Wellburn, Esq., and Mr. Thomas Burket, surgeon of the lodge. The Rev. J. L. Walton delivered a very able and impressive address, which riveted the attention of the company for some time, which was followed by the Rev. S. Smith, who stated, in the course of his eloquent speech, that he was able and willing, at any time, early or late, to administer such religious consolation to the members, as might be desirable on their parts. At the conclusion of his address, his health was given with three times three. Mr. Wellburn and Mr. Burket also addressed the meeting, and were enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. Conway, the district Secretary, gave an account of the income and expenditure of the district. He stated that the number of deaths during the last twelve months had been twelve, and the amount paid into the hands of their surviving relatives was £105 0*s.* 0*d.*, notwithstanding, the society was in a flourishing condition.

The various songs and recitations given by the members, added much to the pleasures of the evening; and about eleven o'clock they began to depart, well pleased with the rational amusement of the evening.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—The members of the Honest View Lodge, of Ancient Shepherds, held their anniversary at the house of Mr. Thomas Coop, Tontine Hotel, Ashton-under-Lyne, July 26th; when a most excellent dinner was provided by the worthy hostess, which reflects much credit on Mr. C's. establishment. The cloth being withdrawn, P. M. Samuel Hadfield was called to the chair, who delivered a suitable address. He showed, in forcible language, the beneficial results of such institutions, and concluded a very able speech by stating that the funds, as well as the members, were rapidly increasing. Several toasts were given and responded to in a very able manner by the following gentlemen:—P. P. C. S. Frith, P. M. Knott, brother Smith, and Pro. C. S. Marland. We should have

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been happy to have inserted the whole list of toasts, had our space permitted. No less than one hundred and thirty members with their wives were present, who enjoyed the annual festivity with the greatest zest and good feeling.

The loyal Abel Lodge, of Ancient Shepherds, No. 1. held their eighteenth anniversary at the house of Mr. Thomas Scholfield, Henry-square, Ashton-under-Lyne, July 26th—in the same room in which that excellent Institution was first established. About one hundred and twenty members and their friends sat down to a good substantial repast, provided by the worthy host of the Friendship Inn, who is one of the founders of our invaluable institution, and an excellent sample of a "fine old English gentleman." Several visitors from the Ossett district were present; among whom we noticed Mr. Daniel Scott, Corresponding Secretary. After the removal of the cloth, Mr. John Peal, W. M. of the lodge, was called to the chair, who succeeded admirably in keeping the meeting up to "concert pitch" for several hours. Some fine songs and recitations were given, and the evening's amusements were concluded with the celebrated Polka dance by some of the youthful members and their female friends.

WATERSIDE.—The Prosperity Lodge, of Ancient Shepherds, No. 112, of the Ashton district, held their anniversary at the house of Mr. Richard Bragg, Commercial Inn, Waterside, August 9th, when the members sat down to a substantial repast of old British cheer, which for ages characterised the tables of the barons of old, and which is in full accordance with the character and habits of the genuine English Shepherd. The meeting was enlivened by an excellent band of music, a company of glee-singers, and the harmony of the hand-bell ringers. After the cloth was withdrawn, P. C. S. Heap, of the Ashton district, was called to the chair. The first toast was "The Queen." Air—God save the Queen. The next toast was followed by the fine old glee—"Great Appollo," which was sung with good taste. The hand-bell ringers contributed largely to the amusements of the evening, together with the numerous speeches, toasts, sentiments, recitations, &c., which were given by the various members, afforded a treat, such as is seldom to be met with but on such occasions. It would have given us much pleasure to have inserted the report at full length had our space been sufficient, but a press of matter precludes the possibility.

DR. JOHN DALTON was born at Eaglesfield, in Cumberland, September 5th, 1766, and died in Manchester, July 27th, 1844, where he had lived fifty-one years. His body lay in state in the Town Hall; and during the eight hours that the public were admitted to a view, it is computed that not fewer than forty thousand persons passed through the room. His funeral was the most imposing that Manchester ever witnessed. Many mills, shops, and other establishments, maintaining a whole or partial holiday.

JOHN ADAMS, second President of the United States of America, was born at Braintree, in the colony of Massachusetts, October 19th, 1735, and was one of the most prominent actors in the American war for independence. He died on the 4th of July, 1826, with the same hallowed sentence on his lips which on that glorious day, fifty years before, he had uttered on the floor of the Congress:—"Independence for ever!" were his last words.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, author of "The Farmer's Boy," and one of the most pleasing rural poets that ever lived, was born at Honington, a village of Sussex, in 1766. In common with most men of genius, he had to struggle with many pecuniary embarrassments, and ultimately died poor; but Bloomfield's poverty was not the result of improvidence. He was a kind, generous, and warm-hearted being, and his liberality constantly drained his purse. In short he went about doing good to all who had any claim upon him. Bloomfield continued his literary labours to the time of his death, which took place on the 19th of August, 1823. Who does not remember the ballad beginning

"Come, goody, leave your humdrum wheel?"

one of the most exquisitely natural in our language.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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THE LITERARY FAG END.

THERE is an animal about London, roaming here and there and everywhere—in square and in alley—in passage and street—now in the aristocratic regions of Belgrave, Portman, or Grosvenor, and anon in the purlieus of Whitechapel or Wapping—whose presence is unnoticed, and, indeed, whose being is almost unrecognised. It is a creature, neverthless, of purely "British birth and breeding"—a production of this land of beefsteaks and beer, and one whose comicality of character, has obtained the high and immortal honour of a pen and ink sketch of his habits and appearances, as the first caput in an unique craniological collection.

There is nothing new under the sun,—said Solomon. With all respect for such high authority, and fully impressed with the temerity of opposing it—one might still venture

"——— to hint a doubt
And hesitate ———"

suspicion whether even the second sight of Solomon himself could foresee the revolutions of the Printing Press; whether he would not have noted down its thousands an hour as a novelty, and regarded The Literary Fag End—the press-begotten historian of common Life in London—as a creature something out of the common way.

Truly the Literary Fag End is an exclusively English production—a work of genuine London manufacture. He is unknown in Paris, for there peers become editors, and police-spies are reporters; he exists not in Germany, for no German ever stained paper with ink who stayed his hand till he had completed a quarto; in Italy no one ever dreams of sending to a paper, there are so few to send to—and in America no one reports for another's journal because each citizen has one of his own.

Although the Fag End is to be found in every corner of the modern Babylon, yet there is one region peculiarly his own; it extends from Somerset House to Blackfriars—from the *Times* to the *Post*, and here it is that he feels at home, and here may the curious catch a glimpse of him—shuffling hastily along and dropping through those mystic openings,

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yclept *Editor's box*, some certain slips of paper, technically and most elegantly denominated *flimsy;* a term which doubtless had its origin rather in reference to the foundation on which The Liner builds the superstructure of *copy*, than the mere material on which the story is conveyed. His appearance varies with his fortune, and as no one is more subject to the kicks and cuffs of that remorseless jade, so is he at times illuminated by the sunshine of a clean shirt and new berlins, and at others in the dire eclipse of an old pilot coat securely buttoned to the chin. One day revelling in the luxury of an eighteenpenny ordinary—the next content to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy—*biscuits*. He wetteth his whistle on Saturday with old ale, but perchance on Sunday he patroniseth the pump. His fortune varies with events. Sermons bring him little gear, and leave him thin and pale as workhouse gravy; but after an atrocious murder he waxes fat and rosy, whilst a "*Steam Explosion, twenty lives lost,*" has been known to enable him to spend a fortnight in aquatic felicity at Gravesend. His mind is swayed by this strange state of things, and murder and robbery are the food he lives by. In science he has original notions. He admires not Franklin, because conductors take away the profit of a "*Dreadful Hurricane*"—depriving the tempest of half its grandeur by saving the steeples of the churches—and leaving Fag to chronicle the ignoble fall of chimney-pots, instead of their "*Awful and appalling destruction by the electric fluid.*" Watt is far more to his mind, and often has his soul rejoiced at a "*Fearful Boiler Explosion*"—has leapt with satisfaction over the first particulars of a "*Dreadful Railway Accident.*" Ærostation is rather to his taste, and Mr. Green has lined the Liner's pocket by "*Undaunted Courage,*" "*Intrepid Ascents,*" and "*Unparalleled Exploit.*" Mr. Hampton's parachute threatened for a time to outvie the "Great Nassau," and Mrs. Graham's fall raised her in his estimation: but the first having achieved a machine that seems to defy the coroner, and the latter to have no chance of killing a duke, Fag End has again given in his wavering allegiance to the hero of a hundred—*flights.*

The Penny-a-liner is truly the historian of common life. He is no admirer of the magnificent—it falls not to his fate to chronicle the overthrow of empires or the death of kings. Battles bring him no glory, and they stop his supplies by shutting out his *copy;* in short he, like *Falstaff*, has no stomach for fighting; unless, indeed, it be a "*Fight in Fleet Market,*" or "*An Assault in Field Lane,*" when if the encounter terminates in the convoy of one of the combatants to the station house, and the other to the hospital, it will bring him a dinner; and if perchance the vanquished hero is left "*lying in an alarmingly precarious state,*" a glass of grog may be obtained to wash down the meal. But there is one style of heroism in which he delights—"*Fearful struggle and polite conduct of a coal-heaver;*" or, again, "*Serious conflagration of a cabbage-net and heroic behaviour of a beer-boy.*" These are the deeds in which he glories—these are the heroes which inspire his eloquence, and for whose fame he plies his avocation.

But your Penny-a-liner has one feature strongly marked upon his character—a trait which would have entitled him to the admiration of the

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great lexicographer Ursa Major Johnson himself—your Penny-a-liner is a hearty hater—he has a long, a bitter, an enduring hatred—he hates long speeches. A mighty meeting to abolish slavery has as fatal an effect upon him as it has on a West India merchant. Exeter Hall is a token of starvation, and the meeting of parliament warns him of the departure of his days of plenty. When the debate is heavy his pockets are light, and when the house sits all night he wishes he could sleep all day. In his opinion of public men he likes those best who are the least loquacious, and thinks of all orators that *single speech Hamilton* is the best. Sir Robert Peel he regards as far less public spirited than Sir Vincent Cotton—the one assumes only the reins of state, the other handles the ribbons of the Brighton Age—the one merely runs down the whigs and drives over points of policy, the other drives over old women and upsets the opposition coach. In fine, parliament and the peerage he regards as important only in one of its members—the Marquis of Waterford.

But there is one public functionary upon whom the Penny-a-liner looks with awe not unmingled with delight. Not that he is disloyal, for in good sooth he always speaks well of the Queen, and is a perfect courtier on the occasion of "*Her Majesty's visit to Drury Lane*," or the "*Royal procession to prorogue Parliament.*" Still it is not the Queen that has possession of the Liner's affections—it is not the Queen, but the coroner. Napoleon surrounded by his generals—nay, even Solomon himself in all his glory—was not so great and grand as the coroner and a highly respectable jury. In the sun of the coroner's countenance the heart of the Liner is rejoiced; and, like Mr. Wakley, he dines on murder and fattens on suicide.

Like other great men he is subject to fits of admiration of remarkable characters or startling actions. Shakspeare has *his* admirers—why should not Greenacre and Gale have *theirs?* Edmund Burke, the Irishman, the patron of Crabbe, stands well in the regard of many; but Burke, the Scotchman, the friend of Hare, is the man whose memory is embalmed in the memory of the Penny-a-liner. Coutt, and Drummond, and Child, are firms some men speak well of, but the partnership of Messrs. Bishop and Williams was the most profitable the Liner ever did business with, and the Italian boy, the only child he ever got a cheque by. He is in some wise, too, possessed of cannibal propensities, for he lived upon the "*Human head discovered in Paddington Lock*" for three days; the female legs (to match) which were walked out of the osier bed at Wandsworth, subsisted him for the rest of the week, while he feasted bountifully upon Greenacre and Gale for upwards of a fortnight. When rich men die, few heartfelt tears are shed; but as our hero supped for the last time upon Greenacre's "*Dying speech and Execution*," a tear started, as he heaved a sigh to think that such a man was not immortal.

From this summary of general characteristics let us explain something of the stock in trade of the Fag End. This consists of a few small sheets of black tracing paper, mysteriously compounded by certain of the craft and sold to the other workers—some tissue paper, technically and classically called *flimsy*—a plate of tin to give a hard surface for writing upon—a style, that is, a pointed steel pencil, not unlike the Roman stylus of old, to

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write with—and a neat and most curious collection of superlative terms. Of these a specimen must be given, casually taken from an extensive assortment bequeathed to the profession by a Penny-a-liner who died of an adjourned debate, and which we recommend to the attentive perusal of every man of genius who may contemplate an entrance into the line. Here are a few:—

Horrible to relate.	Dreadful crash.
Immense sensation.	Interesting female.
Devouring element.	Agonising feelings.
Fearful to behold.	Brutal and atrocious.
Respectable Jury.	Electric fluid.
Tragic occurrence.	Wretched monster.

The style in which the Penny-a-liner uses these most euphonious epithets is almost too well known to be repeated. An ordinary accident, which, to a common individual, is of little moment, under the influence of his potent pen becomes a very different affair. An old woman becomes "an elderly female declining in the vale of years;" a slip on the curb is transformed into "fall with tremendous velocity and most melancholy and alarming consequences;" the policeman who helps her out of the mud is forthwith immortalised in *The Times* as "police constable of the X div., with praiseworthy speed and feelings that do honour to the corps, was promptly in action to raise the prostrate lady." Then come reflections "on the accident most fortuitously not being attended with more alarming consequences than the utter annihilation of two new-laid eggs, which had been shortly before purchased." The whole eked out by mysterious hints of "the necessity of appealing in a high quarter against the neglect of the parish authorities in allowing the present disgraceful and dangerous condition of the curbstone at the junction of Crown Alley with Cushion Court. But he is seen to most advantage when murder is his theme. Most admirable the minuteness with which he relates the fact, that the "hardened and ruffian-looking culprit is said to have had a mother," and that "his countenance bore ample marks of the truth of the horrible, atrocious, bloodthirsty, and cruel atrocity, the commission of which has harrowed up the feelings of a quiet and complacent locality." But these beauties are too familiar to require being pointed out—every newspaper is full of them to overflowing. He supplies all the gossips in the country, male and female, with material for conversation, and affords the bulk of the matter which is transferred from one newspaper to another till it has made the tour of the whole country, from Land's End to John o'Groat's.

There is on record the case of a newsmonger who committed suicide because the papers contained no news,—or in the words of the "Crowner's Quest," "committed suicide under temporary derangement, arising from want of intelligence." To prevent the recurrence of so sad an event, the Penny-a-liner occasionally resorts to the innocent recreation of killing an old woman who never was born, or burning a house that never was built. But neither the luxuriance of imagination, which the fiction is evidence of, or the philanthropy of intention which animates the writer, prevents some

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ill-natured people, including certain editorial prigs, from regarding the production as a common vulgar falsehood; hence the additional stimulus of an empty purse is usually required to induce the last resource. But we have said enough of the characteristics of the race, and do not intend to give particular portraits, or individual varieties; else might we describe the tall Penny-a-liner who reports law-courts, and turns up his nose at the short Penny-a-liner who writes small verses and prints them in a small book; the Penny-a-liner who got a berth under Government at a thousand a year, and by a singular shortness of memory forgot the word *flimsy*; the Penny-a-liner who lodges next door to the fire brigade, and rides on the engine to the conflagration he is to describe; and the Penny-a-liner who overflowed with virtuous indignation when accused of the misfortune of finding a five pound note in his pocket soon after the appearance of certain fashionables at the police office, whose innate modesty led them to shun the publicity of the police reports. These are but varieties of the same genus, in each and all the qualities inherent in the race may easily be distinguished—each and all posses an inalienable right to the honourable style and title of THE FAG END OF LITERATURE.*

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE LOYAL ORDER OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.]

Having introduced to the notice of our readers a verbatim copy of the first and most important document of our Order, viz., the Declaration of the Founders of Shepherdry, with a list of their names, we will endeavour to show how many there are at the present time on the stage of existence, after a lapse of eighteen years. Such may not be interesting to the general reader; but with every one who holds in proper estimation his fellow man—who lays the foundation of a noble structure for the benefit of posterity, it will find a place in the archives of his heart. The structure of our institution is raised to a proud pre-eminence, and ranks contemporaneous with the leading societies of the nineteenth century, if not in numbers, we may fairly presume to say, at least, in the stability of its laws and the economy of its government.

The first signature to the declaration is that of our old and valued friend, Mr. THOS. SCHOLFIELD, of the Friendship Inn, Ashton-under-Lyne, who is yet strong, hale, and thoroughly English in his character and manner—full of energy and robust health, with a mind and body calculated to overcome great difficulties. In principle he is a genuine Shepherd—with two sons of the same caste, the elder which is the host of the Southam Arms, Ashton-under-Lyne, and the younger, that of the Crown and Cushion, Manchester, each having a Lodge at his house. He is fully entitled to the confidence and respect of his brethren, who have manifested their gratitude for the long and faithful services of the

* Some urgent literary engagements, unconnected with this Magazine, have prevented us furnishing with this number our usual Leading Article. This omission, which we promise not to repeat, our readers will please to overlook, especially as they will find that we have contributed a Poem and a Tale, in themselves a considerable labour.—*Edit. A. S. M.*

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father by appointing the elder of the two his successor as treasurer of the Order. In addition to Mr. SCHOLFIELD's business of an innkeeper, he has long been established as a wholesale brewer of ale and porter, and also as a wine and spirit merchant. He is plain in appearance and dress, frank and open in conversation, and in all his dealings between man and man he is just and upright! Such is he who first signed the declaration of Shepherdry. Mr. WILLIAM SHAW is the next in succession upon the list. He was a native of the rural village of Mossley, and an artizen of honest and industrious habits. He left the home of his fathers for America, in the year 1831, with a view of bettering his condition in life; but, alas! he is gone to the "house appointed for all living." Mr. GEORGE DOWNS is still a member of the No. 1 Lodge, which he assisted in establishing, and was the first who had the honour of being appointed as secretary. It may be remembered that he was the friend and fellow-labourer of MICHAEL THOMAS SADDLER, Esq., in the cause of philanthropy. Mr. JONATHAN LILLY, we are sorry to say, is no more. We regret it the more because he was a truly honest Shepherd. Born and bred in the same mountain district with ourself, where the silvery stream glides gently through the tranquil valley, overlooked by the mountain torrent, which tumbles in wild disorder over the shelvy rocks. The majestic scenery by which we were surrounded awakened in our young mind a feeling of enthusiasm, combined with a love of liberty unknown to the native inhabitants of the sordid city; but circumstances, over which we had no controul, forced us from our primitive state into the more fashionable atmosphere of the busy hum of of speculative industry, surrounded by thousands of calculating speculators, who are entire strangers to the natural poetic feelings engendered by early impressions of the bold and picturesque. How often does our pleasing imagination carry us back to our own wild and endearing locality, where—

> "The scenes of my youth I revisit with pride—
> The depths of the ravines, the bleak mountain side;
> The copse dark and dreary, the brook in the dell,
> And list with delight to the old village bell."

Mr. LILLY was much esteemed by his brethren of the Order, and his loss was greatly deplored by the inhabitants of the valley where his ashes are gathered to those of his fathers, over whom the innumerable wild flowers breathe their invigorating sweetness. "Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." GEORGE JOHNSON, LUKE WHITEHEAD, and EDWARD OUSEY are still breathing the air of the nether world, but the grave has closed upon the mortal remains of JAMES CANON. JAMES COPLEY and SAMUEL WOOLLEY are still residing in the town of Ashton, and JOHN WHITEHEAD, it will be remembered, has long since crossed the Atlantic, but whether he still lives, we know not.

For some time after the commencement of the laborious task of the founders of our institution, a strong feeling of opposition manifested itself, and, in some measure, is yet in existence, more particularly in the county of Lancaster than in any other part of the country. The greatest inducement we have for giving a determined negative to the reports which have long been in circulation is, a short paragraph in a letter we lately received from a literary friend of ours, who resides in a distant part of the country, to whom we had transmited a copy of our Magazine. It appears from the tone and tenor of his communication, that we are considered, by those who are yet strangers to the persons and principles of our Order, as a party of refractory and unsocial beings, restless and dissatisfied with the laws of a society to which we had formerly belonged; for he

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concludes the paragraph by stating, that he had been given to understand, by a gentleman to whom he had given a copy of our Magazine—"that we were only a party of seceders from the Foresters." We must confess that this opinion is too prevalent, and it is our wish to set the matter at rest, if possible. In almost every part of the country where we have attempted to establish ourselves, we have invariably been met by representations which have been far from being correct: and, in some instances, black sheep have been introduced into our folds for the purpose of contaminating the rest. This, we are sorry to say, has been the case in Westmoreland, where a factious party who had been denounced by the government, succeeded in becoming members of a certain lodge, and endeavoured, by all the force of reckless eloquence, to turn aside our brethren from the path of loyalty, under a pretence of their strong *attachment* to the *crown* and *mitre;* but politics and religion forming no part of Shepherdry, beyond that of permitting every member to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, they could not succeed in turning our brethren from that path which had been marked out by the founders of our excellent society; but, we must acknowledge, they succeeded in breaking up the lodge, which has not, as yet, been re-established. This has not only been the case in the north, but even nearer to the seat of government, where the streams of our Order ought to flow as pure as the waters of a mountain spring.

The Order of Ancient Shepherds was established by men who knew little of any other society, and whose minds were far above the paltry practice of imitation; for we are fully persuaded, from our own knowledge of the principal parties, that it was their intention to remove as far as possible from the slightest resemblance of any other, and to carry with them the badge of originality, not only in their outward appearance, but in the very constitution of the Order.

Some of our readers may suppose that we have been disappointed in our success, but it is quite the reverse—it has absolutely surpassed our most sanguine expectations. The following counties are now inspired with the genial warmth of the holy influence of our pastoral institution, whose invigorating rays have penetrated the humble dwellings of thousands of the industrious classes, viz.:—Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Durham, Cambridgeshire, Middlesex, &c.

In the Town of Manchester, where we certainly did expect to have met with greater encouragement than in any other place, we have met with some slight opposition, and this, too, from men whose minds are said to be imbued with the principles of philanthropy. We have spent both time and money with a view to penetrate the great emporium of commerce, but no sooner had we made a favourable impression, than certain parties endeavoured to abuse the public mind by stating that Shepherdry was nothing but the second order of Foresty, and by becoming members of that society they would receive the benefit of both. Thus have numbers been prevented from reaping the advantage of a society which makes no pretentions beyond that of resting its claims upon its own merits; but we are happy to say that the impression is fast waneing before the vigorous exertions of our brethren of the Bolton district, who have succeeded in opening several new lodges during the last few months. This, combined with the favourable notice of our Magazine by the Manchester press, has done more than all our united efforts during the last eighteen years. We cannot but highly appreciate the labours of men who are constantly making personal sacrifices for the good of their fellow-creatures. Their true value can only be appreciated by men of congenial minds, who have, with that portion of the press, merited our warmest thanks for their endeavours to bring us into more general notice. But this is not sufficient to

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remove those erroneous impressions in the minds of many, who are desirous of attaching themselves to our body, and we think that there are few better calculated to accomplish that object than ourselves, inasmuch as we belong to both societies—in fact, we have filled almost every grade of official situation in the respectable Order of Foresters, and we unequivocally declare, that no connection either does, or ever did, exist between these two useful institutions! Forestry is conducted by men for whom we have the greatest regard; and we are certain that such conduct as has been manifested by some who profess to be members, neither is, nor ever will be, tolerated by the Order. We cannot but respect the institution, because we have spent much time and many happy hours in fostering its welfare. Thirty-one summers have passed away since we were first introduced into Court No. 3, being then the highest number in the Order. Thus it will be seen that we are ranked amongst the oldest of the brethren of that respectable and useful institution. We trust that these observations are sufficient to remove an impression which has been suffered to continue too long.

The above remarks may be considered as digressing from the subject of our paper, but when we call to mind that any circumstance which is calculated to deteriorate the value o Shepherdry, or lower it in the scale of benevolent institutions, it is our duty to lay before our readers as clear a statement of facts as possible, and this we have been enabled to d from our own knowledge of both societies. We trust that these few remarks, hastily throwi together, will meet the approval not only of our brother Shepherds, but of every lover o truth and justice.

No sooner was the "Loyal David Lodge" firmly established at the village of Lees, tha an application was made from Greenacres Moor, in the vicinity of Oldham, and after a ful investigation into the character of the applicants, the "Loyal Solomon," No. 5, was opene at the House of Mr. Peter Holt, sign of the White Swan, August 30, 1828. Shortly afte the opening of this lodge, a few individuals made their appearance in the arena c Shepherdry, whose indefatigable exertions were the means of spreading it over that popu lous neighbourhood in a remarkably short space of time, where it still maintains its hig standing in the scale of similar institutions.

As the limits of a small quarterly periodical totally precludes the possibility of giving in detail, the opening of each lodge prior to the division of the Order into districts, w must content ourselves with stating, that applications came in quick succession fro various parts of the country; and as some of them were from a great distance, the labou of the officers were very severe, and almost incessant, for it was no uncommon circun stance to be called to a distance of twenty miles, and return to their several occupatio the next morning—but wet or dry, foul or fair, THOMAS CHADWICK never murmure and was always found at his post of honour at the time of opening!

As the time of the election for the officers of the Order approached, little anxiety f the result was manifested, for every one was convinced that no other so richly deserved t chair of state, which had been so ably filled by his predecessor, as Mr. CHADWICK, for ever man deserved well at the hands of his brethren—he is that man! Perseverance h always been his motto, and the scales of justice never preponderated in his hand, co sequently he was elected to the office of C.S. with little or no opposition. At the sam time Mr. JOHN NIELD was appointed his deputy.

This meeting was held at the Hare and Hounds public-house, close by the old pi turesque church, in the romantic parish of Saddleworth, in the West Riding of the coun of York. This venerable pile is beautifully situated on the side of a lofty mountain, ov

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looked by barren rocks, crowned with brown heather perpetually waving in the incessant breeze. This ancient place of divine worship (according to CAMDEN), was erected by WILLIAM DE STAPLETON, lord of that remote and barbarous tract, in the end of the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth, century. He also mentions several charters connected with it, one of which is—that the said WILLIAM DE STAPLETON swears upon the sacred relics, in the mother church of Rochdale (St. Chad), to pay to the said mother church all the tithes of the forest of Saddleword. "As a remarkable proof of the healthiness of this district,"—says a very popular writer, "a benefit society was established in 1772, consisting of three hundred members, some of whom were more than fifty years of age, at their entrance, and only twelve members had been buried out of it to the beginning of 1794."

Applications for new lodges now came from Osset, Wakefield, Huddersfield, Manchester, and Earlsheaton, which were attended to in due form: Such a circumstance must, inevitably, create a pleasing sensation in the minds of those who had thrown their energies into the scale of Shepherdry, and especially, as their efforts were crowned with complete success. It is impossible not to be astonished with the perseverance and determination of those men who had spent three years in establishing a society which is calculated to inspire the minds of its members with the noblest sentiments of religion and morality—and in this we are not deceived—for we know many who since they began to mingle in better society, and to associate with men who were in a higher sphere of life, have changed their degraded habits for those which reflect a lasting honour upon themselves. As husbands and fathers, they are what men ought to be—religious, moral, and industrious; and as servants, they have raised themselves in the estimation of their employers.

We do not intend to say that there are no exceptions to this, we are sorry to say that there are too many; but if we have only been the means of reclaiming a few, and retaining many in the right path, we have not laboured in vain.

> "Never was nobler finish of fair sight—
> 'Twas like the coming of a shape of light;
> And many a lovely gazer, with a start
> Felt the quick pleasure smite across the heart.—LEIGH HUNT.

Our Order may now be said to have been fairly established, as it ranged over a great extent of the counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire: still there was but one district, and those lodges that were situated at the outskirts found it very inconvenient to attend those meetings where their presence was indispensable. The great expense and loss of time in travelling twenty or thirty miles, became a source of much complaint—and very justly so—for time was then more valuable than at present, and the expense of travelling much greater; but the vast mechanical improvements which have been made in the scientific world, during the last ten or twelve years, have almost anihilated space, for we find that we can fly from our little domicile, on the banks of the Tame, to the great town of Liverpool, a distance of forty miles, in the short space of one hour and a half.

The hardship and inconvenience of a large district became more visible every day; and the necessity of a deviation at length forced itself upon the consideration of the whole brotherhood, with the exception of a few narrow-minded bigots, as is always the case, however just and equitable a measure may be: but justice demanded, and intollerance yielded before its all-powerful effect. Now it was that we found powerful acquisition in the men of Yorkshire, as well as in those from various parts of Lancashire; and what is

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there, we ask, that can resist the powerful union of the rival roses, when entwined in the circle of eternal brotherhood, based upon the pedestal of pure philanthropy?

Our brethren of Oldham, though labouring under the least inconvenience, were foremost in the van of division—seeing the necessity of provincial directors, with entire control over their own funds—gave notice, that at the next general quarterly meeting, a resolution would be submitted to their consideration, having for its object the division of the Order into districts. This question, though of vital importance to the prosperity of the society, did not create that interest which might have been expected, for the necessity of the measure had entirely disarmed all opposition—even the founders themselves were the most strenuous advocates for the measure.

The 10th of May was a most remarkable day in the history of our institution, inasmuch as it gave fresh courage to the successful energies of our enterprising brethren. On that auspicious day, the deputies from the various lodges assembled at the Mare and Foal Inn, on the Ashton Road, in the vicinity of Oldham, when the following resolution was moved and carried, after a very interesting discussion. "Resolved,—That in consequence of the rapid increase of Lodges in the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds together with the inconvenience and expense of attending meetings for the purpose of transacting the business of the Order, it is deemed expedient to divide the undermentioned places into districts, with power to manage their own financial affairs, and to appoint their own provincial officers, viz., Ashton, Oldham, Rochdale, and Osset."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

APRIL.

BY THE EDITOR.

SIGHING, storming, singing, smiling,
With her many moods beguiling,
APRIL walks the wakening earth:
Wheresoe'er she looks and lingers,
Wheresoe'er she lays her fingers,
Some new charm starts into birth!

Fitful clouds about her sweeping,
Coming, going, frowning, weeping,
Melt in fertile blessings round;
Frequent rainbows that embrace her,
And with gorgeous girdles grace her
Drop in flowers upon the ground.

Gay and green the fields beneath her—
Blue the broad unfathom'd ether
Bending o'er her bright domain;
Full the buds her hands are wreathing,
Fresh the breezes round her breathing,—
Fair her footprints on the plain.

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Daisies sprinkle mead and mountain,
Violets by the mossy fountain
Ope their velvet vesture wide;
Cowslips bloom in open splendour,
But the primrose, pale and tender,
In lone places doth abide.

Nature now hath many voices,
Every living thing rejoices
In the spirit of the time:
Winds with leaves in whispers dally,
Streams run singing down the valley
In the gladness of the prime.

Larks have long been up and chanting,
And the woodland is not wanting
In the sounds we love to hear,—
For the thrush calls long and loudly,
While quaint echo answers proudly
From romantic hollows near.

Now the cuckoo, "blythe new comer!"
Faithful seeker of the summer,
Wheresoe'er its footsteps be,
Sits in places calm and lonely,
And in measured cadence only
Sends wild music o'er the lea.

Who doth not delight to hear her?
Children's careless eyes grow clearer
As they look and listen long:
Manhood pauses on his travel,
Age endeavours to unravel
Old thoughts waking at her song.

Unbeliever, wan and wasted!
If the cup which thou hast tasted
Turns to poison as it flows,
Come, while gentler spirits call thee,
Let their summons disenthral thee
Of thy weakness and thy woes.

With the world if thou art weary,
If with doubt thy soul be dreary,
Crush'd thy generous heart with care,—
There is hope, and there is healing,
Purer fancy, nobler feeling,
In this free untainted air.

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Mark this flowret sweetly peeping
From the sod, where safe and sleeping
It hath lain the winter through,
How it opens with soft seeming
To the breeze, and to the beaming
Of the sun-shower and the dew!

God hath made it, fed it, trained it
Into beauty, and maintained it
For thy use and solace, man;
Can such Guardian be forgetful
Of the selfish, sinful, fretful
Human portion of his plan?

All is gladness, all is beauty,
Nature with instinctive duty
Lifts her joyous homage high;
Why should'st thou, with gloom ungrateful,
Turn on goodly things a hateful
Thankless heart—a scornful eye?

Wayward, wilful though thou seemest,
Dark and doubtful though thou deemest
The Eternal's glory, power, and name:
Nature true to her designing,
Goeth on without repining,
Ever changing, yet the same.

All thy thoughts are full of error,
Disappointment, strife, and terror
Make thy journey sad and rough;
Nature *never can* deceive thee,
But of half thy cares relieve thee,
If thou have but faith enough.

Faith to feel that all her wonders,
Stars, flowers, seasons, calms, and thunders,
Seas that rave, and streams that roll,
Are God's every day revealings,
Mute any many ton'd appealings
To thine apathetic soul.

Come and woo her—she will bless thee,
Let her fresh free winds caress thee,
Let her smiles thy love repay;
Come, while she is proudly wearing
Bridal garments, and preparing
For the festival of May.

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BOTANICAL GLEANINGS.—No. 2.

BY W. B.

ON THE ROOTS OF PLANTS.

THE root is that part of the plant, which, descending into the earth, serves the double purpose of fixing it firmly in its place and procuring it nutriment. It has been remarked, that in many forest trees the roots extend farthest on that side most exposed to the weather; a beneficial arrangement, whereby the plant is enabled to resist the storms which would otherwise uproot it.

Botanists divide the root into two parts—the caudex, or main body of the root, and the radicles, or slender fibres that are attached to it. It is these fibres which take up nourishment for the support of the plant; and for this purpose they are provided, at their extremities, with a small sponge-like apparatus which sucks up any moisture it may meet with, together with all such matters as are contained in it, provided the particles are small enough to enter in at its pores. From the roots this moisture is carried up the stem into the leaves, where it undergoes some remarkable changes, and is made fit for the sustenance of the plant. That it is the radicles alone which take up nourishment for the plant, may be proved by a very simple experiment. If a raddish be taken and the root be bent so that the whole of it, except the small fibre at the end, may be placed in water, the plant will soon wither and die; whilst if the radicle be inserted, though the main body of the root be left out, it will continue to live and grow. Hence, when plants are removed from one place to another, the greatest care should be taken to preserve the small fibres from being broken or injured; this is particularly necessary in the summer time when plants are in their most active growth. Winter is the proper time for removing them, because at that time the powers of the plant are not only dormant, but the radicles are fewer in number, the greater part of them falling off, like the leaves, on the approach of winter.

The roots of plants seem to accommodate themselves, in some degree, to the circumstances in which they are placed; those of the same species growing in a dry situation throwing out a greater number of fibres than those stationed in a wet one. It a tuft of grass be pulled up from a wet soil, its fibres will be found to be comparatively few in number; but if it be then planted in a dry and sandy place, and taken up again in a few weeks, it will be seen to have thrown out thousands of hair-like fibres, thus making up by numbers for the small quantity of supply each is enabled to bring in. The root does not seem to have any choice in the selection of the food it takes up; matters which are poisonous are taken as readily as those which are wholesome: there seems, however, to be a kind of attraction between it and those substances which nourish it, as it is well known that if the soil on one side of a plant be rich and fertile, and that on the other side poor and barren, the greater number of the roots will be turned to the rich soil and appear to luxuriate in it. A young sycamore

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sprung up on the ruined wall of New Abbey, Gallowayshire; it grew for a length of time, until the small quantity of soil in which it was rooted became inadequate for its support, and it then, by an effort of nature, detached a root down the side of the wall, a distance of eighteen feet, until it reached the earth below; it there penetrated, and in a short time became the stem of the plant, which now that it had found a better situation, detached itself from the top of the wall altogether. In this case it is very probable that the root had been attracted by some moisture on the surface of the wall, as they are almost universally found to be attracted by moisture and darkness, and repelled by light and dryness.

Roots in quest of nutriment will sometimes descend to a great depth in the earth, though there is a great difference in them in this respect. The proprietors of orchards know full well the injury which occurs to their fruit trees by their roots striking too deeply into the cold and barren subsoil; this may almost always be prevented by a liberal system of surface manuring. Generally speaking, there seems to be no particular tendency in roots to descend to a great depth; an absence of light, and a proper quantity of moisture, seem to be their chief reason for hiding in the earth. The ash, *(fraxinus excelsior)*, sends out very long roots, generally about eight or ten inches from the surface, and, what is remarkable, if they meet with a ditch or other obstruction they will bend down on one side and turn up on the other, keeping about the same uniform depth beneath it. It is this property of the ash keeping its roots so near the surface which causes it to be so impoverishing to the soil in which it grows.

Roots are divided into several kinds, as the fibrous root, exemplified in the rose, the apple, and most of the grasses; the creeping root, as mint couch-grass, &c.; the tapering root, as the carrot, raddish, &c.; the tuberous root, as the potatoe, dahlia, and orchis; the abrupt root, as the primrose, and the devil's-bit, *(scabiosa succisa)*; the bulbous root, as the onion the tulip, and the lily; and the knobbed root, as ginger.

The creeping roots of coltsfoot, *(tussilago farfara)*, and those of couch grass, are great pests to the farmer; they delight in cultivated ground and spread themselves rapidly in every direction; in vain does he attempt year after year, to clear the land; if the smallest portion be left in the soil the evil will soon be as great as ever. Yet these, and other creeping roots answer an important end in the economy of nature. The sea-reed (*arundo arenaria*), sea-carex, (*carex arenaria*), and others, tend by their long creeping roots to fix the loose sand on the sea shore; and Holland which is a very low flat country, would doubtless be overflowed by the sea were it not that an annual sum is expended by government in sowing these seeds on the banks which have been raised to dam off the waters, and whose long roots, interlacing each other in every direction, preserve those banks from being washed away, and seem to say unto the mighty ocean,—"hitherto shalt thou come, and no further." They are also sown in the outer Hebrides, and other places, for the purpose of curing sand-drifts.

The force which the apparently soft and tender roots of plants exercise is very wonderful. The roots of grass will penetrate the hardest and most stony soil. The creeping root of couch-grass will penetrate

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through the tubers of the potatoe, and the hard bulb of the tiger-lily. Those of the missletoe *(viscum album)* strike, not only through the bark of the apple tree and the oak, but into the heart of the wood also. The growing root of a laurel has been known to overturn a wall under which it had insinuated itself. Large masses of rock are frequently split asunder by the swelling of the roots which have penetrated into their crevices. The vine cultivators on the sides of mounts Etna and Vesuvius take advantage of this power of the root to serve a very important purpose. The lava which issues from these burning mountains sometimes spreads over and desolates large tarks of land. In cooling, this lava becomes full of small cracks, and presents to the eye nothing but a hard cindery surface, something like the dross and scoria from an iron-furnace. In these cracks it is customary to insert cuttings of certain plants of the cactus family; these strike out roots, which in a short time, by the force they exercise, shiver the hardened mass into small fragments, which then being acted on by atmospheric influences, are soon formed into a soil peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of the vine.

Many plants, such as sea-weeds and lichens, have no roots, but are merely attached to certain rocks, trees, &c., from which they derive no nutrition. These imbibe their nourishment by their whole surface from the waters in which they dwell, or the atmosphere which surrounds them. Even some of the plants which have roots seem to be able to dispense with their services; these are generally of a fleshy succulent nature, growing on dry rocks or in sandy places, and seemingly using their roots more as a means of fixing themselves in their situation, than as organs of nutrition. The leaves of these plants, and in some cases their stems also, have an absorbing power by which they seize upon and retain any moisture which may be in the atmosphere. These plants may be taken up with impunity, and seem to suffer little in consequence. Various kinds of aloes are sometimes taken from the soil in which they grow, their roots being wrapped in a cloth dipped in tar, and are hung up in dwelling-houses as a curiosity, where they continue to put forth leaves for years. The Indian air-plant (*Epidendron flos aeris*) is often gathered by the natives of that country, and suspended by a string from the ceilings of their houses where, year after year, it continues to put forth a profusion of splendid and gorgeous blossoms.

As articles of human food, many róots are of the greatest importance. The potatoe is, with all classes of society, a universal and deserved favourite. The carrot, the parsnip, the turnip, and the onion, are well-known nutritious substances: the onion (*allium cepa*) is perhaps more universally used than any other root. In Egypt, Persia, and other eastern countries, where it grows larger and milder-flavoured than with us, it enters into the composition of almost every meal; and that its use is of great antiquity, may be inferred from the circumstance of its being mentioned by the murmuring Israelites as one of the good things they had left behind them in Egypt. In the Indian islands, and many other tropical countries, the large, fleshy, mucilaginous roots of the yam, (*dioscorea elata*) are much used for food, and the sweet potatoe (*convolvulus*

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batatas) is an agreeable article of diet. The nutritious substance called arrow root is obtained from the roots of *maranta arundinacea*. The roots of the early spring orchis (*orchis mascula*), and other species of orchis growing wild in our own country, produce the highly nutritious substance sold in our shops under the name of salep; and a thousand other species of roots might be enumerated containing abundance of starch and mucilage, and which might be turned to good account as articles of food. Many roots possess valuable medicinal properties. The root of Turkey rhubarb, (*rheum palmatum*) is a favourite and useful stomachic and purgative, and also astringent. The root of elecampane (*inula helenium*) is tonic, diuretic, and expectorant. That of dandelion (*leontodon taraxacum*) is diuretic and aperient. The roots of the wild valerian (*valeriana officinalis*) are stimulant and antispasmodic, and much valued as a medicine for those subject to fits. The roots of yellow gentian (*gentiana lutea*), and all the other species of gentian, are bitter, tonic, and stomachic. The roots of parsley (*petroselinum sativum*) are diuretic and diaphoretic. The roots of celery (*apium graveolens*) are diuretic and anti-scorbutic. The well-known foreign root, ginger, (*zingiber officinalis*) is an excellent stimulant and carminative; and the roots of strawberry (*fragraria vesca*) and tormentel (*tormentilla reptans*) are valuable astringents. Jalap, a well known purgative, is the powdered root of *ipomœa jalapa*. Ipecacuan is the root of *cephœlis ipecacuanha*, it is a powerful emetic; and many of the same family are violent drastic purgatives. Asafœtida is the juice which exudes from the cut root of *ferula asafœtida*, and is deemed an excellent antispasmodic, expectorant, emmenagogue, and anthelmintic or worm destroying medicine.

In former times, and even at this day, in some countries, certain roots were much valued as charms The mandrake, mentioned in the thirtieth chapter of Genesis, is one of these. It is shaped somewhat like a carrot, but generally divided in the lower part so as to bear some resemblance to the legs of a human being, and this resemblance was often increased by artificial means. It was believed to promote fruitfulness in women who carried it about their persons, and the most absurd stories are told about the danger of gathering it, in order to enhance its price. In Rome, and some other parts of Italy, it has sometimes been sold for its weight in gold. The devil's-bit sabious, which is very abundant in meadows and rough barren pastures, in this country, and bears heads of purplish-blue flowers, in June and July, has a curious root, the main body of which always appears to have been broken or decayed off. Respecting this plant, Gerard, an old writer on Botany, says—"The greater part of the root seemeth to be bitten away. Old fantastic charmers report, that the devil did bite it for envie, because it is an herbe that hath so many good vertues and is so beneficial to mankinde." Thanks to the spread of scientific knowledge, stories like these are now fast giving way before the light of truth; and instead of being implicitly believed in as they were formerly, they only serve to excite a smile on the countenances of all who have the slightest pretension to intelligence.

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LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A THESPIAN.

BY ROSCIUS.

Returning to my employment one day, after dinner, I was attracted by a large crowd at the end of one of the principal streets, from the midst of which proceeded a most discordant noise: on my arrival, I found a company of ragged urchins and gaping dobbledehoys, surrounding three odd looking specimens of humanity with a clarionet, a trumpet, a double drum and Pandean pipes, from which they contrived to elicit a very novel and contradictory tune, to the admiration of all present.

After several concluding flourishes they condescended to leave off playing, and the performer on the drum having expectorated twice or thrice, delivered himself of the following announcement:—"Ladies and gentlemen, on this evening will be performed, at Winkinson's unrivalled Dramatic and Pantomimic Establishment (which has just arrived in the market-place), a melo-drama of intense interest, entitled *The Brigand Chief; or the Robin Hood of Spain!* I need not expatiate on the acknowledged excellence of Winkinson's celebrated company, whose performances have been witnessed with approbation by the leading nobility and gentry of the kingdom; the whole will conclude with a highly laughable farce, called *The Quack Doctor; or a Cure for Deafness.* The play will commence at eight o'clock precisely. There is superior accommodation to all parts of the house, and only twopence to the gallery. Move on my cripples!"

After delivering this declaration, they proceeded to another part of the town, leaving their auditors in a state of great admiration at the surpassing capabilities of the company. I, for one, fell into a brown study respecting the means of raising the required copper effigies of his Majesty to enable me to make the acquaintance of *The Robin Hood of Spain!* I was, however, soon relieved from this difficulty by the timely appearance of a young friend, who chanced to possess sufficient capital.

I sought my labour with a light heart, for the prospect in perspective was an agreeable picture to contemplate during the afternoon, as some time had elapsed since I had seen regular professors of the drama; men who travelled purposely to enlarge their minds and gratify the public appetite for pleasure—who endured privation and affluence, poverty and plenty, with unruffled serenity—the only genuine cosmopolites who found themselves at home in all parts of the world, and with equal philosophy dined off three courses and wine, or a piece of bread and cheese, and (as Christopher Sly has it), "a pot of the smallest beer."

What, thought I, were Agamemnon, Hector, or Alexander, beside these sons of Thalia? Or Bacchus, with his laughing lip, compared with these jolly devotees of Momus? Mere nonentities; or, to paraphrase Shakespere—"somebodies, nobodies."

It was an enlivening and exhilarating scene at "Winkinson's unrivalled Establishment," that night, at a quarter before eight o'clock—such thronging, squeezing, and pressing at the gallery door—such an astonishing collective amount of twopences were filling the pockets of the proprietor, who, with praiseworthy zeal, never flinched from the receipt of custom, despite the scrambling, rushing, and upsetting of parties patronizing the *Brigand Chief*—such yelling, whistling, and screeching inside, intermingled with affectionate enquiries after maternal absentees,—the price of soap, and other important matters.

The music died in harmonious cadences from the instruments before mentioned, with the addition of a cracked Cremona, as the curtain rose and displayed to the admiring audience a view of the Spanish rocks, (evidently copied from an engraving of the wilds of Derbyshire), with three ferocious bandits in the foreground, whose faces were adorned with a profusion of black whiskers and mustaches, which formed a striking contrast to the intense redness of their cheeks. One of them, with a long feather in his hat, presently informed the spectators that he was the redoubted *Alessandro Massaroni*, whose courage had subdued the flower of Spanish chivalry, and whose beauty had captivated the hearts of the dark eyed daughters of the Guadalquiver. After a few laudatory remarks on his profession, he commenced business in earnest by seizing all and everything in his way, in a most refined and courteous manner; and he would, doubtless, have painted a very true picture of a gentlemanly bandit, had he not been more under the influence of the jolly god than St. Nicholas, who seemed to enchain all his faculties; for, instead of attending to the

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business of the scene, he went through a series of attitudes with as much grace and propriety as if he had been dancing the fandango with a hundred weight upon his shoulders.

However, by dint of frequent stamping, drawing his dagger when least expected, and interlarding his commands with a countless number of Spanish oaths, he obtained a pretty fair quantum of applause; and when he received his death wound, a well-timed fit of convulsions elicited thunders of approbation from four fifths of the spectators, who declared that if Kean surpassed him, they did not wonder at his success.

After the play, the manager came forward in a rustic jacket and waistcoat, and brigand continuations, with his hand upon his left breast and a smile upon his countenance, which he evidently intended to represent gratitude and informed the audience that "the proprietor was exceedingly flattered by their patronage and support, and that no exertion should be wanting on his part to produce the first novelties direct from the metropolis, and no expense should be spared in putting them on the stage in a manner worthy of such an audience;" and, appealing to the known generosity of a British public, he concluded by saying, that "on the following evening would be produced, a drama of thrilling interest, entitled, *The Phantom Bug; or the Destroyer of Domestic Tranquility!* with other entertainments. Prices as usual."

After this interesting information there was a comic song; after the song, a hornpipe; and after that, the farce of *The Quack Doctor*, (which was a farce in every sense of the word), and at its conclusion there was a song about matrimony, by the whole strength of the company, by way of finale, at the commencement of which the whole of the audience quitted the house, and left them to finish the refrain for their private amusement.

I lingered outside the establishment, inwardly resolved to follow these mighty stars to their house of call; and in a short time the manager, *Alessandro*, and a few others came out and proceeded to a convenient public-house. After much demur, I ventured to walk into the same room, where I seated myself in an obscure corner and called for a small mug of ale, inwardly wondering at my own audacity in thus daring to remain in the same room with "the first dramatic and pantomimic company travelling."

In a short time the rest came in, and after divesting themselves of wigs, belts, Guernsey shirts, &c., they called for pipes and porter, and entered into conversation respecting their intellectual calling; and they agreed in pronouncing their visitors, and the town's people generally, the best judges of the drama, in a refined state, they had seen for a long time.

They were interrupted by the entrance of two respectably dressed young men, one of whom appeared to be about twenty-nine, and the other about twenty years of age. I immediately perceived that the elder had, in his time, appeared before admiring audiences; and I was confirmed in my opinion when, he addressed his companion with—

"What says my noble friend—
Punch, wine, or wassail?"

To which the younger replied—

"Or each, or all: it matters not to me
So you supply me not with feeble drinks,
Fat drowsy porter, or thick muddy ale,
Vile malt abortions, only fit for knaves
To drench their droughty throats with!"

The elder immediately seized the bell-rope, and exclaimed—

"What ho! good hostess! prithee wilt attend
And pour me out a flask of ruddy wine
In a capacious bowl; add melting sugar lumps,
Warm spice and fragrant citron.
By all the gods, it were a noble feat
To drain the ocean dry."

"In sooth it were," answered the younger.

"But where's the gallant Raleigh,
Who from the Western Ind, in his good ship,
The mild tobacco bore?"

Their colloquy was cut short by the abrupt entrance of the landlady, who was highl displeased at the violent agitation of the bell; she was, however, mollified on receivin

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an order for a bowl of port and half a dozen screws of tobacco. During her short absence our new comers each surveyed themselves from the points of their chins to the extremities of their toes, with evident satisfaction, and afterwards treated the company to a long-continued scrutiny, particularly the female portion thereof, who, *unused* to the gaze of the sons of Adam, buried their faces in their mugs.

The landlady brought in a bowl of huge dimensions, filled with the "incense for a nose divine," which she placed before them, together with the tobacco and pipes; the latter of which the younger seized, and offering one to his friend, said—

"Can you play upon this pipe, my lord?"
"I know not a touch of it."
"Nay, I do beseech you!"
"Indeed, my lord, I cannot."

Both filled their pipes and commenced smoking at a furious rate, varying the amusement, however, by frequent visitations to the bowl; on a sudden, the younger exclaimed—

"We do forget our friends, good Pollio:
These gentle dames and gallant courtly knights
Do lack our luscious nectar."

On which the elder arose and handed round the bowl, saying to the company—

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved fair ladies,
Wil't please ye taste of our ambrosial fare?
We give you hearty welcome."

Nothing loth, one and all complied with this agreeable invitation, and in a brief time it was found necessary to replenish the bowl; when the senior gentleman observed "that the introduction of a little harmony would be a desirable variation of the night's amusements."

Alessandro and one of the band, who was evidently the air part of the company, undertook to gratify him, and desired to know if there was any particular chant he preferred?

"None whatever," said the elder;—who began to exhibit evident signs of intoxication—"The Huntsman's Chorus," "The Last Rose of Summer," or—

"The First Cabbage of Winter," suggested the younger.

However, the proprietors of the vocal voices volunteered the offspring of Von Weber, and presently resounded the room with the praises of hunting, which ennded by calling on everybody to hearken to and follow a bugle-horn; but as no horn was in view or hearing, and the bowl being a pleasanter companion, they remained in the room.

"Bravo!—capital!—charming!—beau-ti-ful!" hiccupped the proposer of the song,—"may I sup with the devil if it is not slap-bang!"

Several other highly popular songs were attempted—such as "The Canadian Boat Song," "The Barcarole," and "This night we hold our revelry,"—in every variety of tone from the ungreased squeak to that of the "ass-practising recitative."

The elder gentleman, who for some time had been carrying on a conversation with imaginary beings, was suddenly struck with the idea that the drama needed a supporter; and after toiling upwards of a quarter of an hour, he contrived to stand upon his chair, and in a voice, rendered thick and husky by his frequent potations, he called the attention of all in the room to something of vital importance.

Silence being observed, he began, "Gentlemen and ladies—that is, ladies and gentlemen,—The drama—the glorious drama is the first and foremost institution of our glorious and invulnerable land. The drama, with its rich voluptuous train of ideas, and its sublime and beautiful sentiments, while it engenders soft affection which entwine their tender tendrils round the human heart, elevates the patriotic inspirations of the defenders of our sea-girt isle. Brave hearts—high thoughts—glorious and god-like—terrestrial and supermundane were the writers for our early stage. I look upon them as they ought to be looked upon—I look upon them"—

And he might have looked upon them till now, but for an unlooked for circumstance. His feelings so overpowered him as to stop the utterance of his thoughts, and his legs being rather weak with his unwonted exertions, his head rather heavy by reason of the quantity of wine he had imbibed, he lost his equilibrium, and, in imitation of Joey

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Grimaldi, attempted the feat of twisting head foremost over a table; but not being practised in that branch of gymnastics, he went but half way, and fell in the centre.

Now, most of the company having read the *Life of George Frederick Cooke*, were aware that when that gentleman fell in consequence of being all seas over, the first thing done was to assist him to assume the pependicular; in accordance with this precedent they lifted the admirer of the early dramatists on his legs, and persuaded his companion who was not so far gone, to see him safely home; he taking his arm for that purpose contrived to get him out of the room after promenading it three or four times in a very uneven manner.

The Thespians cleared the contents of their glasses—put on their hats—looked at the clock—bade the landlady good night, and quitted the house, *Alessandro* by this time being converted into an animated barrel; but as he was able to drink himself wet and then dry again without being very materially affected, and I having nothing further to detain me, set out, homeward bound, revolving in my own mind what feasible excuse I could make at home for having stayed out so late; and by the time I arrived, I resolved to say that an eclipse of the moon had been expected to take place, and that I waited for the purpose of watching it to increase my knowledge of astronomy.

SONGS FOR THE SHEPHERDS.—No. 1.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

THE SHEPHERD OF EDEN.

In the calm vale of Eden, the fruit of the vine
Fill'd the flask of the Shepherd with primitive wine,
Which he flung o'er his shoulders—brown, brawny, and wide,
When the beam of the morn ting'd the curv'd river side;
Where his flocks wander'd freely, or slept in the vale,
Secure from the blast of the dark mountain gale.

With his crook firmly grasp'd, and his rude sylvan horn,
When the infant sun broke from the portals of morn;
The pastures he roam'd where the breeze flutter'd mild,
Excursive and playful o'er all the green wild,
'Mid the realms of pure innocence past'ral and bright,
With a loveliness fresh from the chaos of night.

While he prayed to his Maker, blue incense arose
From the altar's rude form, in umbrageous repose;
Where the young morning matins broke forth in the sky
From the lark, as he flutter'd, light, airy, and high:
His flocks gather'd slowly around the green well,
Where the bright water ooz'd in the fern-waving dell.

The dim sun receded—the flash wild and warm
Leap'd vividly forth from its cloud-bed of storm,
Convulsively watching the frenzy-eyed Cain,
As he first meditated by slaughter to stain
The young Eden Shepherd—his brother by birth—
A pastoral youth of the newly-born earth!

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As the vindictive flashes of jealousy's eye
Met the tears of regret from the wild weeping sky,
The arm of revenge rais'd the weapon of strife
Which smote the lone Shepherd, and hurl'd him from life;
But the murderer's forehead was branded with blood,
And he wander'd forlorn over mountain and wood.

With gore-ghastly features, and eyes gleaming red,
He beheld with emotion the first martyr'd dead—
Cold—lifeless—yet fair, on the green-mantled mound,
When the voice of Heaven's anger breath'd hoarsely around;
But an outcast—he fled to the far land of Nod,
Pursued and borne down by the curse of his God!

COUNTRY CHURCHES AND CHURCH-YARDS.—No. II.

"Of those that sleep in earth so cold,
No more the cheerful day to view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due."

ALTHOUGH it may be perfectly true that comfort to the living is worth ten times the amount of compliment to the dead, still there is a debt of gratitude and respect owing to the departed, which the feeling heart will always take pride and consolation in discharging This is merely natural, with a particle, perhaps, of selfishness blended; for it is a startling truth—a truth that sways the actions of thoughtful men with an incalculable influence—that all must die: requiring at the hands of others the same kind offices, in their turn, which they pay to those gone before them. And while there is implanted in the human breast a horror of being committed, with a plunge, to the monsters of the deep; or, escaping these, to be wrapped in a sea-weed shroud, and left to blanch in one of its wild recesses:—or, to change the scene, while there exists a dread of sharing the wandering Arab's fate, when his camel dies in the desert, leaving him to perish of unmitigated thirst—whilst destinies like these can cause loathing and revolt, there will always be a certain amount of soothing, though melancholy, pleasure in the contemplation of a sweet sleep, "after life's fitful fever," in the quiet, green, pastoral church-yard.

There is a truthful adage which says, "It matters little to the dead where or how they are buried." But who shall be bold enough to contend that it matters little to the dying? Of course, none can know exactly how much humanity lives, and hopes, and suffers, in its last lucid hour, except those who have passed through the final ordeal, and whose lips can never reveal the mystery; but we are convinced that the mind, at this awful crisis, is endowed with more than human perception; that while it vividly reviews the past, and dwells upon the present, it sweeps far into the immensity of the future. Yes! and every tear that will fall for its loss is counted, and brings its solace. Every trait of affection and duty that will be shown to its memory is marked and appreciated; and every tiny flower, with its early dew, and its noon-tide beam, that will spring upon *one particular mound*, is seen and brings its odour to the fading sense; till, finally, these mingle with the drooping tree and the singing-bird; the child at play with tombs; with the whispered prayer and the deep response, into one mysterious and bewildering dream—giving to the soothed spirit a foretaste of lasting joy, as it starts upon its pathless pilgrimage—forgetful of them all.

A touching proof of attachment came under my notice some time since, in the church-yard of St. Mary, at Lancaster; but I have not introduced it here without hesitation, for fiction has so long held the 'vantage ground,' in anecdotes of this description, that truth appears, in comparison, like a rag-fair garment, second-hand and thread-bare. Whilst rambling over the epitaphs, towards evening, two young ladies, attired in deep mourning passed leisurely by me. Turning soon afterwards round an angle of the church, I was

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surprised to find them seated, in a pensive attitude, upon a tomb-stone, at a short distance They were evidently weeping. My interest was excited in their favour; and lest my presence might disturb them, I mounted the steps of the sun-dial, and after surveying its plate for a few moments, retired. I proceeded to the castle terrace, and watched them with curiosity which, from the purity of its nature, might well be forgiven. In the course of half-an-hour they withdrew, and I hastened to the tomb consecrated by affection, to read the inscription it bore. It was simply inscribed, in addition to the name and dates,—"In remembrance of a loving mother." She had been at rest many months; but the living were still true to her memory, and I hailed the incident as a cheering exception to a melancholy rule—a maxim which, I am sorry to confess, is deeply impregnated with truth, viz.,—"We soon forget those whom the earth has covered."

"Next to these ladies, though in nought allied," the inscription on the tomb of Burns's father, at Kirk Alloway, seems to claim a passing notice. I copy from a paper entitled "A Day in the Land of Burns," by J. B. Rogerson:—"Sacred to the memory of William Burns, farmer, in Lochlie, who died on the 13th of February, 1784, in the 63rd year of his age and of Agnes *Brown*, his spouse, who died January 14, 1820, aged 88 years. She was interred in Bolton church-yard, East Lothian." We cannot help feeling that *Brown* has no business here; that it is intrusion, almost desecration, to the name which is so much beloved, and so familiar to our ear. I know nothing prejudicial to the mother of Burns, in particular, but in the numerous instances of this nature—whether the parties be famous or obscure is of little moment—there appears a sad lack of poetic justice, which it is grieving to see sacrificed to worldly expediency and profit. Let me not be misunderstood. Few have a greater horror than myself of the Hindoo fashion of immolating widows. And although it is a positive joy to trace the woman's love that can last through time unto death, in the singleness and purity of its devotion, yet, I would not condemn a female to lonely poverty, where a second marriage is the only method of insuring her comfort. Nevertheless, I would stipulate and enforce, that every widow so re-marrying, should confine herself wholly and entirely to her latest husband; never intruding her dust, or her *new* name, into the grave, or upon the stone of him whose memory she has deserted.

One bright morning, in the autumn of last year, when the air was just sharp enough to sharpen every body it came into contact with, I sallied forth, after being smoke-dried past further endurance, for a day's excursion amongst the suburban villages. I had heard of Jackson's boat—seen landscapes of Northenden—and knew that it was Cheadle race-day, so I hastened down Oxford-street, Stretford New-Road, and through Rusholme. Here I was surrounded by flaring new erections on every side; bricks and trowels pealing away like bells at a festival; the triumph of art, I suppose, over nature. God knows what will ultimately become of the green fields; they are far enough from me already; but they are sharing the fate of the poor Indians—step by step the houses and the railways encroach upon their territories, and will do, until they leave them scarcely a "local habitation" in the world.

But a truce to thought amidst building materials, whilst there are yet meadows at hand for sun-beams to gild, and fairies to dance upon—when they condescend. And while the breeze is rushing, volatile and coquettish, down Chorlton old lane, inviting me in a wild visionary canzonet, to follow an invisible guide:—

Come, and I'll shew thee,
Through day's vivid hour,
Where I choose my night-couch,
On the summer's last flower.
And I'll shew thee pure waters
That ripple with pride,
To the ear of my joyless,
Though joy-giving bride.

For my sweet one deploreth,
Frail, sensitive thing!
The bright world that perish'd
With summer and spring:
And my warmest caresses
But hasten her fall;
So powerless is love
When death spreads his pall!

Yet the throng will dèride me
As fickle and rude;
Nor dream of the anguish
I've felt and subdued:
Nor deem that the wailing
It can never divine,
Is the effect, not the cause,
Of my beauty's decline.

So come where I'll lead thee,
Through day's vivid hour;
For Nature's own Druid
Should shrive her last flower:
And *then* strike thy lyre
To defend me, in sooth;
For the poet's high mission
Is justice and truth.

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And who, like the breeze,
Hath not writh'd under wrong,
From the world's shallow judgment—
The world's ready tongue?
To fools and to scorners
The surface is shown;
But the *deep under-current*
What power shall make known?
For the heart's purest motives
Pride hoards and conceals;
Or grief, in its loneliness,
Never reveals!

I must not, however, linger in this way, or my day will be ended before my journey is well begun. But I have acquired such a reprehensible habit of indulging my fancy in its every whim, and of expressing my thoughts by impulse, that I cannot, for the life of me, maintain the sober and measured pace of the prose narrator. For a few steps I may proceed steadily and well enough; but then, like a faulty trotter, I am certain to *break* and lose ground. Of course, I followed the breeze in the spirit of its own briskness; for I could not, with decency, refuse so polite an invitation. We bounded away in pleasant companionship—the wind and I—down many a quiet lane, still verdant; and past many a little patch of country scenery, until the junction of three lane ends, with a quaint fingured directory in the centre, brought us into contact with an elderly man and a group of boys and girls. They took the same path with ourselves. I hailed the old gentleman with a passing remark on the original topic—the undying one—the weather. Bless thee, thou universal friendship-made-easy! How would the silent system chill our highways and by-ways! How many choice spirits boggle in their attempts to be sociable, but for thy aid? After this brief introduction, we walked cheerfully along, chatting upon every imaginable subject; the youngsters, meanwhile, frolicking at intervals a long way astern. We had not proceeded far in this joyous manner ere we came, unexpectedly, upon the "moping idiot" of the village. There is one of these sad mementos in almost every town and hamlet. We regarded, for a moment, his vacant gaze; his aimless motions; the long beard down covering his chin; the blue frock encasing his person; and resumed our journey with strange feelings, the chief being gratitude for the right use of our own reason. A short stage of involuntary silence brought us to Jackson's boat, which, by the way, is no boat at all, but a neat and convenient bridge crossing the river Mersey, which here divides the counties of Cheshire and Lancashire. This bridge is attached as a necessary help to the public-house at its foot. About half way over, our progress was checked by a locked door, so we rang a bell that was appended, and which was answered by "mine host;" we had then the choice of paying a penny toll, or of purchasing a glass of refreshments, when the bridge is counted free. After enjoying our brown stout, which was excellent, our landlord brought in a large quantity of fruit from his orchard adjoining, and we received as much for two-pence as would have stocked a miniature shop. My companion and his interesting rear-guard now turned off to the right, for Sale Moor, while I kept the course of the stream a little way further, and by dint of a few inquiries, and faithfully treading in the ruts of the farmers' carts, I reached Northenden in due time. Northenden is a pleasant agricultural village, wearing an aspect of deep seclusion, and the river winds smoothly around it; but I searched in vain for its striking views that I had seen pictured with much effect. The church is small and appropriate, presenting outwardly no remarkable features: of the interior I cannot speak minutely. The church-yard possesses, to me, many attractions. The gate was closed when I essayed to enter, and I began to feel disappointment; but on turning round, I perceived a free entrance snugly placed in a corner of the wall; and an ascent of three or four steps found me among the grave stones. Although a footpath runs through it, the place is very retired, and you may meditate your fill without being subjected to that incessant gaze which is so annoying at many burial-grounds. In a quiet nook stand the lifeless remains—just the huge trunk and a few shattered branches—of a once mighty tree; it is literally overwhelmed with ivy, and more visibly impressed with the "flight of ages past" than any I remember to have seen. The largest of the tombs is dedicated to the Worthington family, of Sharston Hall; another tomb, rather smaller, but more neat, displayed two inscriptions, "written on marble cold." They were, in my opinion, singularly chaste and beautiful, and I took the liberty of noting them down:—"Sacred to the memory of Sarah Dorothea, daughter of Robert and Eliza Tweddell, who died February 8, 1826, aged eight months.

"Mother, weep not!
The spirit of thy little one beholds the face of its Father
Which is in heaven."

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Upon the opposite side :—

"Here repose the mortal remains of Eliza, the beloved wife of the Rev. R. Tweddell A.M., curate of this parish; she entered into her rest Sep. 21, 1829, aged 29 years.

"The mother weeps no longer!
God hath wiped all tears away from her eyes."

Having lingered hereabouts "a full hour by Shrewsbury" or any other "clock," I made the best of my way to Cheadle, which I succeeded in reaching about two p.m. I had some extra trouble and loss of time owing to the deficiency of finger-posts in this neighbourhood, where, in truth, they are very much needed. The races were about to commence and vehicles of various descriptions were dashing to the course in full stream, while the footways were crowded with gay and joking pedestrians. Here was a contrast with the peaceful scenes I had just left; yet I joined the throng with eagerness, for, when honest and closely-contested, I like well to witness a horse race. This may seem abrupt and contradictory; but is not nature allowed to be made up of contradictions? and I do not profess to differ much from the rest of my species. Although I can, at times be sentimental, even to sickliness, I can also be merry and light-hearted when occasion offers, and wit never appeals to my ear without receiving its due acknowledgement. Immediately after the first heat, I was startled by a loud outcry, which proved to be from a field-preacher, who was holding forth at a hedge-row that overlooked the sports. Two or three others accompanied him, and formed, evidently, a party of Methodists. He was a powerful, impressive speaker, and suited exactly to his hearers, for he minced no meat with them, but awed them with fearful denunciations of the sinfulness and folly of the day. I have no patience with cant of any sort, and public professions of piety and goodness are not to my taste, so I was disposed to smile at the wild and unusual gestures of this man. But the blaze of his eye, and the heart-earnestness of his delivery, constrained me to respect; and when he painted, with the aid of a fervent imagination, the frail tenure of life—the death-scene—and the torments of a future state, he became truly eloquent, and I paid him the common tribute of genius—involuntary admiration! This was certainly the best natural orator I have heard, and he deserved to rank No. 1, in his class. In the evening I sauntered leisurely towards the church, which is doubtless well calculated for the good folks in its vicinity, but not for description in these pages. The date of its erection, 1634, is figured legibly over the arched door-way. The church-yard is surrounded by houses, one of which is a tavern; in its tap-room roystering roughheads were swearing coarsely; so I glanced quickly over the epitaphs, snatching a copy here and there, with a burning cheek, lest I should attract attention. Even these inscriptions, on second reading, I shall not use "they are very well in their way," as our editors have it, "but scarcely come up to our standard." The most remarkable feature in this place of rest, is the number of its verses—so numerous, indeed, as to suggest the idea that Cheadle does, or did, maintain an elegiac minstrel of its own for the especial purpose of supplying them.

About seven o'clock I mounted Critchley's omnibus, for Manchester, and re-crossed my threshold soon after night-fall, much better pleased with my ramble, I fear, than will be the reader with this rambling account of it. SYLVAN.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BR. JOHN WILLIAMSON'S TWO INFANT CHILDREN, WHO WERE INTERRED ON THE SAME DAY IN THE SAME GRAVE. BY THE EDITOR.

ALAS for me!
Two bonny buds but newly blown,
And into winning beauty grown,
From my domestic garden torn,
Have left me feeble and forlorn—
I miss them from my household tree—
Alas for me!

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Alas for me!
Two lambs, a blessing to behold,
Are taken from their earthly fold,
Mid fairer pasture-fields to roam
Round the Great Shepherd's happier home,
And though I bow submissive knee—
Alas for me!

Alas for me!
Two jewels, rarest of the treasure
Set in my crown of human pleasure,
Are shaken earthward, and each gem
Recalled to God's own diadem,
To shine where sinless seraphs be—
Alas for me!

Alas for me!
Two love-beams sent from heaven to cheer
My lot of storm and darkness here,
Are gathered to the central light
Of climes unknown to death or night—
Would that my own sad soul were free—
Alas for me!

Alas for thee!
My own, my true, my patient wife,
Dear antidote of care and strife;
Fond mother of my babes that rest
In the mute earth's maternal breast,
What must thy double sorrow be?
Alas for thee!

But why repine?
Though the cold earth enshrines my dears,
Though moments scarcely count our tears,
A little hope, a little trust,
A little thought beyond the dust,
May fit us for that home of joy
Where *they* can never feel annoy;
Where *they*, perchance, keep watch and wait
Our presence at the radiant gate
Which opens into life divine—
Then why repine?

Woman's Mission.—As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunder-bolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity—winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—Washington Irving.

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PAULINE: A REMINISCENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Abridged from a Magazine which has ceased to be published.*)

In the month of July, 1830, impelled by an accumulation of depressing circumstances, I resolved upon leaving my own for another country, in the full and confident hope of bettering my worldly condition. Accordingly, one calm sunny day, at noon, I found myself cheerfully seated on the top of the Peveril of the Peak stage coach, bound for London. I was full of spirits, and indulged a thousand pleasing anticipations of future success. The novelty of the journey, too,—for I had never been thirty miles from my home,—added considerably to my satisfaction; and though my resources were barely sufficient to carry me to the north of France, my intended destination, I felt little anxiety, but buoyed up by a sanguine temperament, scarcely dreamed of reverses in my wild speculation.

For the first hour or two of my journey, I felt extremely melancholy, as if a blank had been created in my heart; but when we fairly entered the country, the romantic beauty of the scenery, and the enlivening conversation of my fellow-travellers, relieved me, and I began to enter into the expedition with heart and soul; the more so, as I possessed a poetic turn of mind, and a passionate love of external nature, which up to this day has rather increased than diminished. Passing into Derbyshire, I became deeply absorbed in the ever-changing panorama of mountain, vale, and river, which characterises that delightful country. The bare and breezy heights of Buxton, the rude and rocky passes beyond; and above all, that paradise of valleys—Matlock, wound me up to a pitch of silent enthusism, and it was not until we arrived at Derby, where the country becomes comparatively flat and uninteresting, that my mind came down to the common level of every-day things. In that few hours ride it seemed as if a new world had been opened to me, for having lived till then in dingy and populous regions of manufacture, my wild imagination had not conceived anything so wonderfully sublime as what I had just beheld.

About noon next day we entered the almost interminable wilderness of London, which astonished me with its vastness and its multitudinous life; its incessant din and incomparable splendour. Shortly afterwards I was snugly located in a small, dim, back parlour of a chop-house near the Thames. Scarcely had I partaken of refreshment, and settled myself to indulge a retrospective glance at the last twenty-four hours, than mine host entered with the horrifying news that a revolution had broken out in Paris, and that Charles X. had fled to England for protection. I was paralysed at the intelligence, and for a considerable time I could not resolve on what course I should pursue. I had left poverty behind, and I found that there was a dreadful alternative before me; but flattering myself that the affairs of France were exaggerated, or, at all events, that the disturbances would be but of short duration, I determined to proceed, rather than return to the miseries from which I had escaped.

At an early hour next morning I embarked at the Custom House Stairs, for Calais, and as we floated down the noble river, with its thousand objects of interest, every apprehension of danger and distress vanished from my mind. After we had passed the mouth of the river, and got fairly out upon the wide expanse of waters, my delight and admiration were indescribable. The day was singularly clear; the sky, which was studded with some straggling clouds of snowy whiteness, wore a deep delicious blue, and the green transparent sea was sufficiently swelled by a fresh breeze to give a graceful and even exhilarating motion to the vessel. I was in a quiet ecstasy; and as I leaned over the bulwarks, looking down on the weltering waves, I tried in fancy to penetrate their mysterious depths and to gaze on their hidden wonders, beauties, and horrors. A bustle on the deck aroused me from my reverie, and I observed that our captain was preparing to hail a packet returning from Calais.

"Ahoy! What news from France?" he demanded.

"All communication between Paris and the provinces is stopped, and the people are in a state of great uncertainty and alarm!" was the disagreeable and ominous reply.

At this moment a piercing shriek from one of the female passengers, who had gathered the appalling words, broke wildly on our ears. She was in a violent hysteric fit, which held her for some time; but the kind exertions of the passengers at length restored her to

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consciousness; when, gazing around her with a bewildered air, she exclaimed "Gracious God! what will become of my poor husband?" This exclamation naturally aroused our curiosity, and in answer to our inquiries she informed us, that her husband was in Paris, that she was apprehensive from the impetuosity of his temper, and the peculiar opinions he entertained, that he would take part with the revolutionists, and that she trembled at the danger to which he would be exposed. Every one sympathized with and pitied her, endeavouring to inspire her with the assurance that her fears might be groundless. They succeeded in calming down her distress, but she settled into a silent melancholy for the remainder of the day, as if her thoughts were wandering to the beloved object upon whose safety her own happiness depended. I had now an opportunity of quietly observing her. She appeared to be about four and twenty years of age; graceful in form, with a face of inexpressible softness and sweetness; and her large dark eye was the very mirror of tenderness and affection. She seemed a being formed to inspire and to feel the most passionate and devoted love; and while gazing on her, as she leaned her head upon her fair hand, most sincerely did I pray that her partner, unscathed as when he he left her, might be ready to receive her to his arms. A beautiful boy, three or four years old, who had just awakened from sleep, stood prattling by his mother's knee, looking up into her face, and asking her a crowd of artless, but puzzling questions. It was evident that these questions pained her, as they were put in such a manner as to awaken the feelings she was endeavouring to subdue. To relieve her I beckoned the child to me, and taking him on my knee we soon became intimate friends, chatting about the sea, and the ship, and the birds which swept past us on their sunny wings. The mother rewarded me with a smile of grateful acknowledgement, which was followed by the tears starting from her eyes, and she turned away to conceal her emotion.

A little before sunset we neared Calais, which, floating like a picture on the waters, its white towers and chimnies gleaming in the softened light, seemed to welcome me to a land of antiquity and romance. We reached the pier, which was crowded to excess, and after I had struggled my way through a host of *Commissionaires*, who deafened me with their clamour in extolling the comforts and advantages of their respective hotels, I looked round for my interesting fellow traveller, and on meeting with her, we bade each other a hasty, but friendly farewell.

I was forced to remain in Calais three days for want of a conveyance, during which time I employed myself in perambulating the town, and in visiting its places of public amusement; particularly its dancing gardens, where every one appeared so social, so full of vivacity, and so contented, that I was enraptured with the country, and longed to proceed on my journey. At length the diligences came rolling in from the capital, bringing the agreeable tidings that the "three glorious days" were over, and that Louis Philippe had been elected king of the French. The people were in raptures; the Cafes became suddenly crowded, and nothing was to be heard either in or out of doors, but "Le brave Francais," "La Belle France," and the Marseillois hymn, and various other vociferations indicative of excessive vanity and exultation.

By the first conveyance into Picardy I set off, my coat bedecked with a national rosette, while the *tricoleur* banner, planted on the top of the diligence, floated gaily in the breeze. On we went through Dunkirk, St. Omer, Douay, and Cambray, all of which towns were in a state of great commotion, till we halted in the Grand Place of St. Quentin, where I intended to try my fortune as a British artizan. I was doomed, however to be woefully disappointed, for recent events had deadened and depressed commercial spirit and enterprize, in consequence of which my applications for employment were almost in every case unsuccessful. Nevertheless, I contrived with great difficulty to sojourn in the town two months, till, finding my prospects becoming daily more gloomy, I hesitated whether I should return to England, or proceed to some other manufacturing town of France. I decided on the latter course, and fixed upon Mulhausen, in Alsace, as the second scene of my speculations.

Packing up a scanty wardrobe, I made my way to Paris, where business constrained me to remain some eight or ten days. Though Louis Phillippe had scarcely taken his seat on the throne, and though the blood of her *patriotic citizens* was barely dry upon her streets, Paris appeared to retain all her life and splendour; all her fashion and frivolity. The thoroughfares were thronged with people as gay, as talkative, and as vain as ever; the theatres were crowded with pleased spectators of the indelicate and horrible; the public walks were brilliant with female beauty; the gambling-houses were still haunted by the

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infatuated votaries of gain; and every hotel, cafe, and cabaret, rung with its usual sounds of unrestrained enjoyment. That noble city, over which but a few weeks before the angel of death hovered, making many a heart sick and many a home desolate, now seemed filled with laughter, music, and festivity, as if disaffection, riot, and murder, were things of every day occurrence; and as if the crushing of crowns, and the overturning of thrones, were but common occasional pastime.

Sauntering through the streets, one day, in a mood of deep despondency, thinking of home and friends, I stepped, almost unconsciously, into the august Cathedral of Notre Dame. Wrapt in thought, I paced the silent aisles with feelings of the purest veneration for that Being to whose praise and glory such a pile had been raised. There were very few persons in the cathedral at the time; but I was struck with the graceful figure of a female in deep mourning, kneeling on a low chair before a picture of "The Virgin Mary." Motionless as a statue, her hands clasped in prayer, her veil thrown aside, and her dark eyes suffused with tears, this fair petitioner to heaven riveted me to the spot. The coloured light, streaming down from a gorgeous window, fell on the upper part of her person, giving to her features an almost angelic expression. Disturbed by a slight movement which I made, she turned her face towards me, and I instantly recognized her who had so interested me on my passage from London to Calais. She immediately arose, adjusted her veil, and without noticing me, quitted the church. I followed her, however, and overtaking her in the street, I accosted her, and with all the delicacy and politeness I could assume, reminded her of our first acquaintance. She looked at me, and, as a remembrance of the circumstance flashed through her mind, she was seized with a paroxysm of grief, and began to weep convulsively. I asked permission to accompany her home, and passively taking my arm she pointed out the way. After the first burst of grief had subsided, I ventured to express my fears that her forebodings on board the packet had been too lamentably verified. She replied, that, if as a stranger I could feel any interest in the history of her sorrows, I should know all, and with the more confidence, as I was a countryman of her husband.

In a short time we reached the dwelling of her mother, which stood in one of the *Faubourgs* of Paris. The abode was humble, but there was an air of homely neatness and order in its internal arrangements, which to an English eye was as agreeable as it was unexpected. Pauline, for such I must now call her, introduced me to her mother, who received me most graciously, and after we had seated ourselves to partake of coffee, I learned the following simple, but to me, exceedingly affecting history.

Pauline was the only child of an humble lace manufacturer, who, by dint of strict economy and untiring industry, realized a moderate independency, and retired outside the barriers of the city quietly to enjoy his well-earned gains. Scarcely, however, had he began to taste the fruits of his thrift in the calm bosom of his little family, than he was seized with a sudden and dangerous malady, which carried him off in a few days, and his widow and daughter were left alone, and almost inconsolable in the world. Some care had been taken of the orphan Pauline's education, and those graceful accomplishments which give a charm to woman, as cultivation does to flowers, had not been denied her. But what enhanced Pauline most, in the eyes of those who knew her, was her marked good sense, her equable sweetness of temper, and her tender and deep affections, which, under some circumstances, almost amounted to passions. She appeared to possess less natural volatile vivacity than her countrywomen, but she could at times throw aside her habitual thoughtfulness, and be as merry, as sparkling, and as fascinating as the gayest of them all. She was a favourite in every society she entered, and many a sprightly Adonis, with volubility of compliment and flattery, endeavoured to lay seige to her heart, but she repelled them always with good humour, at which, though some might be disappointed, none were offended. She was not destined, however, long to remain the guide and guardian of her own heart, for one from a stranger land "came, saw, and conquered," and turned the current of her feelings into a channel which led her into a state of entire new being.

In the year 1825, Henry Rushbrooke, the son of an opulent tradesman in the south of England, visited Paris on his way to Switzerland and Italy. The gay metropolis of France had an unexpected charm for him, and instead of proceeding to his destination as speedily as he at first intended, week after week passed away and still found him lingering in its haunts of pleasure and fashion. The endless and ever-varying sources of amusement which surrounded him, doubtless influenced him in deferring his journey, but the main in-

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dacement was the fascinating beauty and grace of Pauline, whom he had met at the house of one of his new Parisian friends. He was deeply struck with her charms, strove to leave a favourable impression on her mind, and, after an evening passed in the most happy familiarity, he craved permission to renew their acquaintance, and to enjoy the pleasure of paying his respects to her mother, which was acceded to, and Henry arrived at his lodgings with a buoyant and happy heart. Next morning full of hope and joy, Henry was bustling in the direction of Pauline's dwelling. As he entered the house, with a slight blush on her cheek, a smile on her lips, and a somewhat abashed expression in her eyes, she bade him be seated, and calling her mother, presented the English stranger. The old lady received him graciously, expressed a wish that he would often visit them, and immediately, with the natural fondness of a parent, and in the garrulous spirit of old age, launched forth in praise of her daughter, and recounted many instances of her filial attachment. At length they sat down to the morning meal; and never was meal more protracted, or less cared for, except in so far as it gave Henry an opportunity of lingering at table, that he might feast his eyes on the radiant beauty of Pauline. All interviews must have an end, however, and after the young man had remained as long as was consistent with good breeding he took his leave; having previously obtained permission to conduct Pauline to a dance that evening.

Henry left the threshold of that dwelling to all intents and purposes steeped in love. Nor was it an unworthy passion, for his nature was incapable of a dishonourable thought or action;—except in one particular, he was all that a fond confiding woman could desire—he was handsome, constitutionally brave, and generous almost to a fault; frank, and full of warm and tender feelings; but withal, he possessed a fiery and impetuous soul, which at times set all restraint at defiance. He entertained strong, but perhaps erroneous opinions respecting liberty and the rights of man, and whatever were his views, he took little pains to conceal them—but more of this anon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MY WIFE, BETTY COOPER, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE DECEMBER 3, 1845. SHE WAS A PEACEFUL NEIGHBOUR, A HUMBLE CHRISTIAN, A KIND MOTHER, AND A MOST AFFECTIONATE WIFE DURING 25 YEARS.

Roving winds that round me ride,
Let your angry voices sleep;
While my pen my sorrows guide
Children sit by me and weep.

Cold December! wet and gloomy,
Blighted, desolate, and wild,
Shrouded are thy scenes, once bloomy
Scenes which *she* beheld, and smiled

Keen afflictions, long and tiring,
Day and night for eight sad years
Oppressed her, but her soul aspiring
Looked beyond this vale of tears.

Dark temptations round her pressing,
Blighted oft her sweetest charms;
Till bright heaven, with timely blessing
Called her to her Saviour's arms.

Disappointments came and wounded;
Hunger lent its cruel sting:
But her faith was still unbounded
In the great Jehovah King.

Eight sad years, unpitying walls
Kept her from the house of prayer,
Where the Word's rich manna falls,—
Though her longing soul was there.

"Bear her up," cries the Redeemer,
"Waft her o'er death's gloomy tide;
Bid her welcome, watchful angels,
Fling heaven's portals open wide."

She, dear victor! quickly hasted
From this spot of human woe:
The cup of sweet salvation tasted,
Won by blameless life below.

Now her vacant chair looks lonely
In this gloomy dwelling place;
A mother name so dear and homely
Is heard, but none beholds her face.

The staff she lean'd on—rude and splinter'd
Is for ever laid aside,
Where I hoped she would have winter'd—
But while my hopes were high, she died.

Phillip, my son, my daughter Ann,
Cling around my widowed knee,—
I love them as becomes a man,
But I cannot love like thee.

Incessant tears bedew my eyes.
Sadness and silence here remain,—
Why should I weep? A voice replies,—
"Thy loss is her eternal gain."

"Like her, be hopeful, humble, just,
Be Faith thy peace—Love thy employ,
And thou shalt win by such high trust
A share of her immortal joy!"

P. Pro. C.S. JAMES COOPER,
New Mills District.

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PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

COMMON SENSE.

Fine sense, and exalted sense, are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense ; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for ready change.—BROWNE.

THE SPHYNX.

Near the pyramids, more wonderous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely sphynx. Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that, in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of the Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent for ever and ever inexorable !—upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman—upon Arab and Ottomon conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen eyed travellers, upon all and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam wither away, and the Englishman leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful, and still that sleepless rock will be watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mein everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx !—EOTHEN.

WASTE.

Waste is an unproductive expenditure of the means of happiness. Whatever lessens human enjoyment, or produces it inadequately to the power expended, is waste. It is waste to destroy the instruments of good, or to use them unprofitably. It is waste to suffer an occasion of pure and enriching feeling to pass by unimproved. It is waste to let a drop fall from our cup of earthly joy, because we take it with a rude and careless hand. It is waste to let a stray blessing cross our path in the shape of a right emotion, or an awakening influence, and to refuse or hurry away the offered draught of peace. It is waste to be surrounded with the opportunities of improvement, with the ministerings of our God, and to suffer one of them to escape without leaving its trace upon the spirit. It is waste to spend talents and time on objects that do not give the *largest* returns of true peace and unperishing good—when the same means, otherwise directed, could have made us at once happier and nobler beings. It is waste in every sense to transgress our means; a waste too of what is not our own, and which to touch we should shun more than sacrilege,—a waste of what belongs to others, of a portion of their lawful stock of the means of happiness,—and a waste of our own internal reliances, independence, and moral peace.—REV. J. H. THOM.

OFFERINGS AND OFFICES TO THE DYING.

It marks a strange perversity in human nature, that we are wont to offer nothing but images of terror, no stars of cheering light, to those who lie imprisoned in the darkness of a sick bed, when the glitter of the dew of life is waxing grey and dim before them. It is indeed hard that lamentations and emotions are frequently vented upon the dying, which would be withheld from the living in all their vigour ; as if the sick patient was to console those in health. There stands no spirit in the closeness of a sick chamber to awaken a cheering smile on that nerveless, colourless countenance; but only confessors, lawyers and doctors, who order everything, and relatives who lament at everything. There stands no lofty spirit, elevated above the circumstance of sorrow, to conduct the prostrate soul of the sufferer, thirsty for the refreshment of joy, back to the old springtide waters of pious recollection ; and so to mingle these with the last ecstacies of life, so as to give the dying man a foreboding of his transition to another state. On the contrary, the deathbed is narrowed into a coffin without a lid. The value of life is enhanced to the departing one by lies which promise cure, or words which proffer consolation; the bier is represented as

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a scaffold, the harsh discord of life is trumpeted in the ears which survive long after the eyes are dead, instead of letting life ebb away like an echo in sounds ever deeper, though fainter. Nevertheless, man has this of good in him, that he recalls the slightest joy which he has shared with a dying person, far rather than a thousand greater pleasures given to a person in health; perhaps because in the latter case we hope to repeat and redouble our attentions, so little do mortals reflect that every pleasure they give or they receive may be the last.—JEAN PAUL.

MINUTENESS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Take any drop of water from the stagnent pools around us, from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small that, in all probability, human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organisation! Vain, indeed, would it be to attempt by words to give anything like a definite notion of the minuteness of these multitudinous races. Let me ask the reader to divide an inch into 22,000 parts, and appreciate mentally the value of each division: having done so, and not till then, shall we have a standard sufficiently minute to enable us to measure microscopic beings. Neither is it easy to give the student of nature, who has not accurately investigated the subject for himself, adequate conceptions relative to the numbers in which the infusoria sometimes crowd the waters they frequent; but let him take his microscope, and the means of making a rough estimate at least are easily at his disposal. He will soon perceive that the animalcule inhabitants of a drop of putrid water, possessing, as many of them do, dimensions not larger than the 12000th part of a line, swim so close together, that the intervals separating them are not greater than their own bodies. The matter therefore becomes a question for arithmetic to solve, and we will pause to make the calculation. The *Monas termo*, for example—a creature that might be pardonably regarded as an embodiment of the mathematical point, almost literally without either length, or breadth, or thickness—has been calculated to measure about the 22,000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and in water taken from the surface of many putrid infusions, they are crowded as closely as we have stated above. We may therefore safely say, that, swimming at ordinary distances apart, 10,000 of them would be contained in a linear space one inch in length, and consequently a cubic inch of such water will thus contain more living and active organised beings than there are human inhabitants upon the surface of this globe!—RYMER JONES.

Mathematics.

Proposed by Mr. Joseph Harrop, Ashton-under-Lyne.

4.—Given $4x + 4\sqrt{x} = (x - \sqrt{x})\ x^2 - x)$; to find x by quadratics.

Solution by Messrs. Waterhouse, Stalybridge; M. Lawton, Mossley Brow; and J. Mattheuman.

$4x + 4\sqrt{x} = (x - \sqrt{x})\ (x^2 - x)$; or $4\ (x + \sqrt{x}) = (x - \sqrt{x})\ (x^2 - z)$ $\div x + \sqrt{x}$ and we have $4 = (x - \sqrt{x})\ (x - \sqrt{x}) = (x - \sqrt{x})^2 = 4$ extracting the root of both sides $x - \sqrt{x} = 4$. Completing the square $x - \sqrt{x} + \frac{1}{4} = \frac{9}{4}$ $\therefore x = 4$.

Similar to the above was the Proposer's, PHILO, TYRO, and T. B., of Stockport.

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Proposed by Mr. Ralph Clough, Higher Hurst.

5.—There are three numbers, whose sum is a cube number, half the product of the two least added thereto, will be a square number. Moreover the sum of the squares of the two least are equal to the square of the greatest. The three numbers are required—place them so as to be rational.

Solution by the Proposer.

Find a rational right angled triangle such, that its perimeter shall be a cube, and its perimeter plus, its area a square.

Let x, y, and z denote the sides of the angle required,

Then $x + y + z =$ a cube $= m^3$ (1)

$z + y + z + \frac{1}{2} x y = \square \quad = n^2$ (2)

$x^2 + y^2 = z^2 \quad = \ldots$ (3)

Subt. (1) from (2) and $\frac{1}{2} x y = n^2 - m^3 \ldots\ldots$ (4). Add 4 times (4) to (3) and $x^2 + 2 x y + y^2 + z^2 + 4 (n^2 - m^3)$; whence $x + y = \sqrt{z_2 + 4 (n^2 - m^3)} = m^3 - z$ by (1). $\therefore z^2 + 4 (n^2 - m^3) = m^6 - 2 m^3 z + z^2$, consequently $z = \frac{m^6 - 4 (n^2 - m^3)}{2 m^3}$

$= \frac{1}{2} m^3 - \frac{2 n^2}{m^3} + 2 = 3\,4 - \frac{1}{32} n^2$, if we assume $m = 4$. Again, subt. 4 times (4) from (3) and $x^2 - 2 x y + y^2 = z^2 - 4 n^2 + 4 m^3 = z^2 - 4 n^2 + 256 = \frac{1}{32^2} n_4 - \frac{49}{8} n^2 + 1412$, $\therefore x - y = \sqrt{\frac{1}{32^2} n^4 - \frac{49}{8} n^2 + 1412} = z \sqrt{z^4 - 98 n^2 + 353}$

if we assume $n = 8 r$.

Now that x — y may be rational, we must have $\sqrt{r^4 - 98 n^2 + 353}$, which is when $r = \frac{29}{16}$, we obtain $x - y = \frac{368}{152}$. Having $x + y = m^3 - z = 64 - \frac{5968}{152} = \frac{843}{152}$ we can easily obtain $x = \frac{4400}{152}$ and $y = \frac{4032}{152}$, hence the sides of the triangles are $\frac{4032}{152}$, $\frac{4400}{152}$, and $\frac{5968}{152}$ which answer the conditions of the question.

REMARK.—Other numbers may be found by assuming $r = v + \frac{29}{16}$.

If we had assumed any other for m, we should have a similar expression for x y as the one found, and is a form which cannot be reduced rational by a known rule, and to obtain numbers answering the conditions, we have to find a satisfactory number by trial, which in the example before us is not an easy task.

NEW QUESTIONS.

Proposed by Mr. Joseph Harrop, Ashton-under-Lyne.

6.—There are three heads of drawing, the draft in each head is 6·4; the draft of the fly frame 9·5; the counts spinning 36's. I have put two ends up at the fly frame with a draft of 11·5. What must the proportionate draft be in the three heads of drawing to produce 36's as before?

Proposed by Mr. J. Matthewman, P.M., from Watson's Arithmetic.

7.—Given the difference of the sides ' 6 the greater segment of the base made by the point of contact of the inscribed circle 48, and the distance from the point of contact to the foot of the perpendicular 2 2·5, to find the radius of the inscribed circle and area of the triangle.

*Proposed by Mr. Ralph Clough, Hurst Cross.**

8.—On the verge of a meadow a tall poplar tree grows,
And a circular stream doth an acre enclose;
By a cord I would tie my horse to this tree
To eat half an acre—what length must it be?

* This question has been proposed before. It is required without the aid of Algebra or Calculus.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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WHAT WE ARE DOING, AND WHAT WE SHOULD DO.

WE sincerely and cordially congratulate the now numerous members of our order on its present satisfactory state, and the abundant indications that exist of its future strength and prosperity. A glance at the official reports, as well as the one of the late annual meeting, kindly furnished to us by Mr. W. BAYS, of Wisbech, will convince them that we are on a steady and onward march. Many new districts have been recently established—a great number of lodges opened—and an altogether new spirit has awakened amongst us; a spirit as vigorous as it is benevolent—and both are unquestionable. Slight bickerings and transient misunderstandings, unavoidable among large bodies of men, may occasionally arise; but they are only as waves that lash the vessel without retarding her progress. The good ship—*Shepherdry*, manned by sincere and earnest hearts, with justice at her helm, and truth for her compass, her sails filled with the breath of charity, the streamer of hope flying at her masthead, and her bowels freighted with offerings to the sick and needy, weathers every adverse gale, and makes gallant and triumphant way. To drop metaphor—our society, based upon noble principles, stands firm against outward prejudice and inward perturbation: the one it endeavours to convince, the other to conciliate by all justifiable means—by quiet argument, gentle remonstrance, and unwearied forbearance. Let such be the general tenour of our proceedings; let us merge small differences in large and benevolent views; let us hail every new aquisition of intellect and honesty with respectful enthusiasm; entering into its spirit and following in its wake as ready and needful auxiliaries to its high and expansive purposes. Let us be zealous, though limited in our capacities—modest and considerate, though elevated in mind and worldly position—let us be

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economical in minor matters, but liberal in essential services—let us cultivate friendly feelings, and foster generous sentiments—let us unite, in short, in performing to the very letter, if possible, the original spirit of our institution, that it may rank with the highest of its character in the land.

Now, though we write so seriously, and urge so strenuously, we have few doubts that our brotherhood are practising, as far as present circumstances will permit, what we are endeavouring to preach. Notwithstanding this, a healthy stimulant properly administered, is, we think, necessary to keep them up to the high standard of excellence they have erected for their guidance. It is our desire, it is our *duty* to prevent, as far as our humble powers may be rendered effective, any retrograde movement on their part. They have taken upon themselves the onerous responsibility of lightening each others sorrows, and relieving each others necessities and our faith in human nature will be shaken if they do not carry out to the fullest extent their self-imposed and honourable task.

We cannot sufficiently applaud the spirit of good-feeling which prevailed at the last annual meeting. The officers and brothers of Wisbech vied with each other in giving a warm-hearted welcome to the various delegates, who fully appreciated the hospitality and friendly attention manifested towards them. At the Annual Meeting next ensuing, which will take place at Stalybridge, we trust that a similar spirit may influence the assembly and the visitors, and that our brethren of the surrounding neighbourhood will show that they are not deficient in courtesy and hospitality, when so favourable an opportunity offers of extending them. Such demonstrations of friendship and benevolence tend to curb the peevish and querulous, nip unprofitable disputes in the bud, and knit us more closely together in the performance of those duties which the principles of our society demand. Such an order of conduct observed in our lodges, as in our general meetings, would remove any misgivings we may entertain of reaching the elevated position at which we profess to direct our best energies and our highest hopes.

In passing, we cannot avoid expressing our admiration of the simple yet successful, manner in which our brothers of the Wisbech district manage their financial affairs Many other districts might, with certain and considerable advantage to themselves, take a leaf out of their book. That intelligent and indefatigable gentleman, Mr. W. Bays, has directed his legal knowledge and his benevolent desires towards the accomplishment (with the aid of a few able co-adjutors), of so desirable an end, and the consequence is, that his district is likely to become the most flourishing of any other in the order. We hope that their example will have the

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effect of stimulating others to a like mode of management, fraught, as it is, with the germs of peace, safety, and progress. We hope that the delegates attending the last Annual Meeting will promulgate what they know of Wisbech economy, and urge the adoption of such portions of it as may be deemed advisable and practicable in their own neighbourhood. The results, if we are correctly informed, would be most satisfactory and beneficial: we trust that we are not too presumptious in our recommendation.

We are proud to say that, in spite of the many difficulties we have had to encounter—difficulties which are not yet entirely removed—our Magazine has succeeded beyond our anticipations. A goodly number are now disposed of, and an immediate prospect of an increase in its sale is before us. We attribute this success mainly to the gentle and conciliatory spirit with which we have essayed to embrace it. We may be deficient in the power of effecting much; but we flatter ourselves that our intentions are good, and our motives pure. We cannot, however, be expected to go on without more extensive aid, more zealous co-operation than we have already received. We hope that our brotherhood, in all parts of the country, will see the necessity of helping us by every means in their power. We again reiterate our request for contributions written in accordance with the plan laid down in our preface, at the commencement of the Magazine; but we beg to say again, distinctly, that nothing of a controversial or acrimonious character can be admitted—nothing but what has a tendency to improve and make us good natured with each other. We also request that Mr. George Smith, who is writing the *Rise and Progress of the Order*, may be furnished with materials for extending his important history. Brief accounts of the proceedings of any district, or biographies of individuals who have been most useful in promoting its welfare, would be highly acceptable; and we hope we shall not have occasion to reproach any brother with apathy on so important a matter.

With a sincere wish that every member of the Order may become a reader of the Magazine, and that the society may attain to that proud and respectable position it is our pleasure to imagine, we leave them, at present, looking forward to the time when our humble pen will be insufficient to their growing tastes and their elevated desires—a time when we shall be willing to resign our pleasant duties into the hands of a more efficient successor.

Power of Machinery.—At Calicut, in the East Indies—whence the cotton cloth called calico derives its name—the price of labour is one-seventh of that in England; yet the market is supplied from British looms!—Babbage.

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AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE LOYAL ORDER OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106.]

HAVING traced the progress of our order, step by step, from its commencement to the division into districts, in the year 1830, we shall endeavour to condense the matter of our subject as much as is consistent with our object in view, so that we may conclude our historical notes in the first volume of our Magazine.

No sooner had the various districts the privilege of electing their own officers, with full controul over their funds, than a spirit of emulation manifested itself among a number of intelligent men, who had been brought into the society by the powerful exertions of our elder brethren. The making of their own provincial laws, and the judicious management of their own financial affairs, gave almost universal satisfaction to the great body of members, who, at that time, seemed to vie with each other in their exertions for the benefit of their respective districts. The most friendly feeling prevailed; and the choice of officers fell upon the most intelligent and influential parties. Such conduct proved the good sense and disinterested motives of the members.

No bickering, no ill-feeling, no jealousy for place or power existed; and every one received his meed of praise for the good he had accomplished, or for the efforts he had made. At this time, the quarterly meetings of the Ashton district were overwhelmed with a multiplicity of business, which was beyond the possibility of being disposed of with that deliberation which was necessary to ensure a continuation of the head of the order in that district. To obviate this, it was suggested that an annual meeting should be held; and we are sure that it will be interesting to the brethren of the order to know where, and how it first originated, and, especially, as these meetings are creating more than ordinary interest every year. At these meetings our little differences are adjusted—if any exist. New laws are made for the government of our institution, and old ones revised or rescinded, if found not to work beneficially. The business of the meeting is conducted in the best spirit imaginable, and as much courtesy is paid to each other as can be expected from the sphere of life in which a majority of the delegates move, which, we are sorry to say, is not the case in assemblies of wiser and more intelligent men, than can be expected at a meeting of Ancient Shepherds, who, with a few exceptions, consist chiefly of the hard-working men of England. The parties attending are representatives of the different districts of the order, who are, for the most part, entire strangers to each other; and we often find, that many of them possess talents and reasoning powers that would not disgrace a body of the "collective wisdom."

It has occasioned us no little trouble to arrive at undeniable facts, upon this part of our history. The first intimation we have upon the subject of annual meetings, is from the manuscript minutes of a special meeting, held at the house of Mr. Bates, Primrose-bank, near Oldham, March 7th, 1830, which have fallen into our hands, and from which we extract the following resolutions, without the slightest alteration. "Resolved,—1st. That there be an annual meeting of this society held on Easter Monday, in every year. The first to be held at the 'Loyal Abel Lodge, No. 1,' Ashton, on Easter Monday next, to settle such business as cannot be settled at the district quarterly meeting." "2. That one delegate from each lodge in the order attend the annual meeting; and in case of neglect, to be fined five shillings: the fine to go to the general fund of the order. Each delegate to be a past or present elective officer.—THOMAS CHADWICK, Chairman."

We believe that this meeting created little or no interest at the time, beyond that of fetching up an arrear of business, which had, from time to time, been postponed. A very short time intervened betwixt the special meeting, at which the above resolutions were passed, and that of the first annual meeting of our order; but as every lodge was compelled to send a delegate, there were about sixty present, who met at the house, and in the very same room, in which the Order of Shepherdry was established.

As early as nine o'clock, on the morning of Easter Monday, April 12, 1830, the representatives of each lodge assembled at the Friendship Inn, Ashton-under-Lyne, where, we presume, THOMAS CHADWICK presided, he being the C.S. for that year; but Mr. W.

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SCHOLFIELD, of Mossley, the corresponding secretary, who made the report of the meeting, inadvertently omitted to mention the name of the chairman. We are quite certain that Mr. S. never dreamed that these papers, which seem to have been so carelessly written, would, at some future time become valuable to the historian of Shepherdry, or, no doubt, he would have been more cautious. We trust that this slight hint will not be lost sight of by our *future secretaries.*

A multiplicity of business was brought before the meeting—no less than thirty-four propositions were discussed, none of which are of that importance as to warrant a place in our historical pages. There is one thing connected with that meeting which we cannot omit, as it will serve as a lesson to future generations—that the founders of our society studied and practised the principles of economy, as a proof of which—the two principal officers of the order were paid with five shillings each, for their year's services; and the corresponding secretary, £1. 5s.

The time having arrived when THOMAS CHADWICK must retire from office, according to the rules of the order, there was two or three candidates for the situation; but the individual towards whom the district seemed the most favourable, was Mr. JOHN NIELD, of Mossley, who had served as deputy during the past year, consequently he was elected by a considerable majority. Prior and subsequent to his taking office, he was an active member, having gone through many hardships and fatigues for the benefit of the institution; but his final separation from us reflects no credit upon himself. Mr. WILLIAM SHAW, of the No. 1 Lodge, was appointed his deputy, and took upon himself a full share of the fatigues of office, which we have every reason to believe gave general satisfaction, for, in the following year, we find that he was elected to the high office of C.S. of the order.

Though much political excitement prevailed at that time, our society progressed steadily and surely; for wherever the seeds of Shepherdry were planted, the act of germination was soon perceptible to the most casual observer. The excited state of the country was no draw-back upon the progressive movement of our brethren, who managed to close the year with an increase of twenty-six lodges.

Notwithstanding the rapid progress which had been made up to the year 1831, there was in that year a great falling off in the opening of new lodges, but not from any relaxation in the efforts of those who had so long given their valuable time to the promotion of the great object; but from a circumstance, as a body, over which they had no controul. Many of our members were dragged into the irresistable vortex of one of those devastating circumstances, which paralyzes the progress of social institutions, and which have, hitherto, periodically plunged thousands of honest labourers, in the manufacturing districts, into the lowest depths of misery and degradation. In that year, one of the most memorable strikes took place, that is, as yet, recorded in the annals of British turn-outs. From the unhappy differences which took place between the employers and the employed, no less than fifty-two cotton-spinning and manufacturing establishments, employing thirty thousand hands, were entirely closed for a period of thirteen weeks. We can scarcely calculate the injury which our order sustained from this lamentable occurrence, for Ashton was the *focus* of this vast theatre of misery. Such was the effect produced, that only nine lodges were opened during that year, and not one of those in the county of Lancaster.

Should we take the liberty of noticing the opening of another lodge, we hope to be excused on the score of its having taken place in a remarkable wild locality. To those of our readers who have a taste for the sublime and picturesque, we have no occasion to make an apology.

We have often been struck with the varied features of the wild scenery of the Peak of Derbyshire, where the towering heights of the bleak mountains stand in their full pride of stern majestic sublimity, over which the fetterless wind sweeps its fine invigorating quality, and then—

> "Down from the breezy summits of the hills
> I turn my lingering footsteps, and descend
> A rugged pathway, where a thousand rills
> All freshly, brightly, musically blend
> Their twinkling waters."—J. C. PRINCE.

We have often wondered how the young arm of our institution could have stretched its little sinews into the quiet and secluded valley of Edale, in the vicinity of Castleton, at so early a period of its history, for we find, that early in the spring of 1831, a lodge, known by the name of "The Woodland Tup," was opened at the Chapel House, kept by Mr.

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FROGGAT, which is situated in a romantic part of the Peak. Not far from this place are the remains of a castle, ascribed to WILLIAM PEVERIL, a natural son of the conqueror, who is the hero of one of Sir WALTER SCOTT's popular and interesting historical novels,* into which his vivid imagination has been thrown with a force of brilliancy far beyond the power of our feeble pen to describe The indefatigable missionaries of Shepherdry planted their standard at the foot of Mam Tor,† which lifts its venerable features a thousand feet above the level of the valley, and overlooks the little inn of JOHN FROGGAT, where the honest Castleton farmers first assembled to subscribe their pence for the purpose of supporting their sick and the burial of their dead, Some of the members of the "Woodland Tup Lodge" were employed in the rural pursuit of Shepherdry, and wandered the barren hills to procure an honest livelihood.

"What equals, in beauty, the dark heather mountains,
Loose fragments of rock, where the lone Shepherds lie
Surveying their flocks round the green-bordered fountains,
'Neath the first blush of morn from the gold-mantled sky!"

Here could we wander, with our brother Shepherds, amidst the dark caverns, the precipitous rocks, and the deep defiles of the Peak, where even, in imagination, a thousand poetic fancies flash athwart our brain. With the very name of our order is associated all that is beautiful and sublime, and displays the wisdom and goodness of Him who placed his flocks upon a thousand hills for the sustenance of man.

For some time all went on smoothly and prosperously with our brethren of the Peak, and many of the rural inhabitants felt the nourishing influence of our order. The weekly supply, in cases of sickness, were a solace to the anxious cares of a watchful and attentive partner, and administered to the wants of his children; but the demon of discord, who is always at war with all that is good and virtuous, found its way into the little club-room, at the Chapel House. Two or three men, whose real characters were unknown to the members, found their way into the society, embezzled the funds of the lodge, and destroyed that harmony for which the "Woodland Tup" had been proverbial. The result of this was, the final closing of the lodge. What a pity that so valuable a branch of our institution should have been lopped off by a violation of all that was honest and honourable on the part of those for whom we have laboured hard to render comfortable in their declining years, and to elevate above the dependance of a parish workhouse. As a large body of men, who at certain times are under the necessity of placing great confidence in each other, we have not much occasion to complain, yet we may be allowed to say, that this is not an isolated case, and we do think that it is the strongest and most conclusive argument that can be adduced in favour of putting every lodge, in the order, under the protection of the Act of Parliament, for the better regulation and security of our property, as well as for the more permanent duration of our society.

We are well aware that the above paragraph will not meet the approbation of some of our brethren; but we are determined to record our opinion upon this subject, that we may not, at some future period, be charged with apathy upon a question which is of vital importance to the welfare and respectablity of that society, which for the last fifteen years, has almost occupied our whole attention, during our leisure from those duties which the necessities of a large family demand.

It sometimes happens that the retributive hand of justice omits to fall upon the delinquent, or that he may for a while escape the vigilance of those in authority; but, fortunately for the public, the principal offender in the above case of embezzlement did not long escape the scrutinizing eye of those whose duty it was to detect, and bring to justice the dishonest portions of society, for he was arrested and put upon his trial, at Derby, for having committed a robbery at or near the town of Glossop, and transported for the term of his natural life.

On the approach of the second annual meeting, an apathetic feeling seemed to prevail among our brethren throughout the whole district of South Lancashire, which was occasioned by the protracted differences which had so long prevailed between the master manufacturers and the operatives. Though they had resumed their usual employment, a further reduction in their wages rendered them almost regardless of the interests of the order. Many of the members had unavoidably fallen into arrear with their monthly contributions, and almost despaired of ever being enabled to meet the demands of their respective

* The *Peveril of the Peak*. † A large mountain.

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lodges, consequently, a portion of them withdrew in despair. Such was the result of one of those lamentable visitations which might be avoided by a little judicious consideration on the part of the most influential operatives.

The annual meeting for this year was held at the Mare and Foal Inn, Primrose-bank, near Oldham, on Easter Monday, April 3rd, 1831, over which Mr. JOHN NIELD, C.S. of the Order, presided, and Mr. WILLIAM SHAW very ably filled the minor chair. Up to this time there had been no returns of the number of deaths, expulsions, and suspensions of the members; but now every thing began to assume a business-like form, it was agreed that accurate returns, from every district, should be annually laid before the meeting.

It had been thought advisable by our friends of the Ossett district, in the west riding of Yorkshire, that something to impress the mind with a religious feeling on the mournful occasion of interring the body of a departed brother, should be laid before the meeting for their approval, consequently our fine devotional oration, written by Mr. DANIEL SCOTT, of Earlsheaton, was produced, and met the decided approbation of the assembled delegates. Notwithstanding the production of this valuable paper, which is likely to exist as long as our order, that district was fined in the sum of £1. 10s. for neglecting to send the required number of deputies; but the meeting, in its wisdom, thought fit to return the amount in consequence of the respective parties having to travel, on foot, a distance of thirty miles. What a wonderful revolution has the locomotive engine accomplished!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POEM:

BY THE EDITOR.

Oh! ye have glorious duties to fulfil
Nor faint, nor fear upon the weary way,
Ye who with earnest rectitude of will
Marshal the millions for the moral fray;
Ye who with vollied speech, and volant lay,
'Gainst the dark crowd of social ills engage—
Lead us from out the darkness to the day
We languish to behold; exalt the age,
And write your names in fire on Truth's unspotted page

With hopeful heart, and faith-uplifted brow,
Press on, Crusaders, for the goal is near!
Desert and danger are behind, and now
Sweet winds and waters murmur in our ear;
And plentious signs of peaceful life appear,
And songs of solace greet us as we go,
And o'er the horizon's rim, not broad, but clear,
The light of a new morning seems to flow—
We journey sunwards, on! and hail the uprising glow!

In the sad wilderness we've wandered long,
Thirsting amid the inhospitable sand,
Cheered by that burden of prophetic song
"The clime, the time of Freedom is at hand."
And lo! upon the threshold of the land
We strive and hope, keep patient watch, and wait;
And few and feeble are the foes that stand
Between us and our guerdon.—Back, proud gate,
That opes into the realm of Freedom's high estate!

Not ours, perchance, the destiny to see
The unveiled glories of her inner bower,
But myriads following in our steps shall be
Equal partakers of the coming hour.

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The unencumbered heritage, the dower,
With its full fruits, is theirs, with all its store
Of fine fruition, and exalted power,
And Truth shall teach them her transcendent lore—
"Man towards the Perfect Good advanceth evermore!"

And in our upward progress through the past,
What giant evils have been trodden down!
Dread deeds which struck the shrinking soul aghast,
Branding the doer with unblest renown;
The inquisitor's harsh face, and gloomy gown,
Girt with a thousand torture tools; the flame
In whose fierce folds the martyr won his crown,
Are gone into the darkness whence they came;—
There let them rust and rot, in God's insulted name!

Knowledge hath left the hermit's ruined cell,
The narrow convent and the cloister's gloom,
With world embracing wings to soar and dwell
'Mid purer ether, and sublimer room.
The vollied lightnings of her Press consume
The tyrant's strength, and strike the bigot blind;
Day after day, its thunders sound the doom
Of some old wrong, too hideous for the mind
Which reason hath illumed—which knowledge hath refined!

Knowledge hath dignified the sons of toil,
And taught them where pure pleasures may be won;
The peasant leaves his ploughshare in the soil
For mental pastime, when the day is done;
The swart-faced miner, shut from breeze and sun,
While nature reigns in beauty unsubdued—
Creeps from his caverned workshop, deep and dun,
And in his hovel's fire-lit solitude
Storeth his craving mind with not unwholesome food.

'Mid the harsh clangor of incessant wheels,
Beside the stithy and the furnace-blaze,
Some soul, still hungering and enlarging, feels
The silent impulse of her quickning rays;
In the lone loom-cell, where for weary days,
And weary nights, the shuttle flies amain;
With his white web the weaver weaveth lays
To speed his labour, or beguile his pain:—
Lays which the world shall hear and murmur o'er again!

Proud halls re-echo with exalted song,
With wise instruction or impassioned speech;—
And who outnumbers the heart-listening throng?
The artizan, who learns that he may teach.
Longing, acquiring, holding, like the leech,
He cries, "Give, give!" with unallayed desire,
No point of knowledge seems beyond his reach:
Effort begets success, and higher, higher,
Like eagles towards the sun, his full-fledged thoughts aspire!

Nor is there danger in the liberal gift
Of soul seed cast abroad by genius' hand;
Not weeds, but flowers and fruitful stems shall lift
Their forms of grace and grandeur o'er the land.

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Like that proud tree, by eastern breezes fanned,
From kindred roots a mighty forest made,
A brotherhood of branches shall expand
From the great myriad mind, affording shade,
Strength, shelter, and supply, when outer storms invade.

And by this patient gathering of the thought,
And by this peaceful exercise of will,
What wonders have been nursed, matured, and wrought,
What other wonders will they *not* fulfil?
Upheaves the valley, yawns the opposing hill,
Man and his hand-work sweep triumphant through;
Time halts, space narrows, prejudice stands still
And dwindles in the distance; high and new
Are all our dreams and deeds—yet much remains to do.

But war, that tawdry yet terrific thing;
The Ethiop's brand and bondage; the vile show
Of God's frail image from the gallows string
Dangling and heaving in convulsive throe.
These man-made ministers of death and woe,
Shall we not crush them, Reason, Mercy, say?
Shall we not fling behind us as we go
These ancient errors? Reason answers, "Yea:
Pure hearts and earnest souls will clear the encumbered way."

Hail to the lofty minds, the truthful tongues,
Linked in an universal cause, as now,
Which break no rights, which advocate no wrongs,
Firm to the loom, and faithful to the plough!
Commerce send out thy multifarious prow
Laden with goodly things for every land;
Labour uplift thy sorrow-shaded brow,
Put forth thy strength of intellect and hand,
And plenty, peace, and joy may round thy homes expand.

Hail! mighty Science! Nature's conquering Lord!
Thou star-crowned, steam-winged, fiery-footed power!
Hail! gentle arts! whose hues and forms afford
Refined enchantments for the tranquil hour!
Hail! tolerant teachers of the world, whose dower
Of spirit-wealth outweighs the monarch's might!
Blest be your holy mission! may it shower
Blessings like rain, and bring, by human right,
To all our hearts and hearths love, liberty, and light!

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ORDER, AT WISBECH.

Whatever interest has been taken relative to the earlier annual meetings of this order, it may, perhaps, be fairly said, that never has greater diligence been used or deeper anxiety evidenced amongst our brethren to afford every proper facility for business and comfort to the officers and brothers in attendance, than was shown by our friends of the Wisbech district, at the late annual meeting; and, indeed, previous to, and throughout the whole of the time employed in conducting the general affairs of the order, Shepherdry may now take its proper position in the list of benefit orders; and it will not be too much to say, that no kindred institution stands superior in the justice and equality of its laws—in the advantages it holds out to those for whose benefit it was intended—and for the judicious care and economy in its general arrangements and management.

The Annual Meeting of the Order was held at the "Friendly Fountain Lodge," Old Bell Inn, in Wisbech, Saint Peter's, Cambridgeshire, on Easter Monday and Tuesday, the 13th and 14th days of April last, for the purpose of more extensively diffusing the bene-

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volent objects of the institution, to assist in settling all differences that had arisen between members, lodges, and districts, during the past year, and to make such alterations and amendments in the general laws which appeared necessary to the interests and prosperity of our truly valuable order, and for its better guidance in future. The meeting was attended by the C.S., D.C.S., Secretary of the Order, and forty-two delegates, from several districts, as follows :—Lot Walker, C.S., John Thorpe, acting D.C.S., and William Hall, Cor. Sec., Officers of the Order. Delegates:—John Williamson, P.M., Jabez Hollingworth, P.M., James Heap, P C.S., James Hague, P.M., John Knott, P.M., *Ashton*; John Schofield, P.C.S., *Oldham*; James Smith, P.P C S, Joseph Hague, P.P.C.S., *Rochdale*; Daniel Scott, Pro. Cor. Sec., James Oldroyd, P.P.D.C.S., William Wynn, P.M., *Ossett*; John Howard, P.M., *Heptonstall*; Thomas Sutcliffe, P.M., *Halifax*; William Thornton, Pro. Cor. Sec., John Ward, P.P.C.S, *Leeds*; John Pilling, P.M., *Bacup*; John Merriott, P.P.C.S., Samuel Webster, P.C.S., *Bramley*; William Taylor, Pro. Cor. Sec., *Pontefract*; Joseph Jaques, Pro. Cor. Sec., Thomas Hodgson, P.M., John Farrer, P.M., *Wakefield*; James Scott, P.P.C.S., *Bury*; Robert Conway, Pro. Cor. Sec., Martin Pearson, P.M., *Selby*; Kingston Blaxley, P.C.S., Richard Walker, D.P.C.S., Ephraim Bodger, Cor. Sec., William Pike Bays, P.P.C.S., John Taylor, P.M., Henry Pooley, P.M, *Wisbech*; John Thomas Hoyte, Pro. Cor. Sec., William Ringham, P.M., *Hull*; Major Stephenson, Pro. Cor. Sec., Richard Coultis, P.M., *Langtoft*; John Haigh, Pro. Cor. Sec., *South Kirby*; Augustus Ball, P.P.C S., John Schofield, P.M., *Stalybridge*; William James Craydon Threapleton, P.C.S., William Whittaker, P.M., *Yeadon*; James Lees, Pro. Cor. Sec., *Mossley*; James Suttle, P.M., and Joseph Mullineaux, Pro. Cor. Sec, *Bolton*.

Apologies were received from Huddersfield, Colne, Haslingden, Kirkburton, Malton, New Mills, Bishop Auckland, Ashford, New Church, Driffield, Wetwang, Pickering, Levisham, and Robin Hood's Bay Districts. No apology, or return, from Holme.

The returns received showed the order to comprise 36 districts, 368 lodges, and members, extending over nearly every quarter of the kingdom.

The Worthy CHIEF commenced the business, on Monday, by requesting the secretary to call over the names of the delegates, and receive the certificates of their appointments, which, with one or two exceptions, were produced; after which, he delivered the following affectionate address :—

Respected Brethren,—Time has brought about that period of the year when, through the Divine hand of Providence, we are permitted to meet and assemble together to diffuse the benevolent blessings of Charity to those whose distress calls for our aid and support; also to settle those differences that have arisen betwixt members and lodges, and lodges and districts, and to alter, amend, and rescind those laws which are detrimental to our institution; but, at the same time, keeping in view the interest of the order at large. We have but few appeals to lay before you, and some of those are of a frivolous nature, which, I hope, may be disposed of so as to create no ill-feeling to either party. There are also the propositions which you have had in your possession for the last three months, to which you have, I venture to say, given your most deliberate consideration, and which every delegate is prepared to support or oppose as the district he represents has reposed that confidence in him to do so. Secondly,—We shall direct your attention to the steady increase of our society during the last twelve months, there having been no fewer than sixty-four lodges opened! Thirdly,—I would draw your attention to the waste of time there will be by delegates using vague arguments—it not only retards the business of the day, but sometimes puts the better educated man to the blush. I feel proud to assemble with, and preside over, such a respectable meeting as this, for when I look round, and see every countenance beaming with intelligence, it shows me that delegates are aware of the duty they have to perform, and the confidence their respective districts have placed in their hands; for in your hands is placed the whole and sole government of the order, and it behoves every deputy to consider the future welfare and prosperity of the order at large. Hoping that the attachment you have for the order, and the confidence your districts have placed in your hands is a sure guarantee that you are willing to discharge the duties for which we are assembled together, I therefore declare this meeting duly opened for such business as may come before it, whereof due notice has been given.

The apologies sent by the following districts, without returns, namely,—New Mills, Pickering, New Malton, and Robin Hood's Bay, were then laid before the meeting. They were fined, and the fines ordered to be paid in three months. The following districts were also fined for not sending a sufficient number of delegates, or making returns, namely,—Ossett, two; Pontefract, two; Stalybridge, one. In all, five guineas.

Six appeal cases were then brought before the meeting, the most important of which were Wakefield *v.* Ossett, and Ossett *v.* Wakefield.

The sixth, and last, was one of that importance which we cannot omit.

JOHN HALL *v* WISBECH DISTRICT.—This was an appeal against the decision of the last district meeting for confirming the decision of the Shepherds' Increase Lodge, at Wisbech, in expelling Hall, the appellant, one of their members. The facts of the case are

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too flagrant to admit of further description or observation, and it was resolved—"That the decision of the district be confirmed, and that John Hall be expelled the Order."

This closed the business of the first day's meeting, at which considerable interest was created by the appearance of our venerable friend, THOMAS CHADWICK, one of the founders of the order,* and who was allowed to sit in the meeting during the proceedings of the day.

The meeting then adjourned to partake of and enjoy the hospitalities of the members of the Wisbech District, who had liberally and generously provided an excellent and sumptuous dinner (free of all charge to the officers and delegates attending), in the Exchange Hall, the use of which, at the solicitation of brother W. P. Bays, (a member of the Town Council), was kindly granted by the mayor for that purpose. We confess we were much delighted by the spirit and taste of our brethren, at Wisbech, in the preparations made for the dinner on this occasion. On our entrance into the Hall, we were struck by a beautiful display of devices, composed of richly silver-plated crooks of the order, tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers; added to this was exhibited a splendid purple silk flag, belonging to the Friendly Fountain Lodge, on which is inscribed the emblem of the order, surrounded by various mottos, in gold letters, "Benevolence," "Honour, Love, and Truth," "Unity and Concord," and the Hall, which was superbly lighted with gas, presented an appearance not only highly gratifying, but beyond our utmost expectations. The chair and vice-chair, which were surrounded by arches very tastefully decorated with crooks, artificial flowers, and evergreens, were very ably filled by the Pro. Chief (Blaxley) and D.P.C. (Walker) of the district; and the top chair, supported on its right by our excellent C.S. Walker and Sec. Hall, and other brothers; and on the left, by our venerable father Chadwick, Thorpe, D.C.S., Bays, Lilley, (hon. mem.), Bodger, and others, and about eighty brothers sat down to partake of the sumptuous entertainment. After the dinner, an excellent dessert, provided for the occasion, was served up, and enjoyed with grateful satisfaction by all present.

The dinner being over, the Hall was opened for the reception of all brothers of the order, as a "Free and Easy," and to which none but brothers were admitted (except two reporters), the committee appointed for arranging the dinner having very judiciously determined to make it a Shepherds' Festival, and in no case was the rule departed from; indeed, had this been allowed, many of the brothers must necessarily have been excluded by the attendance of friends of kindred institutions, and others, who would have been highly gratified could they have been present, and who had to suffer great disappointment by the exclusion. Additional interest was given to the festivity of the day by the circumstance of a splendid silver waiter being presented to our brother, W. P. BAYS, (honorary member), raised by the voluntary contributions of the members of the district, as a testimonial of their esteem for his truly valuable and gratuitous services during the time he has been a member of this order—a period of six years. On no occasion did we witness a more earnest and enthusiastic feeling than was exhibited on the testimonial being presented, and we feel ourselves honoured by having been present at such a display of brotherly feeling as this meeting afforded.

Most earnestly do we hope that this may only be the beginning of such happy demonstrations; and that, as circumstances may permit, we may live to see and enjoy many similar instances of Shepherds' hospitalities and gratitude.

We shall now give a statement of the proceedings as taken by the reporters present, and which is all we are able to do. A real description could only be obtained by those who happily were present on the occasion.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MR. W. P. BAYS, BY THE LODGES OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS IN THE WISBECH DISTRICT.

Monday the 13th inst., being the day fixed for the presentation, a dinner was provided at the Town Hall, kindly lent by the mayor for the occasion, to which a large number of the order sat down, about five o'clock. Mr. K. Blaxley, P.C.S., in the chair; Mr. D. Walker, D.P.C.S., vice-chairman.

The Hall was tastefully fitted up with flowers and evergreens, arranged in appropriate devices, in which the paraphernalia of the order were gracefully blended, and which, when

* We cannot find the name of Thomas Chadwick in the declaration of the founders, but we believe he attended the second meeting.

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the gas was lighted up, had an imposing and brilliant effect. During the afternoon, a considerable number of ladies, and others, were admitted, by the kindness of the committee, to view the arrangements, with which they expressed themselves much gratified. The chairman was supported by Mr. Thomas Chadwick, of Ashton-under-Lyne, and other gentlemen, founders of the order, who, together with Mr. Bays, and several Wisbech gentlemen, contributed largely to the interest of the meeting. The dinner, which was provided by host Ratcliffe, was well served and gave great satisfaction.

On the cloth being removed,

The CHAIRMAN gave—"The Queen," which was followed by the "National Anthem," in full chorus, led by Bros. Bodger, Tibenham, and Hollingworth.

The VICE-CHAIRMAN then gave—"Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family;" followed by a favourite song by Br. Tibenham, in his usual happy style.

Mr. BAYS then rose to propose a special toast, and observed, that though the chairman was not surrounded by noble dukes, lord lieutenants, barons, or squires, he had around him men of no ordinary minds and judgment, who were determined to carry out the principles of our order, and amongst these we had amongst us one of the founders of our order, Mr. Thomas Chadwick, to whose exertions the Institution was greatly indebted—an institution which he (Mr. Bays) had the pleasure of seeing established in his native town, where he hoped to see it flourish. Mr. BAYS then proposed—"The health of Thos. Chadwick, their venerable founder."

Mr. CHADWICK, in acknowledging the honour done him, said—

Respected friends,—I am at a loss how to express my feelings, when I reflect on the time when the whole order could meet in a small room, and compare it with the progress it has now made. I am almost overpowered by the reception I have met with at Wisbech, and especially the kindness I have experienced from our worthy brother, William Bays, and other friends in this town. This is, indeed, true benevolence—our motto hung against the wall—and I would advise every one in the order to carry it out in the whole of their conduct,—

His feelings were evidently overpowered by the scene before him; but after a few moments our venerable friend again rose and said—

I feel inclined to give a few words of advice. I see many of my brethren around me whom I might term my children, and, perhaps, I shall never have a better opportunity of giving a few words of advice to my Wisbech children. I hope you will bear with me till I arrive at the moral of my subject, if the commencement does not please.

After a lengthy speech, the old gentleman sat down amidst a general round of applause.

Song—"My Country and my Queen!" sung with great effect by Br. Hollingworth, of Ashton-under-Lyne.

The CHAIRMAN gave—"Prosperity to the Order of Ancient Shepherdry, with the health of the C.S., to whom we were so much indebted for the ability with which he had presided over the meeting of that day."

Br. WALKER, C.S., ably responded to the toast, and returned thanks for the honour they had done him, and gave—"Prosperity to the Wisbech District, with the health of the P.C.S." Song—"The False Young Knight," sung with much taste, by Br. E. Rutherford, P.M. of the Shepherds' Increase Lodge.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and acknowledged the compliment paid to him, and proceeded to the great business of the evening. Addressing himself to Br. Bays, he observed—

Though I am but a young member, I have been a working member, and hence it has been my lot to fill several offices in the order; and in virtue of that which I hold this evening, I have a duty to perform, and, however incompetent, I will perform it in the best manner I can. We have no lords or squires as honorary members, but we have one honorary member who has exerted himself at all times, and on all occasions, to promote the welfare of the order; and these services have been the more valuable, as they were much wanted, for whatever may be the abilities of our ordinary members, such is the nature of their avocations, that they cannot spare the time that is necessary for such extraordinary exertions as those we are met this evening to acknowledge, by which the prosperity of the order has been so much promoted. When we find, then, an honorary member come forward to work with us, and at the same time assuming no superiority, but wishing to be viewed merely as an equal, his services appear doubly valuable; and, therefore, it was that I suggested that some acknowledgment of the obligations we had incurred should be made to our worthy brother. This suggestion was responded to by almost every lodge in the district, in a very handsome manner, with the proceeds of which was purchased this article, which, with the permission of the brothers, I will now present to our worthy and esteemed brother, Mr. Pike Bays.

Here the chairman presented Mr. Bays with a splendid silver salver, of superior workmanship, weighing 37 ounces, which had engraved on it the Arms of the Order of Loyal Ancient Shepherds, and the following inscription:—"Presented, on the 13th of April

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1846, to W. P. Bays, (hon. mem.), P.P.C.S., by the members of the Wisbech District of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, as a tribute of gratitude and respect for his valuable services. Raised by voluntary contributions."

The cheering, during the whole of the ceremony of presentation, was loud and long-continued, evincing the pleasure felt by all present in witnessing this acknowledgment of services so generously given and so eminently successful. When the cheering had somewhat subsided,

Br. BAYS rose and spoke as follows:—"Worthy Chief,—I am sure you will not charge me with want of respect to you, and to the officers and delegates of the order in general, if I ask you to allow me to make a few observations, confined strictly to the brethren of the Wisbech district. I almost wish I could go out of myself, and that I had the vivid imagination of a Byron, or the eloquence of a Shiel, I would call them both into exercise to show you how earnestly I feel on this occasion. I know not why my brethren have taken this exceeding great step to show their regard for my humble exertions. I have done no more than what I feel to be my duty towards my neighbours and friends. Of all the passions of the human mind, there is none, perhaps, to be so much detested as pride; it produces envy, hatred, malice, and every evil that can corrode the human heart. But pride may be so subdued and qualified as to become a virtue. There is such a thing as an honourable and an honest pride, and, I assure you, that my mind is imbued with all the feelings of that nobler passion—honourable pride—at this moment. It is exceedingly difficult for a man to speak of himself; but your generosity has forced me into a situation which I could not have calculated upon being placed in. I became a Shepherd from accident, and do not know why. Had I been placed among other institutions of a similar character, I doubt not I should have done to them as I have done to you; but there could be none I could be connected with so directly consonant with my own feelings as the Order of Ancient Shepherds! It is simple in its nature, benevolent in its design, and fraught with exceeding great advantages to those for whom it is intended—they are the artizan, the mechanic, and the agricultural labourer. But with all these advantages which it will produce, I know it must be taken care of. It is of little use our having a good institution and good rules and laws to guide us, if they are not observed; and I do say, without flattery to any of you, that I have always had great pleasure in meeting you on all occasions; and I have frequently said, almost my happiest moments are those which have been spent in ease and quiet amongst you. We have had a toast this evening—"Prosperity to the Order of Ancient Shepherds," as well as "Prosperity to our own district" When I first became a Shepherd, we had two lodges; we have now, with a great deal of care and industry, risen from two lodges to the large number of twenty-eight! and we cannot have less than nearly thirteen hundred members in this district, and should our Chief and Provincial Secretary be spared a few days longer, they will be called upon to open two more lodges which will make thirty! and these, let it be borne in mind, are all composed of men of various grades and various stations in life. I do not mean great men and little men, because I do not know anything about great and little men in Shepherdry—men, the majority of whom had no advantages of education, and, in many cases, none to care for them. We have twenty-eight lodges well regulated and well governed, and all composed of men anxious to take care of themselves. And are these men to be left alone? I say to the officers of the Wisbech district, you may prepare yourselves for more work than you have yet had. There is no going back now. You must go on, and by going on in the course you have already pursued, prosperity must unquestionably be the issue. Now, with regard to the order, what has it done? We have two of the founders before us, men who have lived to see this Institution rise to 40,000 men, going heart and hand with us, and setting us an example to follow in their steps; and they with us, and we with them, are in a position which we cannot recede from. There is no receding—there is no standing still—benevolence is the pivot upon which all our movements turn—it is our centre. Honour is our northern point; justice is our eastern point; love is our southern point; and truth our western. With honour, justice, love, and truth, in full exercise, not merely within the walls of a Shepherds' lodge with each other, but with mankind generally, we may bid defiance to all the objections taken against us. One great objection is, we cannot last more than forty years (?). Be it so. And shall we be prevented doing good to others, and to ourselves, because we cannot do it beyond forty years? It is the strongest reason that we should go on in the way we have gone. Who, amongst us, can tell that we shall live forty years? And, because a poor man from his scanty pittance, and the curtailment of

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the comforts he ought to enjoy, spares a shilling per month to raise a fund to provide him a subsistence when all other sources fail, is this a sufficient reason to prevent him doing so? With regard to this substantial memorial of your kindness, presented to me this evening, how shall I receive it? I would not receive it at all merely for the value of it as a piece of metal. I receive it from you on much higher grounds, I assure you,—as a strong and substantial evidence of your approval of all my humble and well-meant endeavours on your behalf. I shall place the memorial constantly before my eyes, where I may always see it when I go in and out of my room, and it will serve to cement those strong feelings of union and brotherly kindness which, I am sure, exist between us. It will serve as a strong inducement for me to persevere in those exertions which I have been engaged in so satisfactorily to my own mind, and I do hope and trust, with some benefit to the district. In being an honorary member of your order, I am the property of you all; and I assure you, in addition to all you have done for me, and especially on this occasion, you will increase my great obligation and your obligation towards me by treating me as your brother, and on all occasions I hope you will always consider me as a Shepherd and a brother."

Br. Bays sat down amid cheering which continued for a considerable time after he had resumed his seat.

The salver was then handed round the tables for the inspection of the company, who were highly gratified with its chaste design and handsome appearance.

Br. THOMPSON, of the Orient Lodge, sang "My mother dear," very sweetly.

Br. WALKER, (vice-chairman), gave—"The Deputy Chief and Secretary of the Order," which was feelingly responded to by Br. William Hall, and who afterwards gave—"The Officers of the Wisbech district," which was acknowledged by Br. E. Bodger.

Br. CONNINGTON, of the Friendly Fountain Lodge, gave—"The Delegates attending the Annual Meeting," which was ably responded to by Br. Daniel Scott.

The CHAIRMAN gave—"The Honorary Members of the Order."

Br. BODGER gave—"The Ancient Shepherdesses," which was also responded to by Br. Daniel Scott in a neat speech replete with information respecting that most important branch of the Order. What can a Shepherd do without a Shepherdess?

Br. BAYS then rose and gave—"The Press" with the health of Mr. Neil Walker, and Br. John Williamson, the printer of the *Ancient Shepherds' Magazine*.

Br. WILLIAMSON acknowledged the toast on his own behalf, and

Mr. WALKER being loudly called for, rose and spoke nearly as follows:—Mr. Chairman and respected Friends,—"When I came among you, this evening, at the kind invitation of your committee, I little thought of being called upon to say a single word, as it was to hear and especially to give publicity, through the medium of the press, to the sentiments that might be uttered on this important occasion, that I was invited. Glad at all times to meet a number of my neighbours or others from a distance, having for their object mutual improvement and assistance. I feel peculiar pleasure in attending a meeting which has for its object doing honour to a townsman and a personal friend, who has distinguished himself in the cause of benevolence connected with the Order of Ancient Shepherds. Not being a member of your body, I am necessarily ignorant of the forms of proceeding among you; but from the motto, "Benevolence, Truth, and Justice," inscribed on the banner before me, I perceive that your principles are good, and must, less or more, influence any society or body of men adopting them. However, to effect all the good that might be expected from such principles, they must be inscribed on the heart as well as on the banners, and must be carried out in the whole of your intercourse with one another, and with society at large. To assist in this race of benevolence, the press, with which you have connected my name, is a mighty engine for good, and though productive of some evil, the good has greatly preponderated, so that we might as well reject our food because it contained some deleterous particles, as condemn the press because some portion of evil is mixed up with its immense benefits. The press, indeed, is not only the palladium of English liberty, but of all that we, as Britons, hold dear. For what cause is there involving the good of humanity, that it has not advocated? Or what crying wrong that it has not exposed and denounced? And is it not by its agency that the communion of souls has been established, and the lofty musings of great minds communicated to the world with a precision and facility unknown previous to its invention? Acting on the principles inscribed on your banner, you will find the press a most powerful auxiliary in combating the objections brought against you, and in encouraging you in your onward progress in the cause of benevolence.

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Br. WALKER, C.S., gave—"The Mayor and Town Council of Wisbech," and thanks to them for the use of the Hall; followed by the toast of "The Host and Hostess," from the chair.

Songs, toasts, and sentiments, consonant with the principles of the institution followed in succession, and continued until nearly twelve o'clock, when the chairman, accompanied by Brs. Chadwick and Bays, left the room amid the congratulations of the meeting. The chair was then taken by Secretary Hall, and the festivities were kept up to a late (early) hour, when the meeting broke up, delighted and exulting with cheerful heart and voice at having been sharers of so much innocent and hospitable pleasure.

On Tuesday, April 14th the business of the order was again resumed at the lodge-room, when several appeal cases were brought before the meeting.

A distress case of Jacob's Rest Lodge, in Yeadon district, which is reduced in its funds by sickness, was then introduced, when it was resolved,—"That the case be left to the Bramley and Leeds Districts."

The propositions contained in the December Quarterly Report were then brought forward and ably discussed.

It was also agreed that the present price of the Magazine, four-pence half-penny, be continued during the ensuing year.

Resolved—That the thanks of the meeting be given to Br. Williamson, the publisher, and Br. Prince, the editor of the Magazine, for their services during the past year.

Resolved—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the officers and brothers of the Wisbech district for their hospitality and excellent arrangements which have afforded so much facility to the business of the meeting, and to Host and Hostess Ratcliffe, for the comfort afforded by them to the officers and delegates.

The meeting, on the first day, was occupied from nine o'clock, a.m., until five, p.m.; and on the second day, from nine o'clock a.m, until eight o'clock, p.m.

A cold collation was kindly provided by the Wisbech brethren, at the Exchange Hall, after the business of the day, on Tuesday, which was attended by the officers and nearly all the delegates, with other brothers of the order, and the evening was spent with perfect harmony and good feeling. Br. W. P. Bays in the chair, and Br. Henry Pooley in the vice chair.

In the course of the evening several pleasing songs were sung, and toasts embracing the benevolent principles of the order were given.

Br. WILLIAM THORNTON, of Leeds, in a very able and elaborate speech, expressed in very grateful terms the feelings entertained by himself and brother delegates for the kindness they had met with during their stay in Wisbech, from the members of the district, and which had far surpassed any thing the most sanguine amongst them could have anticipated, and concluded by an earnest hope that the Wisbech district would continue in the prosperous state which marked it at present.

We must not forget to observe, with regard to the festivities of the second day, that our pleasures were much enhanced by the conviviality and extreme affability of our highly respected Br. Hoyte, of the Hull district, who favoured us more than once with his favourite song, in his own peculiar style,—"I'll fathom the bowl!" and which, on this evening, was sung in character. The delegate from Pontefract and another delegate having purchased for, and presented Br. Hoyte with, a neat punch ladle, and a small plate having drawn upon it a Shepherd in distress, not at all, however, suited to the case and character of Br. Hoyte, who was always "at home," and ready and willing to make all his brethren and friends happy. We had much pleasure in his company, and hope another opportunity may be afforded us to hear and see him "fathom the bowl."

Thus ended a meeting which we earnestly hope and believe was highly enjoyed by all who had the opportunity to attend it; and our earnest wish is that it may be long remembered not only for the great harmony and good feeling by which it wes eminently distinguished, but for the results of those labours so cheerfully afforded and ably rendered, and which we trust may long be of real advantage to all the members of our much-loved and honoured institution, and be seen and felt by us all for many years to come.

THINKING.—Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—LOCKE.

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BOTANICAL GLEANINGS.—No. 3.

BY W. B.

ON THE LEAVES OF PLANTS.

BEFORE the substances taken up by the root can become fit for the nourishment of the plant, they must rise up through the stem and undergo certain important changes in the leaves. The sap, in its first state, is simply water, and such matters as are held in solution in it. In its progress up the stem, however, it mixes with the proper juices of the plant, and in this state enters into the leaves, where the greater portion of the water is evaporated into the atmosphere. For this purpose, the leaves are furnished with small pores on their surfaces, and so numerous are they that, with the aid of a microscope, upwards of six thousand may be counted on a square inch. The quantity of water which is thus prespired by the leaves varies considerably, according to the state of the atmosphere. On a dry and hot day, a sun-flower, *(Helianthus annua)*, has been found to give off more than its own weight of moisture. On a damp day it did not prespire so much; but, on an average, it gave off upwards of seventeen times more in proportion than the human body. By means of this evaporation, the sap becomes very much thickened, which is the first stage of preparation it undergoes in the leaves. By these pores the leaves also imbibe air, which mingling with the sap produce chemical changes in it, and this, together with the action of light upon it, renders it fit for nutrition. It will thus be seen that the leaves are to the vegetable what the lungs are to the animal; that they are, in short, its breathing organs. Hence we see the reason why plants do not thrive in places where their leaves are liable to get covered with dust or dirt of any kind: this filth stops up the pores of the leaves, and the plants either linger on in a sickly state or perish altogether. Plants kept in the windows of dwelling-houses should now and then be exposed to gentle showers of rain, which wash off the dust and keep them fresh and healthy. So important is the leaf to vegetables, that most plants perish if deprived of them; some plants, however, such as the white mulberry, (*Morus alba*), which is cultivated as food for the silk-worm, can bear stripping once or twice a-year, but they always appear to suffer much in consequence; and gooseberry-bushes, whose leaves have been eaten by caterpillars, are not able to ripen their fruit. In short, there is no better way of getting rid of troublesome weeds than by severingly pulling off their leaves as soon as they make their appearance.

But the most important office which leaves perform is the purification of the atmosphere after it has been deteriorated by the breathing of animals and other causes. It is well known, that in respiration a portion of the oxygen is taken from the air and assimilated with the blood, and its place supplied by carbon, which is given off by the lungs, thus forming carbonic acid gas, which is a compound of oxygen and carbon, and which is extremely detrimental to animal life; it is therefore evident, that, unless some counteracting principle existed, the atmosphere would become so impure that men and animals would soon perish altogether. But this

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carbonic acid, so fatal to animals, is the chief food of plants; they imbibe it both by their roots and the pores of their leaves; but it is the carbon only which they assimilate, for the light, and especially the sun-shine, decomposes the carbonic acid in the leaves, and liberates the oxygen, or vital air, which then mingles with and purifies the atmosphere. Meanwhile, the carbon is deposited in the tissues of the plant, giving it that hardness, toughness, and consistency, which is necessary to it. The green colour of leaves is owing to this deposition of carbon, for the tissues of the leaves being naturally yellowish, and carbon being dark blue, their union necessarily produces green. This process, however, only takes place during the light: in darkness carbon is not deposited, nor oxygen given off; and if plants are kept long in darkness they lose their green colour, and instead of being hard and tough, they become tender and juicy. If a piece of board, or a large stone, be suffered to lie for some time upon the grass, it will be found that the herbage underneath it has become quite white and tender; and hence, gardeners, when they wish to blanch celery and make it fit for the table, heap up the earth around it, that being the most effectual way of excluding the leaf-stalks from the action of light. Hence also, the innermost leaves, or heart of the cabbage, (*Brassica oleracea*), are white and tender, whilst those outside which have been exposed to the light are tough and disagreeable to the taste.

Aquatic plants also are of great importance in purifying the waters which they inhabit. They, too, imbibe carbonic acid, and give off oxygen during the action of light; and many of those growing under water have their leaves finely divided, which enables them to do this more effectually. On a fine sunny day, the conferva, which appears like fine silken threads attached to the stones at the bottom of our lakes and streams, and which are so common that all must have noticed them, may be seen to give off small bubbles of oxygen gas, and it is this apparently insignificant vegetable which is often the means of purifying the water which mariners take with them to sea, and which often becomes unfit for use, but afterwards regains its sweetness.

Leaves are so susceptible to light, that they invariably turn their upper surfaces towards it, and if they are by force prevented from doing so, they soon show evident marks of disease.

The colour of leaves is generally green, and it is worthy of remark that, of all others, green is the colour upon which the eye can rest with the greatest ease for the greatest length of time. Some leaves, however, are coloured, as the purple beech, the red cabbage, and many kinds of beet; others are spotted with black, like wake robin (*Arum maculatum*), and many of the *orchis* family; others are spotted with white, as *Aucuba Japonica*, while many more are fringed with white round the edges, like the varigated geranium, &c. A beautiful leaf is that of the milk thistle, (*Carduus marianus*); it is a native of our own country, and the veins of the leaves are stained with a silvery whiteness Old traditions assert that this is owing to a drop of milk which fell from the breast of the Virgin Mary upon the original plant. Although the gardener looks with pleasure upon his varigated plants, the botanist only considers them as indications of

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diseased structure which prevents them from depositing a sufficient amount of carbon in the lighter parts.

The shapes of leaves is exceedingly various. Linnæus enumerater upwards of a hundred; and sometimes the shape varies very much on the same plant. The water crowfoot (*Ranunculus aquatilis*), has two sorts of leaves—those which grow in the water are divided into numerous hair like segments, while those which float on the top are flat and three-lobed. The bitter-sweet, (*Solanum dulcamara*), the melancholy thistle, (*Cnicus heterophyllus*), and the horse raddish, (*Cochlearia armorica*), may be cited as examples of very different shaped leaves on the same plant. One of the most singularly shaped leaves is that of the pitcher-plant, (*Nepenthis destillatoria*), a native of China and Japan. It is shaped somewhat like that of a laurel, but the pointed end terminates in a long slender stalk, to which is attached a pitcher-shaped appendage, which holds about as much as a two ounce phial; and what is most remarkable, there is a small lid to it which fits close with a spring hinge. These vessels are generally half full of a sweetish liquor, and are called monkey-cups, by the natives, from the supposition that these animals resort to them for the purpose of drinking the liquid. It is certain that this liquor attracts flies and other insects which often perish in it; and it is supposed that their decomposition is favourable to the growth of the plant. An American plant, the *Sarracenia purpuria*, has leaves like the finger of a glove, furnished also with a lid; the margin of the inside of these leaves is beset with stiff hairs, which being pointed inwards act like a wire mouse-trap, and allow flies and other insects freely to enter and partake of the sweet liquor at the bottom, but effectually prevent their return. On examining these leaves they are often found crammed with dead and drowning flies, supposed, as in the other instance, to be beneficial to the plant. In their size, leaves vary as much as in their figure; some are so small that a microscope is needed to examine them, whilst others are of incredibly large dimensions. The largest leaf of any of our native plants is, perhaps, that of the butter bur, (*Tussilago petasites*), which grows by our river sides, and which is often met with twenty inches in length, by eighteen in its greatest breadth. But the leaves of the *Musa paradisaica*, or plantain tree, have been known to grow ten feet long, by two feet broad at the base. The double cocoa-nut palm produces leaves twenty feet long, and ten feet in width. The Raffia palm, of Madagascar, has been known to produce leaves sixty feet in length; while those of the great fan-palm, or talipot tree, (*Corypha umbraculifera*), measure forty feet in circumferance, and are capable of affording shelter, in a storm, to thirty individuals! These leaves have natural plaits in them and can be folded up like a fan, and are so light that a person can carry them about with as much ease as an umbrella. A priest, at Manilla, had a hut constructed of three of these leaves, and it consisted of a kitchen and bed room In Ceylon they use them as umbrellas, roof their houses with them, plait strips of them into baskets, which they make capable of holding water, and write upon pieces of them instead of paper; many of their books are made of them, the letters being written with a sharp pointed instrument.

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The economical and medical uses to which the leaves of plants are put in various countries are too numerous to mention; in every land they form the chief food of the animal kingdom, and many kinds are by man eaten as sallads, or boiled as pot-herbs, or used as remedies in sickness, or made to minister to his wants in various other ways. But there are two kinds of leaves which are so generally and extensively used in nearly every part of the world, that it would not be proper to leave them unnoticed—these are tea and tobacco. The tea plants, (*Thea Bohea* and *Thea Viridis*), are natives of China, and were first used to correct the bad flavour of the water found in that country, until, by degrees, they began to be relished, and their use has gradually spread over the whole civilised world, until, in many countries, tea has become almost a necessary of life. About forty-four million pounds of tea are annually consumed in Great Britain and Ireland. Tobacco is the prepared leaves of a plant called *Nicotiana tabaccum;* it is a native of America, and was first brought into this country in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Many volumes have been written to prove its injurious tendency, and it may safely be said to be unpleasant to all who begin to use it, yet it is smoked, chewed, or snuffed by the great majority of the people of Europe. Leaves differ much in their texture and outward appearance; some are soft as down, others are hard and rigid; they are woolley as the cotton-thistle, bristley as borage, thick and succulent like the aloe, or thin and dry like most ferns. The leaves of *Gesneria zebrina* appear like the softest and richest velvet, and are beautifully varigated with purple, and light and dark green; while those of *Paliscouria rigida* rustle like parchment in the wind.

Finally, the leaves, having performed their offices during the summer, are generally thrown off on the approach of winter. Insects have preyed upon them; the fierce rays of the sun have scorched them; they have been battered by the rude winds; the early frosts have ruptured their delicate tissues; they become diseased and incapable of performing their functions; they can no longer give off the oxygen they have imbibed; and consequently assume a red or yellow hue,—

> "Then the solemn old woods, how they sadden! and slumber
> In gorgeous tranquility, fading though fair,
> As if some rich sunset of hues without number
> Had fallen and rested in permanence there."—J. C. PRINCE.

At length, by an effort of nature, the plants throw them off, and, falling to the ground, they preach to man of his own mortality.

Some plants, called evergreens, do not lose their leaves in this way, but retain them for various lengths of time. I have seen leaves on the Indian-rubber tree (*Ficus elastica*), which had been performing their office for the space of nine years, and which still appeared fresh and vigorous. The leaves of evergreens are generally stiff and shining; the latter property is owing to their being covered with a coating of varnish, which preserves them from the influence of the weather, and the attacks of insects.

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SELECTIONS FOR THE SEASON.

FIELD-PATHS.

I LOVE our real old English foot-paths. I love those rustic and picturesque stiles, openin their pleasant escapes from frequented places, and dusty highways, into the solitudes c nature. It is delightful to catch a glimpse of one on the village green, under the elder tre by some ancient cottage, or half hidden by the overhanging boughs of a wood. I love t see the smooth dry track, winding away in easy curves, along some green slope, to th church-yard, to the embosomed cottage, or to the forest grange. It is to me an object c certain inspiration. It seems to invite one from noise and publicity, into the heart c solitude and rural delights. It beckons the imagination on, through green and whisperin corn-fields, through the short but verdant pasture, through the flowery mowing-grass; th odourous and sunny hay-field. The festivity of harvest, from lovely farm to farm; fro village to village; by clear and mossy wells; by tinkling brooks, and deep and wood skirted streams; to crofts, where the daffodil is rejoicing in spring, or meadows, where th large blue geraneum embellishes the summer wayside; to heaths, with their warm elasti sward and crimson bells, the chithering of grasshoppers, the foxglove, and the old knarle oak; in short, to all the solitary haunts after which the city-bred lover of nature pants, a " the hart panteth after water-brooks." What is there so truly English? What is s linked with our rural tastes, our sweetest memories, and our sweetest poetry, as stiles an field-paths? Goldsmith, Thomson, and Milton have adorned them with some of thei richest wreaths. They have consecrated them to poetry and love. It is along the foot path in secluded fields,—upon the stile in the embowered lanes, where the wild-rose and the honey-suckle are lavishing their beauty and their fragrance, that we delight to picture to ourselves rural lovers, breathing in the dewy eve of a summer evening vows still sweeter. It is that there, that the poet seated, sends back his soul into the freshness of his youth, amongst attachments since withered by neglect, rendered painful by absence, or broken by death; amongst dreams and aspirations which, even now that they pronounce their own fallacy, are lovely. It is there that he gazes upon the gorgeous sun-set,—the evening star following with silvery lamp the fading day, or the moon showering her silvery lustre through the balmy night air, with a fancy that kindles and soars into the heavens before him, there, that we have all felt the charm of woods and green-fields, and solitary boughs waving in the golden sun-shine, or darkening in the melancholy beauty of evening shadows. Who has not thought how beautiful was the sight of a village congregation pouring out from their old grey church on a summer day, and streaming off through the quiet meadows, in all directions, to their homes? Or who, that has visited Alpine scenery, has not beheld with a poetic feeling, the mountaineers come winding down out of their romantic seclusions on a Sabbath morning, pacing the solitary heath-tracts, bounding with elastic step down the fern-clad dells, or along the course of a riotous stream, as cheerful, as picturesque, and yet as solemn as the scenes around them?

Again, I say, I love field-paths, and stiles of all species,—aye, even the most inaccessible piece of rustic erection ever set up in defiance of age, laziness, and obesity. How many scenes of frolic and merry confusion have I seen at a clumsy stile! What exclamations, and charming blushes, and fine eventual vaulting on the part of the ladies,—and what an opportunity does it afford to beaux of exhibiting a variety of gallant and delicate attentions. I consider a rude stile as anything but an impediment in the course of a rural courtship.

Those good old *turn-stiles* too,—can I ever forget them? The hours I have spun round upon them, when a boy; or those in which I have almost laughed myself to death at the remembrance of my pedagogue's disaster? Methinks I see him now. The time, a sultry day,—the domine, a goodly person of some eighteen or twenty stone,—the scene, a foot-path sentinelled with turn-stiles, one of which held him fast, as in utter amazement at his bulk. Never shall I forget his efforts and agonies to extricate himself, nor his lion-like roars, which brought some labourers to his assistance, who, when they had recovered from their convulsions of laughter, knocked off the top and let him go. But, without a jest, stiles and field-paths are vanishing every-where. There is nothing upon which the advance of wealth and population has made so serious an inroad. As land has increased in value, wastes and heaths have been parcelled out and inclosed, but seldom have foot-paths been

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left. The poet and the naturalist, who before had, perhaps, the greatest *real* property in them, have had no allotment. They have been totally driven out of the promised land. It is but too true that "the pressure of contiguous pride," has driven farther and farther, from that day to this, the public from the rich man's lands. "They make a solitude, and call it peace:" Even the quiet and picturesque foot-path that led across his lawn, or stole along his wood-side, giving to the poor man, with his burden, a cooler and a nearer cut to the village, is become a nuisance. One would have thought that the rustic labourer with his scythe on his shoulder, or his bill-hook and his hedging mittens in his hand,—the cottage dame in her black bonnet and scarlet cloak,—the bonny village maiden in the sweetness of health and simplicity, or the boy strolling along full of life and curiosity, might have had sufficient interest, in themselves, for a cultivated taste, passing occasionally at a distance across the park or lawn not only to be tolerated, but even to be welcomed as objects agreeably enlivening the stately solitude of the hall. But they have not. And what is more they are commonly the most jealous of pedestrian trespassers who seldom visit their own estates, but permit the seasons to scatter their charms around their villas and rural possessions without the heart to enjoy, or even the presence to behold them. How often have I, myself, been arrested in some long-frequented dale, in some spot endeared by its own beauties and the fascinations of memory, by a board, exhibiting, in giant characters,—*Stopped by an order of Sessions!* and denouncing the terms of the law upon trespassers. This is a little too much. I would not be querulous for the poor against the rich. I would not teach them to look with an envious and covetuous eye upon their villas, lawns, cattle, and equipage; but when the path of immemorial usage is closed—when the little streak, almost as fine as a mathematical line, along the wealthy man's ample field, is grudgingly erased, it is impossible not to feel indignation at the pitiful monopoly. Is there no village champion to be found bold enough to put in his protest against these encroachments, to assert this public right—for a right it is, as authentic as that by which the land itself is held, and as clearly acknowledged by the laws? Is there no local "Hampden, with dauntless breast" to "withstand the little tyrant of the fields," and to save our good old field-paths? If not, we shall, in a few years, be doomed to the highways and the hedges: to look, like Dives, from a sultry region of turnpikes, into a pleasant one of verdure and foliage, which we may not approach. Already the stranger, if he lose his way, is in jeopardy of falling into the horrid fangs of a steel-trap. The botanist enters a wood to gather a flower, and is shot with a spring-gun,—death haunts our dells and copses, and the poet complains, in regretful notes, that he—

> "Wanders away to field and glen
> Far as he may for the gentlemen."

I am not so much of a poet, or so little of a political economist, as to lament over the progress of population. It is true that I see, with a *poetical* regret, green fields and beautiful fresh tracts swallowed up in cities; but my joy in the increase of human life and happiness far outbalances that imaginative pain. But it is when I see *unnecessary and arbitrary* encroachments upon the *rural* priviliges of the public that I grieve. Exactly in the same proportion as our population and commercial habits gain upon us, do we need all possible opportunities to keep alive in us the spirit of nature.

> "The world is too much with us, late and soon
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,
> Little there is in nature that is ours."—WORDSWORTH.

We give ourselves up to the artificial habits and objects of ambition, till we endanger the higher and better feelings and capacities of our being; and it is alone to the united influence of religion, literature, and nature, that we must look for the preservation of our moral nobility. Whenever, therefore, I behold one of our old field-paths closed, I regard it as another link in the chain which Mammon is winding around us,—another avenue cut off by which we might fly to the lofty sanctuary of nature for power to withstand him.—HONE'S EVERY-DAY BOOK.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should ever be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.—JESSE'S GLEANINGS.

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MIND VERSUS BEAUTY.

BY JOHN EVANS.

Thou'st told me of her glitt'ring eyes,
Cloth'd in a sparkling blue;
Thou'st liken'd them to Eastern skies
Of bright transcendent hue
Thou'st told me of her carmine lip—
Of smiles that play around;
Of pretty feet that gaily trip
With light fantastic bound.

Thous't told me on her cheeks a rose
Is blooming bright and fair:
That o'er her brow there gently flows
Rich curls of silky hair!
Thou'st told me that her form is light,
Like to an aerial fay,
That sheds Aurora's beams at night,
And darkness turns to day!

But why dost thou *this* beauty praise?
Why be so sadly blind?
Wilt ever on the outward gaze?
Wilt ne'er gaze on the mind?
What though she bears a cheerful face—
What though her smile seems kind,
Yet lacks a mortal one chief grace—
A cultivated mind!

Then let not eyes, though peerless bright,
Arrest thy wonted way;
Nor fairy form, though e'er so light,
Allure thy heart away.
Go, try to seek a richer prize,—
Go on thy way and find
A prize whose beauty never dies—
The beauty of the mind!

HAPPINESS.

BY B. BRIERLEY.

To climb the throne and sit in pompous state,
Clad in the dazzling majesty of kings;
Wielding the sceptre of a nation's fate,
Regardless of the sweets that justice brings.
Prais'd—but not lov'd; worshipp'd—but not great,—
Bow'd to by sycophants, and meaner things:
This is not happiness—it cannot be
That which the heart would deem pure ecstacy.

But 'midst the scenes of undisturbed repose,
To live, and let live—love, and be belov'd:
To ease the aching heart of all its woes,
By the kind impulse of affection moved;
While friendship 'round the heart divinely throws
Its genial charms by piety improved:
This is a pleasure despots ne'er enjoy,—
'Tis heavenly happiness that cannot cloy!

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Yet would a monarch be supremely blest,
Whose deeds were such as heaven itself might own;
Counselled by men—the wisest and the best;
The fittest min'sters to surround a throne,—
Belov'd by all, none would his crown molest,
O'er all the earth his virtues would be known;
Tyrants would fall—the wrong'd would gain redress,—
And the whole world be blest with happiness!

SONNET TO MILTON.

BY P. PROLETARIUS.

ALL-HALLOW'D Milton! though thine earthly eyes
Were dark as is the unillumined night!
Yet thy wrapt fancy soar'd beyond the skies,
Undazzled e'en by heaven's all-radiant light.
No earthly objects could impede thy flight;
For unto thee were given visions fair
Of man, fresh from his Maker, ere the blight
Of sin had fallen on the happy pair
Who dwelt in Eden,—God's especial care.
Thou lived in troubled times, immortal bard!—
In times when there was need of such as thee—
And we rejoice to think thou labour'd hard
For thine own "mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,"
And now hast gain'd of Fame "exceeding great reward."

PAULINE: A REMINISCENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

Ere to his appointment, Henry met Pauline in the evening, and many, many a succeeding day. The theatre, the dance, the concert, the fete, every attraction which could minister to her delights, or gratify him with her presence, were visited. Weeks flew over their heads on the wings of pure, heartfelt, undisguised enjoyment, and yet Henry had not, in direct terms, declared his love for Pauline. They knew, however, that an interchange of sentiment and affection had taken place between them. Pauline could not misunderstand those delicate and respectful attentions which Henry never failed to pay to her in a much higher degree than he did to others. She could not but interpret correctly the impassioned looks, the tender and tremulous tones, which, whenever he addressed her, held her a silent and willing listener. Neither could he, on the other hand, be unconscious of the power he exercised over her heart, or mistake the unfeigned pleasure she exhibited in his society.

One sweet summer evening, he told her how sincerely, how passionately, he loved her. He spoke of his parents, his rank and his prospects. He conjured her to become his wife, and he would instantly write to his family praying for their approval and blessing. By the force of entreaty, and the language of endearment and persuasion, he beguiled her of her consent that he should communicate with his family on the subject, and in the event of a refusal, she promised she would share, and endeavour to lighten, the pain of his fallen fortunes. They parted with feelings of mutual joyful anticipation, and Henry, returning to his apartments, wrote to England that same night.

In a few days he received a stern denial of his request, coupled with orders to return home immediately, at the peril of his father's immutable displeasure. Henry had been a wayward, but clever and favourite child, and his father had entertained higher views for him than those of marrying a comparatively poor, but worthy Parisian damsel, and hence

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his indignation. But Henry Rushbrook's mind was made up. He had a small property in his own right, which, with the little that would revert to Pauline, would enable them to defy poverty, and in a very short period of time he had chosen for himself a new country, and a lovely and faithful wife.

For four years Henry held no connexion with his family in England, save by an occasional letter enquiring after their health, to which, when they deigned to write, they replied in the coldest terms. In the meantime his Pauline gave birth to a beautiful boy, and the society of his wife and child kept him almost entirely secluded from the world. His little household was a scene of uninterrupted peace, love, and intellectual enjoyment, and, save a wish to be reconciled to his parents, he had not a desire which remained ungratified.

Such was the state of things in the summer of 1830, when Henry received a letter from his mother,—a letter such as mothers only write,—breathing love, forgiveness, and a hope once more to embrace her child. The epistle proceeded to announce that she had prevailed upon Henry's father to be reconciled to him, to send his unqualified pardon, with an assurance that he should be restored to his affections, and reinstated in all the honours of his family. It concluded by beseeching him to set out as soon as possible for England and to bring his wife as a participator in the joy of the expected meeting.

With buoyant alacrity Henry prepared to obey his mother's affectionate commands, and within forty-eight hours, accompanied by Pauline and his darling boy, he was on his way to Boulogne, where he intended to embark for England. The journey was speedily and happily accomplished, and in three days Henry was locked in the arms of his parents and his sisters, all of whom were absolutely charmed with Pauline, and enraptured with the artless prattle of little Victor. Henry passed a week of unalloyed enjoyment with his family, but having some urgent business to transact in Paris, he bade them a hasty farewell, with a promise to revisit them in the ensuing spring, and left his wife and child to follow in a month. This course he was unwilling to adopt, but his mother declared she could not part with her daughter in-law and little grandson so soon; and as Pauline had acquired a knowledge of the English language, which would set her more at ease among her new relations, he consented. A month soon passed in the interchange of tender affection, and, at length, Pauline set out for France, laden with presents, and followed by the blessings of her kindred. This was during the "three glorious days" of July, when I first beheld her on her voyage to Calais; a journey which she began in joy, but which ended in inconsolable misery. When she reached Paris she found the people in a state of uncontrollable excitement, but it was the excitement of triumphant success—a rejoicing over victory, to attain which much human blood had been spilt, and by which thousands upon thousands were reduced to beggary and starvation. Poor Pauline trembled every step she took, and hurried on towards her home as fast as her anxiety would permit her. As she reached in sight of the well-known spot, she *felt* that some heavy calamity awaited her, and she almost sank to the ground as she knocked faintly at the door. It was opened by the accustomed servant, whose sudden start and gloom of countenance, as she beheld her mistress, confirmed her fears.

"Good God!" exclaimed Pauline, "what has happened?" and she fell back exhausted on a chair. Her mother, who was above, and who heard the well-known voice, eagerly rushed down, wringing her hands in agony, and falling on her child's neck, sobbed out that Henry was dying. With great difficulty Pauline was conveyed to her husband's bedside, but the scene which was disclosed is beyond the power of my pen to describe.

On the first outbreak of the revolution, fired at what he considered the tyranny and injustice of the government, Henry placed himself at the head of a formidable band of citizens, took a prominent part in every assault, and ended by falling, covered with wounds, in the front of his followers. As he was known to many, a small party of his friends succeeded, by taking the quietest streets, in conveying him to his abode. Henry bore the pain of body with much fortitude, but his mental agony was beyond conception. His rashness and folly in joining the insurgents—the absence of his wife and child—his fear lest he should die before they arrived—his knowledge of the misery which would be inflicted on his parents, and the prospect of an approaching end—all combined nearly to deprive him of reason. When he had embraced Pauline and his child, however, he felt more resigned, and on the surgeon revealing to him the hopelessness of his recovery, he received the truth with an apparently calm indifference. His drooping and beloved wife hovered over his pillow like some ministering angel, and while her own heart was a prey to the most bit-

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sorrow, she soothed, strengthened, and supported him to the close. In less than a week he breathed his last, and his family, who had been apprized of the melancholy circumstance, arrived just in time to see him consigned to a foreign grave.

This simple, but affecting narrative, I received from the lips of Pauline's mother; and when she had finished, none of us for some time seemed disposed to renew the conversation. I could not venture to offer a word of consolation to the youthful sufferer, for I felt it would be too world-like and heartless. As I parted with Pauline, however, she must have read in my countenance how much I sympathized in her distress. For a moment I retained her hand in mine, and gazing on her face, I found thereon written a settled and deep-rooted sorrow, which seemed to be eating up her life day by day. With mutual good wishes and farewells, we parted; and quitting the house of mourning, "Poor Pauline," I involuntary exclaimed, "we have little chance of meeting again, but peace be with thee!"

Shortly afterwards I went down to Mulhausen, but from the depression of commerce, I met with the same disheartening results as before. With great struggling, much mortification, and some starving, I remained five months, when being fairly beaten out by that inexorable foe, Necessity, I put a knapsack on my back, ten *sous* (all I had) in my pocket, and in the middle of the severe winter of 1831, set out on foot to return to England. By a long and circuitous route I reached Paris, as patient and as pennyless as it is possible for a man to be, and in the possession of a little more experience, if not wisdom, than when I landed on the shores of France.

My first thought was of Pauline, and my first business was to seek her abode. I soon reached the well-remembered door; knocked, was admitted, and greeted with a sad welcome from the matron. I ventured to enquire for her daughter, with an expression of hope that time had restored her to cheerfulness and tranquility. I knew by the cloud that gathered over the face of the poor mother, that all was not well. Without uttering a word, she led me to her child's bedchamber, and there she lay, pale, but lovely as a statue of pure alabaster, gazing with eyes of affection into the face of little Victor, who was carelessly playing with the dark and and dishevelled ringlets of her hair. When her ear caught the sound of a strange footstep, she turned her head on the pillow languidly, recognized me, and with a faint, very faint blush of pleasure on her cheek, gave me her thin, transparent hand. I started as I touched it: it was as cold as ice! She saw what had passed through my mind, for with a smile as mournful and as tender as that of a golden autumn evening, she said—"Yes, I am much changed, am I not?" "You are, indeed," I said, thoughtfully. "Yes," she continued, "but it is a change for the better. I am much happier than I was when I saw you last, and I shall soon be completely so. I go to be re-united to my Henry, in that temple which was not built with hands, through the compassion and by the power of Him whose symbol I wear. His will be done!"

Next evening I went again early. Pauline, who lay in a state of stupor, had not spoken for some time. Her mother, with the boy on her knee, and some friends, sat round the bed, awaiting solemnly the awful hour of dissolution. A long drawn sigh, or a smothered sob, were the only sounds which broke a silence almost unearthly. At length a voice in the street, immediately beneath the window of the death chamber, startled the mournful group. It proceeded from one of those itinerant minstrels so common on the continent. He was singing, with much skill and power, the celebrated patriotic song, "*La Parisienne*," and after he had completed the first stanza, and began with fresh vigour the second, Pauline awoke suddenly from her lethargy, and seemed to listen with great attention. The last stanza of this song changes both in the time and tone, becoming exceedingly plaintive and pathetic. It speaks of the coffin and the bier, the funeral cavalcade, the roll of the muffled drum, the renown and glory of those who have won a grave in the cause of liberty, and concludes by calling upon the citizens to pay the last honours to the remains of their departed brethren. Scarcely had the last words escaped the lips of the singer, than Pauline said faintly, but suddenly—"Mother, bring me my child, bring me Victor!" The child was brought up. She took him round the neck, and gazed long and earnestly in his face, the boy weeping and asking her when she would get up again. She kissed him passionately on the eyes and forehead, and beckoning her mother, kissed her also; then extending her hands to her friends, with a smile that irradiated her whole countenance, she closed her eyes, clasped the little golden crucifix to her bosom, moved her lips for a moment, as if in prayer, drew a deep sigh, and the dim mysterious shadow of death blotted out the last lingering rays of her mortal life.

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There was a brief pause amongst us, as if we yet questioned the unwelcome truth, but the quick change which passed over the face, making it blank and rigid, removed all doubt; and one who sat near the bed, put his hand on the lips of Pauline, and said in a whisper which startled us—"She is gone!"

Then rose the voice of grief once more within those melancholy walls. The wail of the aged mother, the cry of the orphan child, and the tears of surrounding friends, for a moment bewildered me. But recollecting myself, I immediately rose and went my way, pondering on what I had seen.

Pauline lies beside her husband in a solitary and secluded corner of Pere-la Chaise. Her child was conveyed to his father's relations in England. Of Pauline's mother I know nothing further; but the simple truths I have attempted to present in the form of a narrative, I shall never forget; and should chance or inclination ever again lead my steps to Paris, my first ramble shall be to the resting place of the faithful but unfortunate "Pauline."

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

THAT civilized creatures are all, more or less, imbued with an inclination for an improved condition of some description or another, few will attempt to dispute. In fact, civilization itself sows this species of seed in the spirits of all she comes across. Her prelude is at all times improvement! and, surely, the beings whom she has so often encountered, and rendered subservient to her will, cannot fail being invested, to some extent, with these her primary characteristics. Civilization has wrought much—the whole body of society, taken collectively, evinces her handiwork; but the work of improving ourselves, the self-cultivating, self-purifying, and rendering good our own hearts, minds, and bodies, displays far more than all the political movements of a government, or all the most successful missions of the sage or divine.

The absolute necessity to cultivate the life we hold, and turn it to a proper advantage as we advance in its various stages, is a truism that will not require the philosophy of a Plato to enforce upon our readers—improvement is applicable to all—there are none so perfectible that cannot be rendered more perfect; and hence there devolves on mankind the important and requisite duty of making his own condition a happy one by the aid of his own exertions, for he may rest assured that, if the machinery is not worked by this means, he will find few, if any, to work it for him. Now, the germs of which we have spoken that civilization has planted within us, are but germs; and man must not rest satisfied with the idea that he has the inclination in him, or lead himself away with the erroneous notion, that these seeds will take root, securely bloom, and flourish, and bear fifty-fold, without his own aid and care. Coleridge beautifully says—

> "'Tis the sublime of man,
> Our noon-tide majesty to know ourselves.
> Parts and proportions of our wondrous whole—
> This fraternizes man—this constitutes
> Our charities and bearings."

and a more forcible argument, showing the necessity of self-improvement, could be nowhere obtained. This knowing ourselves is the exact agency by which we must understand whether we are the improved creatures, the cultivated beings we ought to be. "Know thyself," should be the first words addressed to him who rejects self-advancement; let him discover whether he be altogether what he should be in the sight of God and man, and then, probably, he will be enabled to form an idea whether self-improvement is necessary for him or no. The necessity for man to be his own cultivator is more forcible demonstrated by our previous remarks, that he will find few around him that will improve his condition for him. Man is generally selfish—always alive to his own interest; and do you expect, reader, that he who is ever worshipping at the shrine of Mammon—that he, who like the Levite of old, is continually passing on the other side to evade the cries and supplications of the poor—that he with his frigid philosophy, or he with his stern political economy—do you expect these will stoop to give you a helping hand and elevate you to the proper position you should maintain in society? No! These will not do it; and, therefore, like Napoleon Bonaparte, you must take the crown and place it on your own head, for these are the kind of men that compose three fourths of the society with which

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you are surrounded. That it is necessary, then, even by this slight instance, that you work the machine yourself, is obvious. Remember, few, perhaps none, will help you, except they have the means thereby of serving their own ends. The state of society in the present age furnishes a deplorable evidence of the truth of what we assert; for the love of gold appears the only affection man has in his heart—the only God to whom he pays his devotions. Let, then, every one question their own hearts, whether they are fulfilling the mandates of their Creator in carrying out his great design that man should be the image of himself wherever he trod. By so doing, the senses will be awakened to a just perception of how far the creature is found wanting in the scale of perfection—the spirits will ask and the bodily actions—the every-day life will reply, *Much!* By this simple process, without further trouble, shall we at once ascertain the extent of our necessities for self-improvement; and even the most virtuous will find their virtue deficient; the most accomplished, their accomplishments yet narrow; and the most wise, their wisdom yet limited.

The nature of self-improvement has a wide signification, inasmuch as it embraces many improvements that man forms for his own peculiar advantage. Thus we see him, every day, cultivating certain faculties, with which he is endowed, for what we hold to be subordinate and contemptible purposes. Look at what we call the selfish man—the creature of avarice—ask him why he is devoting all his energies to the piling of those heaps of gold, day after day. He tells you that he is improving his condition. Yet, in the pure sense of the word, it is evident to you that he is doing nothing of the sort. This is one kind of self-improvement, and to enumerate them all would be a task of no ordinary character, and, like enough, in the end, would involve us in extraneous matter unconnected with our subject. So let us point out, at once, the self-improvement which we hold to be most elevated, namely, the self-advancement of the heart and mind. The work of cultivating these properties can be regarded as nothing else but the noblest on earth that man can practice. The main spring of all, they at once proclaim the character of their owner: from these sources flow all the emotions; by these instruments are wrought all the deeds and mis-deeds; from these fountains spring forth all the vices and virtues that are displayed by mankind. Such are the great possessions to be cultivated and rendered fruitful by the application and earnest efforts of their owner. How high do those rank in our estimation who have made this work of-self advancement their study! With what an unbounded degree of admiration we trace the history of our own immortal bards—of a Shakespeare or a Milton—a Watt or a Ferguson—a Burns or a Chatterton, and a numberless throng who have risen by their own efforts to occupy that prominent position in the annals of their country, and have their names handed down to a wondering posterity. The working classes observe these (what appear to them) phenomena rising from their ranks; they like to see it, yet they cannot, or will not, hear the voice that is distinctly charging them,—"Go thou and do likewise." Again, there are those kind of philanthropic creatures, whose names are not so familiar to us as those just mentioned, whose histories are more frequently told at the cottage door, or over their humble graves, in the simple country church yard, than eulogised by an admiring book biographer. These have taught their hearts to feel, and invested their nature with that glowing sympathy for human imperfections that not only forgives but forgets. We regard these illustrations of self-advancement that we now and then encounter, with unlimited gratification; for the idea, even of the man having worked his own passions or mental capacities into an improved condition by his own single-handed exertions, is a pure evidence that he must have been an earnest thinker about himself, and that his thoughts must have been of the highest order. Hence we perceive the goodly bearing of self-improvement, its efficacy, and the joy it must contribute; and, surely, that which we admire in others so much should become, by the same means, the feature for others to admire and applaud in ourselves. This self-improvement resembles, very much, the little plot of ground the labourer has attached to his homestead. You see with what energy he works at it after or before the ordinary labour of the day, how he displays his own taste, pleases his own fancy in planting this, transplanting that, or cultivating the other. With what a pride he regards the various productions of his *own* unaided handiwork,—and, would to heaven that man, that every working man, and woman too, in our land would follow the labourer's example by turning the same unwearied attention to their hearts and minds as he turns to his plot of ground—plucking each weed—removing each barren, and unhealthy shrub—and feel the same fine emotions with their glorious work, as he testifies at the accomplishment of his.

We now arrive at the most important stage of self improvement—the instruments by

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which it is to be effected—and the question here arises, Do we possess such a power? Can we cultivate ourselves? Can we regulate the growth of our moral and intellectual faculties, so as, in the end, to give them a preponderance over every other constituent part, and endow ourselves with that nobility of nature to which we have so frequently recurred? Why we can regulate the growth of the physical—then why not the mental and moral? Now, it is a certain fact, that those muscles of the bodily frame which are most frequently called into exercise, become developed to an extent much beyond the general growth of the body: and again, on the other hand, when any particular set of muscles are kept in an unnatural state of inactivity, they are left behind the rest of the body in its advancement to maturity of strength. We firmly believe there to exist an analogy, in this respect, between the mind and body; and hence, it must appear, that those faculties, which by constant and earnest repetition are brought into play, must perform, ultimately with little or no trouble, the work which once was held insurmountable. Thus we perceive that the mind is capable of doing, in the same measure, as the body, by repeated strokes; a constant application is all that is wanting; the means are simple enough, and they are the only ones that are required to commence the work and carry it on. The means thus taken to promote self-advancement will be always aided by a numerous quantity of auxiliaries. The important companion of the present age—*cheap literature*—the healthy character it assumes, guided, in many instances, by minds that have been polished and refined by their owner's sole exertions, furnishes abundant help to carry out this laudable enterprize of self-improvement. These help not only teach the mind, for while they are doing this important act, they are the certain tendency for humanizing the heart. It is by such means as these earnestly employed, repeatedly applied with a right hand sort of execution, that self advancement is to be effected. We must not either be satisfied with the mere reading of twenty or thirty pages, every night or morning, but be *thinkers* on what we have read, and *doers* of what we therein are taught to believe is just and good. By developing this, we demonstrate that we are capable of cultivating ourselves. We show by our earnest and repeated strokes that we are eligible for the performance of the task, whatever may be the cold theories of the cynic, or stoic, to the contrary. And we must not only hold communion with the book—this will not prove altogether sufficient—but must seek and hold converse with congenial spirits, and let mutual instruction be blended with innocent mutual pastime, in the same spirit as the Athenian, of old, harmonized his temple of Thespis with the temple of his divinity. We have now briefly laid down the means by which this great work is to be effected, there may be others, but we think these will prove the fundamental ones. It is a grand work—it is a noble one—and the instruments we have named by which it is to be wrought will prove equally as noble.

Let us now contemplate, a few moments, the effects with which self-improvements are attended. We have shown that from the heart and mind spring either good or evil, and the consequent dependence placed thereon must be at once perceptible. The bodily frame may be strong—the arm may be invested with a giant's power—the feet may be nimble, and, in fact, the whole physical deportment may partake of everything calculated to render it efficient and just; but yet, what is it without an inward mechanism—a something to call all those fine-moulded properties into action, and a something more—to set them going in the right direction? Why, nothing; and thus it will be seen that our all depends on these main-springs we hold, and the influence of our devoting our *own* skill to the improvements of this dependence cannot fail being of an important and salutary nature. Every one is much better acquainted with his own heart and mind than with the heart and mind of his neighbour, or his neighbour with his; and, therefore, is the best judge how he may render himself happy and a good member of society. You may attend the lectures of the philosopher, the sermons of the divine, or the lessons of the tutor, times without number, and yet be at a loss how to put their sage precepts into practice; they may be applicable to some, but they seem not so to you, and then you find that you must begin yourself, that you must improve your own heart. You commence, go on, and overcome that which neither the philosophic wisdom of the one, nor the divinity of the other could establish or overcome for you. And again, you have many a mode for tempering your heart and mind; many a little way that the preceptor knows nothing about, and consequently cannot apply. See, then, the advantage you have in performing this work yourself. You enter into the work deeply, you know its your own, therefore you can make peculiar laws of your own for its improvement. You have nothing to do with what are called "general panaceas," you have a panacea of your own; and, as you have a heart and mind of your own, as such you

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will use it, and become the receiver of the consummate benefit—not the superficial—of your own self-advancement. The improvement of the heart and mind, rest assured, will never deteriorate the physical condition, for what can be a more certain fore-runner of bodily weal, and domestic welfare, than a well-disposed heart, a contented mind, and a right understanding? It is this work which awakens in you a sense of how you stand related to your God and neighbour; and as it proceeds, each vicious propensity takes its flight; the charms of the low tap-room dwindle into their real insignificance; the luck of the betting booth assumes its real character of roguery, and each scene that once, perhaps, you participated in with so much zest, becomes stripped of their gaudy colours by the hand of "naked truth," and you, at length, behold the disgusting deformities of their nature. And these, reader, are the doings of self-improvement, that teach the heart all that is great, the mind all that is noble; its necessity is absolute; its nature is dignified; the means by which it is effected are true to their work, and the crowning of all is the pure and magnanimous results with which it is ever attended.

Manchester. JOHN EVANS.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

"They come like shadows—so depart."—SHAKESPEARE.

BULWER AND DICKENS.

SIR Edward Bulwer Lytton is the greatest genius of the present enlightened age. There is more of the ethereal spirit, and less of earth's dull material in his composition, than in that of any other author of my acquaintance. His productions teem with *secret* thoughts that are new to words; so new, that the eye pauses involuntarily for a second glance, and we start as we recognize the vivid picture of our own hidden day-dreams: we blush to find them thus unexpectedly divulged to the world, yet smile to meet them in a guise so attractive and becoming. His genius is, also, of the most varied, comprehensive, and universal character; in short, Bulwer is literally the Daguerrotype of the mind! Next upon this sacred list—though in some respects differing widely from his cotemporary—appears Charles Dickens.

FAIRY FAVOURS.

We have all known a dream, in the calm time of rest,
That hath won the fond soul to the isle of the blest;
When the Angel of Love hath unfolded her wing
O'er the sleeper's clos'd eye, like the Zephyr of Spring;
When music and beauty have thrill'd in the dance,
And the heart been alive in the world of romance;
When the moments of earth were as ages in heaven—
Till morning's first blush the delusion hath riven,
And truth with the pure scenes of fancy has warr'd:
Such dreamings are fairy-land gifts of regard.

HINT TO AUTHORS.

'There is nothing new under the sun." Thus spake the wisest of men. If the humiliating remark was a truism in the time of Solomon, how forcibly must it apply now, after the lapse of so many ages. Indeed, the fact is so notorious, that I often think the more honest plan, if not the most agreeable for all parties, would be, just to restore our old authors, after the manner of our ancient pictures, or our antique mansions. Let some modern scribe, of kindred taste and feeling, select his favourite from the musty heap; repoint his wit, and revive the flowers of his fancy; or carve his rugged home-truths deeper into the treacherous memory. Should any persons, more intent on self-aggrandisement than public utility, feel dissatisfied with this project—which is not unlikely, seeing that the march of improvement and truth has always been obstructed by the interested, from Galileo to the present—let them imitate the proprietors of a new stage coach, and, (after the real name of the vehicle,) conciliate vanity with this addition:—"Improved, decorated, and kept on the road, by the public's obedient servants,

D. SCRIBE,
N. GRAVER."

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Most systems, however plausible in theory, have their inconveniences in practice: but this, I believe, like the steed under the Auctioneer's hammer, would be found without fault. Each fresh fact, and fancy, would be added to our standard stock of literature; instead of being pilfered, sneaked, or borrowed from it, as is too frequently the case in these dexterous times; and each living author would possess a conscience 'void of offence;' which would be no trifling consideration so long as an honest man remained "the noblest work of God."

BUTTERFLIES.

SWEET wanderers from the home of truth!
Companions of my earliest youth;
Who veil'd mine eyes from care and crime,
And charm'd me through that pleasant time;—
Where range ye now? where, in the world,
Are those bright genii wings unfurl'd?
For such pure radiance could not die:
Age silvers not your garb of gold;
Your bloom and beauty ne'er grow old;
Your life is deathless!—mortal eye
Ne'er saw your pride by NATURE fall,
Nor marked your fairy funeral.
Perchance blythe mates ye cheer me still:
When my tired soul, from prison freed,
Flies my glad feet o'er sunny mead,
Thro' vales and clough, o'er stretching hill,
And lane and stile, from steam and men—
Perchance, ye sooth my spirit, then?
No matter, though my creed be wrong:
If mine old friends, thus cherished long,
Or but their image, newly seen,
Sport by me on the daisied green,
My heart flies with them, beating wild:
I chace them like a second child;
And oh! what dear, forgotten things,
Float with them, on those golden wings?

SYLVAN.

Manchester.

THE FACTORY BEGGAR GIRL:

A TRUE STORY.

BY OMEGA.

THE winter of 1841 was a season that will long be remembered with painful anxiety by thousands of all classes of society. The flag of commerce was lying listless at the mast head; our merchants had no outlet for the productions of our country, or, if so, the demand was limited, compared to the supply. In consequence of this calamity many large manufacturing establishments were stopped that had employed hundreds of industrious people and, even those employers who would carry on their manufactories, were compelled to limit the hours of working to half the usual time. As a necessary consequence of all this, many an industrious man, and virtuous and industrious woman, were driven by stern necessity to leave their once peaceful, once happy homes, (after having sold nearly all they possessed to procure the common necessaries of life), and ask charity from those who were able and willing to give a little to the necessitous of their kind.

The hearts of many recoiled at the idea of begging; but the old maxim of "necessity knows no law" stood before them in grim reality, and drove them from door to door to get as much as would keep them in existence. Little, indeed, do the wealthy know of the agony that is working in the bosoms of many a high souled child of industry, when loss of em

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ployment, arising from any cause, reduces himself and the loved ones of his heart to the verge of ruin and the depths of want. Alas! that any state of society should be in existence where worth and honest industry should stand surrounded by all the evil concomitants of the demon WANT. I know there are many in existence who call all those who entertain such ideas as these "humanity mongers," and laugh to scorn any attempt to bring about a state of society "where the tears shall be wiped from all eyes." But those whose hearts never heave with compassion for the sufferings of their kind, and are delighted with the *mighty* circle of *self*, are beings from whom the many will turn in disgust, and must be looked upon as coldly by the world as the half frozen blood that circulates in their veins.

Give me those of our race whose hearts melt into pity at the sufferings of their fellow-man, whose generous natures shrink at the bare mention of meanness, and bound into activity to redress the wrong and establish the right,—and these children of nature I will shake by the hand, and share with them the little that I have, though they be shoeless and pennyless; whilst I will treat with disdain the tinselled owner of wealth and self-idolatry, whose all is, and has been, wrung from the deserving children of toil. But to our tale.

It was Saturday, and the wind blew in heavy gusts the whole of the day. As evening advanced, large flakes of snow descended, and made it, in reality, a dreary winter's day. Already the tramp of the passenger was scarcely heard in the street in consequence of the thick covering of snow, and, as the wind swept by, in dull cadences, the white fleecy element was driven beneath the door to the very centre of the house. But if the elements were contending outside, all was peace and comfort within our happy cottage. The fire blazed and threw a sunset-like tint over all within. Tea was in course of preparation, and the children prattled on the warm hearth stone, and came to inquire, with the simplicity of children, "where the wind came from, and who made the snow." After laying aside my weekly number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, to explain, I sat contemplating the elements of nature, and those of society. The impression was forcibly made on my mind that a man with a home and a country could never be poor; that is, a home possessing the common necessaries and conveniencies of life, and a country blessed with liberty, wise statesmen, and patriotic people. Amidst these reveries, a rap was given at the door, and it was evidently a beggar's, as those who have paid attention even to this, know there is a wide difference between the rap of a gay person, whose mind is easy in his circumstances, and one that feels the iron hand of poverty sinking into his very soul. The former comes with rapidity, and thrice, at least; the latter is but a dull single knock. The door was opened, and a hollow voice said imploringly and emphatically—"will you relieve a poor woman for God's sake?" "I will," was the reply, "and for your sake;" so calling her in, and giving her as much as I then intended, (a young lady, who was then residing with us, also throwing in her mite,) she retired to the door, showering upon us those blessings which often spring from a grateful heart when not checked by the emotions working within.

As she retired, she said, "I should not have been beggin', sur, but I lost one arum in the factory." Her dialect at once told me she was from Erin's Isle; and suiting the action to the word, she pulled from beneath her cloak the stump of her arm, and exhibited it.

The thought immediately crossed my mind that the individual who could have a servant who had lost an arm in his service, and then turned that servant adrift, (more especially a female), was a being scarcely human; and if he bore the character of a gentleman, it was high time he was stripped of that noble appellation, by being exposed to the world.

I then called her in, desired her to sit down to the table to tea with us; after which, I got the particulars of how she lost her arm, and why she was destitute.

To use the nomenclature of the mill, she had "tented the blower" at ——, the property of ——, and while feeding the blower with cotton, six years before, her arm had been drawn in amongst the teeth of the machine, and the hand so dreadfully mutilated that amputation above the wrist was necessary. She returned to her work in a short time after, and had continued to work there till a few months before the period in question, when, through severe illness, she had been compelled to leave her work. When sufficiently recovered, she went to commence work again, but was told by the manager, that she was not to start any more, as it was not likely the master would give her as much, for her work, with one arm, as he could get plenty others to work for the same wages with two. She thought the manager's ears had been poisoned by an overlooker who wanted her to treat

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him with drink, during the Christmas recess, which she very properly and indignantly refused, and that unjust complaints had been made to the master against her, which led to her discharge,

The manager lifted his *humanity* as high as possible, as he gave her eight shillings, telling her that she must not trouble Mr. ——— again.

She said, and truly, she knew not what to do, as no one would find her work with one arm. The whole of her clothes, with the exception of those on her back, had been pawned to buy food to keep her alive, and nothing but want, misery, and beggary, stared her in the face, she had sat three days without fire and almost without food; and such were the impressions that her unfortunate lot had made upon her, that, although but twenty-one years of age, her hollow and dejected eyes, sunken cheeks, and wrinkled forehead gave her all the appearances of fifty. I then took down her residence, give her some silver to keep her till the end of the week, telling her to be of good cheer, as I would endeavour either to get her work again, or get her some money by public subscription, in order that she might commence in a small way of business and earn an honest livelihood. If she could only get her work again, that was all she wanted, and I felt convinced that was quite recoverable,—at any rate I was determined to make an effort.

I then wrote a letter to her master, who was a magistrate, and after giving him an account of the circumstance, as I have narrated it here of her coming to my house, appealed to him, as a gentleman, in this manner:—

"Am I to understand, Sir, that an English gentleman, more especially one who either does, or ought, to adorn the British bench, has so far forgotten himself as to snap asunder the tie that ought to bind his unfortunate servants and him together, and discharge from his employ a poor girl who has lost one arm in his service, and turn her adrift, maimed, and disabled for life, at this inclement season of the year, to beg, starve, steal, or sacrifice her virtue by receiving the polluted wages of prostitution. If one vestige of humanity, an English sentiment, still glows within you, I implore you by the sacred sanctity of that bench you ought to adorn when dispensing justice--by that link that ought to bind together the employers and employed—for your own honour and the honour of your order—by every tie human and divine, to take again into your employ this poor, unfortunate, and, I believe, virtuous girl. If not, I will appeal to the world through the medium of the press, to assist in snatching her from her present state of wretchedness and misery."

At the end of the following week, I, and my brother, went once to ——, and found her out; her appearance was much altered for the better. The gloom which dwelt upon her countenance was, to a great extent, removed, and her voice seemed to me considerably altered for the better. To shorten my tale; her employer had sent for her to the counting house, and, in the presence of his book-keepers, enquired into the whole circumstance; read the letter which had been sent, and, as she stated, they were all crying together. Suffice it to say, that she got her employment again immediately, was ordered to return to Ashton and inform me of the result (which she did, but could not again find our house, as she knew not the name), and orders were given for the discharge of the overlooker who wanted the poor woman to treat him with drink; this was afterwards revoked in consequence of his family. Mary is still working there, and has ever since had less labour to perform than she had before, and is treated with the greatest kindness and even courtesy by all concerned in the ownership and government of the establishment.

This is another proof of the necessity of gentlemen being careful to whom they entrust their power, as that power is, in too many instances abused. It also proves the necessity of the working classes appealing to the fountain head, in a proper and decorous strain, when they find any subordinate acting unjustly and usurping powers which belong not to him. Mary and I occasionally see each other, and both are mutually happy in the fact that she is now by her industry earning her bread—a brighter gem than any decorates the crown of monarch,—and is no longer the "Factory Beggar Girl."

Domestic Endearments.—I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as ought to be, if it be insensensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation, with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it, amidst the bustle of public or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.—Horne.

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THE

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CHANGES FOR THE BETTER.

QUOTING a writer in *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine*, we say: "Let it be distinctly understood, that when any great question concerning the social condition of man arises, we are *not* impartial. 'Progress' is the word written on our banner,—Progress is the article of our faith, which we cannot resign,—the advocacy of Progress is the object of this periodical, from which it may not depart. We assume Progress not as an historical accident, but as an essential attribute of man, without which he does not fulfil the conditions of his being. To all exaltation of the middle ages, with their courage and their piety, with their atrocity and their superstition, with their virtues and their vices, we are determined opponents, not only when it is openly brought forward, but when it is covertly insinuated."

And have we not progressed—are we not progressing? We need not go back to the feudal ages, contrasting them with our own days, to prove this. What living man would exchange for those times, characterized as they were by lawless adventure, mistaken and misapplied heroism; by earnest but cruel piety, and gross and wild superstitions; by refined ruffianism, rude and sensual enjoyments, and barbaric splendours; by strong-handled baronial dominancy, and ignorant degrading serfdom, over which cowered but the shadow of freedom,—what living man would exchange for those times, and these their discordant features, clothed though they be in the hues of poetry and romantic association, for the peaceful power, the widely diffused intellect, the civilized advantages and liberties, and the ever-growing, the ever-purifying greatness of our own country in our own days? We believe not one—not even those few generous members of the aristocracy, who, led away by a falsely-poetic enthusiasm, would fain cheat us into the belief that we have suffered by the change. No, no; we

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must on, and if we have faith in the good tendencies of the spirit that prevails, we *must* improve as we proceed; gain an ampler horizon at every step, and look, with a proud consciousness of our position, on the darkness and desolation of the wilderness of error we have left far behind.

Have we not improved upon that unhappy state of society when a difference of faith, or creed, or form of worship to God met with the most unjust and most unchristian persecution? When the dungeon was peopled with those who, daring to assert liberty of conscience, dared more than death? When the bloody rack groaned beneath its load of human agony? When the fire-stake with a final cruelty, but which was often deemed a blessing, consumed its martyrs to ashes, amid the insulting shouts of the brutal many, and the commisserating looks of the few who, speaking below their breath for fear, condemned the horrid spectacle with whispered words of pity, not unmixed with tears? At no very distant period of the past, hundreds of inoffensive beings, charged by ignorant people with that absurdity of absurdities—Witchcraft, were put to death in different shapes, and, it is scarcely to be believed, with the sanction of men high standing in the law,—men of large intellectual endowments, and unbounded benevolence of soul. Even the great Sir MATTHEW HALE, in 1665, either from an unaccountable credulity, or from a fear of the popular voice, convicted, and caused to be executed, several unhappy individuals accused of witchcraft. It was not till near the close of the seventeenth century that men arose superior to the ridiculous prejudices of the time, and acquitted all that were brought before them charged with this imaginary offence. This foolish belief, and its lamentable effects, began then rapidly to decline.

Let us be thankful for the utter annihilation of these two evils. No religious persecution now, or if there be, it is not permitted to offer violence either to the person, property, or privileges of any member of the British community. Whatever be our opinions or convictions touching the all-important subject of religion, we can do as we list. Are we devotionally disposed, we can choose, or build, our temple how or where our reason or fancy may dictate. In the ancient and time-honoured church of our fathers, in the plain and prim conventicle, on the mountains, in the fields, anywhere, and observing any form, we may render homage to the Deity. We may be indifferent, having no religion whatever, save that which springing up in the heart, amid the trial and conflict of the world, hath no acknowledged shape or voice—and none dare molest us. We are encouraged—nay, oft entreated to adopt some definite mode of religious observance, but none can coerce us to it, or in the slightest degree restrain

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our freedom of thought and action. This is a privilege our forefathers little dreamed of, a privilege which, instead of retarding our progress and deteriorating our social condition, has advanced and improved them. We dare venture to say that there is a more practical piety, a wider humanity at work within and about us than at any former period of our country's history, and we can confidently believe that infidelity gains few proselytes among the British people. Witchcraft, and a host of other dissipated delusions, now only excite a smile of derision, or a word of wonder at the preposterous superstitions of the past.

Not five hundred, but fifty years will suffice to show the many and mighty advances we have made towards the perfect liberty and happiness it is man's nature to yearn after. The press has grown into a giant, whose arm of power, and whose voice of thunder or persuasion, nothing can restrain. Daily, hourly it is pouring forth terror to the evil-doer—peace and promise to the lowly and sad of heart—knowledge to the multitudes, and with that knowledge imparting social harmony and moral strength. It hath rooted up error after error, thrown down wrong after wrong, and its hallowed crusade, its bloodless warfare of tongue and pen, against old and new abominations, will achieve yet greater victories, and arrive at more humanizing and enduring results than the most poetical imagination ever pictured, or the most prophetic voice ever foretold. By its aid science has taken to itself more vigorous wings, soaring higher, and taking a more circursive range than the prejudices of the past permitted. Nothing is too elevated, nothing too humble for its assiduous search. No obstruction, however formidable, can bar its way,—no principle, however abstruse, it does not attempt to elucidate,—no point of grandeur and utility at which it does not direct its energies. From the measurement of a star to the cultivation of a plant, from the hewing of a mountain to the inspection of a fossil; from the crossing valleys with a span to the minutæ of microscopic search; from the mysteries of the human mind to the instinct of the brute; from the illimitable vastness and magnificence of the universe to the tiny beauty of a dew-drop, nothing escapes its scrutinizing glance,—nothing but yields something to its devotion and to its power. The inventive mind of a WATT, musing over the rude and insignificant plaything of a predecessor, suggested, and all but made perfect, the steam-engine, and what a stupendous revolution it has brought about! ARKWRIGHT, artfully appropriating, and improving upon, the invention of a poor reed-maker, introduced the spinning-jenny; and this spinning-jenny, with its subsequent ally—the power-loom, has peopled Manchester and many other towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire with merchant princes, whose wealth

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and influence threaten to overthrow the old hereditary aristocracy of the land. A STEPHENSON laid down the first iron road, yoked his steam-winged steeds, and sent us travelling at four times our usual speed. Similarly organized minds, stimulated by the gigantic achievement, entered the arena of practical science, and shared his triumphs. Nature and her physical obstructions succumbed to the will and power of genius and enterprize. Rivers were leaped over at a bound; valleys were spanned by enormous, yet graceful, structures; the bowels of the hills were invaded and rent, the broad light of day, and the strange sounds of self-moving caravans, laden with thousands of eager, active, human passengers, pierced the most ancient solitudes, and woke them from their slumbers immemorial. Our country is now veined and intersected in every direction by these wondrous lines of national and social intercommunication. Cities, the most distant from each other in the kingdom, the space of a few hours can link together; people of the most different pursuits, characters, tastes, dialects, begin to see and understand each other, and find that they possess common interests in all the improvements going on around them — common capacities for physical and intellectual enjoyment—and a common desire and endeavour to keep pace with the spirit of progress that leads to better things. Shall we forget a WHEATSTONE, who seizing the electric fluid, and laying down a path for it, sent it winged with the speed of solar light, to carry intelligence to any point of its direction? The saying of *Ariel*, in the *Tempest*, who promised his master, *Prospero*, to "put a belt about the earth in twenty minutes," does not seem impossible to be realized. From such mighty promises what mightier performances may we not expect! And are not these changes for the better? We doubt his sanity or sincerity who denies it

Moreover, our literature is changed for the better. The horrible and unnatural school, in fiction, of RADCLIFFE and MONK LEWIS is "barred out" for ever. We are going back to the truthfulness and simplicity of nature. The BULWERS, with their spiritualized philosophy and their keen insight into the motives of human action; the DICKENS's with their large benevolence, good-humoured satire, humanizing pathos, and graphic delineations of humble life; the JERROLDS, with their bitter, yet wholesome, strictures on the evils of society; the HOWITTS, with their unsophisticated, kindly, yet eloquent spirits. A MARTINEAU, who, in her prose tales, has so ardently vindicated the rights of the lowly-born, the producers of the earth, and the sustainers of our country's wealth and greatness. These have acquired a pure and lasting fame,—pure, because they have worshipped at the shrine of truth and nature,—lasting, because the principles

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upon which their writings are based are those that come home to every human being. They have appealed to our common humanity, and our inmost hearts have answered to them. Eschewing party feeling, the cant of sects, and the prejudices of the few, they have written for the millions, and the voice of the millions, in this and coming generations, shall utter their names with reverence and honour.

Have not our poets imbibed a spirit for the better? Glance at the heartless and artificial flippery of the reigns of CHARLES II., the cumbrous pomp and dry didactic productions of ANNE, and some of the GEORGES.* Compare them with our living, and some of our recently deceased poets, and behold the contrast! COWPER and BURNS were the first reformers in the commonwealth of poetry. One with his calm English pictures of domestic felicity, and forcible denunciations of negro slavery; the other, the noblest peasant that God ever gifted with the fire of inspiration, with his impetuous and often pathetic harp, created a revolution in the world of poesy, at which we have abundant reason to rejoice. COLERIDGE of the dreamy, and SHELLY of the mystic lay, have done more in the cause of freedom and humanity than a superficial reader would give them credit for. WORDSWORTH has found "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything," and interpreted them to the world musically and eloquently, with a full regard to the mental wants and aspirations of the multitude. LEIGH HUNT has done his share towards the elevation of the people. HOOD, pained at the privations of some of the working classes, has written nobly for them, and thrown into his "Song of the shirt" the full feelings of a large and benevolent heart. CHARLES MACKAY, upon whom HOOD'S mantle seems to have fallen, has devoted himself wholly to the work of peace, progress, and humanity. ELLIOTT, in strains strong and ringing as his own steel, has denounced the doings of oppression, and rebuked the vices of the poor, while he has pleaded for their distresses. Miss TOULMIN has lent her talents to the same cause, and to the delicate and quick sympathies of her sex has added a masculine spirit,—masculine from its earnestness and sincerity. Miss BARRETT has brought down her fine mind from the pure realms of imagination to the stern realities of life, and pleaded for the poor juvenile workers in the factory and the mine, with the force of uncommon genius and compassion. A crowd of lofty souls might be enumerated who turn the endowments of intellect to the high and proper purpose of rousing us to a just sense of our natural rights,

* We must always except the great few whose writings have withstood the test of time and change. It is "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," to whom our remarks are directed.

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and our capabilities of becoming wiser, better, and happier. It is sufficient to know that the pen is wielded, the press worked, the tongue made eloquent, not for a class merely, as heretofore, but for the community, and especially for those portions of it which stand most in need of their sublime energies.

Again, look at the thousand, yea ten thousand easily accessible sources from which the labouring man may derive healthy and elevating knowledge; refined and moral recreation. A crowd of liberal institutions, without regard to sect or party, Athenæums, Mechanics' Institutes, Lyceums, Libraries, Reading Rooms, wait on every hand to receive and instruct him. Lecturers, highly endowed in mind, eloquent of speech, and bent on benevolent toils, minister to his mental, and often to his physical wants, by teaching him best how to enjoy his little leisure, and economise his scanty means. It is almost a reproach in these days to be without a smattering of general intelligence. Men's opportunities, temperaments, capacities, it is true, are very different. All cannot become learned, eminent, and objects of the world's admiration. The laws of God and nature are against it; but it does appear to us that the multitudinous means that lie about us of calm and pure enjoyment, books, music, the arts, the revelations of science, ought to be sought after and appreciated by all, "There is a good time coming," however; the ice of apathy is breaking, and drifting away before genial breezes, and a fair open sea is looming up, radiant with the mind's sunshine, and studded with beautiful isles, where the adventurous voyager may rest and contemplate the ever-expanding, ever-brightening world of intellect around him. God speed its coming!

We have just fallen upon an elegant, truthful, and powerful passage in one of Mr. Fox's lectures—W. J. Fox, one of the best and ablest living teachers of the people. It is pertinant to our subject, and will express what we mean more beautifully and forcibly than we can ever hope to do. He says, "Mind has been excited, knowledge has been brought within the reach of millions, and not in vain. There has been a readiness shown to receive it. However daring, as it might seem, the multiplication of books, the eagerness of intellect for acquisition has kept pace with it. The cry has still been, 'Give, give!' and although the powers employed in answering this demand would have seemed miraculous to our ancestors, the expansion of the human mind, and the augmentation of its desire for knowledge, have arisen with the opportunity for gratification. The tendency to intellectual advancement is one to moral good. The smallest effort in physical science, the merest mechanical adaption of theory to

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practice, bears its moral fruit. Knowledge cannot be the companion of the gross vices, the sordid and brutal excitement, which belongs to a condition of ignorance. The habits of the people, in this respect, have improved as much as their physical condition. * * * * Who that has had an opportunity of personal observation for a long time past in the same locality will not bear witness to improved sobriety and decorum of manners having made among the people advances corresponding with the spread of literature and science? And to the fact, that while the world has been improving its machinery, man has also been amending his ways? * * * * You may send abroad missionaries, and their preaching may have its effects; but lay down railways; introduce steam-engines; cheapen food; multiply the means of improvement; raise societies and institutions; spread the light of knowledge abroad—do this, and you issue forth a more powerful mission than any which consists in merely expounding doctrines and delivering exhortations. Every addition to the comfort of the people is a preacher which admonishes them to raise themselves to the proper condition of humanity. An improved loom is to them as good as a pastoral visitor; a steam engine, bearing them along with new thoughts, new ideas, to new advantages, to a new and improved condition, is to them as good as a bishop, or an archbishop guiding them on, if not to the heaven above us, to at least a comparative heaven that may be realized here below."

We could trespass still further on Mr. Fox's lectures, with pleasure and advantage, but we must forbear, lest our readers think we get up an article at too easy a rate. We resume in our own person. Forty years ago, in our blood-wasting, soul-harrowing conflicts with BUONAPARTE and the French, we were in love with war, a lamentable infatuation, taken in any sense, however favourable and palliating. Glance at a single fact in figures only. In the first French war, from 1778 to 1802, the enormous sum of 263½ millions of pounds was raised by taxation, and 200½ millions added to the national debt. In the second French war against NAPOLEON, from 1803 to 1815, taxes were levied to the amount of 770½ millions, and an increase was made to the debt of 388½ millions. And altogether, from 1688 to 1815, we have had sixty-five years of war. We have paid for these war-like purposes 1189 millions, and have left the country with a burden upon it of nearly 800 millions more. A tremendous and deplorable burden indeed! But independent of this reckless waste of money, how vast, how incalculable must have been that of human life! Who may tell the amount of physical suffering and moral depravation consequent on this terrible system? It is fearful to contemplate. Let us rejoice that a different spirit is beginning to pervade the public mind. We are fast relinquishing

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our taste and admiration of the gorgeous devilry of war. The "Society of Friends," who have ever been foremost in rational reforms, commenced their hallowed crusade against it. How far they have been successful, the state of public opinion will testify. Nearly every member of the public press is leagued against it. Well organized societies exist expressly to restrain, by all available means, the gigantic evil. The conjoined influence of these powers has doubtless tended to the late pacific settlement of the Oregon question. The peace party in America, and ELIHU BURRITT's "Olive Leaves," have reciprocated the feelings of the people here, and the result is that the horrors of an anticipated conflict are spared us. May the nations profit by the glorious example, and give us permanent peace, without which the progress of the human mind, though it cannot be arrested, must be retarded. Let our neighbours and brothers, the French, restrain their military vanity, and co-operate with us in the endeavour to lessen, if not annihilate, this horrible and unchristian system. There are nobler battles to fight—those against social crime and misery—nobler trophies to win, those of intellect and virtue; let us arm ourselves for the hallowed struggle, and accomplish other changes for the better.

As we have already exceeded our limits, we must recur to this subject in a future paper.

THE POET'S WELCOME:

Extempore Lines read at a large Meeting of Literary Men, held at the Sun Inn, or "Poet's Corner," in 1842.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

WELCOME! ye worshippers of that sweet power
That sweet mysterious power of poesy;
That echo of the beautiful in shape,
Sound, hue, and fragrance; that calm voice
Of man's affections, aspirations, dreams;
That strange impalpable, and blessed thing
Whose home is narrow as the human heart,
And wide as is the universe. That shade
Of God which passes through the mind of man,
And wakes within thoughts which, wed to words,
Become the thoughts of millions. That pure ray
Sent down from the eternal fount of glory,
A sign and ernest of immortal life
Beyond the dim, dread barriers of death!
Welcome, ye lovers of that spellful art
Which few possess, yet thousands can enjoy:
Welcome to this, our festival of soul
And heart, where we may interchange the things
Which lie enshrined within us,—mental flowers
Which soon might languish, perish, pass away

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Unnoticed of the world, did we not seek
To bring them from their solitudes, and throw
The light of friendship round them, in the hope
That Fame will stoop to gather them ere long,
And weave them into wreaths for her eternal shrines.
The poet's soul, bless Heaven! is filled with means
To multiply the pleasures of his race:
His warm heart thrills in sympathy with all
The suffering of the earth. The great and good
To him are ever glorious, and he yearns
"To throw those feelings out which bear him up"
Against the storms and sorrows of the world!
The scattered sons of humanizing song,
Like twilight stars, ought not to reign apart
As jealous of each others light, but come
Clustering in one most glorious galaxy
Of mental splendour—as I see ye now!
Welcome again to this our old retreat,
This corner of antiquity! This group
Of wilding flowers which open to the night,
Breathing the holy incense of high thoughts,
May one day send its odours through the world!

CHILDREN SLEEPING.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

Flowers of my life! how sweetly are ye folded
In the calm stillness of your happy rest;
The fond reliance that an angel watches
Your tranquil slumber, fills each sinless breast;
And the young lips, whose last sweet breath was prayer,
Smile, as if seraphic music lulled ye there!

Flowers of my life! how fresh and fair ye blossom,
Thus bound together by the silken tie
Of my heart's love! Alas! that time should sever
The fond frail link, and cast it heedless by—
That years, and change, and sorrow's cankering breath
Should blight the scattered roses of my wreath!

Yet if the dew of faith and heavenward seeking
Has sunk within your hearts, and *not in vain*,
Your watcher still may trust, when Time has perished,
Her flowers shall bloom in Paradise again!
Bright in immortal beauty undecayed,
And angel-garland never more to fade!

BOTANICAL GLEANINGS.—No. 4.

BY W. B.

ON THE STEMS OF PLANTS.

The stem is that part of the plant, which rising from the root, serves as a support to the branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit. Some plants, such as the dandelion and the daisy (*Bellis perennis*), are said to be without stem, as the leaves and flowers spring directly from the tops of the roots. The

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flower-stalk of these plants is, in botanical language, called a scape. The stems of wheat, oats, and the various kinds of grasses, are called culms or straws; they are generally round, hollow, and knotted at regular intervals, which peculiarity adds greatly to their strength. The stems of the fungus family, as well as those of the ferns, are called stipes. When the stem grows to a large size, as in some of our forest trees, it is generally called a trunk or bole.

There are several varieties of stems, each of which it will be convenient to notice separately; these are the climbing, the rooting, the procumbent, and the upright. The climbling stem is generally very long and slender, and utterly unable to bear its own weight, but is furnished with various means of raising itself into the air. Thus the vine, the pea, and many others have long tendrils or claspers which grasp at, and twine round any thing that happens to be within their reach. The ivy and some others are provided with holdfasts which have the power of adhering to the hardest and smoothest surfaces. These holdfasts, in the ivy, are produced all the way up the stem, and are erroneously supposed to be roots; that the plant derives no nutriment from them is evident from the fact, that, if the stem be cut through, all the part above the incision invariably perishes. The nasturtium, (*Tropiolium majus*), the clematis, and others, have long leaf-stalks, which, being variously twisted and contorted, hook upon any near object, while other climbing stems, such as the scarlet-runner, the hop, and the great bind-weed, (*Convolvulus sepium*), wind themselves round other plants as though they felt an affection for them. It is remarkable, that of these twining stems, some invariably turn one way and others another: thus the scarlet-runner and the great bind-weed always twine from west to east, or in a contrary direction to that of the sun, while the hop always turns from east to west, and if they are made to twine in an opposite course to the natural one, they invariably perish. Other plants, such as the black bind-weed, or tether-dule, as it is sometimes called, twine with equal facility either way.

Some of the twining plants are of an astonishing length; the wild vine climbs to the tops of the forest trees, where it abounds; its stems are often used instead of ropes for binding up bales of cotton, &c. The *Coque*, a climbing plant of South America, has been found six hundred feet in length. The Chinese climbing-plant rises to the tops of the highest trees, then hanging down, catches hold of others, thus running over tree after tree and covering them with a profusion of beautiful blossoms and verdure. But the most remarkable climbing-plant is one mentioned by Mr. Fanning, curator of the botanical gardens of Carraccas; it was a species of *Convolvulus*, and he states, that he trained it five thousand feet in the space of six months. How such a length of stem and mass of verdure can be supported from the root is astonishing, and in one plant the *Dischidia rafflesiana*, a very curious provision exists to help the roots to supply it with nourishment. In this plant which has a long twining stem, destitute of leaves until near its summit, some of the leaves are shaped like little pitchers which catch and hold whatever rain falls into them; but the most remarkable thing is, that near every one of these

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pitchers a little root springs out of the stem, and, entering the pitcher, finds a supply of food during the long periods of drought to which the country is often subject.

The rooting stem is long and slender, and, as its name implies, striking root at intervals and thus covering a great extent of ground; the runners of the strawberry and creeping crowfoot are a good illustration of this kind of stem.

The procumbent or prostrate stem is also long and slender, and being utterly unprovided with the means of climbing, lies flat upon the ground; such a stem is that of knot-grass, *(Polygonum aviculare)*, and spotted medick, *(Medicago maculata.)* The stems of some of the sea weeds are of great length; sailors have found the everlasting bladder-thread, *(Fucus vesiculoso)*, fifteen hundred feet in length. This plant has little vesicles filled with air throughout its whole extent, which cause it to float upon the water.

The upright, is the most common kind of stem; and it varies in size from the thickness of the finest hair, to an almost incredible bulk. The *Salix herbacia*, a species of willow, is the only tree Spitsbergen can boast of, and it seldom rises higher than three inches. Brook mentions a *Rododendron* which he found in lapland, which had hundreds of flowers upon it, yet he could cover the whole plant with his hand; and some of the birches in the north of Scotland only rise to a foot or two in height, while the English oak (*Quercus rober*, and *Quercus sessiliflora*) is sometimes found of an immense size. At Morley, near Wilmslow, in Cheshire, an oak was felled a few years ago, which produced 1,111 solid feet of timber, and the bark was sold to a tanner in the neighbourhood for £30.; one branch of this noble tree measured 300 solid feet. But the Golenos oak was still larger, it was grown about four miles from Newport, Montgomeryshire, and was felled for her majesty's navy some years since. The main trunk at ten feet long produced 450 feet of timber, one limb 355, a second 472, a third 235, and others respectively 156, 106, and 113 feet; the whole however produced 2,426 feet of sound convertible timber. The bark was estimated at six tons. The tree was purchased standing for £405, but it realized £600. The main trunk was 29 feet in circumference. Another oak now growing at Welbeck Abbey, the estate of the Duke of Portland, Nottinghamshire, has had a carriage-way made through its hollow trunk, yet it still lives, and bears an abundance of acorns. Turning from our own, to other countries, we find trees of still greater dimensions; there is an oriental plane tree at Constantinople, which has a cavity in its stem which measures 80 feet in circumference. At Huahine, there is a mangrove with a stem 70 feet thick. A dragon tree at Teneriffe, is 48 feet thick. Lebanon is at present, as it was in former times, famous for its cedars; one now growing there is 28 feet in girth. A bole of black walnut was, some years ago, brought from the shores of lake Erie to London, it was 36 feet in circumference, and the merchant who purchased it had it hollowed out and made into a sitting-room. Large as these are they cannot be compared with the trees to be now mentioned. The great sycamore or mammoth tree, which until a few years since stood

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at Salt River, bordering on Kentucky and Indiana, was supposed to be some thousands of years old; its inner portion had been long decayed, and there were apertures in it which were used as doorways. It measured 72 feet in circumference near the base at the time it was cut, but five or six years previously it measured considerably more. It is stated that it frequently served as a shelter for parties of travellers with their teams, and seventeen horses have been stabled in it at one time. It was held in great veneration by the Indians, and it is a pity that the ruthless hand of the European settler should have been allowed to destroy it.

The great baobab, (*Adansonia digitata*), a native of Africa, has a trunk which often measures 80 or 90 feet in girth, though its height is seldom more than 20 feet; one of these trees in Senegal is more than a hundred feet in circumference, and is supposed to be at least five thousand years old. The spread of the branches and roots is enormous, one main root uncovered by a stream, having been traced to one hundred feet from the stem, and probably extended much further. They are sometimes called monkey bread-fruit trees, from their bearing an abundance of a pear-shaped fruit of which those animals are very fond, and which tastes somewhat like Ormskirk gingerbread, and is really a good and nutritious food for human beings. In the interior parts of Africa, at a distance from rivers, the trunks of these trees are converted by the natives into tanks, their heads being cut off, and their immense bodies hollowed out for the reception of water, which in consequence of the softness and lightness of the wood is no difficult task. On the eastern coast of Africa this tree is very liable to be attacked by fungi, which prey upon its heart-wood, and without changing its general appearance destroys the life of the tree, and renders the timber very soft. Such trees are hollowed out by the natives as burial places for the bodies of those who are supposed to hold communion with evil spirits; and these being suspended in the chambers thus constructed become dry, and well preserved like mummies. The bark of the boabab yields a coarse thread, of which ropes and cloths are made. Another tree of the same family, the bombax or silk cotton-tree, is often hollowed out and formed into canoes; one of these has been found capable of holding 160 men, or 25 tons of sugar. In No. 65 of the *Penny Magazine*, is an account of an enormous chestnut tree growing on Mount Etna, the trunk of which is stated to be 163 feet in circumference just above the ground. The interior is so much decayed that a public road has been made through it large enough for two carriages to run abreast; there is also a hut built in the cavity for the accommodation of those who collect and preserve the chestnuts, which it still bears in great abundance. It is said by the natives to be the oldest of trees, and is called *Castagna de cento cavilli*, (the chestnut tree of a hundred horses,) from a tradition, that a queen of Arragon, once visiting Mount Etna, was overtaken by a storm, and found shelter, with one hundred of her attendants on horseback within the enormous trunk of this celebrated tree.

Another very large tree is the famous taxodium (*Cupressus disticha*,) of Chapultopec, in Mexico, which is 117 feet in circumference, and is with good reason supposed to be the oldest tree in the world.

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Some of the pine tribe are very remarkable for the immense size to which they attain; every one must have noticed the great dimensions of some of the squared deal balks which are imported into this country, and must have formed some idea of the gigantic proportions they must have had in their native forests. But those brought to this country are far from being the largest those forests produce. Mr. Douglas describes a species of pine which he discovered growing on the banks of the Columbia river, in North America, which in some instances attained the height of three hundred feet, by from fifty to sixty feet in circumference at the base; while the Norfolk Island pine has been known to rise to the height of four hundred feet, with a trunk of proportionable thickness. The palms are remarkable for the gracefulness of their appearance, and some of them for the slenderness of their stem in comparison with their great altitude. Thus the *Ptychospermia gracelis* is sixty feet high, and only four inches in diameter; the bamboo sometimes rises to a hundred feet, but is seldom thicker than the wrist! while the cabbage palm rises upwards of two hundred feet, with a stem little thicker than a man's middle.

The structure of the stem, its mode of growth, and other particulars must form the subject of another paper.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY:

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

We have seen the page of history teeming with a multitude of awful events and catastrophies—murder, rapine, and perfidy. We read of the foul desecration of justice here, the vile reward of ignoble serfdom there—the despotism of one, the bigotry of another—there a myriad of human beings deprived of their lives to answer the purpose of some military manœuvre, here whole towns razed to the ground to serve the ends of one selfish creature; but notwithstanding all, never have our eyes, nor is it possible they ever will, rest upon such a crowded chaos of crimes, tyranny, devastation, and bloodshed, as that which we encounter in the annals of that veritable reign of terror—the French Revolution! To recount the sorrowful tale of each broken heart, each wailing house and family, each martyred hero and heroine this period engendered, would occupy our time from now until doomsday, so pregnant was the time with all that would call forth sympathy from the most obdurate heart, and set tears trickling down the cheeks of the coldest stoic that ever existed. We have selected out of these records one incident we think calculated to arouse the interest of our readers, and without further prefatory remarks shall proceed with our story.

It was towards the end of a glorious day in the latter part of June, 1793, when the inhabitants of the department of Calvados were gathered in a crowd to express their opinion on certain matters of the revolution intimately connected with themselves. They had just received intelligence that a decree of Danton's proposal had placed their deputies under accusation for having arrested two commissioners carrying out the designs of that popular faction, the Mountain. This, with a knowledge that their favourites, the Girondins, were not far short of becoming the victims of Robespierre and Marat, had roused the indignation of the whole department. With the zeal and warm temperaments of Frenchmen under such exciting circumstances, they thundered forth vehement maledictions on the heads of all their enemies, pronounced Mountainists, Jacobins, and Cordeliers a dire curse to their nation, and, after forming deputations to Paris, giving cheers for the Girondin leaders, Gaudet, Petion, and Barbaroux, they separated but to prepare for a conflict in which they sustained so prominent a position. Amongst the assembly might be noticed a young and beautiful female of some three or four and twenty years of age, who seemingly partook more of its enthusiasm than any around her, and whilst the loud plaudits were raised when

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the name of Madame Roland saluted the ears of the meeting, what a flash darted from that hazel eye—what a mighty spirit seemed burning within that told you that though woman be mild and submissive in ordinary circumstances, yet, in the hour of danger and difficulty she reveals herself the true genius, life, and soul of the time. There was an independence of character clearly delineated in that fine moulded face, and though that outward bearing denoted neither boldness nor assumption, nevertheless there reigned a mind written at once active and restless to be doing. Such was the heroine of our story—Charlotte Corday. The people had departed, yet she remained: the warm emotions of a true love of liberty could not so easily evaporate from her, and with thought on her brow, there she stood contemplating deeply what had fallen on her ears from the lips of the various speakers who had addressed the assembly. Her musings were suddenly disturbed by the voice of a young man,—"Charlotte, love, why ponder here? Are there no brighter scenes than these to employ thy thoughts? Come, a truce to the contemplative, and let us live as long as these troublesome times will let us in merrier moods than those which thou hast been wont of late to display." "Oh Paul," replied the girl, "these are no times for merriment; the tocsin's wild din still ringing in our ears, our cherished patriots perjured and levelled with the dust; our young republic, already tainted with crime and tyranny, proclaim this to be rather a time of grief than of merriment or glee." A dead pause ensued, Paul Riouffe (for such was her companion's name), could find no language in reply to this: he, like her, was a young patriot at heart, sensible of the machinations of the Mountain towards those to whom he was specially devoted. The words of Charlotte kindled his enthusiasm and a sudden thought seemed to occupy his mind,—"Charlotte," said he, "you know that it is not my country that I forget—the dread anarchy of her true enemies is too deeply impressed upon my mind ever to be effaced; but listen—I have a plan that will not only evidence my devoted attachment to our good patriots, but one that will display the thorough kindred feelings I hold with thee. Thou lovest thy country,—I the same. Thou despises all anarchists,—I the same. Thou wouldst abrogate the vile edict of the 31st of May,—I'd effect the same. Let me, then, join Felix Wimpffen's noble band. Let me be thy representative there: I'll fight with two spirits in one—thine shall encourage me, mine shall impel me. Give me, then, dear girl, thy sanction; let me away to join Wimpffen's standard at Caen." The beautiful girl's face was lit with ineffable delight at this declaration of her lover (for such he was), his speech and determination she could not help responding to, although some of those finer emotions of woman found their place in her breast. She stood pensive awhile, regarding the handsome features and noble bearing of the speaker too dear, in her imagination to part with. She gazed, but that seemingly inherent love for her country surmounted all the other emotions. "Go, go, dearest Paul, and may the great God, who will hereafter justly reward the iniquities of our foes, go with thee—go with the earnest prayers and fondest wishes of a heart and spirit that is all thy own,—go go, and erect a standard of liberty in thy native land!" Oh that was an affecting farewell how truly ennobling, how gloriously attached to a country's cause, what a sacrifice of smooth quiet love, to attain what they, in the purity of their thoughts, were led to believe as just and good. One tight grasp of the hand, a kiss, and they parted.

The reader of the *History of the French Revolution* will be well aware of Felix Wimpffen's reply to the Minister of War, upon being summoned to Paris,—"There is but one mode of restoring peace," said he, "in our departments, and that is to revoke all the decrees passed on and since the 31st of May. On this conditon alone will the department fraternize with the capital; but in the other case, I shall march to Paris at the head of sixty thousand Normans and Bretons." This, of course, was a signal for renewed hostilities. The departments or federates upon hearing that active preparations were being made to resist their entrance into Paris, immediately collected their forces and commenced marching with their formidable numbers. Early in July a portion of Wimpffen's forces under Puisaye advanced towards Paris: amongst this number was Charlotte's lover. A few mile's march brought them in contact with the government levies, and some hundred of gendarmes from Paris. A fierce conflict ensued. Puisaye and the federates were routed and several of them were killed and taken prisoners; amongst the latter, alas! was poor Paul Riouffe. Taken to the capital, he knew well enough the dread fate that awaited him—a few short hours and the guillotine had received another victim—Paul Riouffe.

About a fortnight had elapsed, and we revert to the department of Calvados—what a different scene presented itself to the spectator! Even that French enthusiasm which retains hold till the last hope has expired, seemed here to have forsaken all. Every one

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face betokened an universal depression; the federates were scattered, and their cherished party, the Girondins, no longer extant, except by name. But ah! who shall describe the soul-rending grief that swelled the breast of Charlotte Corday, upon hearing the dire news of all her hopes being crushed—all her prayers proving futile—all her fondest expectations for ever overthrown? There, in her little room, she sat half frenzied,—"Oh! Paul," she cried, "and thou art their victim too! but—" and the fire darted from her eyes, "thou shalt be revenged. Girondins, ye are driven from your homes and deprived of your birth-rights, but ye shall be avenged! Noble Bretons and Normans, ye are scattered and way-laid, but ye shall be avenged too! Calvados, thou home of the brave, thou shalt also be avenged."

Early on the following morning Charlotte made her way to Caen, stating first to her parents that her object in so doing was to seek retirement from the confusion which existed in her own department; although her real motive was to effect a journey to Paris. Arrived in Caen, she accepted the hospitality of a female friend, and, in a few days had concocted a plan by which she was to revenge the execution of Paul, and the now general incarceration of the Girondins. The death of one of the chief anarchists, she was led to believe, would answer this end. Who should be her victim? was a suggestion that now presented itself to her mind—there was Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, the chiefs of the Mountain. Danton certainly was moderate; Robespierre occasionally; but Marat never so. The problem was soon solved—her determination ensued—Marat should become her victim. Upon so far ripening her plan, she wrote her father a deceptive letter, informing him that as the troubles of France were hourly assuming a more frightful mein than ever, she was going to seek repose and security in England. Having obtained from Barbaroux, then a deputy at Caen, a letter of introduction to one Dupert, at Paris, she commenced her journey on her awful yet devoted mission, none even having the least idea of the nature of her project. Arrived at her destination, she had intended to have committed the tragedy in the Convention; but upon learning that Marat was confined at his residence, by sickness, she was obliged to seek his house. Having acquired his address, she appeared at his door, but was almost immediately refused admittance. A second attempt likewise proved equally as fruitless; but her unflinching ardour and cool determination was not thus to be retarded. More effectually to carry out her plan, she wrote him a letter stating that she had come from the Calvados department, and had important disclosures to make respecting certain deputies. On the 13th of July, about nine o'clock in the evening, she again presented herself at his abode—this time she was successful—Marat hearing her at the door, ordered her to be introduced. Having waited silently till all had disappeared from the room, save the object of her vengeance, she commenced her narration of the various doings at Calvados, of the deputies. Marat eagerly enquired their names, seized a pencil, and hastily writing them down, exclaimed—"To the guillotine shall they all go!" "To the guillotine?" cried Charlotte, drawing a knife from her bosom,—"Liar!" she vociferated, and instantly buried the blade deep in his heart. A loud hue and cry was immediately raised. Charlotte made no attempt to escape; but was knocked down with a chair and trampled upon by Marat's housekeeper, and was, as soon as the crowd would let her, led to prison, where she confessed all with the utmost composure.

Whilst nearly all Paris was lamenting this dread reward of, perhaps, one of the most sanguinary monsters that ever disgraced God's earth, the process against the heroic Corday proceeded with all the rapidity that characterizes revolutionary ceremonies. Taken before the tribunal, she manifested her wonted calmness; declared the depositions of the various witnesses totally unnecessary, inasmuch as she fully confessed to the assassination of Marat! She only denied one statement, and that was her alleged complicity with the Girondins, but proudly declared it her sole plan and action from beginning to end. Charlotte condemned to death, and that to take place in a few hours, devoted her time to writing her father a letter praying his forgiveness for thus sacrificing her life. She then wrote Barbaroux a spirited and eloquent epistle, and, having settled all her worldly matters, prayed fervently to the Almighty that she might become a partaker of his heavenly joys! The next morning the beautiful girl was led to the guillotine with a composure, a sweet serenity that never had deserted her; and as she breathed her last words,—"I have avenged thee, Paul, and won battles for my country,"—the yells of the rude populace abated, and compassion stole into the hearts of those around her, who saw one devoting her life and sacrificing her youth and beauty at the shrine of a cause which she believed to be righteous and pure.

E——.

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AUTUMN:

BY THE EDITOR.

"SWEET is the quiet prime of Autumn time!"
A voice, like happy childhood's, seemed to sing,
As half unconscious of the idle rhyme,
It carroled gaily like a thoughtless thing.
"Sweet Autumn time! though jocund Spring be gone,
And Summer's fuller glories, one by one,—
Spring with her lavish wealth of early flowers,
And early music in her festal bowers;
Her brief, resplendent rainbows, and her breeze
Rich with the breath of blossom-bearing trees.
Which drink the genial sunlight, as 'twere wine
Poured from a golden chalice all divine!
Summer, with languishing yet ardent looks
That stilled the fretful brawling of the brooks,—
Till lightnings, born of many a labouring cloud,
Elanced their fires, and thunders, low or loud—
Shook to the grateful earth the loosened rain,
And woke the waters into voice again.
When unmown meadow-lands were full and fair,
When slumbrous sounds were in the stirless air
Of bee that wavered on its sunny way,
Or weary song-bird's half-forgotten lay:
When pleasure dimpled on the shadowy pool,
And tangled wood-haunts, still, remote and cool,
Seemed full of sylvan visions, quaint and wild,
The dainty dream-life of the poet-child,—
Though these are gone, Autumnal season, thou
Wilt be my teacher and companion now.
Thy fields all golden with the "embattled" grain,
Thy woods that glow with many a gorgeous stain;
Thy homestead orchards with fair fruit that blush,
Thy jet-bright berries on the bramble bush;
Thy rough, ripe, clustering nuts that hang between
The lowly umbrage of the hazel green;
Thy shifting shadows on the silent waste,
Thy lightsome, lonely, lofty clouds that haste
Athwart the ethereal wilderness, and stray
Like wild flocks scattered on a trackless way!
These, and thy buoyant winds that come and go,
While corn, fruit, foliage, waver to and fro:
These, while the sturdy swain with skilful ease
Reaps the proud produce of the fertile leas,
Flinging his merry harvest-songs around
With the unstinted tribute of the ground:
These can delight, can thrill with nameless joy
The restless spirit of the roving boy."

"A generous, joyous prime hath Autumn time!"
A voice, like hardy manhood's, seem'd to cry,
Breathing a loud, heart-uttered, earnest rhyme,
Which rang beneath the mellow morning sky!
"Glad Autumn time! how leaps the expectant heart
At thy blythe coming, laden as thou art
With wine to cheer, with bread to feed the frame,—
Autumn, there's hope and promise in thy name!

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Mothers and maids, young men and elders, see
What blest abundance clothes the quiet lea:
Bring forth the sickle—bare the encumbered brow,
And nerve the lusty arm to labour now!
Behold how droops the heavy harvest down,
A graceful plume for plenty's golden crown!
There, let us bind the prostrate sheaves, the while
The noon-tide sun looks on with kindly smile,
And leave the poor man's progeny to glean
The scattered wheat-ears that we drop between!
'Tis done: and now the strong and ample wain
Receives its load of life-sustaining grain.
Uppiled, a trembling pyramid of gold,
It moves through stubble, pasture-field, and fold,—
Through woodland shades, by old romantic ways,
Beneath the low broad moon's unclouded gaze,
Until we store it, warm and weather-proof,
Beneath the granary's capacious roof;
And anxious neighbours, unforbidden, come
To share the triumph of our harvest-home!
The cup is filled, the liberal board is set,
But ere we banquet, let us not forget
To lift our heart's best homage unto God
Who breathed his blessing on the pregnant sod!
Nor let us slight the unexampled few,
True to themselves, to natural justice true,
Who crush'd the mighty wrong, the selfish power,
That crippled Commerce and withheld her dower;
That laid its sordid hands upon the soil,
Nor sought, nor soothed the home, the heart of toil.
That wrong is swept away; and other wrongs,
Scared by the eloquence of truthful tongues,—
Awed by the press, and perilled by the pen,
Shall cease to lord it o'er enlightened men!
Drink we in temperate draughts of generous ale—
God speed the plough, the sickle, and the flail!
Ye vintage gatherers, a lowly band,
Ye tillers of the ground in every land;
Men at the spindle, women at the loom,
Poor sempstress, pining in the sunless room,
Workers that weary in the perilous mine,—
Ye toilers, toss'd upon the stormy brine;
Smith at the anvil, grinder at the wheel,
Lone fisher leaning on thy venturous keel:
Hewers of stone, and builders of the wall,
Craftsmen that labour at the bench and stall,—
May health, hope, freedom, plenty, peace, prepare
To bless your toils, and make your future fair!
Help is at hand—the darkness breaks away
From the quick dawning of serener day,
When ye shall sing in many a grateful rhyme
The gifts and glories of the Autumn time!"

"A sweet, yet solemn prime hath Autumn time!"
A pensive voice, like ages, seemed to say.
"Each of its voices hath a tone sublime,
Each feature tells of splendour in decay!
Sad Autumn time! sweet symbol of repose,
Can I behold thy rich harmonious close,—

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All duties done, all promises fulfilled,
As an unerring Providence hath willed,
Nor feel (as Christian ought) a calm desire
Like thee in finished glory to expire?
I hear thy sere leaves, reft by every breeze
From the forsaken branches of the trees,
Shiver in air, and fall upon the ground
With a mysterious eloquence of sound!
I hear thy winds with mournful music sing
O'er naked fields that wait another spring;
Through woods that answer with a fitful moan
That makes their solitudes seem doubly lone:
But there's a language in thy tone, a power
That arms my spirit for the final hour;—
A language of high teaching, rich and rife
With happy promise of immortal life.
These trees shall bud again—these shades rejoice
With a full concert of melodious voice:
These fields shall smile, these sombre waters play
In the glad light of renovated day:
These skies shall put a gayer garment on
When needful Winter and his storms are gone:
But I must lay me in the quiet sod,
My faith unshaken in the love of God,
To reawake in that celestial clime
Where perfect beauty reigns and knows no fading time.

COMPANIONSHIP OF LITERATURE.

BY "THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER."

THE lofty pyramids are fast decaying; the beautiful temples of Thebes, Greece, and Rom have mouldered and are mouldering into decay; the life-like creations of the sculptor an the colours of the painter are broken, dimed, and faded; but literature has outlived th empires and the cities where it first had aspiration. We still live and ramble with Virg over his farm, discoursing of rural pursuits and pleasures. We sympathize with Dido whose love is still agonizing. Achilles is still bending over the suppliant Priam, and th tears of both are flowing, awakened by different emotions of the mind. We stand ami Troy, and behold it in flames—before us is the mighty and deceptive steed—our ears drin in the contending shout, and Æneas passes us (a patron of filial love), the tawny lion' skin is thrown over his shoulder, and on it sits his aged father, and

> "Dextræ se parvus Julus
> Implicuit, sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.
> Pone subit conjux.—ÆNEAS, Lib. 2, 723.

The appeals of Demosthenes are still full of fire, and Cicero is still "the eloquent. Horace still captivates, and Simondes charms. Æsop amuses, and Juvenal is still full fiery invectives, speaking harshly and hardly, as one armed with authority. Milton's hom is before us, and we ramble amid its scenery: with Spencer, Chaucer, and Shakespear w are friends, for, being dead, they still live and teach. Janus shut the gates of his templ that the acclamations of peace might not enter in, so have the Muses of the Temple Fame shut the gates against decay, and have dipped the very weeds of their beloved in th charmed stream. Leland records, that an old library of the Percys, was called "Th Paradise;" and over a famous library of the Egyptians, was inscribed, "An hospital f the sick soul!" Paradise was redolent of flowers, and an hospital awakens the idea of wholesome regimen. Books are both; and it becomes us to cultivate a love of th pleasures of literature—pleasures which are so calculated to sweeten the afflictions of lif and to add even a charm to its brightest and happiest moments.

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The adventurer in the fields of literature will meet with unthought of pleasures and delight. He is a reaper of fruits sown by the mighty dead—

"Whose seed-field was time;"

and at every turn the fruit hangs inviting the willing hand, the reward of a pleasant and profitable toil. Of these intense sensations of delight, which every glance of light through the mental shade produces, it is impossible to discourse intelligibly.

As the corpse of the dead man arose, reanimated by contact with the bones of the prophet, so, from the graves of the mighty dead, we also must arise better and wiser men. Aristotle calls the unlearned *the dead*, and supposes that a man, led out for the first time into the world from some dark cave, when the sky was studded with stars, could not be impressed with greater feelings of awe and admiration than he, who for the first time is led out from the dark caves of ignorance, under the blessed canopy of knowledge, studded and rendered luminous by the constellations of heavenly genius. Yes—

"Sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the *great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains*
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll.—BEATTIE.

We all long for fitful companions, we gain them and we lose them. For if we depart not from them, they depart from us; but literature is a friend that never leaves us. In adversity it cheers us, and when forsaken and alone it clings to us the closer; it comes to us in youth, cheering us on our way—a welcome guest; but in old age, *we* are the guests, and our host watches over our infirmaties, giving feet to the lame and eyes to the blind, creating visions of beauty in the sick room, and arraying winter with the verdure of summer. How beautiful is the death-bed scene of the younger Burke. He had laid for some time in peaceful tranquility, when he asked, Does it rain? Some one answered, It is the wind in the trees. The winds, said he—

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave."
PARADISE LOST, v. 192.

After a pause, he repeated the question, and received a similar reply. The quotation was again repeated, feebly but distinctly, and they were his last words. Powerful is the influence of books in health and prosperity—amid social charms, our friends, and the amusements of home—but how much more so in distant lands, in sickness and deep adversity! Hooker was found at Drayton Beauchamp, when visited by Cranmer and Sandys, reading Horace and watching his sheep. He found a pleasure in his adversity and exile in the pursuits of literature—a pleasure which like a gleam of sunshine cheers the shade. Sir John Moore, wandering on the shores of Spain, the night before the Battle of Corunna, was heard to repeat to himself the whole of Gray's Elegy. Defoe immortalized himself in a cell, at York. Raleigh lightened the gloom of his prison by labours of literature. Baxter and Bunyan each found, that even there they could take their intellectual riches with them. A narrow cell might confine them, yet they had a pleasure which walls and jailors could not take from them. In these hours of trial the recollections of literature come with redoubled charms, attended by a long train of dear and endearing thoughts and associations, transporting us to the homestead of our fathers and the companions of our love.

Literature, after all, is but the handmaid of religion, seeking—

"With winning words to conquer willing hearts."

And truly

"The sanctified cause
Should have a sactified course."—BEN JONSON.

Shepherds' Home Lodge, Hull District, Yorkshire.

A PLEASANT DAY.

THE morning sun shines brightly. The air is fresh and cool. There's a review in the park this morning. I may as well stroll down and see it.

Turning down Oxford-street, as I reached the unaccustomed West, I met my friend Jack Saunders. Now Jack and I had been school friends—college friends—had lived and laughed together in early years, when money was in both our pockets; but, somehow or other, of late Jack had been shy of me. I, therefore, to save him the trouble of cutting

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me, crossed the street; but Jack crossed after me, and shook me heartily by the hand, and talked of old times, and repeated Dixon's last practical joke, and told me some club news, and asked me to dinner.

Here was a change! But men are whimsical animals, and who knows what effect warm sunshine and a cheerful morning may have in reviving old feelings and sympathies! Jack is a good fellow, and I will go dine with him.

Horror of horrors! what folly has driven me on my fate by this morning's walk! Here comes my attorney; he has got out of the Camberwell omnibus at the end of the Regent Circus, and is advancing towards me!

My attorney! what a misuse of words! Do people keep pet vipers, or favourite spiders? Do they consort commonly with tigers, or dine at Richmond with hyenas? *My* attorney—as if he was *mine*, and I not *his*, and all that belongs to me, body and soul! What does the song say—

> "Man may escape from sword or gun
> Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
> Who takes a woman must be outdone,
> That basilisk is sure to kill,

Pope, or Arbuthnot, or Gay, or whosoever else of the wits wrote that song for the *Beggar's Opera*, should have said "lawyer," not woman; for if any thing can be worse than a bad woman, it is a good lawyer. Here he comes. O that last cognovit!

No—he smiles, he laughs, he mentions my last article in *Punch* [against lawyers too—the way I pay them (out) for their bills]; he tells me not to mind that "trifling matter," and wishes I would now and then look in upon Mrs. Ferret at "the Grove."

Ahem! Ferret is a capitalist, and these men now and then pick up a good thing from us men of genius. He must have heard of my plan for universal steam-boats to carry people all over the world, on the plan of the omnibuses for sixpence—"to annihilate space" and price. Ferret may be useful. I'll call and take tea with Mrs. Ferret; she makes strong tea and plays the piano. All ladies at Camberwell do play the piano. I'll give her Jackson's song set to music by Stumps of the academy, "My Love is like a Mine of Gold." Most of Jackson's loves are—cupboard loves! That girl at the cigar shop has kept him in smoke for two years, and he has kept her *in nubibus* as to his intentions. He sent it to me for notice, and being a friend, I wrote a smart article upon it. It's of no use to write against people you do not know; for you can't tell where to hit them, and that takes away the force of the article.

And now for the review. All the world are on their way to the park. Ah! there are my two sisters-in-law, one half flounce and the other half bustle, the rest made up of tight sleeves and bonnets down to their shoulder-bones. They are safe not to see me: they have been both blind to my perfections for the last three years, ever since I called upon Tom one New-Year's-Day, towards evening, in white trousers and a rough coat, a bear-skin cap on my head, and a short dudeen in my mouth. True, Tom had a dinner party, and smoking was never pleasant to Mrs. Tom. However, she has been short-sighted ever since; and so has Mrs. Harry since her husband took up that forty-five pound bill, of which I forgot the date, and never remembered it till I had run through all my quarter's allowance. But we don't mind that; Tom, and I, and Harry can still have a smoke together at my lodgings, or any where else that we meet; and I don't know how it is, they don't seem to like me a bit the worse for not being a favourite with their wives,

Why, what is the matter? Here they have both seized upon me—say they are delighted to see me—will make me be their beau to the park, and take me home with them to a brotherly dinner, as they call it. Two invites to dinner in one day, surely the New Poor Law is repealed. What is the meaning of this? Ah! I begin to suspect. They have seen my "Sonnet to *Julia*," in the last *Literary Gazette*, and women doat upon poets, and all those fellows that peep into their pretty little bosoms and see how many fine feelings and how much gentleness *lurk* in the little beating heart, whose mouth is just now blowing up the servant girl most unmelodiously for staying too long on her errand—the poor girl having run round the corner to see her mother the washerwoman, who is prostrated with fever or a temporary *delirium tremens*—"chronic," as Picksniff says, to washerwomen.

That settles the point. Petrarch crowned with myrtle and laurels as he climbed the steps of the Vatican amidst the multitudinous and thundering applause of Rome, hardly felt so proud of his just appreciation by his countrymen as I did whilst parading up Park-

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lane with these two girls, one on each arm. Merit must be great when relatives acknowledge it. I drew a long breath, expanded my chest, threw out my legs, reared my lofty crest, and looked proudly over the fluttering streamers and gay dancing feathers that illustrated the bonnets of my merry laughing companions as we paced cheerily along.

"Make way, there, make way!" exclaimed a policeman, as we approached the lines of spectators; and the mob reverentially withdrew on either side, as, like Moses with Miriam, I walked through the parted sea of heads to the front.

This official honour (shall I confess my weakness) quite "flabbergasted" me—I—that have invariably been at public shows, pushed about by police as if I were a person coming to bail out his father, who had been insulted by their inspector—I, that the very pew-openers turn their heads from, and seem absorbed in pious plunges in their prayer books, while I stand waiting for a seat at church, by the side of the three other "miserable sinners" who are sitting so comfortable on crimson velvet cushions in a pew that would hold a full omnibus fare—I, that the beggar at the crossing has long neglected to ask for a half-penny, thinking me, I suppose, not worth his while—I, to be thus handed along to the place of honour before my assembled countrymen! Can he take me for Prince Albert? Do I look like the royal field-marshal? They tell me I look very young to-day, and they say Prince Albert is handsome; but, by-the-by, his hair is not black nor long, nor does it hang over his coat collar—a sort of shoulder-knot, appertaining, I presume, to the livery of the Muses—else why do the "Spirits of the Age" indulge in this hirsute eccentricity? Besides, my whiskers! Prince Albert has no such whiskers—not he—no, I am not Prince Albert.

But—I know it now—Eureka, Eureka! There, the Duke of Wellington bows to me, so does Peel—Eureka—it is—they have read it—I sent them copies—they have directed this public attention—it is—it must be. They are delighted with my patriotic pamphlet in reply to Prince de Joinville's Note on the Navy. I wrote it under the sobriquet of Captain Cat o'-nine-tails; but Sir James Graham, who knows every thing, knows my lodging, and has read the proofs as they came to me from the printer's!

Well, I will see the ladies home, and then away to my publisher's; this will be gloating news for him. Sharper, in the Row, will advance ten pounds upon this—to be secured by the sale. He always calculates his advances by the weight of the book as waste paper—not by its value. He says he finds it safer in the long run. Publishers are the blight of genius. No; they are the filthy manure out of which grow the sweet flowers and rich fruits:—but that's poetry and I must save it for Moxon.

Well, the girls are safely landed in Burton Crescent. I wonder when I shall have a house. I should not be surprised if Peel did not do something for me now upon the strength of this pamphlet, which is indeed a strong one—it blows great guns indeed. Ah, if England would but encourage letters like France, and make literary men her ministers! But what can I take? I have never been regularly brought up to anything; they can't make me a judge, I am no lawyer. Heaven be praised, in that my conscience is clear. As for the navy, about which I wrote shiver my anchor if I know a ratlin from a marlin-spike. No—stop—I have it—Greenwich hospital and the navy! They'll make me a commissioner; they'll give me a house and a bit of the park for a garden. Why shouldn't they? Sheil wrote tragedies, and they gave both to him—and what had tragedy to do with the navy?

What a strangely fortunate day I have had—how glad every body is to see me—I feel my soul exalted—I care for nothing—Fortune smiles—

> A fico for the world and worldlings base,
> I speak of Afric and of golden joys.

But stop—I do care for some one, I had rather not have met Mr. Snippy, my old tailor, who has just turned the corner right upon me. Powers! he too smiles propitious, and looks bland. What can it be that melts the heart even of a tailor—and a tailor with such a memory? He approaches, he speaks and bows subserviently—he hopes I will not forget him—insinuates his card—says that he will be most happy to execute my orders, or those of any friend I can recommend—(good news this for young Dick Leighton—I owe him a tailor—I wore his out last year)—and he mildly hints, too, that he thinks he could turn me out a better coat than the one I have on.

My new coat—my new full dress suit of black!—that which, with a ten pound note and a mourning ring, that excellent grocer, Mr. Simpson, that I used to talk politics to, bequeathed to me last week in his will!

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Alas poor vanity! That is the secret of the day!
'Twas this that made Jack Saunders shake hands with me!
'Twas this that caused the lawyer to change his raven croaking!
'Twas this that made my sisters see their brother!
'Twas this that made the policeman give me the front row!
'Twas this that got me a share in the ministerial love of recognition!

Well, then, henceforward the world and I will shake hands and be friends. I have too long owed it a new coat; and, as society stands, that is "almost" a moral obligation. Something is due to the feelings of our friends; and there is more in appearances than those who neglect them give them credit for. They are outward signs of care and decency in manners—of regular habits and wholesome living—letters of credit in the general bank of society. I owe the world a new coat, and henceforth I will pay it!

THE CARPENTER*.

Lord Bateman he was a noble lord,
A noble lord of a high degree;
And he shipped himself all in a wessel
For to go to seek some foreign coun-ty-ree.

THAT is the carpenter's ditty, who sings where he pleases, and whistles when he likes. No man so jaunty as the carpenter; no washerwoman readier for a gossip; and not a Creole on the earth more capable of winding the sun down with more perfect grace and effrontery. Yet he administers largely to our comforts and necessities. The baby's cot, the crutch for old age; the throne and the gibbet; the toilet-table and the coffin, are all the productions of his ingenuity, and without them what were we? While he is putting an edge on your teeth and those of his saw at the same time, linking the past to the future by the alterations he is making in your mansion, do you ever mentally enquire how fares the man himself? Heartily glad as you will be when he quits your house, will you know one atom more about him, or entertain one kindlier sympathy for him, than you knew and felt when he first entered? Heaven grant you may! For fear you should not, we will state what we know of him. "Halloa here! my pot's as good as any body's; who's up again me for a pot? Five and four." That is the carpenter in the tap-room of "The Gate House of Call for Carpenters." Recognized by the muzzy fraternity who lounged on and about the table, half-a-score of pewter pots were thrust towards him at once, and the difficult inauguration of drinking from some half dozen was accomplished amidst a confused garble about work, in which the new-commer immediately joined. "I've just done a Botchem Hall," quoth he, "where I had to do a job as the'd been waiting for a man nine months to do, and nobody could'nt do it. But me and my mate done more than any other three men in the buildin'. An' here; I'll bet any man a gallon o' beer as I'll lay more corner stairs; box a set o' shutters; frame a centre; build a pulpit, or a bull's parlour,—to do 'em well, in less time ner any other man in the trade. Here, I'll shew what we done. And straightway the table was cleared in its half length of sundry pipes, pots, and slops which last were swobbed off by the edge of the speaker's hand to the floor. "Hark a Jemmy Bounce again," exclaimed another of the craft, "an' I'm —— if ever he was fit to hold the candle to any body." Playing old gooseberry with Euclid and Vitruvious "old Jemmy" was totally abstracted by his chalk. With eyes intent, ears deaf, and tongue thrust out and wagging as a rudder to his ideas, totally guiltless of the giggle of his fellows one of them softly approached him and performed the very agreeable operation of bonnetting him, with such force, that his chin came in sharp collision with the table. Now his tongue not being in the other's secret, had a very serious impression on it; in which, by reason of his eyes being eclipsed beneath his hat, he could see no pleasure, though his "mates" laughed most boisterously. His "pot" had come in. Perhaps that gave a greater zest an

* John Overs, the author of the above admirable sketch, was a carpenter. Nearly two years ago Charles Dickens introduced him and his little book to the public, in a preface full of beauty and feeling, and which did honour alike to his head and heart. Some months ago John Overs died of a lingering disease, leaving his family in abject poverty. A subscription for his widow and children was set on foot by Mr. Newby, the enterprising publisher, of London; but whether any substantial advantage has resulted to them we know not. We hope, however, for the sake of genius and humanity that such is the case.—*Ed. A. S. M.*

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relish to them. Having enough of such practical fun—the carpenter's highest heaven—we beat a departure, leaving them engaged in their everlasting topic—work. In truth, the carpenter is the egotist of the crafts. In the alehouse he will do more work in ten minutes than he would do at his bench in ten weeks. So, always a boaster, and often a sot—truth must be told—he is vulgar and obscene in his habits and his jokes. Yet his nature is not dead to purer pleasures. No man whistles a blither tune, or knows more snatches of old songs than he does. He has a fancy too for singing-birds, particularly larks; they are often his sole morning companions; and he decks his button-hole with a choice flower in spring and summer. He also remembers old country stories of carpenters having to repair bureaus, and how, after much knocking and shaking, out tumbled a guinea; and how, more being sought after, several hundreds were found, which the carpenter put into his pocket, and did'nt talk in his sleep about, like a sensible man as he was (he says). And others of a similar kind he has—how one who was believed to be an old hunks died suddenly, and left his heirs to the pleasant discovery of—nothing but the fact. And how when the house was repaired some years after, the master-carpenter suddenly left the job and retired to his native place—independent. And, on the credit of these traditions, hope never forsakes the carpenter—he is curious everywhere. Do not wonder at it. These are but casualties, however, and he has had palmy days. Yet they were casualties also. His harvest was during the invasion fever of the last war, when barracks and forts were to be erected everywhere. The carpenter, however, may tell the story himself; we commend him to it. The besetting evil of the carpenter lies in the uncertain tenor of his work. On this point the winter is always his inveterate enemy—only day-light work when working at all. At all times a day's rain may deprive him of a day's wages. And his resources—what are they? The alehouse for his present pastime—the pawnshop to make up his deficiency at the week's end. Thus he is always impoverished, and, being generally a Benedict, he becomes a nucleus of misery. "He had some tidy sticks once," he says, "but his landlord distressed him, an' ever since he's bin thinkin' he'd mek some more; an' he 'sposes he must: he dun know." And so he apologises and determines, and procrastinates, though his chairs have long been guiltless of bottoms, and are sorely afflicted with disease of the back. His table—it is a chance if he has more than one—is in the same ricketty condition, and his bedstead has fallen into a most deplorable state of atrophy: its head is beside itself; its joints dislocated; and its intestines ruptured and decayed, the back-ground being all in the strictest keeping. Think of these things young woman, before you marry a carpenter. Educate him, taxman, before you mulct him. And learn you, importunate creditor, when the wintry winds chill you on your well-blanketed couch, and his few worthless rags are piled on groaning shelves among thousands of other remnants of poverty, with certain cabalistic documents attached, and to be regained only by paying the usurer's fee, whether it be misfortune or misapplication that has caused him to neglect you. If the last, teach him better; put your shoulder to the great wheel which will draw the next generation out of the slough. If the first, pity him, Bear in your minds, all of you, that he and his family are probably starving: stay your proceedings; withhold your rapacity; or, by giving him prudence, forecast, and employment, let him have the same means to pay you and live. If you are a professor, remember He of Galilee was a carpenter. Depend upon it in some such way only can you eradicate his bad habits; for bad habits he certainly has—a meanness which is unmanly. For certain reasons, indicated by the phrase "cupboard love," when he is in an inhabited house, he will duck to the master most obsequiously, woo the serving women most devotedly, swear with the men most valiantly, eat in the larder most voraciously, drink with any one most joyfully, and make the job last for ever and a day. There is also a strong objection in him to pay rent, if he can possibly shuffle out of it; and a mighty desire to quit civilized society altogether, and squat in some American forest, where he may build him a log house of his own, free from all demands. And no wonder he should do so when we know his case. No wonder—when he sees his wife a drudge, his family half naked, the tallyman feasting on him, the huckster robbing him, and the pawnbroker ruining him, because evil custom and the publican have half brutalized him. Withal he is of a cheerful nature, and capable of being improved. Hope for him heartily; and ever as you recognise his familiar figure—as strongly marked as the Medusa's head on your knocker or your Rumford—the many-crumpled hat—the flannel jacket—the flying fringed apron—and the rush basket borne over the shoulder on a strip of deal—whenever you see these, think how he may be rescued from his many disadvantages, and do your best to make him a happier man.

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THE LECTURES AND GENIUS OF GEORGE DAWSON.

"I looked, and lo! one stood forth eloquently."

REVOLT OF ISLAM.

ONE evening during the spring of the present year, we joined a large throng treading their way to the Manchester Athenæum. We managed with some difficulty to locate ourselves within the walls of the crowded lecture room of that institution, and although we felt somewhat chagrined at the disagreeable thrusts we had received in gaining admittance, nevertheless when we beheld our countrymen thus eager to listen to the sayings of wisdom and truth—when we saw young and old deserting for a while the cares and troubles of daily life to partake of something more elevated and loveable than the doings of the market-place, the bickerings of petty factions, or the whimsicalities of the would be "Wise Saws and Modern Instancers of society"—oh! when we beheld this, we felt a great moral recompense awarded us to soothe the pigmy pains we had just endured. A loud and long burst of applause shortly greeted our ears, a young man over whose head we should say scarce six and twenty summers had passed, stood before the audience. He struck us at once as being the very prototype of a genius, that eye not unlike the star of intelligence which illuminates the face of the author of "*Sartor Resartus*," that fine moulded brow—that quiet yet fearless expression told you that the somewhat short and slender young man who stood before you, was a genius of no ordinary character. But he began, he spoke on the "Characteristics and Tendencies of the present age," each squabbling partizan was debased with a genuine sarcasm, each true well-meaning philanthropist was exalted with an eloquent eulogium, the sectarian and his polemics were withered beneath the effulgent rays of a spirit breathing liberty of word and thought, the great and the good were confirmed in their virtue, the true shekinah of life was pointed out, the real end and aim of doing well was earnestly enforced, and while these lessons were carried to our hearts and souls with an eloquence transcendently sublime and beautiful, we imagined George Dawson some great master spirit commissioned from some blessed "Utopia" to instil what unhappily has been so long neglected—"Love and good-will to all men," to teach one how to feel another's woes, and tell man he has higher functions to fulfil than those which he now performs, nobler feelings towards both his God and his neighbour than those which he now displays.

As an orator, we think (if the comparison will be allowed) he equals Sheil, and being an extemporal speaker, we are led to believe that, like that eloquent Irishman, he intrusts his orations to memory. His delivery is simple, yet good, and some of his finest ideas clothed with a rhetoric pre-eminently grand, are given forth with a remarkably quiet air characterized with none of that fisting the table, twisting the arms, and various other fantastical evolutions for which many of our orators are so notorious. He speaks as brother should to brother speak, holds forth no noisy threats if this mandate should not be performed, or that precept be neglected, but rather aiming to reconcile him to the course which he, after years meditation, is convinced as right and good. And this mild quiet way that George Dawson has in conveying his thoughts to the *hearts* of his hearers is, we maintain, the only one permanently calculated to effect any benefit for those to whom they are addressed. These clamorous boisterous declamations are far removed from even the prospect of realizing the desired effect. Take an instance of the truth of this, if it will not be incongruous with our subject, in the late agitation which for the last seven years has taken place in this country. What is the fortunate termination in a great measure mainly to be attributed to? Why to the quiet the calm sentiments and delivery of Richard Cobden. And in this same way is George Dawson, another great moral agitator, instituting his principles in the minds of his brethren, and by this cool collected expression coupled with reason on his side, is he making those invasions upon the prejudices, vices and ill propensities of society, the working of which we hope will bear fruit both to him who hath sown, and those who are endeavouring to reap. We must indeed be very apathetic not to listen with an intense emotion of some description or other to such language as falls from him, for though

"Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound,"

it retains a spiritualized charm that must awaken in the mind of the veriest clown some

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feeling, some particle of thought and reflection, that never presented themselves to him before. There is occasionally a quaintness in his diction which rather adds than decreases the interest you partake in the subjects; for your minds revert to the glowing emotions you have experienced whilst in communion with the "Detached Thoughts" of Jean Paul Richter, or luxuriating amid the teeming pages of the "Past and Present" of Thomas Carlyle. There is a something in these quaint phrases of our lecturer that sets us all thinking in real good earnest; they make us rare ponderers on what we hear; they imbue us too with a little courage, perhaps so much that we shall not do as our grandfathers did, order our children to be taken out of our room because they simply enquire where the flame goes to when the candle is blown out. Or why, if the Creator intended all good, should he let evil preponderate in this beautiful world, which is the work of his hands? No, instead of doing as they did, we, by earnest thought, shall have the courage to meet our children's problems, and not only the courage to meet but courage to answer them. And hence even by this simple characteristic in the oratory of our lecturer we derive especial benefit, for what can be a better instrument that a man can employ, than that which tends to make others *thinking men*—ruminators of their every day actions—their present life and future prospects?

We have now taken a cursory review of the lectures and genius of George Dawson. We would furthermore confine our observations to the doctrines he expounds, and the results with which they are or will be attended. Now we know there to exist contrary notions, conflicting ideas upon this matter, as there are upon nearly every other. We have not taken up our pen as critic, bigot, or sectarian. "Every man," says John Locke, "carries about him a touchstone, if he will make use of it, to distinguish substantial gold from superficial glitterings—truth from appearances." Now this touchstone is, as he afterwards remarks, natural reason. Let us, then, take this touchstone—this natural reason—to discern the nature and bearings of those eloquent displays with which we have so frequently been charmed, for if we would arrive at truth, this verily must be our compass. The discourses of our lecturer are tinged more or less with the notions developed by that bright star of modern progression—German literature; his metaphors partake of that school, and although we may distinguish Kant now and then amongst its principal disciples, nevertheless whether deistical or otherwise, we must throw off our old unreasonable antipathies, and embrace truth whenever we have a chance, beneath whatever mystery we may discover it, or in whatever shape it may present itself to our eyes. George Dawson is an eligible an interpreter of the literature and metaphysics of Germany, (says Thomas Carlyle) that we in our life time have encountered. He comes forth to reveal truth out of what appears mystery. He opens your eyes with his magic touchstone the whole heart and soul of what probably once appeared a chaos of wild and mysterious ideas. He analyzes parts—divides and subdivides principles—makes way for the fast phases of internal causes, and ultimately spreads before you an elaborate whole, a faithful and distinct delineation of wherein the truth of that—wherefore the action of this—or whereby the attainment of the other. You possibly may eulogize the precision of this exposition, you may admire the ingenuity he evinces in thus unfolding the purpose of certain obscure sentences, or the essence of certain abstruse calculations, but apart from this you would proceed a step further, you would know the nature—real ends and aims of such mysteries, after having thus undergone the analytical process of the lecturer. If this prove the case, go then to the German literature—dive into German metaphysics, and we maintain you will find manifested there, whatever may be the assertions of English theologians to the contrary, a mighty machine at work inspired with the true essence of Christian divinity. Why take into consideration, for a moment, all the pure intellectual productions of Germany? There predominates in all of them this fine wrought mechanism, be it music, painting, poetry, or sculpture, in all you will ever discover an evangelical exertion, direct or indirect to attain that divinity of idea; in a word, to show that God really lives in man, if he, man, will allow him to be his occupant. The lofty expressions of Goethe and Schiller, the deep thought and logic of Jean Paul, the mellifluous and soul-inspiring strains of Beethoven, all tend towards this point of divinity. What, then, is the nature of this spirit? You dare not call it deistical, for it is infused with the very soul of spiritual devotion. It is nothing more nor less than the mind rendering itself more perfectible; it is bent solely upon this improvement, it is an idea that will not cloister itself in a monastery or convent, it is emphatically catholic, for being in daily communion with itself and its Creator, it is thereby

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aught that great principle of catholicism which enforces on man the duty—absolute and eternal—of regarding all his fellow-creatures as one undivided family of brethren.

Such we believe to be the miracles of German metaphysics and literature, and such is the form in which they are handed to us by George Dawson. We have nothing to do, as we remarked before, with the one thousand and one comments and criticisms that have been passed thereon; and in passing an observation or two on the tendency of these lectures, we shall endeavour to pursue the same course. That our lecturer is a young man of sparkling genius, of excellent reasoning faculties and keen perception, few will deny. Now take these into consideration, for surely they are worthy of notice, how do they affect the audience who are listening to his discourse? Set aside for a few moments the doctrines he is expounding, the theories he advances, and quietly ask yourselves the influences of these splendid talents. What does eloquence promote? Take it in its most simple attribute, that of awakening the mind to a knowledge of being without this important companion, whose powers exercise so extended a sway over all mankind. Take two simple instances, that young man would soften the heart of an obdurate father, or that father would reclaim a depraved child, they are deficient of the means wherewith to effect the revolution, and what will set them in the way of doing it in a great measure better than enjoying the eloquence—transcribing to their minds the reason—that runs through the discourse of our lecturer? He, like enough, as stubborn minds to convince, old prejudices to subvert; and do we not allow that he has selected the proper material by which that perverseness is to be counteracted, and those prejudices overthrown? He has—and thus taking the simplest influence of the genius of George Dawson, will not our reader be ready to say with us, that that genius, apart from the doctrines it has brought to light, is eminently calculated to set in the minds of father, mother, sister and brother, brighter—better means wherewith to amicably adjust family disputes and troubles, than those to which they have been wont to resort?

Take now the tendencies of the instruction set forth in our lecturer's discourses. We have endeavoured to show there are two main principles pervading them, that man should so far spiritualize his heart and soul as to render himself what the Creator at first designed him—an exact image of his own godliness;—and, secondly, that man should retain that catholic spirit which we have essayed the description of. There is an evident combination here of these two principles, for if the one is realized the other, necessarily, must be its inseparable adjunct, so we reduce it to the more cognoscible and comprehensive state of catholicism. If, then, George Dawson is a proponent of catholicism, what may we expect to be the results? We don't suppose now a-days that mankind are all stoics or stones, and therefore, we may premise upon this hypothesis, that there are hearts capable of receiving the impression of this great universal doctrine, that there are minds openly prepared for the eternal truths it scatters about; in short, the rising generation hails it with raptures for sublimated as it appears in the eyes of the old, they know it is what will be, they being the veritable indicators of the next age, they constituting the saplings which are to flourish in the forthcoming periods of the world, know well enough to receive and encourage this catholicism of love and freedom, must be their constant study and aim. Hence these lectures create a powerful sensation in the minds of the young, and for whom, we would here enquire, are they better adopted? Why, these are your children of society these are the ones who are to inscribe upon history's page your noblest words and deeds these are they who after having paid tribute to the ashes, consecrated the dust of their ancient forefathers, are to dig the foundations for new empires, erect fresh standards, create fresh codes; and would you prevent them from having sown in their hearts the seeds of this noble doctrine which our lecturer propounds, that is to teach them to do all their works in honour of an universal Godhead, and for the weal of an universal brotherhood? George Dawson is a young man, but do we not recognize in him a prophet, aye a Priest of the Most High? And all your young men are prophets; for do they not either directly, or otherwise, in their every day life, in their spring-day ideas, shadow forth a vivid prediction of the future state of mankind? Look then at the salutary influence of the lecturer and genius of George Dawson. He opens his mouth as an apostle of truth, he demonstrstes to you the beauties of love and good-will to your fellow-creatures, and with an eloquence second to none, advocates a cause—a truly Catholic one—whose object is to unfold a better—a nobler reverence to God, a deeper—more lasting love and charity to man.

Manchester. JOHN EVANS.

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Poetry.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footpaths hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here was the highway to the town,—
There the green lane descends,
Though much I walked to Church with thee,
Oh gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the hidden trees
Lay moving on the grass,
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob, in his dream.

And ever and anon the wind,
Sweet scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me,
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,—
And still *I* thought of thee!

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me,
For *in my heart* I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee!

But now, alas! the place seems changed—
Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh.

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Comes on a distant field.

THE GOLDEN AGE IS COMING YET.

Bards, in praise of golden ages,
Long have sung in lofty rhyme,
But, except in their own pages,
Never was there such a time;
The era they so much regret,—
The golden age is coming yet!

Iron, iron, iron only,
All the ages that have been,
Barren were they, bleak and lonely,
Here and there a flower between—
With blood and tears they all were wet,—
The golden age is coming yet.

By the lofty aims we cherish,
By the hope that never dies,
Error's legions soon shall perish,
Liberty and truth arise—
A pair on earth that never met,—
The golden age is coming yet.

Up, then, brothers, and be doing,
Every effort brings it on,
And the humblest, truth pursuing,
From its pathway lifts a stone;
Love then, and labour, do not fret,—
The golden age is coming yet.

Jerrold's Magazine.

GENTLE REPROOF.

Deal gently with the erring one—
You may not know the power
With which the first temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
You may not know how earnestly
He struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus he fell.

Speak gently to the erring one;—
Oh do not thou forget
However deeply stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.—
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring one,—
For it is not enough
That peace and innocence are gone,
Without thy censure rough?
Oh sure it is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who have a happier lot,
May well their chidings spare.

Speak gently to the erring one,—
And thou may'st lead him back,
With holy words and looks of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, too, that thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

Anon.

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SALMAGUNDI*.

PROGRESS.

We would go no step backward, but many in advance; our faith still increasing in the enlarged sympathies of men, in the reverance which man has learned and is still learning to pay towards the nature of his fellow-men; in the deep belief that whatever change may and *must* take place in the social fabric,— we have that spirit of wisdom and tolerance (certainly not a social creature of the *golden* days) waxing strong among us,—so strong that the fabric will be altered and repaired brick by brick, and stone by stone. Meanwhile the scaffolding is fast growing up about it.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

HEROES.

It were well if there were fewer heroes; for I scarcely ever heard of any but who did more mischief than good, These overgrown mortals commonly use their will with their right hand, and their reason with their left. Their pride is their title, and their power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from rapine, and their scarlet is dyed with human blood. If wrecks, and ruins, and desolate kingdoms are marks of greatness, why do we not worship a tempest, and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyric on a earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these.—*Pearls of Great Price.*

NOAH'S ARK.

Should any one now enquire respecting the possibility of remains of the ark still existing on Ararat, it may be replied that there is nothing in that possibility incompatible with the laws of nature, if it only be assumed that immediately after the flood the summit of that mountain began to be covered with perpetual ice and snow, an assumption which cannot be reasonably objected to. And when it is considered that on great mountains accumulated coverings of ice and snow, exceeding 100 feet in thickness, are by no means unusual, it is obvious that on the top of Ararat there may be easily a sufficient depth of ice to cover the ark, which was only thirty ells high.—*Parrot's World Surveyed.*

GRIEF.

The first thing to be conquered in grief is the pleasure we feel in indulging it. There is but one pardonable sorrow—that for the departed. This pleasing grief is but a variety of comfort; the sighs we have are but a mournful mode of loving them. We shed tears when we think of their departure, and we do so, too, when we think on re-union with them, and our tears at both times are not very different. That which is past, however, should be submitted to with perfect submission. It is as foolish to complain of a loss which has been sustained, and which loss cannot be remedied, as to regret that we have not wings, or that we cannot pay a visit to the moon.—*From the German of Paul Richter.*

THE ACORN.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in few months, burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way on the mantle-shelf of a room is a very elegant and interesting object. I have seen several oak trees, and also a chesnut tree, thus growing; but all of them, however, have died after a few months, probably owing to the water not being changed sufficiently often to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it.—*Gardeners' Gazette.*

JUST REPROOF.

A woodman having been subpœned as a witness in a cause, pertinaciously insisted on some point which it was the object of counsel to get over. The poor woodman answered every beguiling question by a plain repetition of the fact; which he had at first stated. He was allowed to stand aside, and happy was he in this partial respite. His temporary quiescence was, however, soon broken in upon, by the leading barrister, in a cross-examina

* A dish composed of many and opposite compounds. The word has been used by Washington Irving as a title to one of his Miscellaneous Works.

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tion; darting this fierce innendo at him:—"You, sir, with the leather jacket, how much have you been paid for swearing in this cause?" The reply was tart and true, and redounded to the credit of our hero. "If you were no better paid for bullying and squalling than I am for swearing, you'd wear a leather jacket too." The legal luminary was silenced.

SMOKING.

Do you smoke, sir? It is a small vice, but a great comfort—an excellent thing in a world like ours. It soothes reality and tranquillises us into a state in which we wish to be—it is the pastime of a thinking mind: our best thinkers, from Milton to Gothe, were smokers. There is placidity about it which disposes us to good. If the devil himself could be prevailed upon to smoke, he would be a much better persen. My pipe is my companion and my friend—we are both made of clay—both live under a cloud—and both change fire into ashes, in producing a vapour of the same oblivious kind. Why, sir, in the sound of a pipe bowl on a hob, there is a voice of peace to all mankind. If it be true that no man who laughs heartily can be a thorough villain, it is equally true that no man who smokes deeply can be thoroughly bad. There is some element of worth in him, rely upon it.

BABBAGE'S CALCULATING MACHINE.

The construction of a calculating machine, which truly deserves the name, was reserved for our distinguished countryman, Mr. Babbage, while all previous contrivances performed only particular arithmetical operations under a sort of co-partnery between the man and the machine, in which the latter played a very humble part; the extraordinary invention of Mr. Babbage actually substitutes mechanism in the place of man. A problem is given to the machine, and it solves it by computing a long series of numbers following some given law. In this manner it caclulates astronomical, logarithmic, and navigation tables, as well as tables of the power and the products of numbers. It can integrate, too, innumerable equations of finite differences; and, in addition to these functions, it does its work cheaply and quickly, and *corrects whatever errors are accidentally committed, and it prints all its calculations.—Sir David Brewster.*

WOES OF THE WORLD.

Aye—read the newspapers!—they'll tell you what this world is made of. Daily calendars of rogury and woe! Here, advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap warehouses, and spotted boys with two heads. So much for dupes and impostors! Turn to the other column—police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgery, and a biographical sketch of the snub-nosed man who murdered his own little cherubs at Pontonville. Do you fancy these but exceptions to the general virtue and health of the nation?—turn to the leading article, and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness or melancholy idiotism of that half of the population who think differently with yourself. In my day I have already seen eighteen crises, six annihilations of agriculture and commerce, four overthrows of the church, and three last, final, awful, and irremediable destructions of the entire constitution!—*Sir E. Bulwer's Comedy.*

WASHING IN THE MAURITIUS.

The stony bed of the river (*Grand Giviere*) above the bridge presented a cheerful sight. Here nearly all the clothes worn in Port Louis are washed. For about a quarter of a mile the river varies from one hundred to three hundred yards in width. This space was covered with clothes spread out in the sun, and with men and women of swarthy or ebon skins standing in the water washing. They soak the clothes, rub them with soap or ports' dung, beat them upon flat portions of the rock with a flat piece of wood having a short handle, work them backward and forward in the water, expose them to the sun, and occasionally throw water over them when spread out. By these means they make them very white, but destroy them so fast, that our clothes were nearly as much worn during a stay of about three months in the Mauritius, as during one of six years in the Australian colonies.—*Bchouse's Mauritius*

A CANDID CANDIDATE.

A Carolinian newspaper, some time ago, contained the following genuine address of an honest gentleman who was a candidate for the office of sheriff:—"Gentlemen, I offer my-

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self a candidate for the office of sheriff: I have been a revolutionary officer; fought many bloody battles; suffered hunger, toil, and heat; got honourable scars, but little pay; I will tell you plainly how I shall discharge my duty, should I be so happy as to obtain a majority of your suffrages. If writs are put into my hands against any of you, I will take you, if I can, and unless you can get bail, I will deliver you over to the keeper of the jail.—2nd. If judgments are found against you, and executions directed to me, I will sell your property as the law directs, without favour or affection; and if there should be any surplus money, I will punctually remit it.—3rd. If any of you should commit a crime (which God forbid), that requires capital punishment, according to law, I will hang you up by the neck until you are dead."

STUDY.

BESIDE a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of man—his constitution, brigade, factory, man-of-war, cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motley calf skin, upon those slips of inked rags, who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Alladin's lamp was a child's kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—twenty-four magic letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonants to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt, and the lyrics of Burns. Young reader! pause steadily and look at this fact till it blazes before you; look till your imagination summon up even the few acts and thoughts named in the last sentence, and when these visions—from the Greek pirate to the fiery-eyed Scotchman—have begun to dim, solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one who has been sobbing at the far sight of a mountain, resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in his proposed toil.—*Thomas Davis's Historical and Literary Essays*

RELIGION AND GENIUS.

WERE religion only an exquisite intellectual diversion, a poetry of life, then might we devote our allegiance to genius; but her influence is shed over the deepest, bitterest realities, over the dry prose of life; she comes to the weary and heavy laden. When man beholds all mortal pleasures vanish,—when his best hopes prove delusive, and every foundation gives way beneath his feet,—when he is oppressed by the sense of his own crimes offences, short comings,—when he kneels by the dying bed of those who are dearest—when his own last hour draws nigh,—then will it avail little to look up to genius: then the smitten, breaking heart needs a comforter,—then there is no help but in that name which has ever been the refuge of the pious, which has been *meant* even by those who had never learnt to pronounce it, the name of the living God, the assurance of his holy presence, his all-helping love. And this faith operates not alone to soothe and satisfy, it exercises also a moral influence, wholly different from that of genius. Genius speaks to our intellect—God to our conscience: genius elevates—God humbles, chastises, sanctifies us; he reconciles us with ourselves and himself. He grants us, by communion with Him, forgiveness of sin, faith in the benevolence of his purposes—willingness to submit to and co-operate with them. No worldly, mortal relation, though of the highest and most intellectual character, has the moral power of true piety; which yet is not *mere* morality; but though an essentially distinct principle, is indissolubly connected with it. In one word—genius cannot supply the place of God; its most sublime office is to reveal to us the truly divine—to raise us to the primal mind.—*From the German of Professor C. Ullman.*

THE PROOF HOUSE AT BIRMINGHAM.

ALL muskets manufactured at Birmingham must be submitted to a test imposed by government, which takes place in what is called the "proof-house." Muskets that have stood this test are stamped. I went to see this interesting proof-house. I was told that every musket was there filled with a charge five times as powerful as that which it was expected to carry when in ordinary use. There are rooms in which the proofing cartridges are prepared, others in which the muskets are loaded, and a place called "the hole" where they are discharged. This is managed in the following manner: the loaded muskets 100 or 120 at a time, are placed side by side upon a low scaffolding, upon which it is possible to fasten them completely. Their mouths are turned towards the inner wall of the

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room, where the bullets fly into a heap of sand. The walls of the room are of great strength and thickness, and the doors and windows are strongly barricaded with iron. A train of powder is then laid, running over the touch-hole of each piece to a small opening, where it is fired. On the occasion of my visit, 120 muskets, intended for the navy, were tried. These are of larger calibre than those intended for the army. After the discharge had taken place, a little time was allowed for the smoke to clear away before we entered the proof-room, where we found that seven barrels had burst, but that 113 had stood the test. The superintendent of the establishment told me that sometimes as many as twenty out of a hundred would burst, but very often also fewer than seven. If we take five or six per cent. as the average, it gives us a high idea of the excellent workmanship of English gun-makers. We were told that, not along ago, a workman, who had been detected in some little peculation, found means to secrete himself in the proof-room, where he placed his body immediately in front of the battery. He was found quite dead, and pierced by six bullets.—*Kohl's England.*

A GIPSY STORY.

A LADY of rank and fortune, who happened to have no children, and who lived in the neighbourhood, had taken so great a liking to a beautiful little gipsy girl, that she took her home, had her educated, and at length adopted her as her daughter. She was called Charlotte Stanley, received the education of a young English lady of rank, and grew up to be a beautiful, well-informed, and accomplished girl. In the course of time a young man of good family became attached to her, and wished to marry her. The nearer, however, this plan approached the period of its execution, the more melancholy became the young Hindostance bride; and one day, to the terror of her foster mother and her betrothed husband, she was found to have disappeared. It was known that there had been gipsies in the neighbourhood; a search was set on foot, and Charlotte Stanley was discovered in the arms of a long, lean, brown, ugly gipsy, the chief of the band. She declared she was his wife, and no one had a right to take her away from him, and the benefactress and the bridegroom returned inconsoleable. Charlotte afterwards came to visit them, and told how, as she grew up, she had felt more and more confined within the walls of the castle, and an irresistible longing had at length seized her to return to her wild gipsy life. The fellow whom she had chosen for her husband was said to be one of the wildest and ugliest of the whole tribe, and to treat his beautiful and delicate wife in the most barbarous manner. He was some time after condemned to be hanged for theft; but his wife, through the influence of her distinguished connexions, procured the commutation of his sentence to that of confinement in the hulks. During the time of his imprisonment, she visited him constantly, and contrived in many ways to improve his situation, without the savage manifesting in return the smallest gratitude. He accepted her marks of affection as a tribute due from a slave, and frequently even during her visits ill-treated her. She toiled incessantly, however, to obtain his liberation, supplicating both her foster-mother and her former lover to use all their efforts in his favour. At the very moment of his liberation, however, when Charlotte was hastening to meet him across the plank placed from the boat to the shore, the savage repulsed her so roughly, that she fell into the water. She was drawn out again, but could not be induced to leave him, and returned to her former wild way of life in the New Forest and the fairs of London. I saw the portrait of Charlotte Stanley, which was preserved by the friend of her youth. Her story is a kind of inversion to that of Preciosa, and might make an interesting romance. The Southampton committee, it is said, have not been more fortunate with the gipsies, whom at different times they have put out to service, than was the benefactress of Charlotte Stanley; for they all return, sooner or later, to their wild wandering life.—*Kohl's England.*

Mathematics.

Proposed by Mr. Joseph Harrop, Ashton-under-Lyne.

6.—There are three heads of drawing, the draft in each head is 6·4; the draft of the fly frame 9·5; the counts spinning 36's. I have put two ends up at the fly frame with a draft of 11·5. What must the proportionate draft be in the three heads of drawing to produce 36's as before?

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Solution by the Proposer.

6,5 ^{3} × 9,5 = 2608, 9375 ÷ 11, 5 = 226, 864 × 2 = 453, 728261. The cube root of which is 7, 684. The draft of the three heads of drawing required.

Proposed by Mr. J. Matthewman, P.M., from Watson's Arithmetic.

7.—Given the difference of the sides ' 6 the greater segment of the base made by the point of contact of the inscribed circle 48, and the distance from the point of contact to the foot of the perpendicular 2 2-5, to find the radius of the inscribed circle and area of the triangle.

Solution by the Proposer.

Twice the distance the middle of the base, and the point of contract made by the inscribed circle = the difference of the sides ∴ 6 ÷ 2 = 3 the distance between the middle of the base and point of contract of the inscribed circle ∴ 48 — 3 = 45 half the base, and 4 5 + 2 2-5 = 50 2-5 the greater segment of the base made by the perpendicular ∴ 4 5 — 3 = the lesser segment of the base made by point of contact of the inscribed circle. Also 90 — 50 2-5 = 39 3-5 the lesser segment of the base, whence 50 2-5 = 39 3-5 = 10 4-5 = the difference of the segments of the base made by the perpendicular ∴ the base × by the difference of the segments of the base made by the perpendicular, the product of the same and difference of the sides ∴ 9 0 × 10 4-5 ÷ 6 = their sum, and $\frac{162}{2} + \frac{6}{2}$ = 84 and 78 the sides required, and by rule the area = 3024 or $\frac{3024}{126}$ = the radius of the inscribed circle.

Proposed by Mr. Ralph Clough, Hurst Cross.

8.—On the verge of a meadow a tall poplar tree grows,
And a circular stream doth an acre enclose;
By a cord I would tie my horse to this tree
To eat half an acre—what length must it be?

Solution by Mr. Joseph Harrop, and the Proposer, Ashton-under-Lyne.

Let AB be the given circle, and BD be a quadrant of the same. With the radius BD describe the arc DD. And the area of the lune DDAN = OD^2 = 50, 93 rods or perches. Then with the radius BO describe the arc EE, O being the centre of the given circle. The area of the figure EOEB is found = 62, 561 being 17, 439 (less than 80) or half the area. Then 160 — 50, 93 — 62, 561 = 46, 509 the area of the zone DDEE. This may be deemed a rectangle, the length of which is = $\frac{DD + EE}{2}$ and the height ON.

Hence the area 46. 509 : 17 . 439 : 2, 9635 (ON) : +1·133 (OM) Then (BO + OM) = 7, 1365 + 1, 13 = 8, 2665 perches or 5½ yards will be 45, 4657 yards.

NEW QUESTIONS.

From Nesbitt's Mensuration. By J. B.

9.—In an isosceles triangle two circles are inscribed to touch each other and the sides of the triangle, the diameters of which are 9 and 12. Required the sides and area of the triangle.

By ±.

10.—There is a number consisting of 3 digits, the first of which is to the second as the second is to the third, the number itself is to the sum of its digits as 124 is to 7; and if 594 be added to it the digits will be inverted. Required the number.

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THE

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SOCIETY A NECESSITY AND A BLESSING.

IF we properly and fully consider man, we shall find him in every respect a social being; and in effect, his nature is such that he cannot well subsist alone; for out of society he could neither preserve life, display nor improve his faculties and talents, nor attain any real and substantial happiness. Had not the GOD of Nature intended him for society, he would never have formed him subject to such a variety of wants and infirmities; nor have endowed him with the means of making himself agreeable, useful, and eminent therein. This would have been highly inconsistent with Divine Wisdom, and the regularity of Divine Conscience: on the contrary, the very necessities of human nature—both mental and physical—unite men together, and fix them in a state of mutual dependence upon one another. Select the most perfect and accomplished of the human race—a HERCULES or a SAMPSON, a BACON or a BOYLE, a LOCKE or a NEWTON, a SHAKSPERE or a MILTON, an ALFRED or a HOWARD, nay, we need not except SOLOMON himself—and suppose him placed alone, even in any happy country, where Nature, from the beauty of her aspect, the fertility of her soil, and the bounty of her spontaneous productions, seemed to have formed another Eden, and we should find him deplorably miserable. By being destitute of social intercourse, its incentives to beneficial action, its springs of enjoyment, its reciprocal sympathies, aye, even its toils and sorrows, he would, most assuredly, be deprived of every shadow of happiness.

Therefore, for the establishment of our felicity, Providence, in its general system with regard to the world, has ordained a reciprocal connexion between all the various parts of it, which cannot subsist without a mutual dependence, and from the human species down to the lowest parts of Creation, one chain of harmony unites all nature. This is

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exactly observed, and beautifully described, by POPE, in his "Essay on Man," in the following lines:—

> "God, in the nature of each being founds
> Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
> But as he formed a whole, the whole to bless,
> On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
> So, from the first, eternal order ran,
> And creature linked to creature, man to man."

Under these circumstances, men must, of necessity, form associations for their comfort and defence, as well as for their very existence. Had Revelation been altogether silent upon this subject, yet we might, by the mere light of Nature, have easily discovered it to be our duty, our interest, to be kindly one to another No system can be more agreeable to the common sentiments of mankind, nothing built upon surer terms of equity and reason, than that I should treat my fellow-creature with the same candour and benevolence, with the same affection and sincerity, I should expect myself. It is true, this was not delivered in express words till the time of MOSES, nor so fully explained and understood as at the coming of the Prophets. Yet we have great reason to believe that it was the first law revealed to ADAM, immediately upon his fall, and was a genuine precept of uncorrupted nature. That every one is naturally an enemy to his neighbour, was the malevolent assertion of a late Philosopher, who vainly thinking himself deeper versed in the principles of man than any before him, and having miserably corrupted his own mind by many wild extravagancies, concluded from such acquired corruption, that all men were naturally the same. How to reconcile a tenet of this kind with the justice and goodness of a SUPREME BEING, seems a task too difficult for the most sagacious mind; and the author was contented barely to lay it down, without the least show of argument in its defence. That GOD should be a being of infinite justice, creating us in a necessary state of dependence on, and at the same time bring us into the world with inclinations of enmity and cruelty towards each other, is a contradiction too palpable for man to assert, consistently with a reverential notion of his Maker. And were there no proofs against it, even from our imperfect ideas of the Creator, the very Laws of Nature would confute it. By the Law of Nature we would be understood to mean, that will of GOD which is discoverable to us by the light of Reason, without the assistance of Revelation. Now, nothing is more evident than this maxim—that whatever principles and actions have an inseparable connexion with the public happiness, and

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are necessary to the well-being of society, are fundamental laws of nature, and bear the stamp of Divine authority.

This will more evidently appear from the following consideration:—when the Grand Architect of the Universe had, with the greatest wisdom, formed this globe, and replenished it with every thing necessary for life and ornament, He, last of all, created man after his own image, endowing him with rational and immortal powers, adequate to the present and the future happiness for which he was designed.

But though he found himself in Paradise, where everything abounded for his sustenance and delight, yet for want of a creature of the same rational nature with himself, his felicity was incomplete; so much did the innate ideas of this society possess and influence the human mind from its first existence, that the slightest enjoyments without participation were tasteless, that the highest enjoyments without participation were tasteless and unaffecting; a strong proof that even in the orginal state of human nature, selfish and narrow principles had no share, and that to communicate blessings was to increase them. To gratify his wishes, enlarge his mind, and establish his before imperfect happiness, God created him an help-mate—"Woman, his last best gift," thereby enabling him to exchange the solitary for the social life; an imperfect for a perfect bliss! Now the human mind began to expand; a new train of affections and ideas succeeded; its joys were increased, and its wishes accomplished. These dispositions were continued with the species, and man has ever since had recourse to society as an essential means to humanize his heart, and meliorate the enjoyments of life

If we confine ourselves to particular parts of society, and treat the bodies of men, who, though members of, and subordinate to the general system, unite themselves into distinct communities for the public benefit, we shall find some entering into such associations upon different views to answer different purposes. We, of this country in particular, fear no enemy at our gates—no violence from our neighbours, and, we hope, no treachery from our friends; but assemble with men of similar opinions and manners, not out of necessity for the preservation of our lives, but to render them more beneficial to others and pleasing to ourselves, by enabling us to perform those duties, and afford that assistance to each other in a united capacity, which, as individuals, we were unable to do.

Among many instances of the above truth, apparent to every intelligent person, let us remember that in all societies and governments there are some indigent and miserable, who we are taught to regard as objects of our compassion and our bounty. It is our indispensable duty

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to aid such with our counsels, commisserate their afflictions, and relieve them in their distresses.

This principle is the bond of peace, and the cement of brotherly affection. The Ancient Shepherds esteem it a virtue of the most diffusive nature, not to be confined to particular individuals, but extended to the whole human race, to administer assistance to whom is their highest pride—their utmost wish; establishing friendships, and forming connexions, not by receiving, but by conferring benefits and pleasures.

The ALMIGHTY has, therefore, furnished men with different capacities, and blessed them with various powers, that they may be mutually beneficial and servicable to each other; and, indeed, wherever we turn our eyes and thoughts, we shall find sufficient scope for the exercise of those capacities and powers, so that we may use them agreeably to the celebrated maxim of the great Socratic disciple—that we are not born for ourselves alone, but for ourselves in connexion with the great human family.

We hope that our Brotherhood will ever keep in view, both in their relations with society at large, and their own benevolent Order, these incontrovertible principles, and by acting up to them according to their capacities and opportunities, increase their own happiness while they are endeavouring to promote the happiness of others. Society is a natural necessity; let us by every means in our power make it a blessing, in the world, in the lodge room, and on our own hearths, so that we may not live in vain.

TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand by me in stead, under every variety of cir cumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shiel against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would b a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in th slightest degree derogating from the higher office and sure and stronger panoply of religiou principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hand a most perverse selection of books. Yo place him in contact with the best society in every period of history; with the wisest, th wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorne humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. Th world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a high and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that th manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly befo our eyes the way in which the best-bred and best-informed men have talked and conducte themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistab coercion, in a habit of reading well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character a conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is real the last thing he dreams of. It cannot be better summed up than in the words of the Lat poet—"*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*" It civilises the conduct of men, and suffe them not to remain barbarous.—*Sir J. Herschel*

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THE WANDERER:

BY THE EDITOR.

In a far-off valley, yonder,
Where the Rhenish wine-tree grows,
I sat me down to rest, and ponder
On the mystery of woes;
For I was travel-stained and weary,
Sore of foot and faint of limb,
Helpless, hungry, heart sick, dreary,
My eyes with want and watching dim.

It was a sunny Sabbath morning
In the briefest days of spring,—
Infant buds the boughs adorning,
Larks upon the skyward wing:
Flowers, in fragrant childhood blowing,
Drank the golden light of day,
Streams, in clearer gladness flowing,
Found a sweeter, greener way.

The peasant poor to worship wending,—
Wrinkled dame, and ruddy lass,
With a kind obeisance bending,
Greet the pilgrim as they pass:—
Welcome though their homely graces,
Buoyont footsteps, aspect free,
Stranger forms, and stranger faces,
Are not those he yearns to see.

A simple Sabbath chime was ringing
From a grey and leafy tower;
A sweet and solemn music flinging
Over vineyard, vale, and bower;
The very hills and woods seem'd listening,
In a holy calm profound,
And the lingering dewdrops, glistening,
Seemed to tremble at the sound.

Present sorrow,—baleful shadow!
Slid from off my languid mind,
Like a cloud-shade from a meadow,
Leaving greener spots behind.
Recollections, sad or splendid,
Came with softened smiles and tears,
And the future hope-attended,
Beckoned unto brighter spheres!

England's temples of devotion,
Unassuming, old, and dim,
Where the deepest heart-emotion
Answers to the holy hymn;
In whose grave-yards, greened with ages,
Eyes the tears of memory shed,
Looking on those solemn pages—
Stony records of the dead.

I saw a sleeping babe receiving
Baptismal drops upon its face;
A blushing bride the portal leaving,
With a proud, but modest grace:
I saw a dark assembly gather
Round an open grave, and deep,
And a wifeless, childless father,
Stricken till he could not weep.

Then my youth rose up before me,
Fresh as in its newest hour,
When that deeper life came o'er me,—
Love's pure passion and its power;
When a crowd of different feelings
In my growing heart took birth,
Different thoughts, whose sweet revealings
Uttered more of heaven than earth.

Memory opened out her treasures,
Which had lain unheeded long,
Trials, triumphs, pains, and pleasures,
A mingled and familiar throng;
Scenes where I had wandered lonely,
In my boyhood's dreamy days,
When the shapes of nature only
Soothed and satisfied my gaze.

Wood-haunts, where I lay and lingered,
At my stolen, but happy ease,
While the west wind frolic fingered,
Stirred the umbrage of my trees;
While the fern and fox-glove nigh me
Whispered things too seldom heard,
And brook and bee that floated by me
Held light concert with the bird.

England's soft and slumbering valleys
With happy homesteads scattered o'er,
Where the honey-suckle dallies
With the rose about the door;
England's ancient halls and granges,
In some woodland nestled low,
Through whose shades the river ranges
With a dark and devious flow.

Then I saw new things, and fairer,
In the stars, clouds, fields, and flowers;
Then I heard new sounds, and rarer,
In the ever-voiceful bowers;
Then with stronger life come laden
Every breeze that wandered wide,
Because one loved, one loving maiden,
Smiled, looked, listened by my side.

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Every spot of blissful meeting
Stood before my inner sight;
Every fond and joyous greeting
Thrilled me with an old delight.
Precious hours of speedy pinion!
Ye with purest passions rife;
Alas! to feel your dear dominion
Once only in the lapse of life!

Still that Sabbath chime was ringing
Where the Rhenish wine-tree grows,
Sterner recollections bringing,
Tinctured with a thousand woes;—
Poverty's resistless terrors,
Careless words, and careless deeds,
Rash resolves, and thoughtless errors,
For which the wiser spirit bleeds.

Absent voices, absent faces,
Which I longed to hear and see,
Hearts, which yearned for my embraces,
And beat with faithful pulse for me.
Thoughts like these, with stong appealing,
Tinged with hopes and touched with fears,
Only asked for human feelings,
And I answered with my tears!

Thus that Sabbath chime though simple,
Stirred me with its hallowed sound,
As a still lake's smallest dimple
Moves the whole bright surface round.
That sweet music, and the brightness
Of the young and buoyant day,
Gave my soul new strength, new lightness,
As I journied on my way!

LABOUR:

BY MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD, AN AMERICAN AUTHORESS.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up unto Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!" the Robin is singing;
"Labour is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing
Speaks to thy spirit from out Nature's heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens:
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-syrens that love us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow,
Lie down not wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow:
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

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Droop not, through shame, sin and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good—be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly;
Labour! all labour is noble and holy:
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer unto God!

BOTANICAL GLEANINGS.—No. 5.

BY W. B.

ON THE STEMS OF PLANTS.

If any person will take the trouble to examine the stem of a young tree of one year old, they will readily perceive that it consists of three distinct parts, namely, the bark, or extended portion—the wood, or middle part—and the pith, which occupies the centre. The pith is an extremely light and spongy body, composed entirely of very minute cells, which, when beheld through a good microscope, look very much like the cells of a honeycomb. It is very abundant in young stems of the elder, and this renders them so light, when dried, that bundles of them have been used as life-preservers, by persons unable to swim. The little balls used in electrical experiments are generally made of pith, in consequence of its extreme lightness. The rush is nearly all pith, and hence it is used in many places as wicks for candles and lamps. But the most singular use to which the pith is put, is by the Chinese, who make that beautiful article called rice paper from it. To effect this, they get the large pith of a certain plant, and, with a knife, they dexteriously cut it, so that they can open it out like winding a sheet of paper off a ruler; after which it is pressed and smoothed, and made into the valuable article we see it. The pith of the sugar-cane abounds in sugar, and it is from this source we get nearly all we use. Sago is also formed from the pith of *Sago farinifera* and others, which is taken out and repeatedly washed in pure water, and afterwards formed into little grains, like seed, by a process which is kept secret by those who obtain a livelihood by preparing it. The pith does not grow after the first year, but, on the contrary, is pressed so close by the annual layers of wood formed over it, that in old stems it ceases to be discernible.

The wood is more or less hard and solid, and is composed of partly the same cells as the pith, and partly of what are called woody fibres, which are long, slender, and tough tubes or pipes, or rather elongated cells, so fine, indeed, that the naked eye can scarcely perceive them; they may, however, be seen like fine spider webs, if we slowly pull asunder the leaf-stalks of coltsfoot or celery. It is these woody fibres which give strength and toughness to the stem; they abound greatly in trees and shrubs, whilst in herbs they are less numerous, and that is one reason why the stems of herbaceous plants perish on the approach of winter; for, as they

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are soft and juicy, and contain few woody fibres, the frost easily ruptures their cells and destroys their texture. These woody fibres are very long and tough in the stems of flax and hemp, and hence the use to which we put them. These plants, and more especially hemp, have been cultivated in all ages, and in every country upon earth, for the sake of the fibres in their stems; even nations in central Africa were found, when first discovered, cultivating hemp for the purpose of making cloth. The stems of many others might be used for the same purpose; the various kinds of valerian, the bean, and others, abound in long fibres, and I have seen excellent and fine cloth produced from the stems of the nettle.

The bark is the external covering of the stem; when young, it is of a leathery consistence, but when it grows older, it is nearly as hard as the wood. In the trees and shrubs of this country, a new bark and a new layer of wood are formed every year. This is accomplished by the sap, which rises through every part of the stem that can afford it a passage, becomes elaborated in the leaves, and then, descending chiefly between the bark and the wood, forms a new layer of wood on the outside of the former layers, and a new layer of bark on the inside of the former layers of bark; and as this process ceases in winter, and begins again in spring, the commencement of each layer is distinctly visible, so that we can easily tell the age of a tree by counting the concentric circles, or layers of wood, which appear in a section of the stem near the root. But besides telling its own age, a stem will inform us which side was most exposed to the weather during growth; for on that side the layers will be generally thinner than on the other, and if we know the date when a tree was cut down, we may also discover, by an inspection of the stem, what years were particularly favourable or unfavourable to its growth, because. in favourable years a thicker layer is formed than in unfavourable ones. The newly formed wood is, in all trees, soft and spongy, and invariably of a white colour, hence it is called alburnum, a term which means white wood; in process of time, however, it becomes filled with the hardened juices of the plant, and pressed closer together by the new layers formed over it; it then assumes a darker hue, ceases to afford a free passage to the sap, and, being matured, is fit for the economical uses to which mankind put it. Ebony itself, which in its matured state is black as jet, is like the rest—white, when newly formed. The annual layers of bark are generally so thin and indistinct that it is difficult to count them, and as many kinds of bark are not very elastic, the growth of the wood causes it to split and crack as we see in the willow, the elm, the oak, &c. Sometimes the bark is so tough and unyielding, that the tree becomes bark-bound, as it is called; this is often the case with the apple and other fruit trees, and the only way of preserving the life of the tree is then to make longitudinal incisions in the bark. In old trees, also, the bark is liable to canker and scab, and becomes covered with lichens and moss, which injure and ultimately kill the plant. This may be remedied by cutting and scraping off the whole of the bark, with the exception of a few of the inner layers, which must on no account be taken off. So necessary is the bark to the tree, that if it be wholly stripped off, or even a ring of moderate breadth

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taken away, the tree inevitably dies. In clearing some of the woods of America, some of the trees are found too large conveniently to cut down with the axe, and the settler then contents himself with girdling them—that is, he cuts a rim of the bark off all round the stem, the tree then dies, and in a few years falls of itself, in consequence of decay. In some plantations incalculable damage is done by the hares, and even mice, barking the young trees, that is—eating the bark near the ground. Sometimes the fruit cultivator cuts a very thin ring of bark from particular trees, the robust growth of which he wishes to retard; in this case the sap flows into the wound and soon heals it up, and the operation checks, without killing, the plant. The manner of growth, which has now been developed, is common to all the trees and many of the plants of this country, and they are, consequently termed, in botanical language—exogenous plants, which means, growing outwardly; but most of the palms and other tropical trees, as well as our grasses, lilies, and others, have an entirely different manner of growth; in these the distinctions of pith, wood, and bark are not visible, but all seem mixed together, and instead of the plant increasing in thickness by new layers of wood on the outside of the stem, the increase takes place in the inside or centre, and this kind of growth is, therefore, called endogenous, or inward growing. These kind of stems, therefore, do not increase in thickness, but only in length; they are nearly always destitute of branches, and have many other peculiarities by which the botanist, at first sight, can easily tell to which class of vegetation they belong.

The vitality or life of the plant seems to be chiefly between the bark and the stem in exogenous plants. It is from that part that the buds and shoots have their origin, and it is from thence that roots are protruded in cuttings, which are placed in the earth to make new plants. Hence, in grafting, budding, &c., the secret of success lies in nicely adjusting the bark of the graft and that of the stock to each other, which then very soon form a complete union. If many of our forest trees could be preserved from external injuries, there seems no reason why this vitality should ever come to an end. Indeed, many trees live to an astonishing age. Popular belief assigns a thousand years to the life of the oak. The poet, in the following lines, makes it nine hundred:—

> "The monarch Oak, the patriarch of the trees,
> Springs up by shoots, and spreads by slow degrees;
> Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
> Supreme in state, and in three more decays."

It is certain that we have oaks, yews, and even hawthorns, in England and Scotland which were planted by Elizabeth, and the unfortunate and beautiful Mary Queen of Scots; and others still standing which were goodly trees in their times. At Elderslie, near Paisley, in Scotland, the trunk of an oak still stands, under whose branches the renowned William Wallace, when a boy, used to play; and tradition affirms, that in after life, when engaged in his noble struggle against tyranny, he, and three hundred of his men, concealed themselves among its spreading boughs. Strutt says, that "the branches of this tree formerly covered above a Scotch acre of ground." Much of the rapid waste of this noble tree is ascribed to the ill-directed

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zeal which the veneration for Wallace has produced, by means of which its ample branches have been made, year after year, to pay tribute to his renown, till at length this relic hunting spirit of acquisitiveness threatens destruction, if not prevented, to the parent stem. There is a yew tree, at Fortingale, in Scotland, the age of which is unknown, but it is believed to have been in existence prior to the invasion of the Romans. The Ankerwyke yew, still flourishing in luxuriance, in the neighbourhood of Staines, is supposed to be at least one thousand years of age, and is memorable as the favourite trysting-place of Henry VIII. and the ill-fated Anne Boleyn; under its shade, too, the bold barons, who forced *Magna Charta* from King John, are said to have held many previous conferences. Another ancient tree, which must not be omitted, is that mentioned in the 18th chapter of Genesis, under which Abraham is said to have stood when he entertained the three angels; the name of this tree is, in one or two other places, translated the Oak of Mamre; but it is said to have been, in reality, the *Pistachia terebinthus*, or turpentine tree. Sozomen, the eclesiastical historian, says, the tree still existed in the time of Constantine, at the distance of six miles from Hebron, and was famous for pilgrimages, and for a great fair to which the concourse gave occasion. Opinions were at that time divided as to the antiquity of the tree, some thought it was as old as the Creation, and that it was the same under which Abraham entertained the angels; while others supposed that it grew from a staff which one of the angels left in the ground. But Jews and Christians concurred in regarding it with such extraordinary superstition, that Constantine wrote to direct Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, in Palestine, to put a stop to the grosser forms of the idolatrous worship it received, and to throw down the altar which had been erected before it. Sanutus states that the trunk of this tree was in being in his time (about 1300), and that the pilgrims carried it away in pieces, to which great virtues were ascribed. If this be true, it must have then been upwards of three thousand years old.

The real value to man of the stems of plants can hardly be overrated. In constructing our dwellings, our furniture, our ships, our railways, and our machines, enormous quantities of timber are needed. The oak and the chesnut were formerly much used in the construction of dwelling-houses, but the superior lightness and cheapness of pine timber, together with the ease with which it can be worked, have caused it to be now generally preferred. Perhaps there is no timber more durable than the chesnut, and as it is a fine looking tree, grows to a great size, and bears excellent fruit, it is surprising that it is not more encouraged. Cedar-wood is also famous for its durability: the Temple of Solomon was partly constructed of it, and one kind of it is now being generally used in America, in ship building, and as sleepers for railways, as it is there cheap and abundant. The wood of which black-lead pencils are made is cedar, and it has a peculiar smell which prevents insects from attacking it.

The birch, the beech, the ash and the elm, are useful woods employed in the construction of furniture, &c. The lime is an excellent wood for the purposes of the carver and turner. Box is the wood used for wood engravings. The poplar and willow, though soft woods, make excellent floors for

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rooms, as it is almost impossible to make them burn. Many kinds of wood are also used in dying, tanning, and even medicinal purposes. Quassia *(Simaruba amara)* usually sold under the name of bitter chips, is a well-known tonic and bitter; the wood and resin of *Guaiacum officinale* are stimulent, diuretic, purgative, and diaphoretic. The wood and bark of sassafras *(Sassafras officinale)*, are diaphoretic and diuretic. Sarsaparilla wood is recommended as an antiscorbutic, and many others might be mentioned. Many kinds of bark, also, are employed in the arts and in medicine. Oak bark is used for tanning leather, and the bark of many other of our native trees are little inferior to it for that purpose; it is also a valuable astringent medicine. Cork is the bark of a species of oak, very common in Spain and other countries, and it may be stripped from the tree without injuring it, if care is used to leave a few layers to cover the wood. Anciently, the inner bark of the ash, the elm, the maple, and the lime tree, was used instead of paper for writing upon, and hence came the word library for a collection of books, liber being the Latin name of the inner bark of trees. In the *Daphne lagetto*, or lace-bark tree, the inner bark may be separated from the rest, and has the exact appearance of fine and beautiful lace.

The shape of the stem is liable to much variation; in most trees it is cylindrical and tapering, but in the plants of the dead-nettle family, it is generally square: in most of the carexes and rushes it is three-cornered; in the narcissus family it is two edged, and in many of the polygynums it is curiously jointed, &c. The stem of the oak furnished Smeaton with his model for the celebrated Eddystone lighthouse. In consistency they also vary much—some are so soft as to be almost worthless as timber; others, such as the Areca palm and the *Sideroxilon* or iron tree will blunt the edge of the axe before it can make an impression on them. The *Lignum vitæ*, also, is sometimes found as hard as stone. Some of the *Equisetums* contain flint on the outside of their stems, and are used to polish brass and fine wood-work. There is sufficient *silex*, or flint, in a wheat-straw to make a bead of glass, when melted with potash with the blow-pipe; and in the bamboo it is sometimes collected in the knots, in large masses, forming the substance called *Tabasheer*, in the East. A melted mass of glassy substance was found in a meadow, between Mannheim and Heidelberg, in Germany, after a thunder-storm. It was at first supposed to be a meteor; but, when chemically examined, it proved to consist of *silex* combined with potash, in the form in which it exists in grasses, and upon further enquiry, it was ascertained that a stack of hay had stood upon the spot, of which nothing remained but the ashes, the whole having been ignited by the lightning.

CONTENTMENT.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own indisposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Dr. Johnson.*

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AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE LOYAL ORDER OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135.]

HAVING resumed our historical papers, which were unavoidably omitted in our last Magazine, we shall devote the whole space allotted in the present number to the detail of a circumstance connected with the Ashton district alone.

It is not our intention to rake up the ashes of vindictive feeling, which, we hope, have long since mouldered into oblivion, but trust it will be looked upon by the brethren of our order, as a mere matter of history, which could not with propriety have been dispensed with by the historian of Shepherdry. Those of our readers who will for a moment consider how difficult it is, and with what precaution we are compelled to record the actions of men during their lives, will, we are sure, give us credit for our impartial statements, or for any little inaccuracy which may inadvertently creep into our pages. We promise to be as correct as our treacherous memory and the scanty materials in our possession will permit.

In the year 1833, Mr. WILLIAM BARDSLY was appointed to the chief office of the Ashton district—and a more worthy man never crossed the threshold of a Shepherd's lodge. We may in this case speak more freely, inasmuch as that gentleman is not a resident of this country, but is located far west, on the shores of the mighty Mississippi, where his keen eye wanders over the vast prairees, six hundred miles beyond St. Louis, struggling with difficulties for the support of his family. On the table before us lies his last letter, confidentially addressed to Messrs. LEEBRIDGE and SMITH, which fully bears out our statement; yet this man does not breath one word of despair, but is full of hope for the future happiness of his children.

It may be supposed that, hitherto, every thing connected with our order had gone on smoothly and peaceably, inasmuch as our readers have had only the bright and glowing colours of the picture to look upon, but it is out of the natural course of things to suppose that nothing could occur to disturb the harmony of our institution. Though our order is founded upon brotherly love, the old adage, that "true love never did run smooth," was fully realised in the following circumstance:—About this time the Ashton district was a most extensive one, embracing a great portion of the lodges in Stalybridge and Mossley, which required officers, not only of more than ordinary talent, but men who would do their duty fearlessly, and without regard to party feeling, which, at that time, manifested itself in several individuals, whom nothing less than despotic power would satisfy. All their insidious arts were used to strengthen their rebellious ranks, and men of the same restless and insubordinate spirit were not wanting to foster their designs.

The first person at whom they aimed a blow, with an intent to crush, was the chief officer of the district, who, at that time and subsequently, as C.S. of the order, was much esteemed for his usefulness as an officer. The following circumstance gave rise to one of the most important trials that ever took place before a tribunal of Ancient Shepherds:—

Two members of the names of BEVAN and CARTER, contracted for certain work at the "Shepherd's Friend" lodge, held at Gorton, about two miles from Manchester. A dispute arose between the parties, and subsequently CARTER became the sufferer. Being conscious that he had been injured, he applied to his lodge for redress, but being unable to meet with that satisfaction to which he believed himself entitled, he next applied to Mr. BARDSLY, the C.S. of the district, to summon a meeting of the P.M.'s, which request he unhesitatingly complied with, knowing it to be in strict accordance with the general laws. This meeting was held at the house of Mr. WALKER, Wellington and Blucher Inn, Ashton, on the 10th of November, 1833. This proceeding on the part of Br. B. gave great offence to the opposite party, inasmuch as Mr. GEORGE BOWER, the then secretary of the district, was expelled from his lodge for having taken a prominent part in the movement against the chief officer, together with BEVAN, whom the meeting believed, from the evidence adduced, had seriously injured CARTER. On the 24th of November another special meeting was called by BOWER's party, which was held at the Coach and Horses public-house, Stalybridge, to which Mr. BARDSLY was summoned to show cause why he had acted (what they termed to be) illegally; but in lieu of allowing him to show cause, they pronounced a premeditated verdict, which was, that he be suspended from, or rather that he be considered unworthy of, holding

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office for a period of two years. On perusing a report of that meeting, the first resolution we find to be as follows:—"That this meeting considers the committee of the P.M.'s, held at the "Abraham" lodge to be illegal, and that Brothers BOWER and BEVAN be reinstated in their lodges." Such a line of conduct, on the part of what might be considered a powerful party, created much alarm, and a meeting of the best friends of the institution was convened, to take into consideration the best means of checking the insubordination which manifested itself in the district. At the same time it was also agreed that BARDSLY should appeal at the next quarterly meeting against the decision, which meeting was held at the "Loyal Abraham" lodge on the 12th of January, 1834.

Perhaps no circumstance connected with our order ever created so much interest as this appeal, for the liberty of the members and the safety of the institution depended upon the decision of that meeting. Hundreds of members assembled at the house long before the time of opening, and the large room, which is calculated to hold from three to four hundred persons, was literally crammed. The business was opened in the usual form, and, after some preliminary matters, Br. B. was called upon, when he begged permission to leave his case in the hands of one in whom he had every confidence, and as to the final decision of the gentlemen on each side of the table he had not the least doubt, at the same time handing a written appeal to Br. G. SMITH, which he read amidst profound silence, commenting on the various passages as he proceeded. After addressing the chairman, he began by saying, "I now appear before this meeting, to claim your indulgence for a short period—a period which, I hope, will not be spent unprofitably to myself nor to those around me. It is not proper that I should thank you for this privilege, because it is a privilege which belongs to every person who is charged with an offence of any nature; but I do complain, and justly too, that such a privilege has been denied me on a former occasion, when I was fully prepared to refute the charges which were brought against me, by a committee of the P.M.'s, who ought to have known the ordinary rules of our society. Yet I will be charitable, and not impute to them any motive but ignorance. Be it understood that I was summoned to appear before that committee, to show cause why (in my official capacity) I presided over a committee to investigate a circumstance which has caused much anxiety among the members of our order. I do not wish to make any allusion to that circumstance, because it does not come within the cognizance of this meeting; but my case having emanated therefrom, I am under the necessity of doing so.

"The case of Brothers BOWER, BEVAN, and CARTER, having for some time engrossed the attention of not only the lodges to which they belonged, but the whole of this vast district, and CARTER not being able to meet with that satisfaction to which he believed himself entitled, requested me, as the chief officer of this district, to call a meeting, that his case might be fully and fairly investigated. Being convinced that in so doing I was acting in accordance with those laws by which we are governed. I lost no time in calling the committee together, which assembled at this house on the 10th of November last. It is not necessary for me to mention the proceedings of that committee, as their decision is already before you; and as the evidence of each witness was carefully taken down in writing by Br. LEEBRIDGE, and will be read to you if required, which I am sure will be sufficient to cause you to rescind that verdict which was afterwards passed upon me, for the enormous crime of acting conscientiously. Now, Sir, be it remembered that this, and only this, is the "very head and front of my offending." This is the offence for which a mark of degradation has been placed upon my forehead; but, thank God, the *brand* is not indelible. For this I am considered unworthy of holding any official situation for two years to come. For this, and this alone, I stand before you, like a criminal at the bar of justice, pleading for mercy; but mercy—I ask for none—it is only common justice I demand, and at your hands I am sure to receive it. It was for this that I was summoned to appear,—God forbid that I should say before an inquisitorial tribunal, but before a committee of the loyal order of Ancient Shepherds,—to receive, shall I say receive a premeditated verdict! no, but to receive the verdict of that committee, whom, I hope, are all honourable and rational men. Now, Sir, judge of my surprise—when I entered the room of this enlightened body of our respected brethren, expecting to find a number of cool, rational, and deliberate men, ready and willing to hear every argument I could advance in my own defence, I was interrupted by the whole party, which totally precluded the possibility of giving utterance to those feelings by which I was almost overpowered. I will not attempt to describe the appearance of this impartial committee—but picture to yourselves a set of midnight inquisitors, brooding over some dreadful project of mischief, fully prepared to *sacrifice* a devoted victim

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at the shrine of revenge. What is the offence with which I was charged? It is for acting according to the general laws by which we are governed—for there is no law in the whole code which denies a member the privilege of appealing to such a committee as that over which I presided. There is no law that has the least bearing upon the subject in question but the 15th, and by that article I am justified. I need not state to you the reasons which guided the committee over which I presided in their decision, as that is sufficiently clear in the evidence which I caused to be taken in writing. If I have acted wrong, the whole committee have acted wrong, and have rendered themselves amenable to the same law by which I have been judged, if such a law can be found. If I have acted right, and in perfect accordance with our laws, the whole committee which did itself the honour of suspending me for a period of two years, and reinstating BOWER and BEVAN, have acted wrong, and are liable to be suspended by the same law by which they suspended me. [Here Br. SMITH read the 16th article, and after making some severe comments, proceeded.] Now this being precisely CARTER'S case, he being the dissatisfied party, had by this very law a privilege of calling a committee of P.M.'s; and if the law does allow a member such a privilege, it must undoubtedly be allowed me, in my official capacity, to preside. I have only to request that the minutes of that meeting which suspended me, and reinstated BOWER and BEVAN, be produced and read before this assembly, in order that each delegate may have a full understanding of the nature of the business, before he ventures to give a verdict; for it is a just observation, that no man can give an honest verdict without hearing the evidence for and against. If the minutes of evidence upon which their decision was founded, be not produced and read here, what will be thought of such dark and mysterious proceedings; and what fatal consequences are they not calculated to produce? But if they are produced and sanctioned by this meeting, I will bow to your decision without a murmur. But mark, Sir—if such a document be not produced, and I have a doubt, the construction you will put upon that meeting will set the question, of honesty on their part, for ever at rest, and I shall go forth with clean hands and a good conscience. It is stated that the order of Ancient Shepherds is founded upon brotherly love. If so, what, in the name of our order, is there that should have induced them to act so base a part? What is there in my conduct, as a Shepherd, to warrant so severe a sentence? If the demon of vindictive feeling has found his way into the hearts of a few of our brethren, I know that your just appreciation of honest and virtuous actions, and your bold and determined stand against all encroachments upon the laws of our institution, will drive him from his stronghold. "Union is strength," and by our united efforts we can do much; but if you once open your doors to party spirit, we shall soon see discord, like some evil genius, stalking through every district in the order. Look at the vast number of divisions and sub-divisions in the various societies around us, and let us ask ourselves what has been the cause, and we shall find that party spirit has been the great lever by which they have been overthrown. Then let us endeavour to prevent so fatal a catastrophe by timely interference. If I have erred, it is an error of the heart, and not a design to injure the parties who have played so base a part. Of myself I will say nothing, for my whole conduct, as an Ancient Shepherd, is open to investigation, and, I trust, will stand the test of strict inquiry. The particular points to which I wish to call your attention are the minutes of the two committees. That over which I presided has the evidence so arranged as will materially assist you in coming to a proper conclusion. If it be your opinion that I have acted wrong, I make no doubt but that you will point out the clause upon which your opinion is founded—and I will bow to your decision. I know not why I should have been selected as an object of persecution, for if guilt can be attached to any of the party, I am the least guilty, for I merely sanctioned the proceedings of the committee; and if you sanction those proceedings, which I believe you will, then CARTER'S petition must be sent through the district, notwithstanding a compromise between BOWER and himself (for a certain sum,) to stay the progress of that petition. What is to be inferred from such an arrangement? does it betray the man's guilt, or does it stamp the mark of innocence upon his unblushing cheek? I will not vouch for the truth of this statement; but if, upon evidence, it should be found to be correct, then you will justify me in everything that I have done, and honourably acquit me of having brought any disgrace upon myself or upon the order at large. Should you acquit me, I shall not press you to take cognizance of their proceedings, as I wish to conciliate all parties, and to suppress all party feeling, which is calculated to do more mischief than we at present can calculate upon. I wish to maintain good order, and a proper obedience to the laws of our excellent institution. We have hitherto been an example to

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other societies, and that position I wish to maintain; but when we find men straying from that path which is plainly set forth in the ordinary rules of our order, it is necessary, for the ends of justice, that such an award should be given as the nature of their crimes have fully merited. With these observations I beg to conclude my appeal against the decision of that committee which suspended me from office for a period of two years; and I most sincerely thank you for your kind attention, and the patience you have exercised during the delivery of my address, which is as explicit as the complicated nature of the business will permit. Notwithstanding I am fully persuaded that I shall receive the benefit of your conscientious opinions, which will place me again at the head of the district officers, a situation of which I shall ever be proud, and in which I have acted the part of a disinterested chairman."

It would be uninteresting to the reader to go through the whole of the business which occupied the meeting for a considerable time, and when Mr. S. resumed his seat, the chairman briefly addressed the deputies, exhorting them to divest themselves of all party feeling, and to record an opinion in strict accordance with the rules of the institution, which, we are proud to say, was the case, for Mr. BARDSLEY was reinstated without a blemish or a stain upon his character; and we are sure that this had the effect of putting down a party which might have proved injurious to the progress of our order.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BONNIE PINK.

BY R. STORY, ESQ.

I cam' to the hill where a boy I had wandered,
And high beat my heart when I saw it again!
As up its steep side—now an auld man—I wandered,
I stopp'd where a bonnie Pink blossom'd its lane.
It seemed a wee star lighted up 'mang the heather!
I thought to hae pluck'd it, and borne it away;
But anither thought pleaded—"how soon it would wither!"
Sae, I left it to bloom on its ain native brae.

Wad the young man but learn from this simple narration,
When he meets wi' a bonnie lass blooming her lane,
To think that, though puir and though lowly i' station,
The lass has a heart he may please or may pain!
Then if he can mak' her a wife, let him tak' her,
And bear her in joy and in triumph away;
But oh! if he canna—beguile her he manna,
But leave her to bloom on her ain native brae!

London.

REJOICE WITH THE REJOICING.

BY DR. BOWRING, M.P.

Rejoice with the rejoicing,
And with the weeping, weep,
Your thoughts, your hearts, your voice, in
Divine communion keep:
As for yourselves, for others
Think, feel, and speak, and do,
For all mankind are brothers,
Our God, their Father too.

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All, cradled in their weakness,
  Are launched upon Life's stage,
Joy, grief, tears, smiles, health, sickness,
  Make up their pilgrimage.
Now Hope's delightful vision,
  Now sights and shapes of dread,
And then the general prison,
  That gathers up the dead.

Yet, o'er Life's path, our Father
  Hath scattered lovely flowers,—
Those lovely flowers to gather
  In harmony, be ours;
To grasp, to blend, to wreath them
  For those with whom we roam,
And dying, to bequeath them
  To pilgrims yet to come.

CHRISTMAS—THE NEW YEAR.

England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again;
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

CHRISTMAS!—New Year!—What heart does not leap at the approach of this season—at the sound of these two names; one endeared to us by the highest and holiest event of the world's history, and the other as being the re-commencement of new plans, new hopes, new friendships, strengthened by soberer thoughts, and more matured experience? How sweet are their associations, how delightful the imagery they conjure up! The wassail, the yule-clog, the holly-bough, the mistletoe, the dance, the music, the merriment, the feast; romp and revelry; song, laughter, and complete joyous abandonment! From the king to the craftsman, from the peer to the peasant, exists the desire, if not the power, to make the most of this glorious season; this interval of cessation from the heart-wearying pursuits after wealth; the soul-stinging struggles for the bread which is convenient. Children—poor hopeful creatures—rejoice at another step gained towards manhood and womanhood; men and women, fully conscious of the innocence and happiness they have lost, become children again in memory, and do their best to share, in a childish spirit, the universal character of the time. And how the nipping air, the clear frost, the intense stars, the brilliant lights, add to the general enjoyment! The brisk blood runs bounding through the veins, the cheek hath a healthy flush, the eye a quick and collected glance; the step is firm and distinct, the bearing decided and erect, the intellect calm and concentrated, and the heart open to generous impulses and pleasurable sensations. Christmas has, perhaps, retained more of its original freshness and character than any other of our holidays; and though many of its old usages are become obsolete, have we not an equivalent, have we not something *better* in exchange? In towns we have our family parties, our public balls, concerts, and lectures. We can witness and enjoy the representation of some good old play, or shake our sides at the boy's pictorial romance, the pantomime. In country places, in the romantic nooks of the land, there are sports and pastimes, rules and revelries of a simpler kind, but not the less hearty and rational. The masking and the mummery are gone, but we have sources which afford substitutes as joyous, but more elevating, than the customs of old. A portion of the good that was in them has remained to us; the useless and the ridiculous are past, or are passing away. We can be merry without buffoonery, and we can feast without excess; at least such is the tendency of the spirit of these latter days. Feeling assured that a little gossip on this festive season, either past or present, will be acceptable, we proceed to make a few random extracts from such books as are at hand, for the benefit, and we hope for the pleasure, of our readers.

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In the *New Monthly Magazine* for December, 1825, we find the following appropriate sketch for Christmas, and a good Parish Priest:—"Our pastor was told one day, in argument, that the interests of Christianity were opposed to universal enlightenment." I shall not easily forget his answer,—"The interests of Christianity," said he, "are the same as the interests of society. It has no other meaning. Christianity is that very enlightenment you speak of. Let any man find out that thing, whatever it be, which is to perform the very greatest good to society, and I say *that* is Christianity, or I know not the spirit of its founder. What?" continued he, "shall we have Christianity for an arithmetical puzzle, or a contradiction in terms, or the bitterness of a bad argument, or the interests, real or supposed, of any particular set of men? God forbid! I wish to speak with reverence of whatever has taken place in the order of Providence. I wish to think the best of the very evils which have happened; that a good has been got out of them; perhaps that they were even necessary to the good. But when once we have attained better means, and the others are dreaded even by the benevolent, and scorned by the wise, then is the time come for throwing open the doors to all kindness, and to all knowledge, and the end of Christianity is attained in the end of beneficence."

In this spirit our pastor preaches to us always, but most particularly on *Christmas-day*, when he takes occasion to enlarge on the character and views of the divine person who is supposed then to have been born, and sends us home more than usually rejoicing. On the north side of the church at M——, are a great many holly-trees. It is from these that our dining and bed-rooms are furnished with boughs. Families take it by turns to entertain their friends. They meet early; the beef and pudding are noble; the mince-pies—peculiar; the nuts half playthings, and half eatables; the oranges—as cold and acid as they ought to be, furnishing us with a superfluity which we can afford to laugh at; the cakes indestructible; the wassail-bowl's generous; old English, huge, demanding ladles, threatening overflow as they come in, solid with roasted apples when set down. Towards bed-time you hear of elder wine, and not seldom of punch. At the manor-house it is pretty much the same as elsewhere. Girls, although they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe. If any family among us happen to have hit upon an exquisite brewing, they send some of it round about, the Squire's house included; and he does the same by the rest. Riddles, hot-cockles, forfeits, music, dances, sudden and not to be suppressed, prevail among great and small; and from two o'clock in the day to midnight, M——looks like a deserted place out of doors, but is full of life and merriment within. Playing at knights and ladies last year, a jade of a charming creature must needs send me out for a piece of ice to put in her wine. It was evening, and a hard frost. I shall never forget the cold, cutting, dreary, dead look of every thing out of doors, with a wind through the wiry trees, and the snow on the ground, contrasted with the sudden return to warmth, light, and joviality.

I remember we had a discussion that time, as to what was the great point and crowning glory of Christmas. Many were for the mince-pie; some for the beef and plum-pudding; more for the wassail-bowl; a maiden lady timidly said the mistletoe; but we agreed at last, that although all these were prodigious, and some of them exclusively belonging to the season, the *fire* was the great indispensable. Upon which we all turned our faces towards it, and began warming our already scorched hands. A great blazing fire, too big, is the visible heart and soul of Christmas. You may do without beef and plum-pudding; even the absence of mince pie may be tolerated; there must be a bowl, poetically speaking, but it need not be absolutely wassail. The bowl may give place to the bottle. But a huge, heaped up, over heaped up, all-attractive fire, with a semi-circle of faces about it, is not to be denied us. It is the *lar* and genius of the meeting; the proof positive of the season; the representative of all our warm emotions and bright thoughts; the glorious eye of the room; the inciter to mirth, yet the retainer of order; the amalgamator of age and sex; the universal relish. Tastes may differ even on a mince-pie; but who gainsays a fire? The absence of other luxuries still leaves you in possession of that; but,

> "Who can hold a fire in his hand
> With thinking on the frostiest twelfth-cake."

Let me have a dinner of some sort, no matter what, and then give me my fire, and my friends, the humblest glass of wine, and a few penn'orths of chestnuts, and I will still

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make out my Christmas. What! have we not burgundy in our blood? Have we not joke, laughter, repartee, bright eyes, comedies of other people, and comedies of our own; song, memories, hopes? As to our old friends the chestnuts, if anybody wants an excuse to his dignity for roasting them, let him take the authority of MILTON, "Who now," says he, lamenting the loss of his friend Deodati, "who now will help to soothe my cares for me, and make the long night seem short with his conversation; while the roasting pear hisses tenderly on the fire, and the nuts burst away with a noise,

> "And out of doors a washing storm o'erwhelms,
> Nature pitch-dark, and rides the thundering elms."

Mr. CHARLES LAMB, in his "Elia," beautifully says, "Of all sounds of all bells (bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven) most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed,

> "I saw the skirts of the departing year."

We have felt this many times—who has not—and when we have opened our casement, or stood at our door to catch the first breath of the infant year, we have imagined that we heard the rush of a departing spirit's wings go past, and the wail of a mournful voice going away in the far distance, till the musical clamour of the church bells, and the sudden burst of the glorious old carol on the midnight air, have dissipated our fancies, and sent us back to our lonely fire, filled with sweet, yet solemn musings—with ardent resolves to retrieve, by strenuous will and indefatigable endeavour, our short comings of the year which has just ebbed away into the great ocean of the visionary past.

Who can see a new year open upon him without being better for the prospect—without making sundry wise reflections on the step he is about to take towards the goal of his being? Every first of January that we arrive at, is an imaginary milestone on the turnpike track of human life; at once a resting place for thought and meditation, and a starting point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The man who does not at least *propose to himself* to be better *this* year than he was the last, must be either very good, or very bad indeed. And only to *propose* to be better is something; if nothing else it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so, which is the first step towards amendment. But, in fact, to propose to one's self to do well, is in some sort to do well, positively; for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavours; he who is not worse to-day than he was yesterday, is better; and he who is not better, is worse.

Hail! to thee, January! all hail! cold, and wintry as thou art, if it be but in virtue of thy first day. THE DAY, as the French call it, *par excellence*, "*Le jour de l'an.*" Come about me all ye little schoolboys that have escaped from the unnatural thraldom of your task-work—come crowding about me with your untamed hearts shouting in your unmodulated voices, and your happy spirits dancing an untaught measure in your eyes. Come and help me to speak the praises of the New-year's day!—*your* day—one of the three which have, of late, become your's almost exclusively, and which have bettered you, and have been bettered themselves, by the change. Christmas-day, which *was;* New-year day, which *is;* and Twelfth-day, which *is to be;* let us compel them all three into our presence, with a whisk of our imaginative wand convert them into one, as the conjuror does his three glittering balls—and then enjoy them all together,—with their dressings and coachings, and visitings, and greetings, and gifts, and "many happy returns,"—with their plum-puddings, and mince-pies, and twelfth cakes, and negusses,—with their forfeits and fortune-tellings, and blindman's-buffs, and sittings up to supper—with [illegible] mimes, and panoramas, and new pen knives, and pastry-cooks' shops—short, with the endless round of ever new nothings, the absence of a relish for which is but ill supplied in after life, by that feverish longing and thirsting after excitement, which usurp without filling its place. Oh! that I might enjoy those nothings once again in fact, as I can in fancy! But I fear the wish is worse than an idle one, for it not only may not be, but ought not to be. We cannot "have our cake and eat it too," as the vulgar, somewhat

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vulgarly, but not less shrewdly, express it. And this is as it should be; for if we could, it would neither be worth the eating nor the having.

Some lines by our hearty and poetical friend, ROBERT STORY, now of London, but late of Gargrave, Yorkshire, may appropriately close this paper.

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year! another year!
Oh! who sha'l see another year?
Shalt thou, old man of hoary head,
Of eye-sight dim, and feeble tread?
Expect it not. Time, pain, and grief,
Have made thee like an autumn leaf,
Ready by blast or self decay,
From its slight hold to drop away—
And some sad morn may gild thy bier
Long, long before another year!

Another year! another year!
Oh! who shall see another year?
Shall you, ye young? or you, ye fair?
Oh! the presumptuous thought, forbear!
Within this grave-yard's peaceful bounds,
Come, pause and ponder o'er the wounds!
Here beauty sleeps, that verdant length
Of grave, contains what once was strength,
The child, the boy, the man are here:
Ye may not see another year!

Another year! another year!
Oh! who shall see another year?
Shall *I* whose burning thirst of fame
No earthly power can quench or tame?
Alas! that burning thirst may soon
Be o'er, and all beneath the moon—
All my fine visions, fancy-wrought,
And all this vortex whirl of thought—
For ever cease and disappear,
Ere dawns on earth another year.

But a truce to melancholy. To all our readers, to all our friends, known and unknown, we wish a joyous New-year, and many of them. May we meet again wiser, better, happier, than to-day hath found us, and with unshrinking faith in the goodness of Providence.

A TALE OF THE TABLE D'HOTE.

* * * AN accident, done on purpose—by which I mean, that I purposely upset the salt, which stood between us, and heartily begged the lady's pardon while I replaced it—served to commence a conversation. The unknown was playful, lively—I thought fascinating. The chief attraction, however, remained—the wondrous play of those liquid eyes, scorned by the longest and silkiest lashes I ever saw, even in a keepsake engraving; their thrilling glance was tempered to softness, or shaded to sentiment, as the occasion required. Of course, I imagined these lights and shadows were reserved for me alone, though the incognita took part in the general conversation, and had more than once been directly addressed by the English belle of the place in terms, all things considered, of unwonted courtesy.

After a pause of unusual duration—partly impelled by an Englishman's pocket devil, the want of something better to say, and partly, perhaps, by the very cosmopolitan devil himself—"Surely," I exclaimed, abruptly addressing my fair neighbour, surely I have somewhere or other seen you before. Yes, I am positive we have met; but the individual has obliterated the locality. Oblige me by saying if my surmise is correct."

This address I hazarded during a general buzz of conversation. It was well I did so. The lady became as white as her neck, which palpably heaved with indignation. The eyes were instantly cast down, and veiled by those impenetrably drooping lids. Not one word of reply did I receive. With a mixture of alarm, curiosity, and self-disgust, I saw I had played Almaschar's part to the life. I had kicked down the progress I had made: to re-construct the fragments was, probably, impossible. A hasty glance round the society assured me one only eye was witness to my mortification. The Italian was stedfastly surveying us both, and I was at a loss to interpret his searching gaze, which was neither withdrawn, nor modified after, with some petulence, I had returned it. * *

After a slight pause, therefore, and a fixed stare at the Italian, who certainly thought me a little mad—a little milor-dish or so—I thus began:

"My thought, sir, as you call it, had reference to a lady—to the lady—" "To the lady who sat opposite you at dinner?" "Precisely so. What a lovely creature she is!" "Tastes vary. May I beg of you not to speak so loud: those gentlemen—" "You are right. Do me the favour to accompany me to yon window; in the recess are seats." He did so. After another pause, I recommenced.

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"I cannot tell whether you remarked in my conversation with the beautiful girl a sort of awkwardness—an interruption—a kind of —" Here I looked hard at the signor, who shrugged his shoulders, so as to imply whatever I pleased. I interrupted him to mean that my flirtation and its vicissitudes had not made much impression on him, and continued. "The fact is, that although, when I first saw this lady, and for some little time I looked upon her as a complete stranger to me, after a while, I entertained a suspicion we had met before. My challenging her recollection on this point led to such visible embarrassment on her part, that our very agreeable conversation abruptly closed. Still I could not call to mind certain circumstances, of which I felt a vague but painful impression, wherein this lady had taken a part. I could not positively connect her with anything beyond a growing conviction that we had met before. Strange to say, your appearing in her chair supplied the links of the chain whose end I only grasped. I now know the sad history of which this fair but unhappy girl is, or rather was, the heroine. As you have recalled it to my mind, however unwittingly, you have, in some sort, a right to hear it—that is, if you take any interest in the matter." "Proceed!" said the Italian, laconically, indeed sternly. I felt the pressure of his grasp upon my arm as he spoke. It is the way of his country, thought I. An Englishman would have yawned in my face; a Frenchman offered his snuff-box. I continued:

In the latter part of the autumn of the year before last, I arrived at Brussels, just then commencing my travels: young, ardent, and inexperienced. Circumstances detained me in that amusing city longer than I had intended. One day, as I was crossing the lower end of the Rue Royale, I perceived, in the direction of the Boulevards, a crowd, towards which I proceeded, having no particular object beyond that of mere curiosity. One peculiarity struck me as I approached; the silence of the mob, broken only by partial sobs of grief, apparently from a few females who stood a little apart. Of them I enquired the cause of the crowd, and understood that a young woman was being exposed in the pillory after being branded. Her crime was strong suspicion, amounting indeed to moral, if no legal, proof of robbery of her master, a rich notary of the Rue Brabant. My informant added with tears, the unhappy culprit was so young and so beautiful, and no doubt had ample excuse for taking a little from a wretched old miser, who ought to be sure to stand for his grasping cunning, in the pillory himself.

"It would seem I had arrived towards the conclusion of the ceremony. Very soon the executioner and his assistants removed the disgraceful collar from the neck of the poor girl, whose eyes were closed, and her senses, I thought, gone. The exposure finished the law was satisfied. The crowd broke up, commenting on the affair, some in levity, some in anger with the authorities who were accused of precipitancy. At first column after column, latterly one by one, the multitude dispersed and departed. The soubrettes lingered longest: they even approached the girl, who leant palpitating against a tree. But they did not address her. Man is, in his instinct, savage: the stricken deer will find no companionship in the herd: the branded felon, justly or unjustly punished, is not left desolate and abandoned.

"This is not justice, thought I, neither of God nor man. This poor thing *ought not* to fall at once to the lowest depth, because the law has been obliged to notice her first slip. 'Come with me,' said I, 'we will seek your aunt. I have that to say which may perhaps alter her determination.' And she accompanied or rather led me through the long dark streets, for it was now late in the day, to the dwelling of her aunt.

"Briefly, I prevailed. I said, when I began my pleading, I would not depart till aunt and niece embraced; and I left them in each other's arms, with my heart throbbing and bumping, as hearts only throb in young bosoms, conscious of having done some good, and averted more evil. That girl was ——"

"I see—I see—of course," whispered the Italian rising. "How insufferably close the room is; I am subject to feelings of faintness. Oblige me, however, by saying nothing of this—romance—to any human being, till I see you again. Adieu, for the present. Be silent—beware!

The latter part of this hurried speech was muttered almost menacingly, and the eye that rested on me seemed to burn in its socket. The Italian's finger was lifted for an instant, as if in warning, and then with unsteady steps he quitted the *salle*. The man is, thought I. I dare say he didn't hear half my story. What can he mean by almost commanding my silence? What can it be to him? And where, I wonder, is the mysteric

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stranger? As I thought of her I seized my hat and hurried into the open air. I would walk off my excitement. Possibly, I might meet the incognita.

The evening was calm and warm, and, like all still evenings, soothing to the feelings.

* * * As I regained my Pension, I perceived the waiter on the look out for somebody. The moment I appeared, he informed me that Signor Bordoni begged me to pay him a visit before I retired for the night. "The Italian gentleman who arrived to-day?" "Yes sir." "I will go to him at once." Half whistling, half philosophising, and curiously speculating whether the signor drank brandy-and-water, or only sipped liqueurs, I passed down the corridor, and tapped at the door indicated by the waiter. "Come in," was instantly ejaculated. As I did so the door was shut behind me and locked by my impatient host, who eagerly placed the key in his coat pocket. To enable him to do this, he changed something from one hand to the other, That something I saw plainly enough was a dueling pistol, and that it was placed in a hand which already held a similar one. This was not an encouraging aspect of affairs. It was clear I was shut up with a madman, whose monomania assumed the shape of blowing his friend's brains out. I cannot tell what face I put on the matter; but I should imagine it did not convey the impression of the philosophy with which I mounted the stairs. "Sir!" commenced the Italian, in a tone evidently struggling for calmness, "you are astonished at my proceedings, they are strange—but not more strange than your assertion. I think it right to tell you that we shall not both leave this apartment alive." The last sentence was jerked out (as it were, parenthetically) with such a hideous kind of politeness, that I involuntarily bent in return for the information conveyed. "Sir!" continued the signor, "you remember, of course, the history with which you favoured me this afternoon. That history, which is very likely highly entertaining to you, is agony to me, and must be death to one or other of us." He is decidedly mad, thought I. I will be civil, but firm, and never take my eyes off his. If I can see an opening, I had better knock him down and jump out of the window. Thus reasoning, I bowed, and Signor Bordoni went on. "You called my attention, sir, to a lady whom you pretended to have met before." Here his fingers played so convulsively with the triggers of the pistols, that I thought a crisis was imminent. He recovered his *sang froid*, however, and proceeded. "I must now demand your instant recantation of the whole of that monstrous fable connecting that lady with—a felon of Brussels." "Sir," said I, undecided how to act, for his manner had become suddenly rational, almost calm, "I spoke to you in no ill-will. I gave you my impression. I really do not see why you make such a request of me." "Then, sir, you shall see," was his stern reply. At the same time, with a rapid motion of his arm, he swept down a screen which crossed the room, and I beheld Pauline, the incognita. "That lady, sir, is my wife." As if stung by the words, he advanced menacingly towards me, and offered me a pistol, adding, "both are cocked." I heard his words—I dimly comprehended his meaning—but I paid it no outward attention. Pauline, the Belgian felon, the beautiful stranger, was this man's wife, and I had told *him* her history!

There was a pause in that silent room. Each one might have heard the beating of his own heart. The Italian was the first to speak, in dry, harsh tones, distinct but unnatural. "Hearken to me, sir Englishman. I might kill you as you stand, and *any how*, you could not complain of your fate if I did. But I will be more just. You have made a strong assertion respecting yon lady. If it be false, you do not leave this room alive; if it be true—" the pause that followed was awfully significant. The man's frame quivered. Infatuated as I was, even I, felt for his fearful struggle. Pauline—the very transcript of the form I first saw at Brussels—leant heavily on a table; her eyes were shut. She muttered words—I thought I heard "mercy!" repeated more than once. "Strip, madam!" was the command uttered mechanically by her husband. "Stand back, young man!"—By all the devils in h— you shall not prevent my will! Strip madam—the brand—between the shoulders!"

And she obeyed, as a moving statue would have obeyed. One by one, the buttons of her dress were loosened; there remained one only—the last. "Enough!" shouted I, reckless of the consequences, "give me a pistol and let this murderer do his worst." But in vain I reached out my hands, and clutched at the pistols. "Stand back!" was his calm reply, "first let us see the brand." The dress was loose. For one moment we bent our eyes upon that fair and shrinking form, and then a fearful cry arose. The husband advanced a step, and laid his finger on a long scar, or rather seam, which traversed the

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back of the neck, just beneath the line of the dress. The yell that burst from his lips proclaimed at once his conviction and his agony.

There were voices at the door. "Enter—force your way!" shouted I, in desperation. "Ay, enter!" said the Italian, in thick tones, "but first this." Rapid as thought, both pistols were discharged: the people of the house, bursting in, discovered on the floor the bodies both of the Italian and his wife. He was quite dead, but the ball which struck her had glanced off her side without entering any mortal part, and I saw her borne to bed with sanguine hopes of her recovery.

Pauline did recover. It had been better for her then to have died. Who does not remember the astounding cases of swindling and forgery with which all Europe rang some few years ago? She who played the heroine's part in that mysterious drama—the beautiful, the wealthy, the fascinating Countess de ———, was no other than the unfortunate Signora Bordoni.—*New Monthly.*

LUCY DENHAM.

A STORY OF HASTY JUDGMENT.

"Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

Measure for Measure.

Of all the pretty villages that we in our rambles ever encountered, certainly that of Ashford was the prettiest. There was not only the beauty of its situation—the simplicity of its rustic fare, or the cleanliness and apparent comfort of its inhabitants, but in addition was to be found a set of people, who knew how to appreciate each others character, and how to carry into general practice that golden axiom of "Doing to as we would be done by." But this state of things would never have come to pass had not Squire Westall been lenient, and Parson Wilson tolerant and charitable. The good example flowing from so high a source spread and imparted its genial spirit in the hearts of all, and beautiful as you might say were the verdant hills that encompassed the smiling hamlet—exquisite as you might declare the groves, bowers, and meadows, so beautifully grouped together, yet you have confessed this kindly spirit of the people was the gem that surmounted every other attraction.

In as neat a cottage as Ashford could boast of, lived one of its oldest inhabitants—good old Mrs. Denham. She was the very genius of the place—always originating some kindly turn to her fellow-creatures, and always busying herself in its performance. How often have we sat and mused on her kind, calm, grandmotherly face, that seemed to bid defiance to all the incursions of the world and its evil humours, with her snowy white hair just peering beneath as snowy white a cap, her fingers busy plying her needle, and her eyes ever and anon raised to give a salutation to the passer-by—there she would sit the very image of content, as unsophisticated a specimen of lowly felicity as you would meet with in many a day's search. Mrs. Denham had been a widow many years, and now mainly subsisted by a small pension allowed by a distant relative, and the proceeds of a little needlework she obtained from Squire Westall's family. She had but one main joy on earth, and that was in a poor mother and fatherless girl—her grandaughter Lucy. Lucy was now somewhere about sixteen years old, and her parents had died when she was scarcely five or six, leaving the sole charge of her rearing at so tender an age to the care of her grandmother. And well she fulfilled it, for how pleasing were her emotions when she beheld the germs of virtue, love, and piety she had sown in the young breast, bring forth bounteous fruits,—how when she heard the little tongue whisper the little prayer, and when in riper years saw her not disdaining to utter the same prayer, and clinging to all that partook of her childhood's instruction—how blessed the old lady seemed to be at the accomplishment of her darling object. Time had flown on, and still Lucy each evening reached down the holy book to read for her pious grandmother, each morning beseeching Providence for aid and direction—each sabbath was the earliest and most earnest

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attendant in God's temple, and served every one and did everything with love and truth ever uppermost in her heart.

It was one fine evening in the month of May, that Mrs. Denham sat at her usual employment before her cottage door, she did not seem altogether so composed as customary, and you could have read in her face that something had or was about to disturb her little sphere of life. For half an hour did she fidget about, when a pleasant small voice cried "Granny!" and the speaker, a young girl, bounded behind her and kissed her cheek. The new comer was no other than Lucy Denham, a slender made girl, with no pretensions to either beauty of face or figure. Lucy had a twinkling grey eye, sandy hair, and a set of features by no means regular or perfect. Beside a somewhat uneven pair of shoulders and rather a thick clumsy waist, she displayed, when she opened her mouth, a set of teeth as irregular as you can imagine. In fact, so far as regarded exterior appearances, was what the world calls "an ugly girl." But

> "Good name in man or woman—dear my Lord
> Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

and so it was with her, there was an innate grace in the girl that shone forth with more transcendent lustre than ever did the coral lip or ruby cheek of the most consummate beauty. Reared by so faithful a guardian, mixing among so good a people, she had gained the affection and regard of all for her mild disposition, placid soul and feeling heart. "Well, Granny dear," said Lucy, "Mrs. Westall has engaged me; now, don't cry," for already she saw a tear gathering in the old lady's eye, "for you know I shan't be long in London, and it is needful that now I am so old I should do something for my living. I'll do all I can to please, then who can I offend? and my poor good old Granny, whatever comes or whatever goes, never, never will I cease to remember thee with a heart brimful of love." With the warmth of affection Lucy flung her arms around her grandmother's neck, and kissed away the fast flowing tears that trickled down her cheek. "You know, Granny, its not within your means to support me; and, oh! its not me that wants to part with you, but what would our neighbours think of a big girl like me living upon a poor old woman like you? Good people as they are, they'd surely call me lazy and worthless, which are the last names Lucy Denham would like to have given her." Mrs. Denham sighed, for she felt when she had parted with Lucy she should have lost her greatest treasure on earth. She said little in answer to the affectionate girl's reasoning, and night coming on they retired into their cottage.

Lucy had been engaged by Mrs. Westall to fulfil some minor post in her household at London, during the season. In a week Lucy was to bid farewell for a while to the serene society of her home and native village. Her last night arrived, and Mrs. Denham mustered spirit enough to give a benediction and a few words of advice to her granddaughter. "In all things," concluded the old lady, "ask the guidance of the Almighty, and ever be ready to exercise a love and good-will to all you come across, scorn not the lowly for their lowliness, nor envy the rich for their riches; do everything honestly, and do every thing to the satisfaction of others and the comfort of yourself." Tears stood in the eyes of both speaker and hearer. Lucy took her grandmother by the hand and kissed her two or three times. "Good bye, and God bless you!" sobbed out the girl, and taking her little box in her hand containing all her worldly raiment, she wended her way to Squire Westall's house.

Three days had elapsed, and Lucy found herself located in a fine mansion in the fashionable vicinity of Bryanstone-square, London. Her first night was by no means comfortable, for she was in the midst of strangers, who regarded her only as a poor simple country girl, upon whom any joke could be played with impunity. She did not, however, forget her grandmother's directions, quietly offering a prayer to God, she consoled herself with the thought that there was one on earth, and One above, who took an interest in her welfare.

Of all females in the world, Lucy's mistress, Mrs. Westall, was one of the worst to have anything to do with servants, or any one subordinate to her will. Being a woman of coarse habits, and having sprung from an obscure station in society, her ignorance had generated in her mind those habits of mistrust and arbitrary will, that you so frequently see exhibited by inhabitants raised from one extreme of poverty to the other of luxury and

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wealth. Lucy had now been about a month in London, and had often been the object of her mistress's hasty judgments, because she was not so thoroughly conversant with her ways, or the ways of the establishment as the other domestics. But a cloud was gathering that was to break over Lucy's head with a fearful violence. One afternoon, in the absence of the upper servants, Lucy was commissioned by Mrs. Westall to make two or three purchases in some neighbouring shop. She felt somewhat proud in having the errand to perform, and being entrusted with a sovereign for the payment of the articles, tripped lightly along the crowded streets of London to her destination Being a country girl, she was of course very susceptible to that greedy curiosity which characterises a stranger in a large town, and certainly was very intent upon every attraction she encountered in her path to the shop. Arrived there at last, she got her articles, and was about to pay for them, when to her dismay she discovered that the sovereign was gone. Terror-stricken, she left her purchases on the counter, and rushed out of the shop. Poor girl, if you had but seen her frantically asking every one she met if they had seen her money, and receiving only a rude laugh or a sarcastic smile for an answer—verily you would have been as grieved as her. Some asked her, in reply, "Do yer see any thing green in my eye?" Others called her "a careless slut;" and by the time she had retraced her steps towards Mrs. Westall's house, Lucy was almost maddened to desperation. Arrived at Bryanstone-square, she now felt all the pangs of her misfortune ten times more poignant than before. With no friend to help or counsel her, and a mistress whom she knew would look upon the matter in its darkest aspect, and treat it with any thing but what it actually deserved, certainly the situation of Lucy Denham, at this juncture, was by no means enviable. To approach, then, Mrs. Westall, and expect forgiveness, was out of the question; and to turn back and renew the search for the money, seemed useless. What, then, should she do? The appearance of Mrs. Westall's maid, just at this moment, solved the matter. "I was coming to look for you—what a time you've been—I suppose you've been gaping at all the bonnet shops you met—but where's the things?" This finished the maid's speculations, and Lucy commenced crying. "Well, I'd like to know what's up now?" cried the maid. "Oh! my eye, here's a pretty kettle of fish!" and away she flew towards the house. The impulse was given: Lucy followed, and in a minute or two stood before the object of her dread.

"Well miss," began Mrs. Westall, "where are the things I sent you for?" "Oh, pray forgive me," cried the girl, "I've lost the money." Now, who can imagine a professing christian woman disregarding the supplications of a poor lonely girl, with innocence and truth painted on her face? and who can imagine such a one construing that innocence into guilt of the darkest hues? No one, perhaps, can imagine the creature, yet certes there are to be found, in this christian land of ours, hundreds partaking of such abominable characteristics. And of such a kind was Mrs. Westall. That "Oh, pray forgive me," called forth no response of mercy from *her* heart, but, knitting her brows on Lucy, she declared "there was some roguery in the case," and bid her leave her service that night, or she would have her taken before a magistrate. Lucy asked pardon again and again, but to no purpose, and to be gone from the house at dusk. Oh, it was pitiful to see a young helpless girl thus exposed to the storm of another's hasty judgments—thus thrown down by the ill-founded suspicions of one of her own sex.

Lucy retired to her room and gave vent to her keen grief in a flood of tears. Composed at last, by seeking consolation from Him who is the "Father of the fatherless," she packed up her scanty wardrobe, and sat down to muse on her future course. Her grandmother was the centre of all her hopes, and reckoning her expenses to Ashford, she found that her little money was barely sufficient to carry her three parts of the journey, on the coach. Here was another difficulty, out of which she was at a loss how to extricate herself. She knew no one to advance the sum required, and at last she determined she would take the coach as for on the road as her means would permit, and walk the rest. The evening came, and Lucy, taking her box in her hand, almost broken-hearted, went down stairs into the servants' hall; no one here took any notice of her, except by looks of bitter scorn. One merely remarked, "the young methodist, I thought she'd little good in her," and all the rest seemed to regard the poor girl as a downright bad character. Poor Lucy had mistaken the dispositions of her fellow-servants. "Surely," she thought, "they'll show me some little kindness;" but she was untutored in the natures of those she had to deal with; town servants are far different to country ones, and oh, how her sensitive heart

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sunk within her, when bidding all "good night!" not one soul in the hall had the civility, letting alone the feeling, to return an answer.

Half dead with grief, Lucy hurried towards the starting place of the coach, and placing herself on the top, gave directions to the coachman where to leave her on the road. About four or five o'clock on the following morning she found herself as far as her means would carry her in the conveyance, and seeing a house on the road she alighted, and after paying her fare, found she possessed but ninepence, with some forty miles to walk before she could gain Ashford. Without attempting to record the misery Lucy endured in her gaining Ashford, we will carry the scene at once to Mrs. Denham's cottage. It was about nine o'clock on the third evening after the circumstance just related, that the good old lady sat in her arm chair reading to herself aloud. "Well," mused the reader, "servants in towns, verily, have much to put up with, here I read of a poor girl turned from her situation for some petty offence, without having a roof to shelter her, and no friends but those who were far away to aid or comfort her; but, thank God, my Lucy is, I trust, in a happy home." A gentle tap at the door just at this moment somewhat startled her. Taking the candle, the old lady went and opened it. Had all the ghostly spirits of her ancestors stood before her, Mrs. Denham could not have been more terror-stricken than when the ghastly face and withered form, the deep sunken eye and emaciated figure of her granddaughter Lucy encountered her gaze. For some moments she stood motionless till the weak voice of the poor girl murmured "Oh! granny, don't you know me?" When the old lady, recovering her self possession, exclaimed, "God forbid that I should not know you, Lucy, but how is it——" Lucy's strength she saw was fast failing her, and had she not have taken her by the waist she must have fallen. Leading her into the room, and placing her by the fire, she administered some reviving cordial that recovered the poor girl just sufficient to allow her to narrate her pitiful tale. But again her strength forsook her, she had tasted nothing the whole day except a few raw turnips, and a deadly fever had evidently taken possession of her frame. With the greatest difficulty Mrs. Denham removed her to bed—she became delirious, and moaned with an agony that was heart-breaking to behold. The morning came, and when the bright sun was peering forth, Lucy was drawing nigh to the end of her mortal career. Shattered in heart and soul by the tortures produced by another's rash presumption, bowed down in her physical strength by literal want and over exertion in walking such a many miles, the once strong, healthy, and cheerful Lucy Denham, presented now a complete wreck of her former self. Mrs. Denham was alarmed, and called in the village practitioner, who candidly declared that no power on earth could save her life. Poor Lucy just at this moment seemed to gain consciousness of her coming dissolution. A loud rap at the door announced the presence of a servant from Mrs. Westall's, who had sent her expressly from London, to say she was much grieved that Lucy should have left her, as the money had fortunately been found by one of the servants, in the path Lucy had taken to the shop, and she begged she would return to resume her place. "It's too late, now Granny," exclaimed the dying girl, who heard the message. "I go, thank God, to my grave with peace, and—and—forgive Mrs. Westall the wrong she's done me." One quiet throb agitated for a moment or two her breast, and the martyred spirit of Lucy Denham had flown to its maker.

We pass over the sad scene that ensued, in a week the remains of the injured girl were interred in their quiet resting place. The reverend Pastor, not unmindful of his duty, preached her funeral sermon on the following sabbath. In an impressive manner he alluded to the danger of having our judgments too hastily formed, our suspicions too easily awakened. "Who knows" observed the good man at the conclusion of his sermon, "what might have been wrought by this pure-hearted girl? Who can say the good she might have realised in her humble sphere of life? It is not virtue we meet every day, then let us be watchful how we deal with our brother, for he may be truly honest; and with our sister, for she may be nobly virtuous. What an important lesson have we presented to us in this simple unvarnished tale of Lucy Denham's life, that we should deal with all—as he who came from on high dealt with us, to guard against that dire evil of letting our judgments be overcome or ruled by a transitory flight of passion, or our hearts contaminated with the formation of false conclusions in reference to the motives and character of one another."

E——.

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TRANSLATED SPECIMENS OF THE CLASSIC POETS.

BY THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

ANACREON.

ANACREON ranks deservedly high among the classic poets, on account of the beautiful simplicity of his style, the elegance of his diction, and the gracefulness of his numbers. "The old Bard of Teos" lived to enjoy the ease and pleasure of which he sang so pleasantly, until he was 85 years of age; dying 474 years B. C.

He sings in one of his odes, the eleventh, how the light-hearted girls taunted him with being old, and acting as a youth; and how they pointed to his time-thinned locks, as an evidence; and he answers them, not with the peevishness of old age, but with all the good-humoured gaiety and sprightliness of youth.

ODE 11.—ON HIMSELF.

The girls oft whisper in my ears—
"Anacreon, thou art in years;
Pray take a mirror, and behold
Thy locks have fled, thy head is bald."
Forsooth! I know not if my hair
Has fled, or still remaineth there;
But this alone I really know,
That since in years I find I grow,
I ought to dip in pleasure more,
The nearer I approach Death's shore.

Again, to a young girl, who taunts him with old age, and flies from his presence, he sings—

Flee not, dear maid! flee not away,
Although my hair be thin and grey,
Forbid me not to woo thy arms,
Because of youth thou hast the charms;
Behold those wreaths, the loveliest there
Are roses mixed with lilies fair.

ODE 3.—ON LOVE.

'Twas midnight hour, and in the air
Turns at Bootes' hand the bear;
And deep in slumber, toil-oppressed,
Wearied mortals were at rest;
When little Love came to my door,
He knocks—I scold—he knocks the more.
"Who knocks so loudly there?" I cry—
"And makes my pleasant visions fly?"
"A child," he cries, "open, I pray,
And fear me not—I've lost my way;
Half drowned with rain, in woeful plight,
I've wandered long this moonless night."
I heard his tale, and quickly rose,
My lamp I light—the door unclose;
And there, all trembling in the cold,
An infant with a bow, behold.
A quiver at his back was slung,
And lightly, 'tween his wings it hung.
Him quickly by the hand I take,
And cheerfully a fire I make:
Then chafe his hands till warm again,
And from his tresses press the rain.
But as his dainty limbs waxed warm,
He soon forgot the chilling storm,
And said:—"Try if my bow remains
Uninjured by the drenching rains."
He draws—and in my throbbing heart
Quick, as a gad-fly, sticks the dart:
He loudly laughs—he leaps—he flies,—
"Rejoice with me, my host," he cries;
"The shower has not relaxed my bow,
As thy poor heart will quickly know!"

The foregoing Ode illustrates a truth as old as man's experience, namely, that Pity is the nurse of Love. Having shown Cupid as a deceiver, we will now show him as the deceived.

CUPID AND THE BEE.

Upon a bright, rich summer's day,
Young Cupid in the grove would play;
But pulling roses wantonly,
He wakened up a slumbering bee.
The bee blythe Cupid quickly stung,—
His hands, with lusty cries, he wrung,
And to his mother, weeping, fled,
His little wounded hand outspread.—
"Mother, oh mother," his plaining cry—
"Mother, I'm lost—I die! I die!
A winged snake has wounded me,—
'Tis by the peasants called a bee."
She said, "What if such tortures spring
From such a tiny insect's sting,
Then say, my love, how feels the heart
Transpierced by *thy* relentless dart?"

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Having endeavoured to give some idea of the style and manner of Anacreon, I have adhered as nearly as possible to the original Greek; and although I have had to sacrifice something to attain that object, I flatter myself that these translations will bear a fair amount of criticism.

ON GOLD.

If gold to mortals would give life,
Then I for gold would try,
That when death came, he might take some,
And quietly pass by.
But if gold will not purchase life,
And wealth will not prevail,
Why should I toil? for when death comes,
Pray what will gold avail?
May it be mine to drink, and know
The pleasure that attends
A cup of joy-inspiring wine—
Surrounded by my friends.

The characteristics of Anacreon's muse are boldness of expression, and great vigour of thought, with deep and impassioned tenderness, together with a redundancy of imagery. His odes are airy and graceful, and rely rather on their gracefulness of style, than on any intrinsic worth.

Shepherds' Home, Hull District.

SALMAGUNDI.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

How she has filled this most desperate outpost of humanity, will be revealed when the secrets of human life shall be disclosed to more worlds than this. When the true history of hovels and murky garrets shall be given in—when the career of the enslaved inebriate shall be told, from the first to the lowest degree of his degradation—there will be a memorial made of woman, worthy of being read and heard in heaven. From the first moment she gave up her young and hoping heart, and all its treasures, into the hands of him she loved, to the luckless hour when the charmer—Alcohol, fastened around the loved one all spells of its sorcery, down through all the crushing of her young-born hopes, through years of estrangement and strange insanity—when harsh unkindness bit at her heart-strings with an adder's tooth, thence down through each successive depth of disgrace and misery, until she bent over the drunkard's grave; through all these scenes a halo of divinity has gathered around her, and stirred her to angel-deeds of love. When the maddened victim tried to cut himself adrift from the sympathy and society of God and man, she has clung to him and held him to her heart with hooks of steel. And when he was cast out, all defiled with leprous pollution—when he was reduced to such a *thing* as the beasts of the field would bellow at—there was one who still kept him throned in her heart of hearts; who could say to the fallen drivelling creature,—"Although you are nothing to the world, you are all the world to *me*." When that awful insanity of the drunkard set in upon him, with all its fiendish shapes of torture, while he lay writhing beneath the scorpion stings of the fiery phantasies and furies of *delirium tremens*, there was woman by his side, en-sexed with all the attributes of her loveliness! There was her tearful, love-beaming eye, that never dimmed but with tears when the black spirits were around him.

There she stood alone, and in the lone hours of night, to watch his breathings, with her heart braced up with the omnipotence of her love. No! brute as he was, not a tie which her young heart had thrown around him in his bright days, had ever given way, as he approached the nadir of his degradation. And if he sank into the dark, hopeless grave, she unearthed him in her broken heart, and laid it in his coffin; or if some mighty angel's voice or arm brought him up from the grave of drunkenness, the deepest ever dug for man, he came forth, Lazarus-like, bound fast and for ever in the cerements of her deathless affection. Such is her sceptre; such are the chords which she throws around the wayward and wandering, and leads them back to virtue and heaven, saying, as she gives him in:—"Here am I, and him whom thou gavest me!"—*Elihu Burritt's "Sparks from the Anvil."*

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FLYING FOXES.

Among the extraordinary creatures in Ceylon, are the flying foxes. In colour and size they resemble the foxes of England, but have wings attached to their hind legs, which, when extended, are about four feet from the top of one wing to the top of the other. The hind feet have strong claws, with which they lay hold of the branches of trees, and hanging with their heads down, sleep during most of the day. Colonel Campbell brought some of them down with his gun. They were only wounded, and, he says, were the most furious, ill-tempered creatures he ever saw.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE DIGNITY OF SCIENCE.

In France and England, Poetry, with the lyrics, may charm the adventurers on their cruise—Science may guide them through quicksands, and storms, and darkness—and Mechanism, with her brawny arm, may push them across every obstacle of wind and wave; but when genius, and skill, and enterprise have filled the treasury, and exalted the nation, the Poet, the Philosopher, and the Inventor, are neither permitted to labour in its service, nor share in its bounty. Her offices and her honours have already been pledged to the minions of corruption; and whether genius appears in the meek posture of a supplicant, or in the proud attitude of a benefactor, her cries are stifled, and her claims overborne. It is pre-eminently in France and in England were the accidents of birth and fortune repress the heaven born rights of intellectual worth. It is pre-eminently in the Russian empire, where a paternal, though an absolute monarch, dispenses to every servant a just share of its wealth and its honours.—*Sir David Brewster.*

THE MISSISSIPPI.

The Mississippi is known by such very crude and indefinite names as the West, the Western Country, the Lake Country, the South-West, the Far-West; by some it is called the Land of Pigs; and since the elections of 1840, it is sometimes called the 'Coonskin Regions. Its boundaries on the West are the Rocky Mountains, Mexico, and Texas; on the South, the Gulf of Mexico; on the East, the Allegany Mountains; and on the North, the Lakes and British Possessions. It contains nearly as many square miles as continental Europe, and if populated as densely as England, would sustain a population of 500,000,000 of human beings, being more than half of the present population of the earth! Stretching from the 29th to the 49th degree of latitude, it possesses great variety of climate. In richness of soil and extent of tillage land it is not surpassed by any country of the same extent. Its surface is almost unbroken by mountain or hill of sufficient size to impede cultivation. Geographically viewed, it is a commercial country, and it is particularly eligible for foreign commerce.—*Simmond's Colonial Magazine.*

SANGUINARY JUSTICE.

In the good old times how many goods and chattels, live stock and dead, were protected watched by death! Death was made by law the guardian of all things, prime agent, great conservator of social security, grim keeper of the world's moveables. Turn where he would, the rogue's path was dug with graves. Nevertheless, the world grew no better; mad no visible return to that happy state, ere hemp was made a sovereign remedy for wrong And so by degrees death lost somewhat of his reputation with the members of the world and by degrees many things were taken out of his charge. Truly, justice turning back the leaves of the jail calendar, might sit awhile in sackcloth and ashes, penitent for past transgressions—past wrongs committed in her moral blindness! The Sword of Justice an awful weapon truly; a weapon, working out the will of highest Providence; a solemn instrument, which man solemnly acknowledges. This has been and may be. Yet, thinking of the world's mistakes; of the cruel blunder worked by law on man, the Sword of Justice—of so called Christian Justice, robed and ermined, may sometimes seem to the eye of grieved humanity as terrible as the blood-dripping tomahawk of the wild, revengeful savage. The Sword of Justice! may not the time come—it *will* come, as surely as the sun of far-off years, when Justice shall throw down her Sword? when, with bitter wisdom she shall vindicate her awful mission to mankind, yet shed no drop of blood?—*Douglas Jerrold.*

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DEATH BY THE PENDULUM.

A French writer was present when the Inquisition was thrown open, in 1820, by order of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was; some had been confined for three years, others for a longer period, and not one knew perfectly the crime of which he was accused. One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have suffered on the following day. His punishment was to be *Death by the Pendulum.* The condemned is fastened in a groove, upon a table, on his back; suspended above him is a pendulum, the edge of which is sharp, and it is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees the implement of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer and nearer. At length it cuts the skin of his nose, and gradually cuts on until life is extinct. It may be doubted if the Holy Office, in its mercy, ever invented a more humane and rapid method of exterminating heresy, or insuring confiscation. This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the Secret Tribunal, A D. 1820.

THE SECRETARY'S SALARY.

To the Editor of the Loyal Ancient Shepherds' Magazine.

Wisbech, 9th December, 1846.

"Honour, Justice, Truth, and Love"

Dear Sir,—The above is the "motto" of our Order, as Ancient Shepherds; the ground of all the principles by which we profess to be governed, and it is somewhat difficult for me to understand how this "motto," composed of four of the plainest English words, can be misinterpreted; but as "many men have many minds," so perhaps have many men as many methods of constructing their native, say, vulgar tongue. I have no doubt, indeed I have charity enough to hope that the whole Brotherhood of Ancient Shepherds are disposed, not only to admit the proper and common sense meaning of our motto, but also to act upon it as far as they are able. My utmost extent of charitable feeling, will not, however, divest me of a fear that some of our Brotherhood are liable to take, and indeed are really acting under a wrong view of that meaning, and by this error of judgment commit a great fault unintentionally, and make for themselves much work for repentance, and for their brethren great cause of regret. I have been led to this conclusion by reading a report of the Pontefract District Meeting, held on the 2nd of September last; and indeed I could hardly believe myself until I had read it over and over again, that it really did contain the following proposition for consideration, (with a view, of course, to its being made a law,) at the next Annual Meeting of the Order, to be held at Stalybridge, in April next, viz.:—"6th Proposition. As an amendment to the 30th General Law. That the words, *twelve shillings per district per year*, be rescinded, and the words *ten shillings per district per year*, be substituted in lieu thereof." Now let us take the entire 30th General Law, as it stands in the statute book. "30th. That the Corresponding Secretary shall receive twelve shillings per district, per year, for his salary, for as many districts as there are in the Order." Here's the rub. The above Proposition is nothing more or less than an attempt to undo a mere portion of justice, to the best, and (as I think) necessarily the most laborious officer we have in the Order, and which was only settled and agreed upon unanimously about nine months ago, and that too before the poor Secretary has actually received the smallest benefit from that law. When I read the Proposition, I assure you I was at a loss to reconcile my own feelings, whether to be amused, or sympathize with, or be vexed at the puerile attempt of the Pontefract District to do that (even with the extensive influence and support, if I am rightly informed, of the South Kirby District) which they know they never can accomplish. I assure you, sir, and through you, the valuable Secretary, that the Wisbech District, with a vast majority of the districts of the Order, fully appreciate the services of that officer, and I feel confident that this Proposition will, like a vast many other attempts of the sire of Wisbech District, fail, and be utterly abortive, and I trust serve to convince the proposers, that they also have failed in a due observance of the

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principles of our excellent Institution, and the motto standing at the head of this letter I have, you see, sir, not forgotten that Pontefract is the sire of this district, nor can I for get (and I remember it with sincere regret) that the sire appears to have forgotten th principles which it so earnestly and faithfully inculcated to its children, at the opening o our first lodge, but which, happily for the members and lodges of this district, are not s soon forgotten by them, and are daily endeavoured to be carried out in all their simplicity and consistent with the rules of good fellowship.

I cannot think it necessary to introduce here the nature of the services of our Secret ary, in order to show how poorly he is remunerated in return, and I will only just refer t the fact, for the benefit of general members, (all official men know how to appreciate it that the Order comprises about 40 districts, with, say 400 lodges. The duty of the gene ral Secretary, among other important matters, is to correspond with all Secretaries of dis tricts, in supplying their wants, and affording all necessary information for the bette guidance of the lodges in the several districts, and the establishment of new ones. And there can be any comparison with the labours of officers, and I may, without the charge o arrogance, be allowed to refer to the Secretary of this district, who having to correspon with only about 30 lodges, in which he writes about 1000 letters in the year, exclusive o all other matters, what must be the nature of the labour of the general Secretary in hi correspondence and attention to the interests of all the districts and order at large. confess I dare not attempt to make the comparison, because I should do it so incorrectl and unjustly, and my object is not to be invidious or unkind. We, however, give ou Secretary, (and a poor pittance too) a salary of £15 per annum, for his services, about 3 per year, per member, and our general Secretary, in receiving for his services only £24 fo the present year, (*about three parts of a farthing per member,*) is to be met at the nex Annual Meeting, perhaps before he has received a farthing, with a Proposition that hi salary shall be only 10s. per district, or about £20 per annum. I ask our respected sir whether this is consistent with the common sense of any part of our "motto," and I d sincererely hope, for their own sakes, and ventnre to say I feel confident, that the Pont fract and South Kirby Districts will never be bold enough to bring forward their Propos tion further than they have done by their Report. I feel as confident, too, that they wi retrace their steps, and be determined to "do to others as they wish others to do to them And I call upon the Order generally, and especially upon those members who may be ap pointed as Delegates to the next Annual Meeting, to go well armed, and in case this Pr position is persisted in, to meet it with a bold and manly front, and nobly declare that th services of our Secretary are worthy of a much better reward than has already been a forded him, and give him what he is entitled to and ought to receive.

Sir,—Who is our Secretary? A man who has "borne the burthens and heat of th day," stood the battle and storm of adversity which this Order has in its progress had endure, in early days almost single handed kept it in existence, and but for whose exe tions (is it too much to say?) the Inititution, as a benefit Order, would probably lon since have been blotted out of the pages of history: an Institution, too, if continued to b conducted as it hitherto has been, upon the principles of benevolence and true philan throphy, will I have no doubt extend itself far and wide, and "farther and yet wider still be a blessing to thousands yet unborn, and command to its future aid the support an assistance of men imbued with every good feeling for promoting the welfare of other capable of fully appreciating and carrying out the true interest and meaning of our Mot and Laws, and enjoying for themselves in return the pleasure arising from doing good, an especially the satisfaction derived in "helping those who are disposed to help themselves Only let us all pull together, discouraging all jealousies, strifes, and divisions, cast awa the evil eye, and act towards each other as brothers, and we shall soon become the admir tion of all around us.

I will not introduce here (as I well might) the doings of kindred institutions to their Of cers. I shall (if I am spared and am obliged to do so, but earnestly hope being prevented prepare myself to meet this Proposition in its proper place, having no fears for the resul but I beg to conclude with an earnest and affectionate request, that my good Brothers the Pontefract and South Kirby Districts, will at their next quarterly meeting, resol that the Propositions to which I have referred may be taken from their Report; this w save much trouble and perhaps acrimonious feeling at a time when all should be "Uni and Love." We are all in our turn liable to err, especially in our judgment, and I a

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willing to believe this is one of that kind of errors on their part which may easily be forgotten, and of course forgiven. It is always manly, generous, and honourable to retrace our steps, and as far as we are able, rectify the errors into we may have fallen.

Believe me my dear sir, to remain in the bonds of Shepherdry,
Yours very sincerely and faithfully,
WILLIAM P. BAYS.

Reviews.

IVY LEAVES: a Collection of Poems, by Isabella Varley. *London: Simpkin, Marshal, and Co.*

To this young lady of our good town, Manchester, we owe an apology for not having given an earlier notice of her interesting book. The neglect has by no means sprung from our lack of appreciation, but from circumstances of a nature it is unnecessary to explain. The poems in this volume are characterized by a lively imagination, a rich choice of language, and an unquestionable moral tendency. A little ruggedness of versification may occasionally offend the fastidious ear; but the beauty of thought and sentiment make ample amends to the heart. "The White World" is a beautiful and original vision, as is, also, "The Spirit Visitants." "Helon" is an extraordinary piece of fancy, powerfully pourtraying the miseries attendant upon a love of gain, unqualified and unredeemed by any of the nobler aspirations of the soul. With us it is an especial favourite. We would, in addition to these, direct the reader's attention to "The Dreams of an Enthusiast," "Homeward Bound," and "The Neglected Wife." The book is beautifully printed, elegantly dressed, and every way, independent of its sterling literary merits, worthy of a place on the drawing room or cottage table. We choose, at random, the following poem, the subject of which must be interesting to all, and regret that our limited space prevents us extracting more largely. We hope that the title which the fair authoress has chosen for her book may prove to be emblematic of her success, and that the wreath of song she has woven may keep fresh and green for a long time to come.

"WHAT IS HOME?

"The pole-star of the Mariner,—the lodestone of his heart,
To which affection's needle points till breath itself depart;
'Tis his beacon in the tempest, and his haven in the gale,
His refuge from the outer world when bitter foes assail.

"The Warrior's wreath of victory—his proud triumphal car,
Where love domestic sits enthroned, and nerves him in the war;
The keenness of his tempered blade,—his corslet, helm, and shield;—
'Home,' is his watch-word in repose, his war-cry in the field!

"The Statesman's seal of happiness,—the law that binds his soul,
And wins him from the wordy strife, with firm yet mild control;
A court intrigue ne'er visits there, finesse is laid aside,
To nature e'en ambition yields its dignity and pride.

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"A fountain to the Traveller on Afric's arid plains,
A verdant oasis 'mid sands where sultry silence reigns;
A beaming ray to cheer his path on which his footsteps wend,—
Home is his blissful resting place when all his wanderings end.

"'Tis the shrine at which earth's pilgrims in adoration bend,—
A solace to the suffering wretch, his miseries to suspend;
From the monarch on his throne to the peasant in his cot,
Home is the brightest blessing that can fall to human lot.

"'Tis Home that gives the Poet's lay its spirit-stirring fire,—
Gives inspiration to his song, and music to his lyre:
Home makes life's turbid tide appear to him a gilded stream,—
Its every-day realities a sweet, celestial dream.

"The magic influence of Home is not to one confined,
There is a Home for every heart, a Home for every mind;
And even when these earthly ones shall all have passed away,
The good and just will find a Home in Heaven's eternal day!"

SUTTON PARK, and other POEMS: by Harry Howells Horton.

THIS little volume, though emanating from amid the smoke and clange of busy Birmingham, cannot fail to be welcome and refreshing to the town pent lover of poetry. The principal poem is descriptive of an interesting and romantic locality near Birmingham. The spirit and style, though by no means servile in imitation, remind us of Kirk White and Bloomfield. There is a deep love of external nature manifested in it, and a considerable fidelity of delineation; while a sweet but melancholy tone of morality runs throughout. The versification is not powerful, but smooth, flowing, and well adapted to the subject, which is essentially rural and agreeable. The book is illustrated by sketches from the author's own pencil; they are pleasing and creditable, and strengthen the imagination of the reader. Ebenezer Elliott, no common authority, has recorded his favourable opinion of the book, in two sonnetts addressed to the author. With that opinion we entirely concur. We are sorry we have not room for extracts in our present number; but we may avail ourselves of a portion of its contents in our next. With the hope that we may meet Mr. Horton again in a wider field, and on subjects more intimately connected with the general taste, we cordially wish him every success.

THE STREAMLET: by Ambrose Hurst.

THIS is a tiny volume of fugitive poems coming from Oldham. Oldham has produced its historians, its mathematicians, its botanists, and its musicians; but we fear that its atmosphere is unfavourable to the full development of so tender and exquisite a flower as Poetry. There is some promise in this little book, but not sufficient to warrant us in the expectation of great things for the future. Poetry, for its own sake, is a harmless pursuit, and we trust that Mr. Hurst will be satisfied with the pleasure of composition, and expect no greater reward.

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THE

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THE INFLUENCE OF KNOWLEDGE.

If we know our readers, their wants and their wishes, their desire to reap knowledge, from whatever good source, and their indulgence towards ourselves, we need make no apology for presuming to be "a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff;" especially when the chance ears of knowledge we gather up be mentally and morally wholesome and nutritious. From the published and popular thoughts and experience of three wise and good men, two of our own country, and one of America—but still on Englishman in *what* constitutes an Englishman of the right sort, philanthropy, perseverance, and great moral courage—we venture to cull a banquet for the *members* of our brotherhood, convinced that it will be welcomed and enjoyed, although we are only the *caterer*, and not the *producer*, of the good *things* we set before them.

From a lecture delivered by Dr. BOWRING, the linguist, the poet, the *traveller*, the senator, and the commercial missionary, we commence with a few extracts on our favourite subject, "The Influence of Knowledge." *He says*, "See what an immense progress has been made even this last hundred years. It was given in evidence, lately, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that, in the beginning of the last century, one heavy stage coach was the single, solitary vehicle which conveyed passengers between London and York. The journey will now not be calculated by days, but by hours—not by hours but by minutes—and hundreds of travellers must be daily vibrating between the two cities. We can scarcely sufficiently value, for it is impossible to estimate how much we are indebted to the facilities of communication which modern times provide. No sovereign in ancient times, with all his might and majesty, had such means at his command as are disposed of now by the meanest of the community. It has happened to me to travel where no posts existed; where weeks were

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employed for the conveyance of letters for a few hundreds of miles, and where the sovereign himself was scarcely better off than the common-place traveller. Now, only conceive how much of enjoyment, and how much of real advantage and elevation, in connexion with enjoyment, the population of this country owe to the establishment of the penny-post It must be in the recollection of the youngest of us how short a time has passed since the conveyance of a letter from one extremity of the island to the other, could only be obtained by the sacrifice of a poor man's daily wages. Thanks to one of the most beneficent pieces of modern legislation, at this moment, from John o'Groat's house to the Land's End, a letter is conveyed for a penny! The Post Office has become a popular establishment;—it does the work of the multitude;—it is what all the institutions of government ought to be—a delightful example of the progress of knowledge, of the results of civilization, and a proof that the legislature itself has begun to learn the value of that great principle, that 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number' should be the object and the end of all our social and political efforts.

"Communication between men, at home and abroad, is a delightful theme to dwell upon. It is civilization in activity. When the barriers are broken down which separate man from his fellow-man, the principle of equality begins to be recognized, and the seeds of liberty and emancipation are speedily sown. He who can communicate cheaply and rapidly with all his fellows, must be elevated by the very fact of that communication Let nations communicate with one another, as individuals are beginning to communicate, and war will become impossible. The time will arrive—and I hope it is not far distant—in which it will be incredible to our descendants that there should have been so much folly, and so much fanaticism in the world, as to induce two tribes of men, solely because they spoke different languages, and lived on the opposite sides of a river, or a mountain to be led forth by princes or politicians to the fields of slaughter, not for any interest of their own, but for sinister and unsocial objects—objects unworthy of thoughtful men, still less intelligible to thoughtful Christians Strange is it that any power, or any perverseness should be able to embroil brethren in quarrels which concern them not, and lead *them* out in hatred who were born to be linked together in love! The interests of the world will be found to be the interests of *Peace*, and if it were only as the result of enquiry, whether love is not more profitable than hatred, and kindness than malevolence. I am persuaded, that, without any reference to nobler, and higher, and more expansive views, it will be discovered that this gain of war is as full of loss as it is of folly—that it is in itself a sacrifice and a shipwreck of all that is wise and worthy. Notwithstanding its attractions

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and its adornings, its delusions and its deliriums, war, after all, is but multitudinous murder,—murder on the mightiest scale,—a maximised butchery. Under better auspices, mankind would live together in peace, understanding that this is their highest mission, and their noblest triumph, and feeling that the God of Peace must look complacently on his peace-promoting children.

"It is a great happiness to know that irresponsible tyranny exists no longer, and that, to a great extent, the despotism that was practised has been checked and chased. Horrors that were passed over in silence fifty years ago, would excite now such an amount of animadversion and indignation, as would immediately put them down. Look at the diminution of capital punishments. Times were, when in this country alone, 700 human beings, in a year, were sacrificed by the executioner. There were no feelings of shame—no remorse—no sentiment of national reproach; but now, let one victim be only dragged to the scaffold, and there are millions of men, women, and children, who are enquiring why any one individual should be thus immolated, and whether our laws, even now, are not far too sanguinary and ferocious.

"The accessibleness of literature, again, is one of the great advantages of the age. Time was, when the preparation of a book was the work of a man's life; when a library was attainable by none but the most opulent; when the arts were tributary to wealth, and to wealth alone. There were no pictures for the multitude, except where those pictures were made instrumental to the purposes of superstition and fanaticism. There was music, no doubt; there were odours; there was splendid architecture in the churches, because in the church the priest exercised his supremacy, not to raise, but to trample upon human intellect and human liberty. But there was neither architecture, nor pictures, nor perfumes, nor statuary, in the humble cottages of the poor. There his mind was not to be opened; there his thoughts were not to be developed. The sublimest topics of religion and morality were taught in a language which he could not understand; every thing was made inaccessible to him; he was called upon to look up to something above him for consolation and support; but he was not allowed free and direct communication with the highest aspirations of his nature—these he could reach through the medium of the priesthood alone. The philanthropy of modern times is descending to him; his mind is enlightened, his dwellings are improved. Books belong now not only to the few, but to the many; where there was one volume there are now tens of thousands. There is scarcely a room, however mean, that has not some adornment from the universality of art; and the tendency of all knowledge now is towards diffusion, and towards cheapness; and in that diffusion

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and cheapness, I have no doubt we shall see its greatest conquests and its greatest glory. All, I repeat, has not been done—far from it; but very much has been done. A thousand years ago, a great majority of this nation were sold by their masters, like the flocks and the herds on their estates. In the Anglo-Saxon period, men were possessed by men; they had no liberty of action—no right of locomotion; they possessed no property—no political right; the power of life and death over the serf was held by the master. The masses now, if not wholly, are partly emancipated, and the great work of emancipation is still progressing."

Thanks to thee, manly, truthful, and fearless JOHN BOWRING! Such truth and such wisdom, without extrinsic ornament and disguise, how valuable! how worthy of being treasured up!

ELIU BURRITT, the American, who is over in this country on a self-imposed Mission of Peace, who is endeavouring to establish, both by tongue and pen, a Bond of Brotherhood between all nations, must furnish us with another extract appropriate to our subject. In his little book, entitled "Sparks from the Anvil," we find the following excellent and pithy remarks on the inventive Genius of Labour :—

"The physical necessity of mental activity, in every practical sense, confers upon the mind the power to determine our stature, strength, and longevity; to multiply our organs of sense, and increase their capacity, in some cases to 30,000,000 times their natural power. This capacity of the mind is not a mere prospective possibility; it is a fact, a tried, practical fact; and the human mind is more busy than ever in extending this prerogative.

"Let us look in upon man while engaged in the very act of adding to his natural strength these gigantic faculties. See him, yonder, bending over his stone mortar, and pounding, and thumping, and sweating, to pulverise his flinty grain into a more esculent form. He stops and looks a moment into the precipitous torrent thundering down its rocky channel. There! a thought has struck him. He begins to whistle and whittle, and gears together, some horizontally, and others perpendicularly, a score of little wooden wheels. He sets them a-going, and claps his hands in triumph to see what they would do, if a thousand times larger.

"Look at him again. How proudly he stands, with folded arms, looking at the huge things that are working for him! He has made that wild raging torrent as tame as his horse. He has taught it to walk backwards and forwards; he has given it hands, and put the crank of his big wheel into them, and made it turn his ponderous grindstone. What a task-master!

"Look at him again. He is standing on the ocean beach, watching the

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crested billows. He has conceived, or heard, that richer productions may be found on yonder invisible shore. In an instant, his mind sympathises with the yearnings of his physical nature. See! a new thought is in his eye. He remembers how he first saddled the horse; he now bits and saddles the mountain wave. Not satisfied with governing this proud element, he breaks another into his service. Remembering his mill-dam, he constructs a floating dam of canvass in the air, to harness the winds to his ocean waggon. Thus with his water-horse and air-horse harnessed in tandem, he drives across the wilderness of waters with a team that would make old NEPTUNE hide his diminished head for envy, and sink his clumsy chariot beneath the waves.

"Now he settles down upon the persuasion that he can make a great *iron horse*, with bones of steel, and muscles of brass, that will run against time with MERCURY, or any other winged messenger of JOVE. Daring man! He brings out his huge leviathan upon the track. How the giant creature struts forth from his stable, panting to be gone! His great heart is a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his iron sinews; but his master reins him in with one finger; and now he shouts interrogatively—*all right?* and applying a burning goad to the huge creature, away it thunders over the iron road, breathing forth fire and smoke in its indignant haste to outstrip the wind. More terrible than the war-horse in scripture, clothed with louder thunder, and emitting a cloud of flame and burning coals from his iron nostrils, he dashes on through dark mountain passes, over jutting precipices, and deep ravines. His tread shakes the earth like a travelling Niagara, and the sound of his chariot wheels warns the people afar off of his punctual and wonderful coming.

"These are a few of the faculties which the human mind has invented to increase our physical capacity, and improve our physical condition. And they are the personal property of every individual, and are ever ready and able to put him into communication with all the comforts and convenience they can procure. Therefore, all these artificial faculties, every invention and implement to give a new capacity to labour; every inch and progress in the arts and sciences; every degree of intellectual development that has been made since the birth of humanity, have all been the result of that impulse of perpetual activity which the yearning necessities of man's physical nature have communicated to his mind. To ameliorate our physical condition. has been the inspiring object of every intellectual attainment. It has led to the discovery of every principle of philosophy and natural science; it has inspired every conception of taste, prompted every act of patriotism and Christian philanthropy. All the beautiful orders of archi-

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tecture and creations of the pencil; all the conceptions of the beautiful in nature, and art, and humanity, are inventions *extorted*, as it were, from the mind, to extend and increase the pleasures of sense. All the institutions of human government, the principles of political economy, the aspirations of patriotism, and the efforts of philanthropy, have been called forth by the necessities of our physical nature, which Divine Wisdom ordained should never be supplied without the busy occupation of the *mind*."

From an Address delivered by Professor JOHN PHILLIPS, to the members of the York Institute of Science and Literature, we extract a beautiful morsel, as a finish to this paper:—

"Knowledge should be honoured, because it is the instrument to which Providence has committed the exaltation of man; because it is the spell whereby he is enabled to turn all the agencies of nature to his use and advantage; because it gives him the earth for a possession, smooths the sea for his pleasure, and brings the starry universe within reach of his meditation; and because it binds the earth with better than the Olympian chain of gold, with a strong and iron circle of commercial relationship, into one vast brotherhood of society and friendly harmony. Knowledge should be cultivated, because it is as necessary to the mind and soul of man, as food to the body; because it must be had, if man is to exist on the earth, and to go on in a course of amelioration; claiming more and more the blessings of Almighty Goodness; and it must be had in abundance, well-digested and turned to good account, if man is to realize, here and hereafter, the glorious destiny to which faith and reason point. Such is the constitution of man, that his mental faculties must be occupied; and it is therefore of the greatest importance that they should be well cultivated and rightly directed. Even under the most unfavourable circumstances, the native intellectual force of the human mind is continually breaking forth, and vindicating its right to cultivation. By the exercise of ordinary observation, a great amount of knowledge might be gathered with regard to the different substances of nature without the aid of special instruction; but yet there is a mighty difference between the careless view of the uninstructed, and the fruitful contemplation of the informed, mind.

"Let us thank heaven that we can read! Let us thank heaven that we have books within our reach that are worth reading! books in which the wisdom of ages is collected in a convenient space. Yes! eternal honour to that Pelasgian Hero, that mythical CADMUS, who crossed the snowy mountains, and brought the Asiatic gift of letters to the world, and with that spell awoke the magic muse of Greece! Honour to those scribes—not Pharisees—who on the papyrus leaf, and parchment roll, more durable than brass and stone, recorded the sacred traditions of Judea, the eloquence

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of Greece, and the annals of Rome. Honour to those honest workmen of the valley of the Rhine, who multiplied, by forms of wood and metal, all the literature of the ancient world, and gave to mankind a mass of knowledge that can never die, which no Arab chief can burn, and which no accident in future can destroy. How important to read those books which preserve the undying words of those illustrious men who have bequeathed to us the legacy of their noblest thoughts, treasured up and put out to the noblest uses, for the common good of mankind."

Yes; let us be thankful that these means of obtaining knowledge lie within our reach, brother Shepherds; but let no unwise indolence, no culpable apathy, on our parts, prevent us appropriating these exhaustless and elevating treasures to our benefit and pleasure, and to the solid advantage of those of our offspring whom God may permit to live after us. Put not that off till to-morrow which to-day may accomplish.

THE PRESS AND THE CANNON.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Cannon and Press, how they ban, how they bless
This beautiful planet of ours!
The first by the length of its terrible strength,—
The other, by holier powers!
More and more they are foes—as the new spirit grows,
Will their struggles bring joy to the free?
For the wrongful and right, for the darkness and light,
Oh! which shall the conqueror be?

With a war-waking note from its sulphurous throat
The Cannon insulteth the day,
And flingeth about, with a flash and a shout,
The death bolts that deepen the fray;
"Give me slaughter!" it cries, as it booms to the skies,
And men turn to fiends at the sound,
Till the sun droppeth dun,—till the battle is won,—
And carnage encumbers the ground.

Then the reveller reels, then the plunderer steals
Like a snake, through the horrible gloom:
Then the maid is defiled, then the widow is wild,
As she fathoms the depths of her doom.
Fierce fires glare aloof, till the starry night's roof
Seems to blush at the doings of wrong;
Sounds of terror and woe through the dark come and go,
With fury, and laughter, and song.

When the morrow's fair face looketh down on the place,
All trodden, and sodden, with strife;
The grass and the grain are empurpled with rain
From the fountains of desperate life.
The stream runneth red, and the green leaves are shed
That o'ershadowed its waters so clear,
For the bale-fire hath been on the desolate scene,
And hath cursed it for many a year.

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Reeking ruins abound on the war-withered ground,
In whose ashes sit shapes of despair;
And the voices of wail float afar on the gale,
Till the brute is appalled in his lair.
On the broad battle-floor, in their cerements of gore,
Lie thousands whose conflicts are past,—
To furnish a feast for the bird and the beast,—
To fester and bleach in the blast.

But the tears of the sad, and the cries of the mad,
And the blood that polluteth the sod,
And the prayers of the crowd—solemn, earnest, and loud,—
Together go up unto God:
Nor in vain do they rise, for the good and the wise,
And the gifted of spirit and speech,
Are waking the lands to more holy commands,
For Peace is the lesson they teach!

Behold the proud Press! how it labours to bless
By the numberless tones of its voice;
To the lofty and low its grand harmonies flow,
And the multitudes hear and rejoice:
Scarce an alley of gloom, scarce an artizan's room,
Scarce a heart in the mill or the mine;
Scarce a soul that is dark, but receiveth a spark
Of its spirit so vast and divine!

The Cannon lays waste, but the Press is in haste
To enlighten, uplift, and renew,
And the life of its lore,—can we languish for more?
Is the beautiful, noble, and true.
Man bringeth his thought, in calm solitude wrought,
To be multiplied, scattered, and sown,
And the seed that to-day droppeth down by the way,
Is to-morrow fair, fruitful and grown.

Joy! joy to the world! press and people have hurled
Their slings 'gainst the errors of old;
One by one as they fall, the poor children of thrall
Grow dignified, gladsome, and bold:
The cannon and sword, cruel, cursed, and abhorred!
Cannot stay the proud march of the free;
They may ban and beguile the rude nations awhile,
But the PRESS will the conqueror be!

WHAT IS POETRY?

WHAT is Poetry? is a question often asked, and variously answered. Wordsworth has said, that it is the business of poetry to represent the *show* of things, and not the reality. If we judge the poet by his own law, there can be no doubt that he is not a poet. "Poetry," says Montgomery, "is written in verse;" or, in other words, that it differs from prose by being written in verse. I deny it; for it matters but little whether the language of the heart finds utterance in prose or verse, it is alike poetry. Poetry is the language of the heart.

This definition is beautifully illustrated by the prose of Scott, and the poetry of Byron. Scott possessed, in an eminent degree, the two great qualifications of a poet—abstraction and identification. Abstraction from the world, and identification with his ideal characters who have all their own thoughts. With Byron it is otherwise, for all his characters are Byron, more or less. Does any one ask,—"How is it that 'Don Juan' is so popular?" I answer, that every page of that work contains the self-communion of the bard—every page is a mirror, in which we behold the workings of his mighty mind, whether sunshine or

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or shade, and become acquainted with the spiritual workings of that great and mighty intellect

"Whose seed-field is time."

To show how successfully Scott abstracted himself from the world, and identified himself with his characters, let us take part of the interview between Jeanie Deans and the Queen of George the Second, in which Jeanie implores her to intercede for the life of her sister Effie.

"How did you travel up from London, young woman?" said the Queen to Jeanie.

"Upon my feet, mostly, madam!"

"What! all that immense way upon foot! How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock!"

"I thought I was a great walker, but this shames me sadly."

"May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that you canna be sensible o' the weariness o' the limbs. I would hae gone to the ends of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other man in his unhappy condition. He is dead and gone to his place. But my sister—my poor sister Effie—still lives, though her days are numbered. She still lives; and a word from the king's mouth would restore her to a broken-hearted father, who never forgot to pray that his majesty might be blest with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and that of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. Oh, madam! if ye ever kenned what it was to sorrow for, and with a simple and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can neither be called fit to live or die, have compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death. Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think upon other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs, and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes—and seldom may it visit your leddyship!—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—and long and late may it be yours!—oh, my leddy, then it is nae what we hae done for ourselves, but what we hae done for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thought that ye hae interfered to save the poor thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour—come when it may—than if a word of your mouth could hang all the Porteous mob at the tail of a tow."

This is poetry—it is the utterance of an heart, eloquent with woe. It is poetry, because it is the utterance of the heart, and poetry is *heart-language*.

Mason was generally cold and formal—and why? Because he generally wrote by the rule; but when his heart was touched, and he allowed *it* to speak, then he was a poet. Where, in the whole range of English poetry, is there anything more pathetic and poetical than his epitaph on his wife? He had borne her to Bristol in hopes that the waters of that city might restore her to health. Vain hope!—she died. The heart in its desolation spoke, and there was poetry.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON, IN BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

"Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear—
Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,
And died! Does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;—
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
And if so fair—from vanity so free—
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love—
Tell them,—though 'tis an awful thing to die,—
('Twas even so to thee); yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God!'"

There is a species of poetry, to which, methinks, you say, my definition will not apply, and that is—descriptive poetry. I answer, that description of poetry ought to contain the emotions which are awakened in the mind by the scenes on which we gaze. Take, as an exemplification, the following beautiful extract from Byron. A father is doomed to die by

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starvation; day after day passes away, and he still continues alive. His daughter, who is admitted to see him at stated intervals, is watched, and it is found that she has nourished him with her milk! The poet, standing by that dungeon, bursts into a strain of eloquent poetry. He gives us the involuntary workings of his mind; and whoever gives us that, gives us poetry:—

"There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light—
What do I gaze on? Nothing: look again!
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain.
It is not so: I see them full and plain—
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar; but what does she there
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

"Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, *a joy perceives*
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees *her little bud put forth its leaves*—
What may the *fruit* be yet,—she knows not—*Cain was Eve's!*

"But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift—it is her sire
To whom she renders back *the debt of blood*
Born with her birth. No, he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river; from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realms hold no such tide.

"The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And *sacred nature triumphs more in this*
Reverse of her degree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds: Oh, holiest nurse,
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, *replenishing its source*
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe."

Read "Pope's Rape of the Lock," and you will see that poetry as an art is—nothing; but turn to his "Epistle of Eliosa to Aberlard," and compare the feelings awakened in the heart, by perusal of both. The first is a pretty nothing—the latter is poetry: in the one he addresses himself to the *fancy*, and in the other to the *heart*. The poetry that contains no moral truth, is useless. Poetry is truth, for it is the language of the heart, and the heart knows no falsehood.

Whitgift, Banks of the Ouse.

ESSAY ON CHARITY.

BY W. AITKEN.

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Sees from thy hands no worthy action done."

THE subject of the present essay is Charity. And when we look abroad into the complicated state of human society, viewing as reasoning and sentient beings the condition of man in the universe, such a subject is well worthy of our consideration. From the summit of observation we behold our fellow-men in every walk of life—from the purpled lord of a palace down to the poorest of the poor—who are compelled to drag out a miserable

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existence; and throughout the whole walks of life, the exercise of our charitable feelings is essentially requisite.

Imagine not that charity can only be exercised by giving relief to those of our kind who may be in want of the first necessaries of life; we can, and ought to, exercise this virtue in thought word and deed. Many who are beyond the reach of want—but the violence of whose passions lead them into error, to the injury of those beneath them, and the destruction of their own happiness—are worthy of our charitable consideration, as such destroy the peace of their own mind as much as they disturb the objects against whom their resentment is hurled.

Charity, in all ages of the civilized world, has been placed at the head of human virtues, because the effects arising therefrom have done good to the receiver, realized satisfaction to the giver, and produced real happiness to all who have been witnesses thereof. The Almighty fiat of nature has decreed that a difference shall exist in man's mental capacity; and as things have hitherto moved on in the government of the world, ranks and conditions have been in existence amongst us, some to the enjoyment of ease, whilst too many have been doomed to toil incessant, and others to want of the bitterest description, from their cradle to the grave.

It is to the latter unfortunate portion of our species, more especially, that our sympathies should extend. To assist in relieving their distresses, to heal the wounds of affliction, and with hand, heart, and purse, allay the pangs struggling in their bosoms. To the poor outcast, shivering beneath the blast of adversity and the piercing winds of winter, stretch forth your hands to assist him amidst his woes.

The unfortunate, whose passions and weakness may have led him into errors, ought to be an object of your pity and commiseration; and, if you have an opportunity, exhort him to "go and sin no more." The lone widow and her helpless offspring who are deprived of their guardian and support, and who, added to the grief under which they may be labouring, are pining amidst penury and want, assist them by every generous and charitable means within your power, and the blessings of the distressed shall follow you, the praises of the good resound to your credit, and your own heart exult at the kindness you have done.

What was it that led our illustrious contryman—the immortal HOWARD—into the dungeon, and there, amidst the disease and solitude of a prison, inquire into the causes that brought on "jail fever" and hurried its victims to a premature grave?—Charity! What was it that led him to the borders of Crim Tartary, in Asia, where the ravages of the plague carried hundreds away annually?—Charity! What was it that led him to assist those who were suffering with that dreadful malady, and try to find out some means for its extinction?—Charity! What was it that led him, wherever there was human suffering, to seek to assuage it, till subsequently his own life became a sacrifice, on the confines of Eastern Asia, to his humanity?—Charity! But he has left behind him a name to be revered by all succeeding generations, far more illustrious than the essence of all the conquerors that ever breathed; and it will shine in meridian splendour till the last trace of civilization is swept from the earth.

Let us endeavour to imitate so glorious an example of charitable feelings, as far as in our humble power lies, that our minds may contemplate with pleasure, through life and in the evening of our days, a life spent in doing good to our fellow-creatures.

The vices which now scourge society should carefully be avoided by us all, as the expense of vice prevents us from the exercise of that charitable feeling of which we have been speaking, to say nothing of the contempt a vicious man brings upon himself. We should carefully avoid all austerity, in word and deed, to all with whom we stand related or connected, and study to make our actions a reflex of all that is ennobling in the human character. He whose heart is encircled with the frozen zone of selfishness, that the genial rays emanating from the bright sun of humanity never thawed into acts of kindness or of sympathy for his fellow-men, lives an isolated being, visited by the pity of the charitable man and the contempt of the less feeling and observant. His days and years are comparatively blanks, because he never moves out of the circle of his own selfishness, consequently knows not the blessings of performing great and generous actions;—he never heard the stifled sigh, nor saw the quivering lip that could not give vent to the emotions working within a grateful bosom, arising from some God-like action having been done. The just tribute of artless praise never caused his own bosom to heave, because his

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uncharitable spirit never led him to do a good action. Contrast such a one with him whose days are bright with doing good, whose heart swells over the ills that human flesh is heir to, and in whose eye the tear gathers for the miseries and wrongs of mankind, and which of us will not then endeavour to imitate the one, and shun the selfishness of the other; for, as the poet has beautifully expressed it,—

> "No radiant pearl that crested fortune wears,
> No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;
> Nor the bright stars that night's blue arch adorn,
> Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
> Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
> For other's woes, down virtue's manly cheeks."

Whilst moving through the world, and in your various intercourses with mankind, let candour exist between you and them. Candour to tell them of their failings, with mildness; and to acknowledge our own, so that we may pursue a better path. Take not up your opinions hastily, but when once formed by mature deliberation, be firm, but not arrogant, in the enunciation thereof, as modesty, both in word and deed, is a wreath that should encircle the brows of all ages and conditions of mankind, because it adorns and dignifies the possessor. Should you be fortunate enough to be placed in power over your fellow-men, in any of the various stations of life, exercise that power with justice tempered with mercy and charity; and when disputes unfortunately arise amongst mankind, "keep your judgment undecided till you have heard both sides of the question; and, during the period of suspense, lean to the most charitable view" of which you are capable. If you are compelled to decide against another, do so with regret, and hope better things for the time to come; and let no malignity lurk in your bosom towards any man, because any thing of bad feeling nurtured in our bosoms, is at variance with the great principle of charity.

Let temperance attend you in all the walks of life; as the intemperate man can never be respected, and his evil habits are not only a serious evil to himself, but a scourge to society, and painful to a benevolent mind. The money squandered in riotous intemperance destroys his health, defaces beauty, empties his purse, desecrates the man, makes him a burthen to himself, and a plague spot in the social circle, besides preventing him from performing those acts of goodness which is the object of this essay to nurture and bring forth. "Charity consists not in speculative ideas of general benevolence, floating in the head and leaving the heart, as speculations too often do, untouched and cold. Neither is it confined to that indolent good nature which makes us rest satified with being free from inveterate malice or ill-will towards our fellow-creatures, without prompting us to be of service to any. True charity is an active principle: it is not properly a single virtue, but a disposition residing in the heart, as a fountain whence all the virtues of benignity, candour forbearance, generosity, compassion and liberality flow as so many native streams.

From general good will to all it extends its influence, particularly to those with whom we stand in nearest connexion, and who are directly within the sphere of our good offices. It reserves our esteem for good men, and our complacency for our friends. Towards our enemies it inspires forgiveness, humanity, and a solicitude for their welfare. It breathes universal candour and liberality of sentiment. It forms gentleness of temper, and dictates affability of manners. It teaches us to slight and despise no man.

Charity is the comforter of the afflicted, the protector of the oppressed, the reconciler of differences, and the intercessor for offenders! It is faithfulness in the friend, public spirit in the magistrate, equity and patience in the judge, and moderation and justice in all our wants and wishes." A man of this description, be he prince or peasant, is at all times treated with that becoming respect which the virtuous always ensure from the wise and good; his counsels are listened to with reverence; he is to the social circle what the sun is to the material world—a source of goodness, from whom irradiates that warmth of generous sentiment and of action which gives peace and happiness to all that come within the sphere of its genial influence, and he is loved accordingly. You should endeavour to reconcile the minds of mankind towards each other, as a desire to allay the tempests in the human mind bespeaks the working of a gentle soul within; and the soft, but persuasive and soothing voice of reason, brings the tempest-driven mind back amidst the calm sunshine of thought, and the violence of human passion is assuaged by so heavenly a disposition.

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If principles of this description were acted upon generally by mankind, the discordant note of animosity would have no resting-place; the strifes and contention that now distract society would be known no more, and the earth we live on would be converted into a Paradise, blooming with all the sweets of human virtue. When we see the houseless wanderer of the street shivering from the passing breeze and descending sleet and snow,—when those "whose eyes never gazed on the splendour of light," and are doomed to stumble amidst woe, want, and darkness, meet you on the way, or bend all suppliant at your door,—let the hand of charity be stretched to assist them, so shall blessings multiply around you and follow you to the tomb.

Thus, then, we can be charitable, not only by giving to the needy, but also in our opinions of others, and our words to them and of them, cultivating that anti-selfish principle so beautifully and philanthropically described by the editor of this Magazine—

"Let self from the altars of mammon be hurled,
And the spirit of charity govern the world!"

THE LASH.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS, ESQ.

Stripe him, score him, whip him soundly,
Sicken not at scar or spot,
Teach him how to bear oppression—
How to bear and murmur not.
Lacerate his naked shoulders,
Cut to pieces flesh and bone;
He is but a private soldier,
And as hard as any stone.

Heed not, though his cries of suffering,—
Cries for mercy—rend the air;
Lay it on the faster—harder—
Why should you, stern farrier, care?
In your breast no pity dwelleth,
No respect or love for him;
Like a soldier, do your duty,
Cut to pieces back and limb.

Hark! the cheerful drum is rolling,
Harbinger of glorious fame:
Let it nerve your arm, uplifted
To descend on manly shame.
Courage, courage, flagging farrier,
Scarcely yet the blood doth flow,
What are thirteen dozen lashes?
He deserves them all, you know.

Take no anxious thought for kindred,
Relatives or friendship's dear;
He can have no fond relations,
None to shed a single tear.—
All have turned their backs upon him,
He is in the world alone;—
Sink it in his flesh the deeper,
Till he answers groan with groan.

See, your officers and comrades,
Gay spectators, stand around;
Only some half-score have fainted—
There they lie upon the ground.

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Harder—slower—noble farrier,
Now the blood begins to start;
Cut the throbbing veins asunder—
Fetch it from his very heart.

England's glory rests upon you—
England's valour now maintain;
Every knot that cuts its victim
Wipes away another stain.
Would you see the British army
Laurel bays of honour claim,
Now then it may be accomplished
If you well direct your aim.

If you'll only whip him soundly,
Brand him to the very core,
So that he can henceforth never
Be a man or Christian more—
Rob him of his better nature,
Pluck God's image from his breast,
He will then become a demon,—
Hardy farrier do your best.

Heed not what our fawning statesmen,
Or the wily priest, may say,
Sacrifice another victim,
Do it nobly, now you may—
Once again, across the shoulders
Deeper, heavier than before,—
Stop, and get a cat that's sharper,
This is soaked too much with gore.

By your love for Queen and country—
By the soldier's just reward—
By the colour of your jacket,
Let the culprit's back be scored.
Harder—slower—veteran farrier,
Yet another give the slave,—
GOD! OH GOD! AND SHALL THY CREATURES
THUS BE BUTCHERED FOR THE GRAVE?

BOTANICAL GLEANINGS. No. 6.

BY W. B.

ON THE FLOWERS OF PLANTS.

"Beautiful children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—
Or where by hoary rocks ye make your beilds,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—
I love ye all!"—NICOLL.

THE beautiful forms of flowers, the richness of their colours, and their delightful fragrance, render them, to the generality of mankind, objects of greater interest than any other part of the vegetable. Added to these, they have other charms for the botanist, who finds in the investigation of

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their wonderful structure, and the important functions they perform in the vegetable economy, a never failing source of rational enjoyment. If we may judge from observation, we should say, that the love of flowers is a feeling implanted in human nature: children are never so happy as when suffered to run in the fields gathering the primrose, the daisy, and the butter-cup, wreathing them into garlands, or, in all the warmth of childhood's affection, carrying them home as love-offerings to their mothers. In the rural districts of our country, groups of young happy beings, with sunburnt faces, may often be met with thus engaged. Nor does this love of flowers exhibit itself only in childhood, for their cultivation is a favourite occupation with all classes of the community. The agricultural labourer is often found to possess his little garden containing choice tulips, pinks, pansies, auriculas, ranunculuses, &c., besides a window adorned with the geranium, calceolaria, verbena, or other exotics, which he cultivates with such success as persons of greater means may well envy. The same may be said respecting the manufacturing artizan, who often devotes his spare hours to the same purpose. The manufacturing district of Lancashire is famous for its florists, and for the improvements many of them have made in this branch of horticulture. In the middle ranks of society, the love of flowers displays itself very conspicuously in the sums they expend in adorning their gardens and houses with these beauties of the vegetable world; whilst the most wealthy and aristocratic portions of our countrymen enrich their conservatories of flowers and rare plants at an expense of time and money, which is almost incredible. To meet this demand for flowers and flowering plants, numerous establishments for the sale of them exist about London and other places; at some of these establishments the stock is valued at many thousands of pounds. In China, Japan, and Persia, flowers are almost considered a necessary of life, and vast numbers of persons are employed in their cultivation, yet owing to their ignorance of some of the first principles of the art, they are far behind the perfection which has been attained in England, and some parts of the continent of Europe. The love of flowers exhibits itself in many of the customs of this and other countries. In the south of Europe, it is customary at marriages, to crown the bride with a chaplet of the beautiful blossoms of the orange, and flowers of various kinds are scattered in her path to and from the place where the ceremony is performed. In some parts of England, as well as other countries, flowers are used to decorate the dead, and the relatives and friends often drop them, as a mark of affection, in the grave. Shakespear alludes to this practice, where, in *Hamlet*, he makes the queen of Denmark scatter flowers in the grave of the unfortunate *Ophelia*.

> **"Sweets to the sweet, farewell!**
> **I hoped thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;**
> **I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,**
> **And not have strew'd thy grave."**

It is also now becoming customary, (and it is a custom which should be encouraged) to plant flowers on the graves in our public cemeteries; a practice which tends to keep alive the affection of the survivors, and adds greatly to the beauty of these places.

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As articles of female adornment, flowers are used in every country, both savage and civilized. The black and swarthy negress of Africa, the Indian squaw, the fair Circassan beauty, the yellow-skinned, but symmetrical-shaped woman of the Polynesian islands, the damsels of Persia, Greece, and China, as well as the bright beauties of Europe, strive to add to their charms by calling in their aid. The rustic maiden receives a moss-rose or a wall-flower as an acceptable present from her lover, who feels himself thrice blessed if his own hands are permitted to place it in her bosom; and, with equal pleasure, the proudest and highest born daughter of England's aristocracy receives, from the hand of her betrothed, the rich and splendid blossoms of the *Camelia Japonica*, which she accounts worthy of being placed amongst the diamonds which glitter in her hair. And, as flowers are generally of a perishable nature, art has contrived to make imitations of them, which are much worn, but which often exhibit such ridiculous anomalies that all the skill of a Linnæus, or Jussieu, would be insufficient to determine to what class or family of the vegetable kingdom they ought to belong.

Many persons seem to consider that the flowers of plants are given to them simply for the purpose of adornment, and that nature in producing them has had no other end in view than to make them appear beautiful to the eye; but this is a great mistake, they answer a most important purpose in the vegetable economy; they are, in fact, the means of the production of the seed —the organs whereby the plant re-produces its species. And every part of the flower seems admirably fitted for the part it has to perform in the consummation of this important object. Let any person take in his hand a flower (the common wild rose, for instance), and he will readily perceive the different parts necessary to be noticed. First, there is the calyx or flower-cup, which is that green part that envelopes the flower before it is fully opened, and which, after that takes place, is thrown back in the form of five thick, but small green leaves. The office of the calyx seems to be to protect the other parts from injury until fully matured and ready for expansion. Sometimes, as in some species of ranunculus, it falls off very soon after the flower opens, and is then said to be deciduous; at other times it endures even longer than the rest of the flower, and, enlarging along with the fruit or seed vessel, serves the purpose of a protector to it. This is the case in the hazle, where the enlarged calyx very conspicuously envelopes the nut, and the cup of the acorn is also considered by many as nothing more than the enlarged calyx. The well known spice—mace, is the enlarged calyx which envelopes the nutmeg. A calyx which thus lasts for a long time, it said to be persistent; such is that of the apple, which may be seen adhering to the top of the fruit. The calyx is generally green; but sometimes it is beautifully coloured, as in the *Fuschia*.

The next part to be noticed is the corolla, or coloured part of the flower, that which constitutes its chief attraction, and which, in the flower in question, consists of five rose-coloured leaves: its office seems to be to form a sort of curtain to protect the stamins and pistils from injury. It is, in many cases, very sensible to the influence of light and moisture, closing on the

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approach of night and rainy weather, and opening its silken folds freely under the warmth of the solar beams. Sometimes the corolla is composed of one piece, as in the primrose and the convolvolus; but more frequently it consists of separate pieces, which are called petals.

Next are the pistils, which, in the wild rose, appear like little green threads in the centre of the flower; they are considered as the female, or gans, of re-production in the plant, and are composed of three parts—the germen, or base, which is the incipient seed-vessel; the stigma, which is the top of the pistil; and the stile, which is the space between the stigma and the germen. The stigma is generally covered with a viscid kind of matter, which answers a purpose shortly to be mentioned.

Then there are the stamens, which in the wild rose are very numerous, and appear like fine threads, each surmounted by a little yellow knob, surrounding the pistils. This little knob is called the anther, and is, in fact, a little bag or vessel filled with a yellow dust, called pollen; when this pollen is properly matured, the anther burts and scatters it on every side, and some of it necessarily falls on the stigma or top of the pistil, to which it adheres in consequence of the humidity of that organ. What is very wonderful, these little grains of pollen, or dust, as they appear, are themselves regularly organized bodies, and, if observed with a good microscope, they will be seen to burst soon after they come in contact with the moisture on the stigma, and to send forth numerous granules, which move about with astonishing celerity, and appear to possess all the activity of living animals. In this state they may be seen making their way by the pollen-tubes down the stile and into the germen, where their influence causes the production of the seed. The lively motions of the granules may be best observed when they are placed in pure water, and are so striking, that many authors have expressed the opinion that they are real animalcula. But Dr. Brown found, in his experiments on this subject, that the scrapings of rocks, stones, pounded glass, soot, and other things, exhibited these wonderful movements when suspended in pure water; the subject, therefore, still remains a mystery. In the tulip, the stamens and pistil are very large, and the different parts of which they are composed may be easily seen. Another part of the flower is the nectary, or that part which secretes the honey; this, in the rose, consists of a number of small glands at the base of the stamens; in the butter-cup, it is a small scale at the bottom of the inside of each petal; in the nasturtium *(Tropiolium)* and the orchis, it is a spur; in the sun-flower, it is the tube of the floret, &c. The honey of flowers, by attracting bees and other insects, often effects an important purpose in the fructification of plants, which will be afterwards noticed.

Of these different parts of the flower, the only ones which are really essential to the production of seed—and which, therefore, constitute the botanical idea of a flower—are the stamens and pistils; and, indeed, there are some flowers, such as those of the ash, which have no other parts; and observation and experiment have clearly shown that no perfect seed can be produced without the agency of both these organs. If the stamens of any flower are cut out before the bursting of the anthers, and the pistil be prevented from receiving pollen from any other source, no seed will be

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produced; whilst if after the anthers are taken away, pollen from another flower of the same kind be placed on the pistil, the result will be the same as though its own anthers had been suffered to remain. The knowledge of this fact has led to the practice of hybridization, or the production of new varieties of flowers and fruit, by dusting the pistils of one plant with the pollen taken from the stamens of another, when the result is—the production of seed from which plants may be raised having properties intermediate between both the parents. Thus if the florist possesses two pansies, one of which has good colours, but is deficient in form and size, while the other has good form and size, but is badly coloured, he may, by this method, probably get seed which will produce plants possessing all these good properties. It is by this art that Mr. Knight has produced his famous varieties of peas, which are remarkable for their prolific qualities, and for coming early into season. But this plan can only be made to succeed when the experiment is performed on plants nearly allied to each other. Thus, it will succeed between the different varieties of the apple; but not between the apple and cherry: between varieties of the dahlia; but not between that flower and the pink.

Sometimes the stamens and pistils are not found in the same flower, but growing in separate flowers on the same plant; this is the case with the cucumber and the gourd, and in order to ensure the propuction of fruit, gardeners are careful to place the flowers bearing stamens in contact with those bearing pistils, in order that the pollen may be certain of reaching its destination. Bees and insects also, whilst rummaging flowers for their honey, often get covered with pollen, which they unwittingly bear to the pistils of other flowers, and thus cause their fertilization. Sometimes the stamens and pistils grow upon separate plants, as in the different kinds of willow, the yew, the date palm (*Phœnix dactylifera*), and many others. In this case, as in the other, the pollen is often carried from the barren to the fertile flowers, by insects; it has often, also, been known to have been wafted by the winds for miles, from the stamens of one plant to the pistils of another; and this is hardly wonderful when we consider the immense quantity of pollen some trees produce. If the male blossoms of the willow or alder be shaken, a little cloud of pollen will be seen to arise from them, and occasionally the yew and the cypress will emit such quantities, that it appears like a dense smoke arising from the tree, which has often made the spectators imagine the tree was on fire. In Egypt, from time immemorial, a feast, called the marriages of the palm, has been kept up; at this feast, the people who possess palm trees go to the wilds and gather the male blossoms from the trees, which they hang up near their own fertile trees, in order that the pollen may have a better chance of reaching them; experience having shown them that when this is neglected, the production of fruit is very uncertain. Flowers which hang with the mouth downwards, like the blue-bell (*Campanula rotundifolia*), have the stamens generally shorter than the pistils, while in those which are erect, the stamens are often found the longest, in either case, the pollen, when liberated from the anther, naturally falls on the stigma. In the various kinds of saxifrage, the anthers do not all shed their pollen at the same time, and it

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is curious to watch the stamens rise one after another till they get just over the pistils, where they shed their pollen, and then retire back to their places and make room for others. If the stamens of the barberry be touched with a pin, they spring up with a jerk and strike against the pistil, scattering their pollen upon it.

Some curious particulars respecting the form, colours, and size of flowers, must form the subject of another paper.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE LOYAL ORDER OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 207.]

In pursuing our labours, it may not be uninteresting to our numerous readers to give a brief description of the various localities into which our institution has found its way; in doing which, we have a two-fold object in view. First—to instruct and amuse; secondly—to show to those of our brethren who are desirous of changing their places of abode, or the nature of their employment, whether such and such places are suitable, as regards trade and manufactories, so that they may not wander out of their way unnecessarily, where there is no probability of meeting with situations suitable to their various capacities, or that the funds of the relieving officers may not be frittered away to no purpose.

Oldham, which forms one of the districts of our Order, is one of those places which has grown into importance with the circumstances of the times. This, together with the enterprising spirit of its inhabitants, has wrought a wonderful change in the features of this ancient town, within the short period of our own time. Though no antiquarian hand can trace the date of its birth, we know that the steam engine is the parent by whose fostering care it has been brought to a healthy maturity.

There is, we understand, within the limits of the borough, 140, whose united power is upwards of 7,000 horse, all employed in raising coal, spinning, and manufacturing velveteens, calicoes, hats, iron-moulding, and machine-making, which is carried on in great perfection by the respective parties.

The manufacture of hats commenced here as early as the middle of the fifteenth century, which was the staple trade of the town until the beginning of the nineteenth, at which time it may be said to have been superseded by the introduction of the cotton trade, which brought in its train the buzz of the spindle, the blaze of the furnace, the sound of the anvil, and various other branches of trade, which make up the sum total of this busy hive of industry. The spirit of political independence prevails nowhere to such an extent as in this place; and it would be impossible for any gentleman to become their representative in Parliament upon any other than the broad principles of pure radicalism. This may be attributed to the great influence of the early reformers, who were men of great intellectual acquirements, and more than ordinarily eloquent, whose arguments in favour of political freedom were powerfully impressed upon the minds of those, who are now the electors of the borough, or, at least, a great portion of them. At the commencement of the present century, Oldham was nothing more than a straggling village, with a thin population the most rude and uncultivated; but since the introduction of the cotton trade, which has caused a great influx of people from various parts of the country, the population has increased to the amount of 167,573, according to the census of 1841, with wealth and influence little inferior to any second rate town in the kingdom.

The town is situated upon rising ground, which renders it remarkably healthy. From the most elevated portion, the eye is carried over a vast extent of country, comprising, in its panoramic view, the town of Manchester, which is seven miles westward, and also that of Ashton-under-Lyne, which is four miles to the south,

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It is said, by travellers, that the inhabitants are the most unpolished. Admitting this to be the case, there is one redeeming feature in their character which outweighs every objection that can be urged by the most fastidious admirer of "Chesterfield," and which argues strongly in favour of the moral principle of the inhabitants, and we venture to put upon record that which we believe to be a fact; and, in doing which, we are not afraid of being contradicted by those who profess to be better acquainted with the statistics of crime—that there are fewer acts of felony and misdemeanour committed in this town than in any other town in Great Britain, with the same amount of population, or even in the same ratio. We do not attribute this to a more than ordinary efficient police, but to a proper notion of the right of private property.

Oldham cannot boast of having given birth to many literary characters, yet it has not been entirely destitute of such ornaments, for, its local historians and poets have flourished in their day, and have left much valuable information upon record. Hugh Oldham, bishop of Exeter, who lived in the sixteenth century, was a native of this place, as, also, was Dr. Ralph Cudworth, the father of the learned author of the "Intellectual System of the Universe." Such is the place into which our Order found its way in the year 1828; and were we to conceal from our brethren the name of the person who first introduced it, we should be guilty of great injustice towards the man who did all in his power to give weight and influence to the energetic movement of our young society, which was looked upon by those orders which had been previously established, as a powerful rival; but Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, the first Shepherd of this district, was entirely destitute of that feeling, nor did he envy the success of others. It was a matter of indifference to him as to which of the orders a man attached himself, if his real intention was to make a provision for sickness and death; but he looked upon these societies as too expensive to maintain, for any length of time, their standing in the scale of self-supporting institutions, without a material reformation in their expenditure. Others of the same benevolent disposition were not wanting in their co-operation to forward the good work which had so nobly been set on foot by Mr. Taylor, and in four days after the opening of the "Loyal Solomon," at Greenacres Moor, the "Jacob Lodge" was opened at the house of Mr. John Bardsley, Commercial Inn, Oldham, on the third of September, 1828, where a number of fine young men of the true Lancashire caste, became members. Such was the feeling in favour of Shepherdry, that in one month from the opening of the above lodge, another, whose title is a proof of the sincerity and enthusiastic ardour of those who had enlisted themselves in the ranks of our Order. The patronage with which it was honoured, far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its best supporters and friends, for on the 5th of October, another was opened at the house of Mr. James Taylor, Lamb Inn, called the "Sincerity Lodge," and in January, 1829, they succeeded in opening two others. The first of which was the "Harmonia," a name which conveys to our mind something of a social disposition in the characters of the men who first established it. Sociality is not the only feature which is prominent in our society. The mode of action in every onward movement in our associated members, is manifest wherever we have established ourselves. We have been taugh by the founders that wonders can be accomplished by union, and by experience we hav learned that union is a mighty engine capable of overturning old institutions which stil hang like a vast incubus upon the shoulders of modern society. Our every-day observation bear witness of the truth of this, for Shepherdry is an instrument by which the unstable sick and burial sick societies have been shaken from the frail tenure by which they hav been held, and, by a remodelling of their laws, will be a lasting monument of the wisdon of the present generation. The next lodge which was opened in the Oldham district, wa the "Adam" which took place on the 18th of January, 1829, at the house of Mr. Willian Bates, the Mare and Foal Inn, Primrose-bank. This circumstance is still remembere with pleasure by the oldest members of our society. It is the place where the order wa divided into districts. The next, in succession, was the "Blue Coat Lodge," which wa opened at the house of Mr. George Steeples, Butchers' Arms, on the 31st day of May, i the same year. Its name is derived from one of those institutions which is an honour an ornament to the British nation, and which stand out in bold relieve, against the attacks o those who take a pride in attempting to debase our national character.

The Oldham Blue Coat School was founded some years ago, by the late Mr. Earnshaw It is situated upon a rising ground which overlooks the whole of the town and neighbour hood, and is a noble gothic building which maintains, clothes, and educates a considerabl

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number of poor boys, until they are of sufficient age to be bound apprentice to some useful trade, which is done at the expense of the institution.

We are sorry to say that we are not in possession of the names of the first officers of the district. One of those few which are to be found in almost every locality where our Order has vegetated and matured, is to be found in the person of Mr. George Taylor, the present secretary of the district, who has held that trust-worthy situation for a cosiderable number of years. His attention to the interests of his brethren has been unremitting. Mr. Dodge, the bookseller, and Mr. Frederick Taylor, we believe, were amongst the first who exerted themselves for the benefit of our useful institution; but we are inclined to think the latter has withdrawn himself; if so, we are fully aware of the great loss our Order has sustained in his departure from us. It appears as if a spirit of apathy had for some time existed among our brethren here, for when we compare its progress with other parts of the country, we find that it is not in the same ratio. We might give the particulars of a very expensive litigation, which ended favourably for us, in the court of Queen's Bench; but, unlike some of our brethren, we are far from believing that such reports are calculated to benefit our Order.

We shall now present our readers with a brief account of our progress in the town of Rochdale, where we have many substantial friends and supporters. On one of the coldest mornings in the month of January, we left the Ashton station of the Manchester and Leeds Railway, in company with our two most indefatigable friends, Mr. John Williamson, the publisher of our *Magazine*, and Mr. William Hall, the secretary of our Order, each having business of his own, and we on our literary catering excursion, which is very often attended with much trouble and disappointment; but not so on the present occasion, for our intelligent friend, Mr. James Smith, the relieving officer of the district, rendered our task comparatively easy by his readiness to furnish every information requisite for our purpose. A short time brought us to the Miles Platting Station, where an interval of half-an-hour elapsed before the arrival of the Yorkshire train, by which we were to be conveyed to our destination. The wind blew and the rain fell heavily upon the rails. Gentlemen in overcoats and comforters, and ladies in woollen shawls and victorines, betook themselves to the waiting-room, and we, among the rest, felt a strong desire to enjoy the warmth of the black diamond, previous to proceeding on our journey. What a motley group had assembled in the short space of two minutes. A sallow looking gentleman, a couple of inches taller than the rest of the company, placed his back towards the fire, and, with an air of self-importance, looked with a disdainful eye upon our motley gathering. His opera-glass, which was apparently mounted in silver, was occasionally lifted to his right eye, while in his left hand he swung a brown leather dressing case, like the pendulum of an old baronial kitchen clock. Near to him stood *another* gentleman, a little more dandified, inhaling the perfumes of a cigar, which he alternately inserted and withdrew from between his thick lips, taking especial care to display a brilliant gold ring, which graced one of his bony fingers, when our chubby secretary gave an occasional wink to our friend of the types and printing press. The squalling of a pretty baby seemed to disturb the tranquillity of the dandy, who drew up his shoulders and distorted his ugly face at every tone of the poor little innocent. "Curse the child"—said he, "how disagreeable." When I turned towards him, and said—"How I love to hear and gaze upon that dear little creature!" "And why?" replied he, with a sarcastic grin. "Because"—replied I, "it is fresh and uncontaminated from the hands of its Maker!" The poor mother raised her eyes with a smile of approval, and the fellow, whose neck was enveloped in a twenty-folded scarf, shrunk into one corner of the room, and dwindled down to his natural level of insignificance.

The ringing of the railway bell, and the shrill tones of the steam whistle, summoned us to the train, and before we had time to seat ourselves, and adjust the skirts of our coats, and place our elbows in a proper position, we found ourselves chained to a fearless monster, flying through the air with the swiftness of the wind. At the first movement, he snorted and groaned, and panted like a broken-winded coach horse, after a twelve miles stage, but not one of the numerous passengers awarded him the least sympathy, nor manifested any pity, but warmly congratulated each other on being secure from the raging elements. At every revolution of the wheels, he seemed to acquire additional strength and energy, and as we increased in speed, his snorting and groaning became less audible, until the rapidity of the train was almost imperceptible, from the ease of its motion.

On looking around, we found that the two gentlemen, the one whose neck was enveloped

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in the twenty-folded scarf, and the other with the opera glass and dressing case, had taken their seats in another carriage, but the poor woman with her little baby, still clung to that quarter where she had found a little sympathy. The rain which was driving against the windows of the carriage, prevented, in some measure, a momentary glance at the parish church of Middleton, whose grey and venerable tower we had been anticipating for the last few miles. At one moment we saw it peering its hoary head above the naked trees by which it is surrounded. At the next angle of the line, it disappeared like a fleeting vision, and we saw it no more; but the power of fond recollection, which binds us closely to those whose memories we dearly cherish, carried us irresistably back to the period when we received from within its sacred walls, the only treasure upon which we ever placed any real intrinsic value, save the offspring of that union. At that moment a tear of affection suffused our cheek, but we suppressed the pearl with that philosophy which best beseems the survivor.—

> "I lov'd her in her childish hours, and palmy days of spring,
> When all her buds of beauty burst, upon the gentle wing
> Of time, which wreath'd its flow'ry tints around her graceful brow,
> And stamp'd a placid hue of love, I cherish even now."

The deep reverie into which we had fallen, was now broken by our arrival at the Rochdale station, where we stepped into an omnibus, and in a few minutes, found ourselves snugly seated in the house of our hospitable friend, Mr. J. Smith, of Amen Corner, the relieving officer of the Rochdale District of Ancient Shepherds.

(To be continued.)

THE POET'S GRAVE.

FROM THE "ASHTONIAN."

Written on considering the disgracefully crowded state of our Churchyards and other Burial Grounds.

O! bury me not in a church-yard grave,
  But down in some woodland dell;
And over my head let the wild flowers wave,—
  The flowers I love so well.
Let the primrose pale, that scents the gale,
  And the daisy there be found;
Let the hare-bell blue, and the violet too,
  And the campion, blossom round.

O! bury me by some runlet's side,
  O'er which the woodbine throws
Its graceful arms to clasp its bride,—
  The bonny blushing rose.
Let my grave be made 'neath some oak tree's shade,
  Some tree both old and grey;
Whose stem is bound with ivy round,
  To cover its decay.

There lay me down at the close of day,
  When the flowers their petals fold;
And the setting sun's last glorious ray
  Doth bathe the earth in gold.
Shed not a tear upon my bier,—
  No rite perform for me:
Let the song of the thrush, in the hazle bush,
  My burial service be.

And O! let never a stone be placed
  To mark where I am laid;
But with nature's green let my bed be graced—
  In nature's garb array'd.
Then bury me not in the tainted spot,
  Where the dead lie heaped around;
But give me, I crave, a woodland grave,
  Where sweet wild flowers abound.

Ashton-under-Lyne. W. B.

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THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER:

AN EPISODE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

BY JOHN EVANS.

PART I.

It was about eight o'clock one cold tempestuous night, towards the latter end of the year 1630, that a young female of some two and twenty years of age might have been discovered in a large apartment in one of those antique mansions that adorned the rural parts of Bohemia. She was alone, and apparently in deep thought; and her pensive position better enabled the spectator to observe the faultless symmetry of her form, and the various delicate expressions that beamed from her finely-moulded features. A nobly-shaped brow, slightly shaded here and there with long silken auburn tresses—eyes that you would have likened to eastern skies—lips that bore the expression of a heart pregnant with never-dying love—whereon the tints of the rose seemed to glow beneath an everlasting sunshine, and the whole model of the face such a perfection of grace and beauty, that not even the exquisite pencil of a Titian, or the lofty-tempered chisel of a Canova could have produced such a diversity, and yet such a harmony, of simple grace and loveliness. At intervals she cast her eye to the window of the apartment, and seemed to shudder at the bitterness of the storm that was raging without; for though she only heard the fearful warfare in which the elements were engaged, it was sufficient to arouse all her best sympathies for the houseless wanderers—the ragged and destitute creatures that the ravages of war had spread over her native soil. Anon she turned her attention to an old clock, that stood ticking behind the door. "He should be here now,"—mused the girl, "surely the storm will not prevent him. He promised faithfully for eight, and now it's a quarter-past. Ah me! what poor silly creatures we girls are for doating so much on those whose affections, after all, appear to be mere transitory shadows of a genuine heartfelt love! I am almost inclined to renounce any further communication with —— But hark!" Just at this moment, a low tap at the window somewhat startled the fair girl—immediately she was at the door—and in another second locked in the embraces of a tall individual, enveloped in a large military cloak. Blushing with joy at the appearance of the stranger, she helped him to throw off his cumbrous cloak, allowing the spectator a better opportunity of regarding his face and form.

The new comer, by his attire, was evidently a soldier, and the several decorations of office that here and there glittered on his dress, proclaimed him to be of no ordinary rank. A tall, commanding form, with rather a stiff, haughty erection of the head; a rather strongly limned cast of features that were illuminated by a pair of quick-twinkling grey eyes, with an air of strong determination hanging about his lips, served a little to announce that the being who stood before you, held some share of power in the superintendence of human affairs. By his looks, we should say he had seen the sun and snow of some five and thirty years, and taken altogether, he would be called, (as every other soldier is called, especially by the fair sex), "a handsome man." Placing his cap and cloak aside he said:—

"Clara, I have come to-night at thy particular request:—and now, my pretty enchantress, I pray thee tell me why thou bade me be so precise in my attendance? Has anything alarmed thee? or has some busy prying meddler become acquainted with our secret? I fear, Clara, something thou wilt not tell, hangs heavily at thy heart, thou art not as thou used to be—pensive, dull, and sad. Thou seemest to have lost all thy former vivacity, and on a fair road to become a candidate for a veil. I bid thee unfold all, for thou knowest thou hast a heart ready here, with soothing love, whatever be thy malady.

"Gilbert," replied the girl, "I urged thee to come to-night for two reasons. First, because of my father's attendance at church, and next, that I might intreat thee not to hide thy name and degree from her who stands before thee. She has pledged her poor maiden heart, her best, though lowly love to thee, and now would ask how thou canst withhold that whose concealment is the constant anxiety to her mind? Whatever thou art, Gilbert, whatever thy name or state in the world, my father can never object to a daughter's love for one whose noble nature was once so magnanimously exercised in rescuing her from the hands of death. Oh! Gilbert," Clara fervently exclaimed, "a lover's love is much,

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but a father's love far outweighs it. The love that long, long years have never altered, that weary days of sorrow and affliction have never sullied, the love that has always turned me when I strayed wrong—that has ever encouraged me when I went right, and shall I rob myself of that affection by carrying on a secret intimacy with one who my best protector knows not? I speak plain Gilbert, but think not the less of me for that. Thou hast asked me why I'm so sad and dull, and now I tell thee, I pray thee, to unfold thy name, at least, either to my father or myself. I charge thee, Gilbert, if thou lovest me to do it."

A dead pause ensued, that was only broken for some four or five minutes by the chirp of the crickets and the ticking of the clock. The stranger, while the fair girl spoke, seemed violently agitated, and an angry cloud passed two or three times over his features. By the time she had concluded, he was evidently embarrassed what to answer, or how to pacify her feelings, which had attained an air of warm determination. Allow us, during the pause that succeeded in the intercourse between the two characters introduced, briefly to recount the circumstances under which they had been brought together.

Clara was the daughter of a Protestant minister, Malsio by name, who had been the respected pastor of his church for some five-and-twenty years. Her mother had died while she was yet young, leaving her to the care of a father whose parental love knew no bounds. About two years previous to the period at which we have entered upon our story, the celebrated papist and protestant rupture, familiarly known as the "Thirty Years' War," raged with fearful violence in the interior of Bohemia. M. Malsio, and his daughter, had taken refuge from the rude discord, in a province less agitated than their own, till such times as they might return with safety. They had passed about three months in this abode, when one fine summer's evening, Clara took a book, and walked leisurely along the banks of a beautiful river in the neighbourhood. The charms of the resplendent scenery around her coupled with the fascinating nature of her book, tempted her to prolong her walk to more than ordinary length. The sun had set in his glorious career, and luna's pale beams began to spread themselves over the horizon, before Clara contemplated her return. Placing her book, however, in a small bag, and bringing her shawl closely round her neck and shoulders she commenced her return homewards, singing on her way, in a sweet voice, some melody of praise to him who crested the glories of which she so abundantly partook. She had nearly passed from the banks of the river, when a deep rut in the earth tripped her on one side, and in another moment she was precipitated into the water. A loud, painful shriek rung through the air, and at the same instant a quick clattering of horses' hoofs might be heard in an adjacent road. Another cry was heard from the stream, and, quicker than takes the writer to relate it, a tall man was seen hastily scrambling over the hedge, plunging into the river, and, with a strong arm and vigorous spirit, bearing out the inanimate form of Clara Malsio. With volatile speed the stranger flew to the horse he had left hard by, and placing the senseless girl in his arms, he mounted his steed, and gallopped at a furious pace, to the next village. Arrived at a small inn, he dismounted with his precious burden, where proper restoratives were immediately applied to Clara, who, in the course of half an hour, returned to her proper consciousness. She gazed wildly around at first, and then her eye encountered the anxious glances of the stranger. Gaining her self-possession she timidly, yet, in the simplest terms, expressed her humble gratitude for the noble manner in which he had rescued her life, and begged him to return with her to her home, that her father might have the happiness of seeing and thanking one whose heroism had been so generously exerted on his daughter's behalf. Quietly acknowledging Clara's thanks, he declined seeing her father, as circumstances required his presence that moment, at a considerable distance from the place on which he stood. "But, fair lady," continued the stranger, "we may meet again. There is an hour when even the hard heart of the soldier would seek some softening balm, and methinks such balm can never be better obtained than in the society of such gentle beings as her whom I have had the good fortune this night to rescue from a watery grave. Farewell, we shall meet again." The hasty gallop of a horse along the road, announced that the stranger had departed from a scene in which he had excited so much interest and curiosity. Clara lost no time in reaching her father's abode, and in recounting the perilous escape, and mysterious adventure. She raised many enquiries about the stranger, gave a graphic description of his person, dress and every particularity she noticed, but to no purpose. That night Clara's visions were many, but in each of them figured the great unknown. A spell was upon her. Night and day the image of her rescuer seemed more firmly engraved upon her heart.

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Without attempting to relate all the circumstances with which this adventure was attended, let us state that Clara and the stranger met in a short period afterwards—that ere Autumn had spread its golden store he had wooed and won our heroine's best affections. In all their intercourses, however, he had never revealed his name beyond that of Gilbert, nor stated his occupation, save that which his dress denoted that he was an officer in the Imperial forces. Frequently had Clara interrogated him on this subject, but as frequently, by some dexterous reply, he had managed to leave the question unanswered. What, likewise, attached more mystery to his character, in our heroine's eyes, was the strong objection, if not repugnance, he always manifested against her father becoming acquainted with their attachment, or even being introduced to him as the saver of his daughter's life. Things had gone on thus for two years, and Clara knew no more of her lover in one sense, than she did the first moment she met with him. Certainly his character was more widely developed to her admiring gaze, and as time sped onwards, her love warmed into a steady glow of devotion; yet withal there was something preyed upon her mind which often was the cause of bitter pangs, for she was deceiving a kind and gentle father, and perhaps pursuing a course that might eventually prove her ruin. M. Malsio, about this time, returned to his former abode in Bohemia; for the times, a little more tranquil, suffered him to minister to his little flock. His removal, however, did not seem to disturb Gilbert, for his visits to Clara were pursued uninterrupted till the time at which we have commenced our story. Having fairly put our readers into possession of the circumstances that preceded our beginning, let us now return to the scenes in which we left Clara and Gilbert engaged.

Gilbert paced up and down the room with a quick step and thoughtful brow, seemingly at a loss how to answer the fair girl's determined air and appeal. To night she was more pointed than ever before, and it was evident to his mind that no small feats of dexterity could diminish the steady anxiety she attached to his request. At length he approached her, and took her hand. "My dearest treasure on earth," he said, "thou knowest well that I would give thee no pain when I could possibly prevent it. Thou hast asked me to unfold a secret, which at this moment cannot—must not be revealed. Clara, thou art a Protestant, and now regard me as a Papist, for such I am, although I know that will not diminish my value in thy sight; and again, I am a little connected with the present religious broil, and if it were known that I wooed a Protestant's daughter, I should have to pay the penalty with my life. As to thy father, Clara, charitable as he is, I doubt much whether he would allow his daughter to become the bride of one whose faith has been upheld by arms that have shed, and perhaps unjustly, the blood of those to whom I know his heart is so closely allied. But I waste time and words," Gilbert added, quickly, "I would ease thee, but how can I do it? Clara, wilt thou fly with me, and two hours hence thou shalt know all? This is the only way in which at the present moment I can pretend to render thee happy. Doubt not my honour, I have wooed thee, and by the holy mother I'll wed thee, if thou'lt agree to fly." "Never," immediately replied the girl, "never, never. What! leave a poor old father to go down into his grave with sorrow and tears, and those engendered by an undutiful daughter? What! desert a good kind parent in these perilous times, surrounded with mad bigots, murderous soldiers, and persecuting fanatics, with no hands to comfort him—no voice to cheer him—no heart to feel for him? Nay, Gilbert, never shall so vile an act be perpetrated by Clara Malsio. If thou art determined to hold thy secret, then I pray thee let us sever the tie which is between us. I love thee much, and fear I never shall repay thee; but I've tried to do so. I've given thee my best love—offered for thee my best prayers—and vow never to efface from my remembrance thy image never to forget thy noble rescue of my life. But yet, Gilbert, remember withal, that a consecrated love for my father prompts me to this action. Farewell, and God send thee prosperity. List! I hear my father's footsteps down the lane. This way, Gilbert, stand not there." Clara led him out of the room in an opposite direction to that at which he had entered, and pointing to a gate, bade him depart that way, ere her father should miss her presence. Gilbert cast a glance at her, and pressing her soft hands to his lips, without a word disappeared in the darkness of the night.

PART II.

It was in April, in 1632, Germany presented an awful scene of bloodshed, persecution, and fanaticism. Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, had come to the rescue of Protestantism

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and the Emperor, Ferdinand, soon found himself deprived of his best generals, (Tilly amongst the number) and nearly all the flower of his troops, as the Swedish monarch pressed onward through Germany, with his devoted heroism encouraging troops of undaunted courage and almost invincible prowess. Ferdinand, maddened to desperation, cowardly turned his spleen upon his poor Protestant subjects, and the hand of oppression was turned with tenfold vigour upon all who held this faith in his dominions, from the highest down to the lowest. Although this flagrant conduct served for awhile to quench his burning rage, yet in the end it militated against him with considerable force, for it stimulated the fervency of Gustavus, and mainly accelerated the consummation of his victorious career. About this period our story again reverts to the home of M. Malsio.

It was on a Sabbath evening, and in the same room to which we have drawn the reader's attention to before, sat the parson and his daughter. The former wore a venerable appearance, and the whole character of his person forcibly bespoke the nature of the order to which he was attached. Seated before a huge Bible, he was apparently studying some portion of the holy word to administer to a part of his flock who were about to assemble at his house that night. The slightest noise however interrupted him, for the holy book before him was the bone of contention over which the intemperate sectarians of his day were slaughtering each other with unrestrained cruelty; and to be detected with a Protestant Bible by the adverse party in his possession, would have been certain death or imprisonment. The time stole on, and still the old man pored over the ancient record. Clara sat pensive by his side; but, alas! not the same fascinating creature—not the bright rosy-faced aerial that beamed forth her loveliness at the outset of our story. A deathlike hue was spread over her features, her eye had lost all its wonted lustre, and the hand of care had furrowed the once smooth marble brow. Oh! it is hard after all to lose the presence of those to whom our hearts are so warmly attached. 'Tis hard to nourish a plant whose daily growth we have so fondly cherished—whose opening beauties we have watched with such joyous affection and then to have it blighted—destroyed, 'tis hard—hard indeed. Although Clara had nobly rejected Gilbert's proposal, although she had justly preferred her father's affections and fireside at the expense of losing a lover, yet her heart from its inmost recesses pined after the latter. From the time she had declined his offer she had neither seen or heard of him, and never had disclosed to her father the secret of her love. Things weighed heavily on her heart, she pined and pined till reduced in mind and body she presented nothing but a shadow of her former self.

It was getting on towards midnight, when steps might be heard near the entrance of the pastor's abode. It was some portion of his flock who had chosen this secret hour to gather in his house to hear his words and pray in holy communion. One by one they entered the door, till they numbered between thirty and forty. When all were gathered, Malsio, in a solemn and impressive manner, addressed the Almighty on their behalf, beseeching for their deliverance from the yoke in which they were held by men calling themselves "Christians." Finishing his prayer, the good man commenced his discourse. With a quiet yet forcible expression, he commented upon the passing events of the day. "Brethren," he exclaimed, warming as he proceeded, "we are reviled, persecuted, and traduced—our homes are ravaged—our ranks are scattered and thinned—we are imprisoned and tortured at the rack, yet if God be for us, who shall be against us—if the strong arm of heaven wield its omnipotence for us, who shall dare stand forth as our foe?" He paused—dead silence pervaded his little band. "Hist!" cried Clara, starting from her seat by the fire. "Hist!" A clattering of horses might distinctly be heard. "Run for your lives," frantically cried the girl, "the enemy is about our camp, run—run." "Never," exclaimed one, "we'll die for our faith, to arms, brethren." Immediately the congregation stood with some weapon of defence in their hands, and at the same instant some twenty or thirty of the Imperial Guards forced their entrance into the room. "What is your business here?" demanded Malsio. "Your arrest," replied one of the guards. "Arrest Malsio any of us here at your peril," shouted a young man who started forth with a long pike in his hand. In another second the guards presented their pieces, and at the same moment Malsio's friends commenced their attack. A scene of deadly warfare ensued. The scene between the two parties was short, and ere a few seconds had passed a ghastly scene presented itself. The superior experience of the guards had totally mastered the ill-disciplined enthusiasm of their foes, and out of the latter not above five were left to be borne away in silent sorrow to captivity. Malsio, his daughter, and a young man, when the

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witnessed the destruction of their friends, thought it prudent to attempt their escape. Hastily passing through another door of the apartment, they gained the open air, but a guard watching their proceedings, quickly followed their steps, and without much altercation, Malsio and the young man were taken. Clara, however, managed to elude his vigilance, but who shall describe her heart-breaking sorrow upon beholding her poor old father borne away by ruthless hands to be cast into some miserable cold dungeon? Not daring to follow her father, she sought shelter in a neighbour's house. Here she told her pitiful tale. "Curses on Wallenstein for this," ejaculated the neighbour, "that rascal is never satisfied till he sees his murderous guards engaged in such bloody doings as these. Would to heaven some hand would terminate his existence, and then that Ferdinand would soon find his level in the dust, and may be we should once more regain our rightful footing in the land." There was one spirit in the room that fervently responded to this sentiment—one soul that seemed awakened suddenly to a deed of vengeance—one hand ready to deal the blow at Wallenstein. Shudder not when we tell thee that it was the spirit-soul and hand of Clara Malsio, that was thus prepared. Careless and indifferent to the world now that her father was lost to her presence, her mind appeared reckless to every danger that might present itself in so dangerous a design. The speaker had no sooner concluded the sentences to which his indignation gave birth, than a fearful deed was resolved in our heroine.

Scarcely was it day-break, on the following morning, when the form of Clara might have been seen wending its way from the house in which she had taken refuge the previous evening, closely enveloved in the folds of a cloak. With a determined sort of a step she struck into the main road, and began to walk at a rapid, yet steady, pace. That she had a special object in view, was obvious from the whole character of her demeanour.

She had passed over some four miles when the bright aspect of nature became suddenly changed, and every thing portended a heavy storm—still she went on. The rain at last came down in torrents—still her courage seemed unimpeded. The lightning flashed —the thunder rolled in deafening peals—still Clara, undaunted, pursued her onward course. Day passed quickly away—night came on apace—and yet the pilgrim might be seen traversing her solitary path. At length the towers of a splendid mansion broke upon her view, at which she somewhat relaxed her pace. Walking towards the gates of the mansion, she suddenly returned, and turning to a remote corner, drew from the folds of her cloak a double barreled pistol. After having minutely examined it, she returned it beneath the folds of her cloak, and once more approached the gate. Giving a loud ring, she summoned the domestic,—"I would see thy master," said Clara, upon the domestic enquiring her business. "Thy name must be borne to him first," was the rejoinder. Clara, giving an assumed name, was led into a spacious hall, while her conductor bore the message to his master.

In a splendid apartment in this palace, fitted up in the most gorgeous style that wealth could command, sat one of the greatest continental heroes of the fifteenth century—the bulwark of Ferdinand and the Romish Church—the "hero of a hundred fights"—Wallenstein—studiously inspecting a map that lay before him, (for he was preparing for the great combat that was shortly to take place between himself and Gustavus of Sweden), and noticed not the entrance of the domestic whom Clara had summoned. "A young girl from Bohemia, my lord duke, earnestly seeks an interview with you." "How now,—what disturbance is this? Some petition, I suppose—well, let her approach. If she's from Bohemia perhaps she can give me information—yes, let her approach.

In the mean time Clara was conducted to the apartment. Wallenstein had relapsed into his studies, and sat with his back to his visitor. The domestic leaving the room, Clara unnoticed clutched the pistol by her side, and quietly walked round so as to face him on whom she was about to deal her deadly vengeance. No sooner had she caught a glimpse of his face than a sickly paleness overspread her features—a loud shriek escaped her lips. "Oh, God!"—she cried, "it is Gilbert!" and falling to the floor, the report of a pistol followed. Wallenstein—or who is now better known as Gilbert—started up, and to his horror beheld the form of Clara Malsio bathed in her blood, at his feet. Lifting her up, he discovered that in her fall she had given herself a mortal wound with the pistol. The room was immediately filled with attendants, who, acting by Wallenstein's directions, conveyed her to a bed, where medical aid was summoned. She lay to all appearance dead, with Wallenstein sitting by her side, who, after dismissing all from the room, anxiously

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watched her features. A heavy moan announced that she was partially reviving, when Wallenstein embracing the opportunity, quietly enquired the purpose of her visiting him. As soon, however as she heard his voice, her senses again forsook her, and a dead stupor stole over her frame.

The morning came, yet Clara still lay in swoon. During the night Wallenstein had despatched a messenger to Malsio's abode, who upon his arrival there, became acquainted with the poor old parson's arrest. Proceeding to the prison, a sad tale awaited him. The old man, in company with some other fellow-prisoners, had essayed their escape; but being detected, were shot by the sentinels on duty, and but a few hours before had breathed his last, from the effects of a mortal wound. This sad tale was borne to Wallenstein, who still sat by the bed-side of the now fatherless Clara.

Time stole heavily on with the great hero, for he was anxious to know the circumstances that had led Clara to his presence. Agan she was aroused, and at length opened her eyes full upon him. "And art thou Wallenstein?"—she murmured. "Yea, Clara."—he replied; "and what, in the name of heaven, hath brought thee to this?" "Oh, Gilbert," she said, "for I must call thee so still, 'tis a harrowing tale for me to tell; but tell it I will." With a strong effort she raised herself up, and briefly recounted her father's arrest and the fearful scheme that was presented to her mind for the annihilation of him whom she was told was the persecuting foe of the Protestants. She then, with much anguish narrated her proposed mode of despatching the life of him whom she little expected to recognize as her former lover. As Clara told her story, Wallenstein marked her drooping strength and ere her last words—"Forgive me, Gilbert!" died upon his ears, a convulsive tremor seized her frame, and clasping her hands towards heaven, her spirit passed gently away from the scene of its mortal career.

In a small chapel where Malsio was wont to perform his sacred duties, is to be found a tablet, and an inscription, which the hand of Time has almost obliterated, can with some difficulty be deciphered thus—"In remembrance of Clara Malsio, whose noble heroism and domestic love and devotion commands from all who knew her the highest praise and warmest admiration." For many years after this was raised, a tall soldier might often be seen shedding a silent tear on the spot. Rumour whispers that this soldier was none other than Wallenstein.

ARISTIDES.

BY "THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER."

From the year 514 to 451, B.C., a period of 63 years, Athens could boast of great and noble men—men who have written their names indelibly on the page of history. There was Miltiades, the immortal conqueror of Darius, who invaded Greece at the head of 100,000 men, and met with a decisive overthrow on the plains of Marathon; the Athenians, on numbering 10,000. Themistocles, his contemporary, who, like our immortal Alfred, was the founder of his country's navy, the fortifier of his native city, and the conqueror of the invading Persian, at the naval engagement of Salamis:—

"A king sat on the rocky brow,
Which looks on sea-born Salamis,
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men *in* nations:—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set, *where were they?*"—Byron.

Leonidas, king of Sparta, the defender of the celebrated pass of Thermopylæ, where for three days he held the whole army of Xerxes in check, with only 300 men, the Persian army numbering, (with followers), above two millions and a half. The patriotic king, and his brave companions were slain in the pass. Pausanius, one of the generals, who defeated Meadonius, at Platea; and Cimon, the son of Miltiades, who defeated the Persians twice in one day, and that both on sea and land; he afterwards conquered the Persians and Cyprus and obtained for his countrymen the acknowledged empire of the sea.

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Great as they were—and who will question their greatness?—there was one who was known to all, whose name deserves handing down to remotest generations, as a model for patriots and statesmen, and that one is—ARISTIDES, surnamed the Just. The only one to whom the Athenians—ever jealous of their public men—accorded such a title.

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings!
Sceptre and crown must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade;
All heads must come to the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."—SHIRLEY.

Aristides was the son of Lysimachus, and the contemporary of the generals and statesmen already mentioned. He was about the same age of Themistocles, and was brought up with him in the same city. Miltiades was in the sear leaf when these two began life, and the rest were juniors, so that they were early rivals for public honours. Themistocles was a bold, unscrupulous man, and never very choice in his means of obtaining the ends he had in view, which, together with his great eloquence, made him more than a match for his more scrupulous rival, who gained for himself the support of the friends of order—making his appeals to their better feelings—appealing to their reason and not to their passions.

Such a contest in such times, could not be of long continuance. Themistocles making continual advances in the estimation of the lower orders; and Aristides holding his place firmly in the estimation of the wealth and intelligence of Athens.

The time arrived at length (485 B.C.), when the former found himself master, the prizes being his own; but the presence of his rival at Athens was a serious drawback, for his unimpeachable honesty and his eloquence, together with the support which he still received from the nobles, made him to be feared. Themistocles, therefore, felt that his removal was desirous, and he incited the citizens against him, until they voted his banishment from Athens for ten years.

The manner of voting for the banishment of a citizen, was to write the name of the person to be banished on a shell, and it is on record that Aristides, finding the oft repeated attempts to banish him were likely to be crowned with success, left the city before the decision, and that as he was leaving the place he observed a citizen writing that he should be banished. The patriot enquired of him what were his reasons for doing so, or what Aristides had done that he should be thought worthy of such punishment? The reply was, "I do not know Aristides, but it does not please me that he should labour so earnestly to be called just above all people." In the year 482, B. C., Xerxes, with a mighty army, invaded Greece. The attack was made by land with 700,000 foot, and 400,000 horse, and by sea with 2,200 ships of war, and 2,000 inferior vessels. Themistocles, by duplicity, drew the Persian navy into the straits of Salamis, where he obtained a complete victory over them, in the obtaining of which Aristides rendered good assistance, although an exile.

The Athenians, by a decree of the people, recalled the exile, in the year 482 B. C., and the fourth of his banishment, and placed him in command of the army that was sent to watch Mardonius, the son-in-law of Darius, who had been left by Xerxes, after his defeat at Salamis, to complete the conquest of Greece. He was, however, unable to perform anything. At length he was compelled to give battle to the Athenians, at Platea, where he was overthrown, after an obstinate battle. To Pausanias, however, who shared the command, belongs the chief praise.

As a warrior, Aristides does not shine; but his justice was such that boundless faith was placed in his word, both at home and abroad, insomuch so, that the chief command of the ocean was transferred from the Lacedemonians to the Athenians, by the justice of *the* Athenian, and the injustice of Pausanias; added to which the chief cities of Greece sought the alliance of Athens, against the Persians, should they renew the war. To the building of fleets, and the raising of armies each city was to contribute its share, and Aristides was appointed to collect it, and to fix the amount, which amounted in all to 460 talents a-year.

The patriot lived long to enjoy the respect and confidence of the Grecians, and died

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469 B.C. The best commentary on the life of the Athenian is the fact, that although he held the situation of treasurer, and was uncontrolled in the management of the money, he died so poor that he scarce left wherewith to bury himself, and the state had to take upon itself the management of his daughters, and to pay their marriage portions out of the public fund:—

> "But these are deeds which should not pass away,
> And names that must not wither, though the earth
> Forgets her empires with a just decay,
> The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth.
> The high, the mountain majesty of worth,
> Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
> And from its immortality look forth,
> In the sun's face, like purest alpine snow,
> Imperishably pure, beyond all things below."—CHILDE HAROLD, 3-67.

Shepherds' Home, Hull District.

COUNTRY CHURCHES AND CHURCHYARDS.—No. 3.

WEARIED of land, and anxious for a change of element, I took my seat one pleasant morning, in the autumn of 1843, on board the Old Quay Company's tiny steamer, *Jacksharp*, which plies daily between Manchester and Warrington. Luckily, our steersman was not one of the genuine bull-dog species that usually do the honours of river navigation, but partook more of the social qualities of 'Byron's boatman,' and entertained me as I stood by his side with various local traditions. One of these may please, from its wildness. "At Hale," he commenced ——. "Excuse the interruption, sir," said I, "but where is Hale situated?" "Hale," he continued, "is three or four miles from the snig-pie house, which stands exactly opposite the quay, at Runcorn. Well, there lived once, at this place, a poor, half-witted lad, who was jeered and tormented by the lads of the village, until his life became miserable. At length he shunned their company, and strolled forth every morning into the neighbouring wood—where nothing mocked his weakness—to gather filberts, or pluck wild flowers, or chase butterflies, until darkness forced him homeward. One day, exceeding his usual boundary, he came to the sands; here he knelt, and prayed to become a powerful giant, that he might have revenge on his heartless enemies. Taking up a shell, he drew the size he wished to be, deeply into the sand. Soon afterwards, a strange drowsiness coming over him, he lay within the marks, and fell asleep. When the sun went down, and its beams departed from his eyes, he awoke, and behold! his wish was gratified to the full. From that moment he went forth the redoubtable 'Child of Hale,' whose curious grave is still pointed out in the church-yard, and whose tremendous portrait, placed as an inn-sign, is well calculated to teach every urchin within the sphere of its influence a lesson worthy of remembering, namely, that 'a still tongue maketh a wise head.'" My informant forgot to tell me the exact date of the above-recorded miracle, and I, in my eagerness to listen, forgot to ask the question.

In a general way, the *Jacksharp* is, I believe, a sprightly little thing enough; but on the present occasion it reversed its ordinary evolutions, and become a provoking jackslow. When about half way on our trip, six or eight teeth broke from a cog-wheel, the steamer thus rendered useless, was yoked to a flat—the express drawn by a dray horse!—and we were towed into Warrington amid the laughter and gibes of everybody capable of appreciating a good practical joke.

I next proceeded, almost immediately, by the fly, or swift packet boat, to Runcorn, and perceive, on referring to my note book, that I was mightily pleased with the fly, and the country through which it passed. My perceptive faculties must have been wonderfully quick at that time, or they have sadly failed me now, for I repeated the sail a few weeks ago, under precisely similar circumstances, and such a dull, sleepy, monotonous affair I will never endure again, if I can avoid it.

Runcorn is a quiet little town, with an old-fashioned aspect, and, moreover, a very quaint church, that has braved the elements, like our national banner, near upon a thousand years. On my subsequent visit I found this interesting pile under condemnation; placards were posted, announcing the last sermon within its walls, and workmen were

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busily employed in removing the tablets and other memorials from the interior. Amongst the rest, I noticed a beautiful medallion portrait, supported by a recumbent female figure, of the late Sir Richard Brooke, of Norton Priory, in that locality, whose family vault has been situated here for generations past. As I paced the aisles, the rain came through the roof, and the whole fabric was evidently so dilapidated as to force one of two conclusions, viz.:—either to build a new structure on the site of the old one, or leave it to decay by piecemeal, and erect another elsewhere. After much difference of opinion, the former course was adopted, although an eccentric maiden lady offered £800 to induce them to spare its age and monuments. Runcorn church offers no attraction to the eye accustomed to dwell on monastic ruins; it is small and simple; yet, copied by moonlight, with its two skeleton yew trees, which appear to have stood coeval with itself—the trunk of one being scalloped out like a lidless coffin—with its multitude of tombs and headstones, sunken into every fantastic form, the whole overlooking its tide-fed river, would constitute a striking picture, and one that I should much like to possess.

The epitaphs in this church-yard are very numerous, and mostly remarkable—many for worth, some for worthlessness. It may be as well to state here, that every epitaph included in this series is given *verbatim*. In no instance shall the compiler be tempted to heighten the ridiculous, or make more impressive the sublime. Here is a rich specimen of ignorance perpetuated:—

"It pleased the Lord to cut the thread of life,
Of this a loving and a virtuous wife;
In bringing forth an offspring was the case;
And now both rests quite easy in this place.
In hopes hereafter to arise to bliss;
Where Christ the Lord and all his Angels, is."

Another precious jumble, though containing a fine sentence, if rightly punctuated:—

"Within this grave an infant near two years old,
Is laid in trust, *God takes his purest gold;*
First to himself, we are all but as flowers,
That springs, and grows, and fades in few hours."

Is not the annexed an instance of unmeaning self-praise?

"Now loving wife, since life is past.
Thy love to me so long did last;
But now no sorrow for me take,
But love my child all for my sake."

We all know the dead rarely compose their own epitaphs, consequently, the "loving wife" must be self-landed. This verse appears to be an especial favorite, for it is repeated on half a dozen stones, and on one or two is conveniently transposed, to include "loving husbands." A choice morsel of bombastic no-meaning is shadowed forth in the following:

"Sweet was our marriage union, calm the morn,
Much did it promise us when first it dawned;
Yet pregnant with the gale, brought forth ere noon,
Which bore my husband to the silent tomb."

Verily a public censor is as requisite for the burial-ground as for the theatre. The glance of a judicious eye would detect such unsightly errors, and prevent parties expending their money only to be ridiculed. Be sensible, or touching, or beautiful in your epitaphs—or, be nothing. Silence, surely, is a positive virtue, in comparison with the exposures enumerated above.

Sweet is the sunbeam after rain. How pleasant is the contrast formed by this exquisite tribute, paid to the memory of a young wife, aged 21 years:—

"Shall the form o'er which we weep,
Lie buried in eternal sleep?
Shall nought its faded sweet restore,—
Or have they droop'd to bloom no more?
O no! in more congenial lands,
Transplanted by a Father's hands,
The expanding bud, by heaven array'd,
Now blooms a flower no more to fade.

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Likewise, this truthful record of life's pilgrimage:—

"He hath trod his toilsome way,
And borne the burden of the day;
He gave his soul to God, and then,
Faded from the sight of men:
Now he rests his weary head--
'Blessed, blessed, are the dead.'"

Does not the epitaph of the late Vicar also deserve favourable mention?

"The villager with aching breast,
And sorrow in his tearful eye!
Exclaims 'The friend is here at rest,
Who taught me how to live and die:
His lessons to my sons I'll teach,
They to their sons the lesson give,
And my departed pastor preach,
To those who shall hereafter live.'"

(*To be continued.*)

Mathematics.

Proposed by J. B., from Nesbitt's Mensuration.

9.—In an isosceles triangle two circles are inscribed to touch each other and the sides of the triangle, the diameters of which are 9 and 12. Required the sides and area of the triangle.

Solved by Messrs. W. Shaw, Ashton; R. C. Rose; W. L., and the Proposer.

By the question $\sqrt{17^2 - 8^2} = 15$ and by similar triangles, we have 8 : 17 : : 12, 5 : 33,0625. Again we have 15 : 17 : : 39, 0625 : 44, 270 83 one side of the triangle; and again, 15 : : 8 : : 39, 0625 : 2 0, 83333 ∴ 44, 27083· × 20 ,8 3333 = the area.

Proposed by ±.

10.—There is a number consisting of three digits, the first of which is to the second as the second is to the third, the number itself is to the sum of its digits as 124 is to seven; and if 594 be added to it, the digits will be inverted. Required the number.

Solution by Messrs. J. Harrop and R. Clough.

Let the digits be x, xy, and xy^2, then $100x + 10xy + xy^2 : x + xy + xy^2 : : 124 : 7$, or by arition and transposing we have $11 + y : 1 + y + y^2 : : 13 : 7$ ∴ $13y^2 + 13y + 13 = 7y + 77$, and $13y^2 + 6y = 64$ ∴ $y^2 + \frac{6}{13}y \pm \frac{64}{13}$ or by quadration we have $y = 2$, or $-\frac{32}{13}$. Hence $100x + 10xy^2 + 594 = 100xy^2 + x$, by transposition for y, we have $3x = 6$, or $x = 2$, and the digits are 2, 4, 8, and the number 248.

This Question has also been answered by W. Thompson, Stockport; T. G. and H. H., Oldham.

NEW QUESTIONS.

Proposed by Mr. R. Clough, Hurst Cross.

11.—Given $\frac{x^4}{2} + \frac{17x^3}{4} - 17x = 8$, to find x by quadratics.

Proposed by Mr. J. Harrop, Ashton.

12.—Given $\sqrt{x^5} - \frac{40}{\sqrt{x}} = 3x$ to find x.

Proposed by Mr. Joseph Harrop, Ashton.

13.—Find the root of the equation $x^4 - 2x^3 - 7x^2 + 10 + 10 = 0$.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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MORAL REFORMS: TEMPERANCE.

ONE of the most important and gratifying movements in favour of domestic and social reform in the present day is that of—Temperance; as the evil against which it is peacefully, but energetically, leagued and opposed is the most general, mischievous, and revolting. Laugh at it, sneer at, and disregard it, as many do and may, the benign influence of its hallowed crusade has already been very sensibly felt; and every day sees it adding to its ranks, and extending the sphere of its useful, healthy, and regenerating action. Men of rank, station, benevolence, and high intellect, and of all creeds and opinions, have voluntarily enlisted under its banner, and not only acknowledged but adopted its principles; encouraging by their example, and aiding by their time, talents, and money, the progress of so holy a cause. Working-men, whose minds lay dormant and disabled, have shaken off the odious slough of their degradation, and with the eloquence of truth based on painful experience, have laid bare the moral deformity, the matchless agony, the self-imposed misery of the drunkard; and, in the language of kind persuasion, have endeavoured to wean him from a vice which is the bane of all happiness, the subvertor of all that is noble and dignified in man. Not in vain have these Apostles of Temperance wrestled with the giant difficulty that beset them; not in vain have they lifted up their voices against the hideous idolatry of Britain. Thousands have been induced to resist the thraldom of strong drink, and though many have relapsed into their old habits, thousands have been thoroughly and happily reclaimed. And when pursued in a spirit of religious charity, unwearied with disappointment, undaunted by difficultles, what loftier mission than that of the Temperance Advocate? What nobler than his toils? What sweeter than his reward, when success, however small, results from his endeavours? I

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must have been an imposing and affecting spectacle to behold the good Father MATTHEW, calm, gentle, and dignified, administering the Pledge to ragged, wretched, self-debased crowds of his countrymen, and even through the superstitions of their faith, uplifting them from the danger and defilement of their worst vice, and arming them with strength to resist temptation and subdue their own lawless prejudices and passions. Such men are the real benefactors of their species, doing better deeds, and reaping more true glory, than all the captains and political agitators that ever lived. There are many such benevolent and disinterested individuals as Father MATTHEW, and though they stand less prominently before the public, they are every day doing some good—adding every day a little to the sum of human happiness. We happen to know a man,—man is a nobler word than gentleman,—a man wealthy in worldly means, wealthy in intellect, wealthy in kind feelings, who denies himself of every luxury, in order that he may the better promote the success, and advance the interests of the Temperance cause. He lives upon the humblest fare; keeps but one domestic servant; his house is as plainly furnished as many of his workmen, of which he employs some hundreds. His purse is ever open to the deserving needy, and to every institution having for its object the mental and moral amelioration of the labouring classes. He employs and pays out of his own pocket a number of zealous and intelligent lecturers. He has established, and he sustains at considerable expense, a library and reading-room for the poor people of his neighbourhood. In short, anything which seems likely to be of benefit, directly or indirectly, to the masses, receives his countenance, encouragement, and support. In a letter which he recently addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we find the following seasonable and sensible observations, which deserve not only our own attention, but the attention of the Government of a great, yet suffering people:—

"Believing that you have a lively sense of the responsibility attaching to your situation as a member of the government of this country, a responsibility fearfully increased by the alarming condition of Ireland, we are persuaded that the measures you have introduced into the House of Commons, have been framed with a view to alleviate the distress of the sister island, and to promote the real and substantial happiness of the people; and it is because we believe you have these important objects at heart, and that you would not knowingly act in opposition to them, that we venture to undertake the task of proving that certain of your plans are inimical to the best interests of the nation. The highest object of all government should be to foster and encourage the development of virtue, (in its largest significance), intelligence, and industry, among the people; all other considerations should be subservient to these important and necessary requirements, in any country, but more especially in one which stands emphatically before the world as a Christian nation.

"It is the fault of departments that each head of the section of such a government co

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tracts his vision to the wants of that department alone; hence the microscopic eye of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is entirely occupied by the money-bags of the Treasury, to the exclusion of the more vital interests of humanity, and the moral health of the people. Under the influence of this contracted vision, you came down to the House with these two inconsistent propositions: First,—'That spirits were extraordinary articles, upon which the well-being and morals of the country required or permitted the highest maximum duty to be levied.' Then you stated, 'that within the last three months there had been a great increase in the importation of rum, and you were sanguine enough to believe that the loss of revenue by the reduction of duty would thus be made up by increased consumption.' What makes you rejoice causes us, who are removed from the din of politics, and the absorbing view of the Treasury money-bags, to weep! Every new gin-palace will neutralize the benefits derived from a new church—will require the addition of a new policeman—of a new cell in the Penitentiary—of an addition to the workhouse and the ragged school—and will reduce to wretchedness, misery, and the deepest degradation at least twenty families; and as any one of these dies off, others must supply their place, as long as the gin-palace flaunts in the eye of day, a gloomy contradiction to the claims we put forth for wisdom and philanthropy. Well might such inconsistencies inspire the poet and moralist to write these lines:—

"'The Excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas fingers of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk, obey the important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats,
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.'

"The same love of truth, the same admiration of the good and beautiful, the same attention to the voice of conscience, which are acknowledged to be essential to the character of a man, are the highest ornament, and would lead to the truest policy of a *Government* and a *people*.

"The fifty millions of money which are now squandered in drink, would not be buried in the earth if men became sober; but they would be employed in surrounding the labouring classes with comforts which they much need, but few of them possess, such as roomy and convenient houses, visited both by the air and light of heaven, good clothing, serviceable furniture, abundance of food, and many luxuries, which now they do not dream of; they would consume an equal amount of excisable articles as at present; the supply to your Exchequer would be as large, but you would be able to take off some of these taxes, because—First, The standing army might be considerably reduced among a sober people. Second, The expense of keeping the peace, prosecuting thieves, and transporting convicts to our penal settlements, would be reduced to its minimum; the *questio vexata* of the most economical method of reforming convicts would be merged in the more important one of preventing the commission of crime by the practice of temperance. The fifty millions which will be spent this year, as usual, on intoxicating drinks, would be sufficient to put a stop to great famine—to drive the pestilence from the country—raise the dying man from the brink of the grave, and cause the sounds of joy, gladness, and thanksgiving to ring through the land."

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We give another extract from the letter of a poor man (once an almost hopeless drunkard), to another poor man, but one highly gifted, and once himself, in some measure the slave and victim of intemperance. We think the remarks therein will be instructive and beneficial to some of our readers. We hope they will strike home to the hearts of all who either stand on the brink, or have plunged deeply into the vortex of this dangerous passion. The writer says—

"It would be extremely gratifying to me that you had raised yourself in the scale of society, and in the estimation of good men; that your outward moral character and conduct was as manifest as your rare and elevated intellect. The only way to bring about this desirable consummation is to have a proper sense of your own dignity and deserts. Be too proud to do a degrading thing. Think so highly of yourself that the praise and admiration of foolish men may fill your soul with disgust; but, at the same time, never let the least thing pass by in your conduct which will be likely to lower you in the good opinion of good men, without feeling acute pain, and without making a firm and religious resolve never to do the like again. That you may have an high sense of your own dignity, and that you may be fully sensible of the nature and consequences of any action, you must never, under any circumstances, nor on any account, partake of intoxicating liquors, for this all-sufficient reason—that these liquors as soon as they enter your system run direct to your brain, and render you incapable of judging or of acting in a collected and rational manner. You, therefore, under the excitement which they occasion, do things that your judgment afterwards condemns; and the depression and hopelessness of spirit which always follow alcoholic stimulation taking full possession of your soul, and the bitter reflections which your late conduct occasions, make you fly to the intoxicating cup again—not, as formerly, to produce an exhilarating flow of spirits, but for the oblivion which you hope they will produce. You thus go on sinning and repenting—sinning and repenting again. But the evil does not end here. The use of intoxicating drink has a tendency to blunt the fine feelings of our nature, and to deaden the moral perceptions. The effects it produces on the well-cultivated mind are deplorable in the extreme. It compels a man, whether he will or not, to feel deep remorse at his own misdoings, and at the same time to fly to the repetition of the folly he deplores. It is this which blights true repentance while it is in the bud, and causes in the end the tree to be incapable of producing blossoms at all. The tree itself becomes a mere bastard offshoot, and only in appearance could we suppose it to spring from the original stock. The continued folly makes his continual repentance but of little worth; and the remorse in the end is not that true and heartfelt repentance which the moral man feels when betrayed by passion into sin; but is merely the effect of shattered nerves, and the consciousness of being utterly and deservedly deserted. Being deserted by men having any regard for their characters, he takes for his companions those who are even more wild than himself, and surrounded by all kinds of evil influences, he thinks not feels not,—nay, *knows* not that he has done much wrong; even when his grovelling, reckless, and wicked conduct makes the man of sense despise him, and the good man shudder for his fate. He now knows not how to understand and appreciate—much less to cultivate and enjoy—those virtuous feelings, and lofty aspirations which in former days gave dignity to his character, shed the ray of divinity on his path, and lent the spirit of poesy and truth even to his every-day life. Such has been the fate of many a promising young man caused altogether by a love for, and the effects of, alcoholic excitement in the first place

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afterwards assisted by the sordid circumstances with which this passion has surrounded him. Let me not be understood for a moment that I have intended the above as a picture of what I conceive to be *your* conduct and fate. No, no! Far, far from me be such a low opinion, such desponding thoughts. You have only to resolve, religiously resolve to abstain totally, and for ever, from the intoxicating cup; to rid yourself of all those degrading associations, associates, actions, and thoughts, which are unworthy of *any* individual, much more so of a man like yourself; and depend upon it, (to use alliteration), fame, felicity, friendship, and fortune, will seek to bless you. You will make your life a blessing to your country, and your name will be remembered as long as the language of that country endures. Adhere to the principles you have newly adopted, and trust to Heaven for the result."

Such are the earnest and truthful remarks of one who has experienced in himself the miseries consequent on intemperance, and the tranquil joys of some years of total abstinence. Who will dare to question the faithfulness of his picture, and say it is too highly coloured? We can bear witness to its truth, as far as it goes, and can say, without fear of contradiction, that it is not the whole truth—that it falls far short of the lamentable reality. We need add nothing ourselves, albeit we could, were it necessary, write most feelingly on this subject. We have erred, we have suffered, we have been victimized in pocket, peace, and reputation, by this monster of delusion and degradation. But, please God, we have done with him; and we hope that many of our brother Shepherds, from the moment they peruse this page, will have done with him also. There are neither wisdom, freedom, nor happiness to be found in the bowl, and the sooner it is expelled from the usages of society, the sooner shall we become a more free, wise, and prosperous people.

In Sweden, the laws against drunkenness are extremely stringent, but scarcely more so than the nature of the great evil calls for. Heavy fines and long imprisonment are imposed upon both the sellers and purchasers of strong drinks. The drunkard is deprived of elective and representative rights; is exposed in the church; is imprisoned; and when he dies, he is buried ignominously, and without religious ceremonies. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquours to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. These and other ordinances equally severe, are read aloud from the pulpit, by the clergy, twice a-year. Every tavern-keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.

These are severe regulations, and probably would not be tolerated in a free country like England; but let us hope that strenuous, unceasing, and moral opposition to the widely-spread custom and habit of drinking pernicious draughts may speedily abolish that which is a reproach and a calamity to any man and to any nation in any portion of the civilized world.

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SABBATH EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the calm shadow of this Sabbath night,
  Restraining vicious thought and vain desire,
I sit with sober, but unseen delight,
  In the blithe presence of my flickering fire;—
Recall my struggles with the stormy past,
And wonder how my heart withstood the trying blast.

And yet, it beats within my quiet breast
  As warmly, not as wildly, as of old;
Perchance a little better for the test
  Of human sorrows, mixed and manifold:
Perchance more fitted to repel or bear
The now familiar stings of poverty and care.

Books are about me, full of glorious things,
  Left by the good and gifted of the earth,—
Pearls shaken, like the dews, from Fancy's wings,
  Burnings of pathos, scintillings of mirth;
And, what is nearer unto Heaven allied,
The Christian's treasure-page, and comforter, and guide!

Beings, how dearly loved! are circled round,
  Talking together in an undertone
Of pleasant voices, lest too rude a sound
  Should wake the dreamer from his musings lone:
While the old cricket in his corner dim,
Pours on my passive ear his undisturbing hymn.

My street-bound home is unadorned and small,
  With an accessible and ready door;—
No picture to relieve the plaster wall,
  No costly carpet on the stony floor;
No graceful garniture, no couch of down,
No rich array of robes to make the needy frown.

But there is food, prepared from day to day,
  Won by the energies of hand and brain;
A hard, but grateful bed, whereon to lay
  The limb of labour, and the head of pain:
A peace is with my household morn and night,
While through life's passing clouds life looks with purer light.

Beholding others sinking deeper still
  On the rough road of our uncertain life,
Feeble, indeed, though resolute in will,
  Waging with fortune a perpetual strife;
Partly forgetful of my darker days,
My silent soul sends up involuntary praise.

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INTELLECTUAL POWER.

To show the necessity why Intellectual Power should hold sway over, and regulate the actions of every other power, would almost appear a superfluous task, especially in this period of veritable progress. Men are taking such rapid strides towards the perfect day, such continual evidences are flowing forth, that Knowledge and Truth are busy dispersing their old and ancient foes, and the minds of all mankind appear so intent upon removing all power, except that whose reign portends peace, love, and unity, that we feel somewhat unwilling in selecting this subject for the exercise of our pen. But too much can never be effected for a good object; to facilitate its movements, to accelerate its progress, is incumbent on all its well wishers, and, under this impression, we are actuated to throw in our humble assistance towards investing with full dominion that acknowledged instrument of all truth and good—Intellectual Power.

While we regard with exquisite perception the improvements that have been wrought by mental agency, how limited are our conceptions relative to the wide vacuum that would have existed had not these improvements dawned upon the earth. No one can calculate the utter desolation that must inevitably have prevailed, had not our all-wonderful intellectual being been invested with a just appreciation of its powers, endowed with a right knowledge of its faculties, and understood their great end and aim. Were it possible to remove all the comforts and luxuries of life with which intellectual power has surrounded us—were it within our power to simultaneously interdict mental might—stop the grand flow of human progression, and warp the entire life and soul of the understanding—how sensible should we then become to the necessity of that power being restored to its proper functions; how ready to hail its instalment as the messenger of renewed light and tranquility. But why should intellect be invested with power? Because, by the laws of the Great Spirit who gave the one, it is commanded that it should be endowed with the other. The command did not go forth that the physical should rule the mental—no, not so; but that the physical should be subservient to the mental. If the physical were intended by the first Great Cause to hold consumate sway—if the intellectual were designed as a mere secondary matter—for what reason, then, should there be a distinction between the beast of the field and the other animal—man? But such was never intended. Something holier, more divine, was radiated forth from the image, whose likeness partook of heaven. Something to evidence the wide distinction between the human and the beast, was the primary design of God. The accomplishment of this object was only to be attained by the formation of some noble element or sense within the creature—a sense to be subservient to some, but at all times to take into its own hands the curatorship of all actions, whether relating to the body intellectual, or the body corporeal. Such was the design of the relation to exist between body and mind; and that it was the intention of Divinity that that mind should retain an adequate power to rule the bodily passions, cannot be questioned upon any reasonable grounds. It is to no purpose creating a thing without there being thereto attached some object in view—some special end to be gained; and hence it were a strange performance to form the human intellect without having a definite reason for so doing. But reasons there were, which point out the need for that intellect to be in full possession and enjoyment of those rights which it always claims as its own peculiar prerogative. When the Spirit of God moved upon the waters, and said—"Let there be light!" he was commanding a glorious medium through which the forthcoming creature should behold the harmony and beauty of creation. So, in the same manner, when he called the likeness of himself into birth, did he invest that creature with another medium of perceiving that light, and comprehending the multitude of glories that that light revealed to his vision. He gave him the means of perception, and with the means the prerogative to add, to render more powerful that perception, so as not only to improve his condition, but to distinguish with the greater light of intellectual power; to admire with the more pellucid glow of mental observation, the grandeur and sublimities of the world—the beautiful mechanism of his own frame, and the providence of a just and omnipotent Maker. We can only become acquainted with the necessity of intellectual power by encountering one who has never participated in its strength, who recognizes in it no beauty, nor perceives in it little or no utility. We have met with instances of this description in our intercourse

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with the world: and, oh! how our pity has been excited for the objects who have been thus defrauded out of their one great privilege—Intellectual Power. What an emptiness seemed to prevail—what a lack of that which alone proclaims the existence of the Deity in the man! There were none of those bright developments of eager and keen perception—none of that refulgent light that beams forth from the eyes such vestal rays of intelligence; no sparks of intellectual fire could be seen ascending there, but all appeared one blank of mental darkness—one undivided night of ignorance and superstitition. And the question arises, how did we note this obscurity—this blank in our fellow creatures? Because we remarked the desolation on the one hand, and the necessity for that desolation to be removed on the other. We saw that it was needful that there should be gleams of sunshine where there were nought but murky clouds. We saw that it was needful that there should predominate a true sense of liberty, virtue, and religion, where there was discovered nought but serfdom, depravity, and superstition. We have every means at our disposal to ascertain the reason why intellect should possess power; it is the highest mandate from heaven, and forms the utmost necessity on earth. Argue it either in a philosophical mode, or according to the rules of the simplest logic, you cannot escape the ultimate deduction, that, by all the laws of God flowing into all the laws of man, it is proclaimed, man's right is—Intellectual Power!

The nature of Intellectual Power is constituted by various means; it invariably partakes of the process which has generated and worked out its development. There are a many processes, consequently a many natures are produced. Thus we have a diversity of development by no means uninteresting to study, but rather too multitudinous to occupy our attention distinctively in our present remarks. But taken as a whole, the constitution or nature of intellectual power stands thus:—Its a power that is at all times occupied in the distribution of the wealth of which it is the possessor. This, we think, is one of the main features of mental might, and, therefore, would have it deeply impressed on the reader. Whether this power is found presiding in the senate or lecture-room, in the pulpit or at the bar, in the book or within the columns of the newspaper, you cannot fail recognizing this predominant feature of its being fully intent upon—hard at work in distributing itself about to the best purpose it possibly can. When the eloquent orator rises to address you, when the bard pens his poem, the historian his history, or the philosopher his experience and research, you are certain to have distributed amongst you (whether you receive it or no), some of the choicest buds and blooms of their powers of intellect. You never discover a true intellectual power dogmatically, it rises far above it; for dogmatism, partaking of everything in enmity to liberty of thought and word, it never can be reconciled or rendered, by any means, compatible with the proper functions of intellectual greatness. Hence this distribution of its wealth that mental might scatters about, is by no means in unison with the distribution of other riches. When a man presents you with certain treasures to which the people of this world are so particularly attached, you invariably have them presented you with a scrupulous hand, and never without a long sermon about increasing their bulk. But this wealth of intellect comes freely from the benefactor; it rains down upon your heads showers of blessings; it mounts high above the sordid gifts of man, because it is inspired of God, and, like all God-sends, it comes down amongst us, not for one, but for all—in the true Catholic spirit does it develop itself and scatter its bounties. Mental greatness is a foe to many men, and to many things. In war its power is frequently exercised—but how? Not in brutally systematical bloodshed—nor in the overthrow of nations—not in the subversion of love and tranquility—no, not so but in the quiet exercise of right against might—reason against folly—truth against error and its victories are unchangably decisive, always perennial, and ever bloodless. It is natural, inherently so, that intellectual power should be continually induced to fulfil its offices under the influence of liberal motives. We defy the mental being attaining its true meridian of splendour without there following an analogous beauty of the heart. Is it possible for the mind pursuing its course towards the formation and revelation of that divine image—is it possible for a mind thus directed, thus actuated, to neglect the great creation of a true human and Christian-like heart? No! for if the mind is powerful, rest assured the sympathies of the heart are powerful too; if the spirit uses its might for a good cause then does there exist an undeniable evidence that that spirit is quickened by a generous impulse of the soul. Why the very religion, faith, and creed of intellectual power consists in doing good, in scattering its sympathies, its aid, and its wealth, wherever they are able

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to reach. Certainly there may be solitary exceptions; but even these generally claim at our hands extenuation. The laborious efforts the mind has to sustain beneath the multifarious difficulties that cross its path, in some instances, have a material tendency to contract the main springs of human generosity. We often see men of high intellectual capacity arraigned by the voice of public opinion for general apathy in relation to any thing connected with the real interests of mankind, or for the weal of their fellow-creatures. Such, we maintain, to be a notorious libel upon their characters; for no class or body of men (especially in our own country), have used more strenuous exertions, laboured with greater zeal, or promoted with more noble earnestness, and less disinterestedness, the cause of their fellow beings, than the literary and scientific characters of the world. You rarely discover true intellectual might wielded for a bad cause, for it is too honest for bribery, too mighty for violence, too fearless and inflexible for aspersion and threat. Its strength is a lever to raise men up; it is a great moral lever whose power opens to their eyes, as it performs its wonted functions, new revelations of light—fresh sources of wonder and instruction. It despises compulsion as it detests its direst foe, for, placing all its reliance upon the workings of unshackled, free-enlightened opinion, it necessarily recognizes anything savouring of the former, as calculated to work out the prostitution of the latter. To effect the salvation of man, it ought to be remembered that man is man, and, therefore, must not be driven as the pig, but *led* as the creature. Thank Heaven there is one power on the face of the Earth which, when once obtained, can never be wrested from our grasp, save by the arch-destroyer—Death. Intellectual might is a possession, the enjoyment of which no human power can deprive us. Whoever assails, there it is with its right hand of majesty competent to defend in security the riches of which it is the holder. Though suffering the stripes of the oppressor, or bent down by the incarceration of the tyrant, it still is with us: though engulphed in misery, buried in poverty, harrassed in privation, it still is with us: though immured in the dungeon's gloom, shut out from the smiles of Earth and the light of Heaven, it is still with us: hungry or naked, it is with us: reprobated or traduced, it is with us: throughout all time, under all aspects, beneath all perversions, still—still, the light and strength of intellectual power is with us! And though rarely, if ever, attended by the regal pomp and meanless exhibitions of other powers, yet there is ever a glorious halo beaming around its form—ever a noon-day light illuminating all its actions, that outvies the most sparkling gem that ever adorned a monarch's crown. The nature, then, of intellectual power is this—that it scatters with a liberal hand the riches of which it is the possessor; turns its power to the accomplishment of all good; is dignified without pride or scorn; is imperishable while on earth; and, in fine is ever on the alert in removing all that it holds as pernicious, and in the establishment of all that it conceives to be righteous and just.

The attainment of intellectual power, like everything else that bears the impression of goodness, is only to be effected by industrious, indefatigable application. We have only to review the biographies of eminent men who have arrived at mental greatness, to confirm this. By dint of study alone, and that of no ordinary character, must these treasures of the mind and soul be obtained. It is a fallacious idea altogether that supposes the perusal of some light volume, or the superficial glances of some serious production, or a smattering of some abstruse science, will generate intellectual power. Certainly we would not disparage smatterings to a certain extent; because we firmly believe that any person confining his observation and faculties to one peculiar study, to the sole neglect of everything else, will find himself considerably minus of the benefits that would have accrued had he prosecuted a different course. We have frequently been disgusted with that blind-folded enthusiasm, that accompanying you in a summer excursion, loses the beauty of every scene by tracing the strata of some gloomy bog, or busying itself in everlasting collections of plants and roots. But a true devotee to any science or study never forgets the main object of his attention, nor forsakes his smatterings; for the latter he frequently converts into important auxiliaries to the former. Did not our limits preclude, we might feel induced to offer some definite regulations for the attainment of intellectual greatness; but, considering our space, and more especially the variety of intellects and the diversified means undertaken by those intellects for the performance of the task, we relinquish all systematical hints, in the good hope that what we have observed may take root, and fructify, and awaken a method in the mind by which it may commence and prosecute the great work.

Who can contemplate the results and influences of intellectual power without being

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struck with their salutary character and magnanimous bearing? Oh if the world did but appreciate and properly estimate the just workings of this power, what a regenerated people should we all present ourselves in the sight of God and in the esteem of each other! Fancy whole armies arrayed in nought save the armour of Truth. Fancy whole nations entrusting their all to the dispensations of the power of intellect. Oh what a Millenium of Light! Oh what a bright harbinger of that other ever luminous sphere! And this is no wild burst of enthusiasm—look at the glory (if it be not too dazzling), for yourselves. Survey the effulgent realization for yourselves. Is it darkness by superstition, bigotry, or crime? No! Is it accompanied by war, persecution, or despotism? No! Is it sullied by slavery, famine, or sophistry? No! for it breathes liberty, maintains truth, works for plenty, unfolds mercy, proclaims reason, propagates virtue, and consumates everything, accomplishes everything with peace constantly by its side. Imagine a power of this nature holding sway over the world, and then we fancy our speculations will partake little of wild enthusiasm or sanguine temperament. Already we detect a gleam of this luminous power peering over the horizon of the world; already we distinguish a twilight springing from out of the night of our mental darkness, that, ere long, we fancy spreading itself into noon-day light, whose reign shall be unbroken as his whose throne is Light, and who is the God of all light and good!

"Speed it oh Father! let thy Kingdom come!"

Let no one imagine themselves to have already done their part. Let all be up and doing. Let all arise to the calls that day after day are appealing to us to be more vigorous in enthroning intellectual power in its just and inalienable rights. We are all qualified to enlist ourselves in the cause—all furnished with the materials to begin and carry on the work in justice to it, and in justice to ourselves. Flock then to the standard of bloodless warfare; throw down serfdom and establish freedom; depose tyranny and enthrone mercy; cast superstition to the ground and set up truth. Work for your manumission, and open the gates of day that we may behold the millenium of love, light, liberty, and joy, dawn upon the world.

Manchester. JOHN EVANS.

BOTANICAL GLEANINGS.—No. 7.

BY W. B.

ON FLOWERS.

"'Tis fair to see our cultured buds their shining tints unfold
In leaves that wear the sapphire's hue, or mock the sunset's gold;
The lily's grace, the rose's blush, have drawn the admiring gaze,
And won from many a minstrel harp the meed of song and praise:
O! they are meet for festal hall, or beauty's courtly bowers;
For those I love the wreath shall be, of wild and woodland flowers."

ANON.

AT the conclusion of the last chapter, a few instances were given of the wonderful means taken by nature to secure the impregnation of flowers, and the consequent production of seed. To these may now be added the remarkable circumstance, that, in those plants which have their stamens and pistils in distinct flowers, the stameniferous ones are generally uppermost, by which means the pollen, when liberated from the anther, naturally falls on the pistiliferous flowers below. This is beautifully illustrated in the greater number of the carex family, and also in some of the grass tribe, Indian corn (*Zea mays*) for instance. In the *Vallisneria spiralis*, a wonderful adaptation is observable. This is an aquatic plant, growing in some of the rivers of the south of Europe: the female blossoms rise upon

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long spiral stalks, which contract or expand so that however the waters may rise or fall, the flower just keeps its head above the surface. The male blossoms are perfected on very short stalks at the bottom of the water. Here, then, there seems to be an insuperable difficulty in the way of the impregnation of the flowers. But at the same time that the female flowers expand on the surface, the male ones detach themselves entirely from their stalks, and, rising to the top by their specific gravity, open their petals and float about amongst the others, and thus cause their proper fecundation. After this has taken place, the stalk of the female plant contracts in such a degree as to draw it down to the bottom of the water, where it perfects its seeds.

The shape of the flower is, in most cases, symmetrically regular, and beautiful in its proportions; but there are many instances of what are called irregular flowers, such as the *calceolaria*, the *orchis*, and others. Regular flowers are distinguished as bell-shaped, salver-shaped, cup-shaped, star-shaped, &c. Irregular ones are distinguished by various names according to certain fancied resemblances. Thus the pea-flower is said to be butterfly-shaped, or *papilionaceous*, from its supposed resemblance to that insect. Some of the irregular flowers are exceedingly curious, from their similitude to certain insects, and parts of other animals; sometimes this resemblance is actually startling; and would almost lead us to the belief that nature created them in a humourous and playful moment. Thus many of the *orchis* tribe have received their names from the forms of their flowers. I have found the bee-orchis (*Ophrys apifera*) growing wild near Matlock, in Derbyshire, whose flowers exactly resemble a small cluster of bees, and this resemblance exists not only in their shape but colour also. The fly-orchis (*Ophrys muscifera*), is so called from a part of the flower resembling that insect. The *Anthropophora*, or man-orchis, has flowers bearing the likeness of the human figure. The *Ophrys aranifera* is thought by some to bear the resemblance of a spider upon its flowers, and hence it has received the name of spider-orchis, in this country; but others think the name of toad-orchis would have been most proper for it. Another orchid, called the *Pectorale*, bears flowers which display the most unearthly likeness to a human thorax, the breast-bone, collar-bone, ribs, neck, &c., being faithfully painted on them. The *Ornithocephalus gladiatus* is a curious little plant growing upon rotten sticks, in the woods of Trinidad; the inside of the flower resembles the head and long bill of a snipe. One of the *Cypripediums* has the figure of a large brown spider standing on its flower. Other orchideous plants have flowers exhibiting the most fantastic forms of frightful faces and spectral heads. One of the most curious, however, is the lizard-orchis (*Orchis hircina*). It represents the head and neck of that animal, showing the gaping mouth, long under-jaw, the marked head, and even the eye of the reptile, which seems projecting his hideous head and neck from the centre of the flower. The fourteenth Linnæan class of plants are remarkable for having what are called gaping flowers, because many of them resemble the open mouth of some voracious animal. The resemblance is so complete that botanists, when describing them, speak of the upper and lower lip, the palate, and throat of the flower; while, to

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render the likeness more perfect, the stamens often appear like the teeth, and the pistil the forked tongue of the monster. Both the scientific and the vulgar names of some of this class of plants have been given in accordance with this fancied resemblance: thus the scientific name of the common dead nettle, or archangel, is *Lamium*, which means a sea-monster; then, again, we have the snap-dragon, (*Antirrhinum majus*), and the weasel-snout, (*Galeobdolon luteum*), the names of which speak for themselves. Passing from these we may notice the canary bird creeper (*Tropæolium perigrinum*), so called because its beautiful yellow flowers resemble that well-known songster. The columbine, that old favourite of our gardens, received its name from a Latin word, *columba*, or pigeon, from the fancied similitude of a part of its flower to the body and neck of that bird, while the lateral petals represent its wings; a cluster of such flowers being conceived to resemble a brood of young pigeons fluttering round their nest. The *Linaria triornithophora*, or three-bird toadflax, is remarkable for the form of its flowers, which resemble three little birds seated together. Some of the *Sacolabii*, when in flower, are like groups of pretty gold coloured birds on the wing. The *Drakæa elastica*, found at Swan River, bears a single flower balanced on the top of a very slender stem, which is from a foot to eighteen inches in length; the flower wonderfully resembles an insect fluttering in the air, its graceful support being hardly perceptible at a little distance. The side-saddle flower (*Sarracenia*) is so called because the stigma of the flower resembles a woman's pillion. The *Fuchsia* bears flowers resembling the drops of ear-rings. The folded scarlet flowers of one of the *Erethrinas* look exactly like smooth pieces of coral stuck upon the branches, hence its name of the vegetable coral tree; the flowers of monk's-hood are shaped like a helmet; and the *Tropæolium tricolorum* has a flower which seems as if it had originally suggested the idea of the cornucopia. From time immemorial the fairies have been represented as using the blossoms of the honey-suckle as trumpets; and the lady's slipper, (*Cypripedium*), has received its name from its resemblance to that article of female dress. The size of the flower has very little to do with the magnitude of the plant which produces it. Thus the fertile blossoms of the oak or the hazle are so small and inconspicuous that few persons, comparatively speaking, have ever seen them; while many plants of humble stature produce flowers of a goodly size and proportion. The *Gentiana acaulis* grows only an inch or two in height, while its bold, deep blue flowers, sometimes measure three inches in length. The sun-flower has been often found a foot in diameter; this plant has received its name from the remarkable property of constantly turning its flowers towards the sun, following him in his course all the day, and turning during the night so as to meet his first glance in the morning. Hence it has been considered the emblem of true and constant affection. Moore has immortalized this in his beautiful lines,—

> "Oh the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
> But as truly loves on to the close,
> As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets,
> The same look that she turn'd when he rose."

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Our own large water-lily has a large and beautiful flower, and has without doubt, the best title to be considered the queen of all British flowers. But compared with a water-lily which has not long since been discovered in the rivers of British Guiana, it must almost sink into insignificance. In the *Saturday Magazine*, for October 14th, 1837, an account is given of its discovery by a German botanist, of the name of Schomberg, who thus describes it:— "It was on the 1st of January, this year, while contending with the difficulties nature opposed in different forms to our progress up the river Berbice, that we arrived at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin. Some object on the southern extremity of this basin attracted my attention; it was impossible to form any idea what it could be, and, animating the crew to increase the rate of paddling, shortly afterwards we were opposite the object which had raised my curiosity—a vegetable wonder. All calamities were forgotten; I felt as a botanist, and felt myself rewarded.

"A gigantic leaf, from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim of a light green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting upon the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with them, and I rowed from one to another, and observed always something new to admire. The leaf on its surface is of a bright green, in form almost orbiculate, with this exception opposite its axis, where it is slightly bent in: its diameter measured from five to six feet. Around the margin extended a rim from three to seven inches high; on the inside light green, like the surface of the leaf; on the outside, like the leaf's lower part, of a bright crimson. The stem of the flower is an inch thick near the calyx, and is studded with sharp elastic prickles, about three quarters of an inch in length. The calyx is four leaved, each upwards of seven inches in length, and three in breadth at the base; they are thick, white inside, reddish brown and prickly outside. The diameter of the calyx is twelve to thirteen inches; on it rests the magnificent flower, which, when fully enveloped, covers completely the calyx with its hundred petals. When it first opens it is white, with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age, and it is generally found the next day of a pink colour. As if to enhance its beauty, it is sweet-scented. Like others of its tribe, it possesses a fleshy disk, and petals and stamens pass gradually into each other, and many petaloid leaves may be observed which have vestiges of an anther." Schomberg gave this magnificent plant the name of "Victoria Regina," in honour of our young queen; but it has since been ascertained that it had been discovered previously by another German botanist, named Pöppig, who named it *Euryale amazonica*

One of the most splendid flowers in the world is that of the *Laurel magnolia*, a native of East Florida, which, when fully expanded gives a width across of from six to nine inches. I had the pleasure of seeing this noble plant, in flower, in the conservatory, at Chatsworth, last summer, the blossoms are white, and look as if they were chiselled out of the finest alabaster A much larger flower is that of *Aristolochia cordifolia*, which

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gives a breadth across of sixteen inches. The flowers of *Aristolochia gigas* are nearly a foot in length. The beautiful blossoms of *Cactus speciosissimus* are, as their name implies, exceedingly showy, and often measure six inches in diameter; while that singular plant, the night-blooming *Cereus*, sometimes expands a rich flower ten inches in breadth. But the largest flower ever seen is the *Rafflezia arnoldi*, which displays a diameter, as ascertained by actual admeasurement, of not less than three feet. The petals of this wonderful flower are from one inch to three inches in thickness; its pistils are as large as the horns of a cow; its nectary will hold six or seven pints, and, what is most wonderful, it is nothing but a flower, for it has no leaves, no stem, and scarcely any root, as it grows parasitically on the stem of another plant.

As this article has already extended to the usual length, the subject of flowers must be continued in another paper.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

BY JOHN KAY TAYLOR.

The banks of Ayr, the banks of Ayr,
  Where Scotia's plough-boy "lov'd and sung;"
Where first the maid with lint-white hair, (1)
  Enraptur'd on his accents hung.
Sweet Highland Mary, ah! how soon
Thou left thy BURNS and bonnie DOON!

As proud of him, the hawthorn bush
  Seems dress'd in summer's flow'ry pride;
Imagination hears the thrush,
  And paints Young Mary by his side,
Blushing, like May, a thousand charms,
While lock'd within the Poet's arms!

The straw-thatch'd cottage of his birth,
  With snow-white walls, and clay-beat floor:
The turf-fire blazing on its hearth,
  Reminds me of the days of yore,
When lovers stole to kail-yards green
For stalks, to try their fate unseen;
But more especially of Jean, (2)
Who burnt her nuts on Halloween.

Oh! what a crowd of visions rise,
  Distinct and vivid to my sight;
Imagination now supplies
  That crowning-scene—the cotter's night.
I hear their heartless voices sing
Sweet strains to Heaven's Eternal King!

Before me stands the rustic maid,
  Young Jenny sweet, her parents' pride;
Her lover, too, whose tartan plaid
  Is neatly o'er his bosom tied,—
The mantling blush his cheeks inflame
As the *guidwife* inquires his name.

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But, oh! the fond illusion fades,
As near Kirk Alloway I tread!
While lingering round these sacred shades,
I mark the fame that speaks him dead.
Vain monument! the Poet's fame
Needs now none other than his name!

Rear high, ye proud majestic hills
That shield Montgomery's flow'ry braes,
And pour your thousand sparkling rills
Immortalized by Burns's lays;
Whose fame now travels earth's vast round,
The bard of Colia's classic ground.

Land! ever dear to Nature's child,
Thou more than half thy beauty owes
To him, who wrapt in fancies wild,
Lone wandering trod thy broomy knowes
In deep reverie, while the moon-
Beams flitted round thee, "Brig of Doon!"

The evening sun o'er Carrick's braes,
Before he sinks, now deigns to smile,
And tinges with his golden rays
The woods and streams of Ballochmyle.
How beautiful the ruin'd tower,
On yon dark rock this sun-set hour!

Adieu, adieu, ye banks of Ayr,
Where Scotia's plough-boy "lov'd and sung;"
I must away again to share
The crowded city's noise and throng;
Unwillingly my footstep turns
From thee, now classic Land of Burns!

NOTE (1): A lock of Highland Mary's hair, which is very white, is preserved with very great care at the monument, on the Banks of Doon. Also the pair of Bibles which were presented to her by Burns. On the fly-leaf of one is written the name of the Bard, with his Mason's mark; underneath is written "Mossgeil," the name of the farm, in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire. Two verses are also inscribed, in the poet's handwriting, on the boards of the volumes, which strongly corroborate Mr. Cromek's story where he speaks of Burns's and Highland Mary's farewell scene, on the Banks of Ayr. "This adieu," says that zealous enquirer into the details of Burns's story, "was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to impose awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small parling brook, they laved their hands in the limpid stream, and, holding their Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other." "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely: I am the Lord." *Lev.* c. xix., v. 12. "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt peform unto the Lord thine oaths." *St. Mat.* c. v., v. 33.—They parted never to meet again.

NOTE (2). "Who burnt her nuts on Halloween." See the description of, and the poem on Halloween, by Burns, particularly the eighth stanza.

A PASSIONATE TEMPER.—A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is great or noble in his nature, makes him unfit for conversation, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion.

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JESSIE CRAWFORD; OR, "LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY JOHN EVANS.

PART I.

It was a bright morning in the spring of 1833. The smart and active town of Blandford looked smarter and more animated than ever. It was to be a notable, a merry-making, and heart-enlivening day in the annals of the little borough, for, young Lord Dalkington had attained his majority, and the good people of Blandford considered themselves in duty bound to celebrate the same with a great deal of bell-ringing, much parade and noise, and an uncommon amount of dancing, drinking, singing, and feasting. The auspicious day arrived, and was duly ushered in by a right noble peal from the bells of Blandford old church. This was the signal for a general movement; banners and flags bearing various devices and inscriptions were hoisted out of windows, or planted on house-tops; triumphal arches were thrown across the streets, vacant pieces of ground became the sites of sundry booths and tents; bands of music, in which the beatings of the drum and the brayings of the trumpet predominated, played a variety of old country tunes; the county yeomanry, in rare dashing colours, and rare dashing style, began to parade and re-parade before some hundreds of admiring spectators; old men chuckled at their neighbour's doors, and "fought their battles o'er again;" children frisked and frolicked about with soul-inspiring mirth; old friends—aye, and enemies too, shook hands, and bade each other joy; rustic lads with snowy-white smock-frocks, and lasses with many-coloured ribbons, poured in on all hands; sons and daughters, from the great metropolis, came down in every imaginable sort of conveyance; and before twelve o'clock at noon, the little town was packed full of a mass of human creatures, every soul of whom were intent upon making "a day" of right glorious fun and jollity.

It would be quite foreign to our story to enter into any further details descriptive of the day's festivity that ensued, let it suffice by saying, that before evening arrived every one seemed sufficiently satisfied with the doings of themselves and the doings of everybody else about them. The evening came and brought with it the "Grand County Ball," in the assembly rooms. It is into these rooms, and at about nine o'clock we must introduce the reader. It was, as is usual upon these occasions, rather a bright scene; because there were a very many bright faces, and a goodly sprinkling of very charming figures clad in very bright attire. All the beauties of Blandford seemed to have exercised their very best taste to outvie each other upon this special occasion, and certainly, upon the whole, it was as the *Blandford News* termed it, "a very imposing and elegant assembly." Anon, after a little preamble in the shape of introductions, and so on, partners were selected; the band, perched up in the gallery, sounded a lively air, and then the "light fantastic toe" work of the evening commenced in pure good earnest.

Apart from this lively throng was a small knot of four or five individuals. Dr. Crawford, the principal surgeon, and Mr. Craston, the attorney, of Blandford, together with the lady of the latter, sat enjoying the animated scene before them. At a small distance from her father stood, probably the most fascinating damsel in the room—Jessie Crawford. Jessie was as bright a creature as you can possibly imagine; a genuine picture of English beauty, unalloyed with any of those foreign airs or flirting graces, which we are so apt to witness in the form and deportment of the generality of our "Lady Parlour Boarders," or drawing room patterns of fashionable etiquette. Attired in the light and charming dress of the ball-room, her exquisitely proportioned figure was exhibited in the greatest perfection, and as she stood watching the mazy throng, we, forsooth, would not have exchanged her "star-lit brow" and truly graceful attitude, for the divinest Venus or the most enchanting model of feminine beauty that you could select for us from Fabula's "Mythological Catalogue." Her complexion was particularly fair; her face rather pale, although a slight

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roseate hue was just perceptible on her cheeks. A delicate wreath of flowers was brought across her snowy brow, beautifully blending with her brown silken hair, which flowed in luxuriant tresses down her fine moulded shoulders. As far as we could judge, we should say that she had seen some twenty, or may be one and-twenty years. Just springing into beautiful, quiet womanhood,—just assuming the pensive, yet felicitous, expression of ripened girlhood—just expanding forth into the full bloom of inward thought and outward loveliness—oh! at this juncture, with what inexpressible satisfaction, with what ineffable delight, do we contemplate and admire, soothing, loving, all-confiding, and joy-giving woman. Exquisite, however, as was the outward appearance of our heroine, still the disdainful manner with which she treated the attentions of a young man, who stood beside her, betrayed, we thought, a glaring disparity between her mind and beauty. Certainly there was nothing in the general bearing of Frank Whitly (for such was his name), so very revolting to justify such cool contempt as that with which Jessie received his gentlemanly attentions. Frank, to be sure, did not possess a very prepossessing countenance, nor an over captivating figure; but then he had a rare kind heart, a virtuous disposition, and a manly though mild and refined address. But there was evidently something about him which Jessie regarded with particular aversion. In Jessie's mind, a man without some flaming display of regimentals, some dashing, blazing, show of office, or without an uncommon amount of animal spirits, or some go-a-head, dash-along spice of a spirit about him, was no man at all. It is needless to say, that young Whitly was far from approaching Jessie's standard of manliness. Long had he sought to win her smiles; but always had proved unsuccessful: upon the present occasion he had followed her to the ball, in hopes of being her partner in some part of the evening's amusement; but all his hopes and wishes were to be frustrated, for no sooner had he solicited her hand for the next set of quadrilles, than with an air of unconcealed scorn she declined, and walked away, leaving poor Frank standing alone, crest fallen and bitterly stung at heart.

Low, however, as Frank stood in the estimation of the daughter, he was not so in the opinion of the father; for, somehow, he was, and ever had been, a prodigious favourite with the old doctor. Now, the doctor was a little more charitable than his daughter, and saw that Frank was one of the best-disposed and steadiest young men in the county, and, therefore, did not restrain any intercourse between him and Jessie, but rather did his best towards its promotion. There was a steadiness of purpose, a punctual, orderly execution of design about Frank, that Crawford looked upon with particular satisfaction; for experience had told him (what, by-the-way, it had never whispered to his daughter), that these are the great essentials in advancing the weal and happiness in a man's life, and the contentment and domestic felicity of all those about him. Had Jessie but have seen this, instead of resenting she would have felt honoured to receive the kind attentions of such a man; but such was not to be the case; the spirit, top-boots, military uniform, and explosive gunpowder or gun-cotton sort of a spirit, were the phantoms which haunted Jessie's dreams of men and manliness, and which were not so easily to be expunged.

"My dear," said the doctor to his daughter, as she seated herself by his side upon leaving Frank, "why have you left Whitly standing there so vacant? Are you not his partner for the next set?"

"Dear me," replied the proud beauty, slightly elevating her head, "you have no conception of Mr. Whitly's total inability to go through a quadrille, otherwise you would never expect me to be his partner. I do not believe he knows one step from another; and to talk with him about cotillon, waltz, and so on, is just speaking to him in some language he knows nothing about. I really cannot dance with Mr. Whitly."

"That's right," said Mrs. Craston, the attorney's wife, who overheard the conversation between father and daughter, "that's right Jessie. Well, I'm sure if I were young and handsome now, (she was precious ugly then), I would not, could not, dance with such a drone as Frank Whitly. Really, my dear doctor, you think Frank a prodigy in everything; but, upon my word, he cuts a most ludicrous figure in the ball-room."

"No less prodigious for that," muttered the doctor, as he passed towards the spot where Whitly was standing.

"Come, my dear Jessie," pursued the talkative Mrs. Craston, "let me see if I cannot select you a suitable partner. Your father has such odd views: the idea of Frank Whitly pretending to dance with Jessie Crawford—Preposterous!" and away walked the loquacious lady with her charge leaning gracefully upon her arm.

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Mrs. Craston was one of those particular geniuses, two or three of whom every small town, like Blandford, can usually muster out of its population. Having no sons or daughters of her own to superintend, she was particularly watchful in directing the movements of the sons and daughters of others. She was anything but a prude, seeing that she entertained a marked relish for bringing young folks together in small parties with a view to their mutual advantage in the way of match-making. There was scarcely a young maiden in Mrs. Craston's circle of acquaintance,—which was no ordinary one—who was not, in a great measure, indebted to this good lady for the acquisition. There was rarely a wedding-dress purchased without consulting the taste and receiving the approval of Mrs. Craston. The wedding-breakfasts were never complete unless graced with the busy, smiling, chatty presence of Mrs. Craston. In fact, this lady had, for many years, been a right industrious hand-maiden in the service of Hymen; and although her onerous duties never extended over the honey-moon, yet, no sooner had she perfected one match, than she was actively engaged in either promoting or perfecting another.

In such experienced hands, it is not to be supposed that Jessie would be without a partner long. Promenading for a short time up and down the room, Mrs. Craston's eye at length alighted upon a young man who had just entered:

"Dear me," exclaimed the attorney's wife, "the very gentleman. Look Jessie, dear, there's Captain Wingfield, as fine a dashing young fellow as you could find within twenty miles of Blandford."

Jessie turned her eyes towards the spot indicated by her companion, and verily, there stood, attired in very gentlemanly "undress" uniform, the very prototype of her heart's desire.

"Well, how particularly fortunate," exclaimed the loquacious Mrs. Carston, "I can assure you, Miss Crawford, that he comes from a very superior family—the Wingfields of Dereham, you know—your father knows them very well. Very lucky, certainly. He's alone. Come, Jessie dear, I must introduce you." So saying, Mrs. Craston and her charge gently approached the young officer, who, seeing the good attorney's wife, immediately made towards her. After a few pompous mannerisms between both parties, Miss Crawford was duly introduced to Captain Wingfield, who, with a great deal of very "high spirited" talk passed away a few minutes, and then in a most gallant style led the blushing Jessie as his partner in the mazy scene of action.

Stephen Wingfield was one of that numerous class whose peculiar characteristic is a great amount of outward display, but a very meagre share of inward goodness. True, he was handsome—as most soldiers are held to be—stood six feet high; had a goodly dash of the "military air" about him; was known to have the prospect of a large fortune; was a crack sportsman, a capital shot, and—in fact, the very realization of all Jessie's dreams of men and manliness. In public company Stephen was all smiles and blandishments, particularly agreeable, and the very essence of good manners and gentle breeding; but in private there was a sad reversion of the beautiful picture altogether. At home he was domineering and petulant, cruelly tyrannical over his inferiors, or any one else whose moral courage was not of sufficient stamina to resist his arbitrary encroachments. From his childhood he had never failed to elicit smiles and applause for his indomitable courage and strong determination; and his fond parents cherished this "manly" spirit, thinking, that in after years, it would secure their darling some distinguished post in some exalted sphere of the world's affairs. But akin to all these speculations, Stephen after some three and twenty years' drilling and training, was nothing but a mere show of much resolution and power, constantly breeding domestic feuds, and putting Dereham in everlasting commotion, all arising from his warm, hasty temperament, and vicious disposition. Like most tyrants, Stephen was cowardly and mean. With all his parade of generosity and liberality, he was generally found last in performing any charitable deed. With all his pompous bravery and valour, he was rarely to be found in any scene that actually needed his presence. His bad temper and despicable deception were not his only faults, for many a poor girl had been deprived of peace and quietude through his fickle and faithless disposition. His military costume and fine figure, couched with a bland dissimulation, rarely failed to engage the smiles of the giddy girls who came across his path. A few weeks, and Lucy M—— or Emma B—— were no longer thought of, although all the world had predicted that the match must shortly ensue. Yet such was his capricious temperament, that even the girl to whom he had sworn everlasting troth could not please or satisfy him after he season of his whim.

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Swiftly winged away the hours with Jessie in the ball-room after the introduction of Stephen Wingfield. Her face was beaming with joy, and once or twice she even deigned to smile upon poor Whitly, who stood very disconsolate by her side. The old doctor was rather fidgetty; he knew Stephen well. Mrs. Craston looked particularly happy, for she had done a job her heart had yearned to accomplish for some time. As usual, Wingfield had exercised all his outward show in the way of smiles and gentleness, high breeding and gentlemanly deportment, and, as usual, had not failed to fascinate. Our heroine felt the magic power of the charm; and when daylight began to peer through the windows, giving warning that it was time to depart, she felt as if she was awaking from some delicious fairy-dream in which her heart had thrilled with one continuous flow of extatic nnd ineffable delight. At length the festive throng began to withdraw, and the Captain was about to lead Jessie to her father's carriage, when the old doctor motioned Frank Whitly on one side. He whispered something in his ear, which Frank no sooner heard than he advanced to the spot where Wingfield was standing. "I believe, sir," said Frank, "I had the pleasure of escorting Miss Crawford here, and I think it devolves upon me to escort her back." Stephen gazed at the speaker for a moment, and then replied, "Oh, my dear sir, you are mistaken, entirely so; this lady has been in my charge nearly the whole of the evening; and by the same rule that you advance, it is unquestionably incumbent upon me to hand her to her carriage." Frank said no more, for no sooner had Stephen replied than he led Jessie away. The doctor looked disconcerted, and followed. Mrs. Craston looked very triumphant, and followed likewise; and Mr. Craston, with poor Frank looking very mute and dejected, brought up the rear.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Take the Earth," uttered God, from the height of His throne,
As he look'd on the children he made, from above—
"Take the Earth, with its treasures, and call it your own,
But divide it with justice and brotherly love,"

By myriads men came, when they heard the decree,
Age, manhood, and youth, hurried on in the race:
The husbandman ruled o'er the corn-covered lea,—
The forest was given to the sons of the chase.

The merchant took all that his stores would contain,
But the priest, holy man! took the choicest of wine;
The king took the highways and byeways for gain,
By a right which the people believed was divine.

At length, when each mortal rejocied in his lot,
Came the poet, who loved not the boisterous throng:
But, alas! when he came he beheld not a spot,
Not a green strip of earth for the pilgrim of song.

Then he threw himself down at the throne of his sire,
And cried to the Being who gave him his birth,
"Oh! grant a poor outcast his only desire,
Let the child of thy wrath be forgotten on earth?"

God said—"If thou liv'st in the empire of thought,
The cause of thy sorrow pertains not to me;—
Where—where hast thou stayed while my bidding was wrought?"
Said the poet—"Oh, God! I was near unto Thee!

If my eyes were entranced by Thy glory and might,
And my ears by the music that breathes in Thy skies,
If my soul was absorbed in Thy love and Thy light,
Forgive, if the Earth disappeared from my eyes."

"Content thee," God said, "for Earth's riches are given.
As such was my pleasure, and hence my decree:—
Come and live with thy Lord, in His own blessed Heaven,
For whenever *thou* comest, 'tis open to thee."

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REMINISCENCE OF A RAM

OR, A WORD OR TWO ON SUPERSTITION

BY G. SMITH.

"Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight g

It is generally believed, from the progress which education is m
fast upon the wane; but from personal observation and a strict
my conclusions are the reverse; and I am bound to believe th
prevalent than most people will give me credit for. If it does
populated towns where people are congregated together in larg
rural districts as firm a belief in the existance of supernatural be
of the last century. Though I do not feel a desire to encourage
in attempting to remove that natural weakness which is inseparal
whose early impressions have fixed a lasting impression in their
thing so primitive and so natural in the mind that is mellowed d
I would not exchange their little superstitious prejudices for
modern political economist. Charmed by legendary lore and th
forefathers, when embellished by the power of a world-creating
the ideal of fairy regions, and bask in the sunshine of refined ex

The County of Lancaster is more rich and fertile in legendar
the kingdom, which create abundance of food for the superstit
people of the northern parts are at all times ready to avail th
painters, and musicians of all ages and countries in the civili
themselves at the fountain of superstitious imagination. The
vibrate, and his vast powers of mind would be restrained withi
earth's superficial form. He would dwindle down to the the co
man, who never looks beyond the form and substance of nature'
he void of this. The poet's mind is enriched with a superstitio
grand and sublime, whether in the heavens above, or upon the e

The gods and demi-gods afforded scope for the pen of the ir
wierd sisters found a niche in the mind of our never dying Shake
fondness for things beyond the reach of man's penetrating eye
fine passage—

"The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen,
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

The painter's canvass would be a blank, and would fritter a
to present itself to his frenzied eye but the form of substantial
own creative mind stand in bold relief upon the broad and beau
music would be mute, were not the imagination of the compo
stitious feelings of the people of every country, breathing th
liarities more powerfully than language itself. The harp of old
an injured people; and the Scottish minstrel throws the mind o
to the days of chivalry and superstition, which binds him close
his fathers. What an extatic effect has the highland pipe upon
when breathing some fondly-remembered air which he has repe
his childhood; it creates in him a love for his country, and an
patriotic achievements. Such is the power of superstition in th
the force of education and modern refinement will ever be able
a pretty correct idea of the force of superstitious feeling, even
people of the rural districts, may be formed from the perusal of t
of a Ramble. The reader will make every allowance for the co
names of the parties:—

In the year 1842, in the season of autumn, which of all o
and agreeable to my taste, I found myself wandering through th

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Appenines, as this part of the country is very justly denominated by the lovers of the picturesque, where the wild mountains of Yorkshire and Lancashire stand in sober proximity, bidding defiance to the raging elements from which ever cardinal point they issue.

"Merry England," cries the volatile citizen. But how solitary, sad, and sublimely grand are these mountains, thought I, as I wended my way up the Eagle Crag, from the delightful village of Todmorden, pluming myself on treading the sacred ground of the far-famed Lancashire witches, and gazing with intense pleasure on the clear stream which once drove the clacking mill of Giles Dickenson, whose wife is said to have leagued herself with the powers of darkness. Since the middle of the sixteenth century, the term "Lancashire witch" has assumed a feature far more pleasing to the admirers of female beauty, than the general acceptation of the term of that period. Every part of the wild district of the forest of Pendle is associated with some historical account of the power of witchcraft; nor yet has the spirit of superstition much abated among the inhabitants.

As I ascended the dark face of the gigantic steep, not a sound was heard save the rippling of the mountain stream, or the occasional discharge of a sportsman's gun, which broke the solemn stillness of the immeasurable forest. Looking in the direction of the report, in the distance, I saw a man cautiously following the steps of a sagacious spaniel. I made my way towards him, which lay across a deep valley. Having lost sight of him by the intervention of the rising ground, I seated myself upon a huge weather-beaten stone, almost covered with moss, when another report assailed my ears, and suddenly a covey of moor-game flew swiftly down the declivity.

Having rested my weary limbs, I ascended the hill, where we encountered each other about two miles from the Eagle Crag—which is so called from its strong resemblance to that bird when its wings are fully expanded, and its beak stretched out to the fullest extent—he was a strong-built man, about the age of forty-five, wearing a complete shooting-dress, which was admirably adapted for the occasion. With little ceremony, beyond that of giving each other the compliment of the day, we seated ourselves on the brown heather, for we were each fatigued with our respective pursuits, when he spread out his ample stock of refreshments, of which he invited me to partake. Being hungry and thirsty, I gladly availed myself of the tempting invitation, and did full justice to our mountain repast.

The day was fast declining, and the shades of evening were perceptible in the lengthened shadows of the forest trees, and before we had wandered far, the crimson twilight cast its lovely tints over the mountain tops. We descended into the deep valley by means of the narrow sheep-tracts, with which he was well acquainted, inasmuch as the range of hills over which we had passed were the sheep-walks of his own farm. The solemn stillness of the mountain scene, and the peculiar appearance of the atmosphere—the sky being of a dappled cast, with silvery clouds beautifully tinged with crimson—soon awoke within him the germs of superstition, for the vast exploits of the ancient witches of the forest of Pendle, formed the principle topic of his conversation. Nor did he believe, said he, that the influence of such mysterious beings had yet subsided; and in order to counteract such influence, he had that very morning nailed to the doors of his stables a number of old rusty horse-shoes.

By this time I felt a strong desire to domicile myself in some respectable inn; but no sooner had the words escaped my lips, than the offer of a bed at his own house was frankly made, and I cordially accepted the kind offer. Arriving at the farm, we received a hearty welcome from his wife, a fine, fresh, healthy-looking lady, about his own age, who deposited his gun and bag in a place of safety; and *Dido* found a resting place before the kitchen fire, which was bright and clear, and everything betokened peace and happiness. Exchanging my shoes for a pair of slippers, I repaired to my room, where the luxury of cold water and Windsor soap gave a refreshing stimulant to my weary limbs, and I soon found myself in excellent condition for a good substantial supper, which, on my return, I found upon the table of my new acquaintance, Mr. Greensward.

On looking round the room, I discovered the religious tenets of the family, who never questioned the nature of mine, as that formed no part of their creed. A beautiful picture of the blessed Virgin hung against the wall, and a small crucifix adorned the mantelpiece. On a table, close behind my chair, was placed an elegantly bound Missal, ornamented with gold, which indicated the religious feelings of this amiable family. The supper was very materially improved by Mrs. Greensward's home-made wines, which, I must confess,

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possessed a very superior flavour, and reflected much credit on her domestic qualifications; but before I had time to dispatch a small plate of corned beef, the most fascinating music stole over my senses, and for a moment or two I was bewildered in an extacy of the sweetest sounds, lifted, as it were from earth to heaven, in the midst of invisible angels breathing the sweetest strains, I became entranced in this melody of music. I turned my head towards the little diamond glazed window which was nearly buried in the deep mullions of the middle ages, through which I saw the broad harvest moon peering her bold disc over the Eagle Crag. The sky was sublimely grand, wild, and poetical, for the broken fragments of clouds chased each other in rapid succession over the mountain heights. Anon a gentle swell of the evening breeze swept the strings of an Æolian harp, which was neatly fitted in the upper part of the window. A pleasing sensation of superstitious feeling stole over me, of which I felt no inclination to divest myself, for it fostered a holy and religious feeling towards the great God of all the innumerable worlds among which man is but a mere atom, assuming a possession to which he is not entitled; and if ever I felt my own inferiority, it was at this moment.

The situation and appearance of the house, together with its romantic locality, is peculiarly favourable to the influence of superstition. Grey and hoary are its pointed roofs, with deep dark loop-holes in the ends of the rising gables, from which the screech-owl's discordant notes were nightly heard, and faintly responded to by a wondering dog. The bat, an everlasting emblem of the dissolution of soul and body, was seen issuing from the half-decayed trees, which raised their naked branches above the sombre roofs of the dilapidated out-buildings of the old manor house of the ancient family of Greensward, a great portion of whose property was confiscated by Henry the Eighth, for a conscientious adherance to the ancient faith; but despite the persecuting spirit of succeeding reigns, when the Lancashire martyrs smiled at the burning fagot, the Greenswards, said mine host, were steadfast in their faith, and have remained so to the present day. Animated by a principle of conscientiousness, and a pure love for his religion and its institutions, led him to the subject of the miraculous properties of the martyr's hand, which is deposited in the Catholic Chapel, at St. Helens. Though he was not a believer to the fullest extent of of the vulgar and uneducated, yet he had faith in the unaccountable power of its effect in the cure of diseases. It is still as fresh and fair as when severed from the arm by the inhuman executioner, more than two hundred years ago. That hand was the hand of a Greensward, and well might he be proud of his holy ancestor. At this moment a bat flapped its leathern wings against the little window, which was partly covered on the outside by the broad ivy leaves, which hung in green festoons from the grey stones of the old mansion. A second and a third effort was made, for the light of the burning lamp had lured it to the spot; but the strong glass of the window effectually resisted its force. A pale cast of superstitious fear came over the face of Mrs. Greensward, who had, up to this time, listened with marked attention to the legendary tales of the witches of Pendle, and the traditionary tales of the monks of Whalley Abbey, which her husband had been relating with great force and feeling. Her buoyant spirits and cheerful countenance all at once lost their elastic tendency. A dark flash of despondency overshadowed her brilliant eye, which was occasioned by the unwelcome visitor at the window, for well she knew that it portended the death of some relative or friend. "Who can it be," said she? "perhaps it is my dear boy, at school, or my only uncle, the last of a once powerful family, whose father fought and bled for him who is commonly called the Pretender; but he was the rightful heir to the throne of these realms." In vain I endeavoured to explain the circumstance, by showing the nature and propensities of this mysterious bird, when the door of the room was suddenly thrown open by a servant, who announced the death of a newly fallen calf! Mr. Greensward burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and the lady rose from her seat without the least ceremony, and left the room.

The clock—the old family clock of the Greenswards, with is slow oscillating motion—indicated the hour of night by eleven solemn strokes upon the deep-toned bell, which created a desire in me to retire to rest. I took out my watch to make a comparison. He perfectly understood me; but pressed me to take another pipe of returns, and a comfortable night cup before I retired.

The hour hand of the broad cross dial-plate of the old family clock had descended to the lowest point, and was commencing its tardy sojourn up the hill, when Mrs. Greensward re-entered the room. Her face evidently bore the impress of her late discomfiture;

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but her good-breeding dictated its concealment as much as possible. During her absence we had, somehow or other, stumbled upon the subject of Demonology, and the merits of King James's book upon the same subject, which, with the aid of a strong night cup, had rendered us more eloquent than usual. This, in some measure, might have prevented me from noticing the movements of Mrs. Greensward, whom, on turning my head, I perceived was busied in the arrangement of an old black oaken table, elaborately carved by a master hand. Curiosity, which is always busy in the human mind, induced me to make a closer inspection, when, to my great astonishment, I found carved in the centre of the top a splendid altar-piece, with two prominent figures, one of which was on his knees in a low humiliating position, and the other bending reverently over him. I examined this exquisite piece of workmanship as well as the faint light of the burning lamp would permit, but I could not satisfy myself as to the particulars of this fine specimen of antiquity; still I thought I could recognize something of an extraordinary historical event, and I reluctantly left it for a more favourable opportunity. She covered it with a cloth of the richest workmanship, as though she had been preparing for supper. I could not imagine the result, for supper had already been served a couple of hours before, if not upon the same table, at least in the same room. The cloth was the production of a hand-loom weaver, which had been presented to the family as a mark of esteem, by a few staunch Catholics and a little knot of persecuted Christian friends of a different denomination, whose opinions are as wide as the poles, yet there is a Christian sympathy with each other in consequence of their being common objects of persecution; by all other denominations of Christian worshippers.

In the centre of this exquisite production of the hand-loom was beautifully woven, upon a rich crimson ground, the arms of the Greensward family; but as I am not versed in the technicalities of heraldry, I am not able to give the particulars, and it must suffice that the whole was surmounted by a helmet, over which waved a plume of white feathers. A little to the right of the coat of arms, was a figure of a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, fully caparisoned and majestically seated upon a war-stead of the finest proportions. "This," said Mr. G., "is intended to represent Sir Jeffory Greensward, the founder of the family, who rode at the head of a powerful legion in the wars of the Crusaders against the infidels." On the left side of the arms was the figure of a martyr, standing in the midst of a heap of burning fagots, with his hands clasped and his eyes turned towards heaven, as if in the attitude of prayer, previous to his soul taking its flight into the mansions of the blessed. It was also bordered with various scriptural devices, the most appropriate the artist could conceive.

She took the little crucifix from the mantel-piece and placed it near the martyr. The Missal was placed near the Crusader, and a beautiful rosary was placed between. A pair of decanters with glasses were put on each side of the table, and two wax candles placed at a convenient distance from each other, gave the whole a very interesting appearance. A small but elegantly wrought basket, containing a few pieces of bread, found a place upon the sideboard. I tried again and again to solve the enigma, but the singularity of the arrangement totally precluded the possibility, and bidding each a good-night, I retired to my chamber, where I seated myself near the bed, to ponder over the mysteries of the table, which singular display of the emblems of our ancient faith, mingled with wine and provisions, was a problem far beyond my powers of solution.

The bed-chamber was neat and comfortable in the extreme; and though the furniture was ancient, it was in a state of fine preservation, so that every feature of the carving was quite perceptible. An old oak chest, which appeared to have been originally designed for the reception of deeds or other papers of value, still kept its place in a deep recess in the wall. Six prodigious black chairs, forming a contrast with the two light ones which stood on each side of the modern dressing table, were pieces of antiquated furniture upon which I could set no value, for the rich carving placed it beyond my power. The bed, if not the best in the house, was the most ancient and valuable, and it was considered to be an extraordinary favour for any gentleman to be allowed to rest his limbs where once was stretched the weary limbs of a martyr to his religion, and, at a later period, the last of the Stewarts, the forlorn hope of our Catholic brethren in the north. Fatigued with my long and tedious ramble over the mountains, I soon fell into a profound sleep, undisturbed, save by a vision of the martyred Greensward, whom I thought hovered round the curtains of my bed, fully encircled in a bright halo of celestial light. I lay till the sun's beams burst through the

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long narrow windows of my room, and laying his golden rays across the rich counterpane of the bed politely invited me to rise. The mysterious arrangement of the black table and the altar-piece flashed across my mind, and I hastened to prepare for my appearance at the breakfast table.

My first wish was to solve the two figures at the altar of Canterbury, for I had already discovered that the fine carving in the centre of the old oak table was an interior view of the ancient cathedral, and on a closer inspection I found the two prominent characters to be a representation of Thomas a Becket in the act of giving absolution to a repentant monarch; but why the lady should have arranged with her own hand, and at midnight too, a table, with the emblems of her religious faith, mingled with a choice of provisions and wine, was a circumstance I could not understand, and I felt uneasy lest I should be suffered to depart without being made fully acquainted with it. I thought it was a piece of innocent superstition practised by Mrs. Greensward, which her good-natured husband would not disturb, whatever his feelings might be upon the occasion, though I was convinced, in my own mind, that he imbibed the same weakness, if such a term may be allowed.

The aromatic flavor of the coffee had scarcely subsided, when Mrs. G. addressed me in the following language: "No doubt, sir," said she, "you are at a loss to guess my mysterious proceedings of last night; nor would you have been made acquainted with my singular, but conscientious opinions, had my husband allowed you to retire a little earlier; but the hour of midnight was fast approaching, and the arrangement of the table is my constant practice before that period. Had I neglected a duty which I believe to be in strict accordance with our faith, I should have blamed myself for an irreparable omission. You will, no doubt, denounce it as superstitious. Be that as it may, I have the satisfaction to believe that the spirits of the departed are permitted to revisit the earth, and especially their surviving progeny, over whom they act as the guardian angels of the night. Near to the figure of the martyred Greensward I placed the little crucifix, to show his blessed spirit that our hope is centered in the cross of Christ. I placed the book near the Crusader to show the shade of Sir Jeffrey that we still adhere to the principals for which he fought in the Holy Land, and bled at the Sepulchre of Christ. The rosary was placed upon the table to show that we do not neglect to offer up our prayers to the blessed Virgin. The wine and provisions are offered as a token of our gratitude for their unceasing watchfulness over erring mortals. These explanations," said Mrs. Greensward "I have given with a view that you may not depart from beneath this roof with erroneous conclusions. As a stranger, you have been welcome; for care and attention to the wanderer is the indispensible duty of a Christian."

During the delivery of the above I stood motionless, listening to the language of an amiable woman, whom a portion of the world will call worthless and superstitious. I took her hand, pressed it to my lips, and exclaimed at parting—Would to God that every one who professes to be a Christian would imbibe the same noble and disinterested sentiments!

SONNET

ON BEING ADVISED TO ABANDON POETRY.

BY PETER PROLETARIUS.

No! bid me not forsake my humble lyre,
Though its rude tones may finer ears annoy;
For I have felt *one* spark o' nature's fire,
And unto me that lyre hath been a joy:
Yes, I have loved the Muses from a boy,
And oft when grief did on my spirit press,
And woman had no kindly smile for me,
And there were none to cheer me or caress,
I turned, enchanting Poesy, to thee;
(For thou couldst ever cheer my drooping heart,
And put Despair, with all his train, to flight;)
And then athwart my shadowy mind would dart
Inspiring thoughts and visions of delight,
Till my glad soul forgot Misfortune's blight.

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COUNTRY CHURCHES AND CHURCHYARDS.

(*Concluded from page* 256.)

The next division is appended without comment, for its singularity:

"To the memory of Solomon Shepherd. Heroes have died in defence of their country; and the world has at various times lamented the loss of eminent Statesmen, Divines, Physicians, and other wise men; but the Parish of Runcorn has to lament the loss of one, who, in the several characters of Sexton, Bell-ringer, Grave-digger and Crier, executed his offices faithfully."

ON A SAILOR WHO WAS DROWNED.

"Tho' Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have toss'd me to and fro,
In spite of both, by God's decree,
I harbour here below;
Where I do now at anchor lie,
With many of our fleet;
Yet once again I must set sail,
Our Saviour, Christ, to meet."

ON TWINS.

"One day to both of us gave birth,
One day we both return'd to earth;
One day, thro' Christ, we both shall rise,
To claim our mansions in the skies."

ON A FEMALE.

"Nineteen years she lived a virgin's life,
Fifty-two years was a married wife;
Eleven years she lived a widow chaste,
And now hath left the world and gone to rest."

I took my leave of Runcorn in the midst of a soaking and provoking shower of rain, and sailed for Liverpool in the steamer *Blanche*. I weathered it on deck until we had passed Weston Point, (where, by the way, a new stone church and handsome light-house have been recently erected), and nothing more could be discerned through the "dark and dreary mist" that enclosed us. I then joined the passengers in the cabin where the contrast was really cheering. A roaring fire shot its rays over a crowd of thankful faces, while a fiddler of the old school sang quaint ditties to his instrument; volunteers followed in his wake, and the time passed right merrily. Arrived at St. George's pier head, we were requested to turn out into one of "the Devil's own drenchers;" there was, however, no help for it, so each made the best of his way to his own home, or a borrowed one, as the case might be. Rose early next morning to inspect the docks, shipping, public buildings, and other "sights" of the town; but these things are very little to my fancy, so I soon became weary of them. Spent the forenoon more agreeably in taking a pleasant stroll up the hill to Everton. Of course, I patronized, to a small extent, the far-famed toffy-shop; for who that has a child, or has been a child, could resist the temptation? Towards evening I crossed the ferry to Birkenhead, and was surprised when I found myself alone in the famous old priory, while the village was crowded with visitors. It is a venerable and picturesque ruin, and the spirit of the olden time hangs sweetly over it; the shadows and the silence soothed me into deep thought, which I willingly indulged until the moon pept through the arched and broken arches, when I left its solitude for its antipodes.* Before doing so I had carefully examined all the tombs and inscriptions in the precincts; especially that of Thos. Rayneford, who was last prior but one of this house, and died the 20th of May, 1473. In the year 1818, it appears, this ancient gravestone was dug up within the ruins; underneath

* A noon-day glance at the remains of this abbey, a short time since, disappointed me; the ivy looked scanty; the walls naked; and altogether it appeared less romantic than I was willing to believe. Ruins are deeply indebted to evening for their effect. The village itself had undergone a still greater alteration of character; splendid docks and other erections were springing to sight as if by magic. The press speaks loudly of the wisdom and profit attached to these speculations, and nearly every individual admires their grandeur and business-like capacities: I have no doubt the general conclusion is the right one, and hope all the benefits may accrue that are anticipated from the change. For myself, my taste is so primitive, so far behind the age, so decidedly out of fashion, that I feel some embarrassment in confessing that I would rather see the flowery fields than all the costly buildings raised upon them.

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were found three skeletons, in very perfect condition. The stone is now inserted in the wall; it resembles red granite, and is very much corroded. Many letters of the inscription, which runs around the margin, are effaced, and it is with considerable difficulty that its meaning is rendered intelligible.

The next epitaph, upon an old lady of 82, is a remarkable instance of presumptuous folly:—

"Cloth'd in such robes, how bright I'll shine,
Angels might envy such a dress;
Angels wear not such a robe,—
Mine is the robe of righteousness."

This, for its plaintive beauty:—

"Thus mourning o'er this stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;—
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while."

The following are somewhat curious:—

"Here lies the body of Martha Lary, mother of 19 children:
She departed this life the 4th day of April, 1777, aged 101."

"She was———
But words are wanting to say what;
Think what a wife should be,—
And she was that."

On the succeeding morning, while standing at the Liverpool side of the Mersey, with a still unsatisfied wish for sailing, I perceived a packet, named the *Dolphin*, taking in passengers for Bangor, and immediately added one to their number. The weather was fine, and to me everything seemed vastly agreeable until we passed the *Formby* light-ship, about twenty miles out to sea. Here I was overcome by sickness, and the remainder of the day was miserable enough; especially when, during the afternoon, the wind freshened to a gale, and it was doubtful for several hours if we should weather it. The crockery was thrown down and broken, compelling the dinner party to rise without ceremony, leaving the repast unfinished, and the grace unsaid. Two or three old women were kneeling in earnest prayer, and, to confess the truth, I scarcely expected to see "home, sweet home!" any more. At length it subsided to a comparative calm, and we landed at Bangor about seven p.m., being a couple of hours later than we ought to have been. The night was dark as pich, with rain pouring down like a second deluge. We walked, skipped, and slipped over stones left bare by the receding tide, and then clambered up an awkward zig-zag sort of rock, forming, I thought, a rather comical entrance into a city. After a sound sleep, and a hearty breakfast, my host became my guide. I soon obtained a gratifying view of Beaumaries and Puffin Island, where the memorable wreck of the *Rothsay Castle* took place, in the summer of 1831. Poor victims of pleasure and mismanagement! the fate of those sufferers will long command a melancholy interest. Few will look upon their graves in the neighbouring church-yard, without emotion. To me the scene possessed a peculiar attraction, through having so recently passed it under somewhat similar circumstances and in just such another crazy vessel. After meeting various picturesque groups of country women, their sun-burnt faces shaded by broad felt hats, and their sturdy loveliness jolted upon shaggy ponies, my eye rested with pleasure on the famous monument of Telford's ingenuity, also on the Marquis of Anglesea's pillar, which stands close beside. The Menai Bridge is unquestionably a beautiful and imposing structure; but lacks the stupendous appearance that my fancy had pictured. Bangor wears a neat cleanly aspect; it consists mainly of one street, and is remarkable for the number of respectable inns to so small a place. The cathedral, sombre and lonely, is ornamented with a gilded mitre, placed over each door-way.

About noon, I mounted the Caernarvon and Chester mail, and started for the latter city in good spirits, with a fair day and a clear bracing atmosphere to sustain them. We soon reached Aber, a village of the tiniest possible dimensions—a neat inn, a little church, a snug parsonage-house rich in flowers, and all is told. At this spot, I have since learned there is a terrific waterfall; but even had I known at the time, the mail, *perhaps*, would not have stood patiently whilst I went to admire it at my leisure. As we proceeded, I caught a glimpse, at anti-gossipping distances, of the isolated souls forming the congre-

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tion of Aber church. The narrow road now wound along the margin of the sea towards Conway, and has been literally stolen by science from a race of frowning giants, called *Penmaenmawer*. These mountains terminate, I believe, the Snowdonian range on this side of the Caernarvonshire coast. For many miles the blue naked rock towered above us on the right, while beneath us, on the lift, the breakers ceaselessly dashed their spray. Altogether the scene was truly appenine and gloriously new, you may be sure, to a home-bird like myself.

Before reaching Conway, I had seen many primitive spots that my heart yearned for; tiny clusters of cottages that I would gladly have peopled with my poet-friends, and there have spent the residue of my days "in sweet community." Whilst enjoying a farewell glance at their inviting seclusion, I could almost fancy them repeating Campbell's beautiful words—

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn,
And fain was their care-broken stranger to stay;
But sorrow returned as I onward was borne,
And the voice on my dreaming ear melted away."

Shortly afterwards we turned an angle of the road, and the embattled walls of Conway stood before us. I felt strangely as the mail rattled down the hill, and passed under the pierced arch that had once guarded the way with such jealous care. We drew up for a few minutes in the principal street, which winds through the quiet town like a worm; and then, heigho! for the castle. I did not forget, you may depend, Mr. Editor, that yourself had been there before me, and paid your just tribute to this beauteous ruin. Yet, ruin it may scarcely be called, for it is still fair and sturdy, bearing, externally, little symptom of old age. I had an excellent view of the castle, the river, and the surrounding scenery; when the coach, passing the outer gateway, had crossed the bridge, I turned upon my seat and gazed upon the interesting pile until my eyes were full of it. A commercial traveller, who sat beside me, remarked that Conway had been sound asleep, as regarded trade, for fifty years back.

After quitting Conway, I was "all abroad" as the "fancy" have it, for lack of an itinerary. By dint of constant enquiry, I learned the names of places we passed, and things I saw, pretty well; but I took no notes at the time, and have now forgotten the *minutiæ*. I remember noticing a famous mountain fastness, now metamorphosed into a fanciful seat, after an Italian model—large white slabs, chiselled full of valiant deeds, were fixed at each side of the entrance—as we hurried by my eye just caught the heading:

"At this pass were fought the battles of ——"

I could dearly have liked to finish the inscription, but the mail raced against time, and the case was hopeless. During our route, my commercial friend was very servicable. Beside numerous other mansions, he pointed out Rhyllon, the residence of the late Mrs. Hemans. At a short distance from the house, he showed me Mrs. H.'s favourite hill, where she delighted to take her *pic nic* parties. It is a bare cheerless looking spot, and would certainly never become a chosen resort of mine. My attention was next directed to the house where the accomplished and ingenious Pennant lived and died; also, to Whitford church, adjoining, where his remains are interred.

As we approached Holywell, I saw the little river, formed by the overflowing of the celebrated spring; but I could not get a peep at St. Winifred herself, for the life of me. We changed horses at the top of the nearly perpendicular street, while the unique chapel stood within sight of the bottom. I felt myself in a predicament similar to that of the hungry wretch in the fable, who is seen grinning at a hot buttered roll, placed with refined cruelty just out of his reach. I resumed my seat, pettishly cursing hired coaches; and resolved to have a vehicle of my own —— as soon as practicable!

On leaving Holywell we passed through Hawarden, where, tradition says, the good people once drowned their Holy Virgin, because the poor lady, having lost her influence, could not favour their prayers.

The shades of evening had completely enveloped us before reaching Mould; and the church clock told eight as we finished our last stage at the "auncient and goodlye city of Chester." After pacing its picturesque and singular "Rows," and securing a conveyance for the morrow, I retired to rest.

I rose early on the last morning of my "tour" to recognitre the peculiarities around me. Proceeding along the main thoroughfare, which runs direct through the city, I passed

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many quaint dwellings, whose upper stories, projecting over the path, almost shook hands, in the middle of the street, with their opposite neighbours. As I loitered leisurely down the stone-way, little patches of green occasionally met my eye; but, altogether, Chester was not so solitary as I had been led to expect. At length I found myself in the suburbs, and, turning up a country lane, made a pleasant circuit. I had next an interesting stroll upon the city walls, which command a comprehensive view. With the race-ground I was particularly pleased; level as a die; beautifully green even on the approach of winter, and raised all round like a natural amphitheatre; it forms, I presume the best course in the kingdom.

There is an old church—half ruin, half servicable—near to the Dee side, that has lost its date in the "lapse of ages,"—indeed, a friend of mine declared seriously that Adam and Eve worshipped here after their expulsion from Eden.

About mid-day I mounted the omnibus for Preston-brook, and enjoyed a glorious drive through the very heart of agricultural Chesbire. The sky was remarkably clear, with sun and breeze alternating. The country, dotted with numerous bands of potato-diggers, and with brown laughing children intersecting the bye-ways, showed to great advantage, confirming the mortal hatred I bear to manufacturing towns. Arrived at Preston-brook I immediately entered the swift packet for Manchester, and pressed my homestead at nightfall once more.

You will doubtless, Mr. Editor, think I have dwelt over long upon trifles; but I was like a child in a fair for the first time, when every thing is new to the eye and charming to the sense; and though an undue interest in little things *does* betray a little mind; still it is some satisfaction to reflect that a greater man than your nameless correspondent may ever hope to be, made *Much Ado about Nothing!*

Manchester. SYLVAN.

MR. G. SMITH AND THE MAGAZINE.

IN laying the following letter before our readers, we think that we shall be only doing our duty to them and to the writer. We do not deem it necessary, *at present*, to make any comment thereon—indeed, we confess that we are unacquainted with the particulars of the grievance which has compelled Mr. Smith to withdraw from us his valuable assistance. In thanking him for past favors, we beg to express our deep and sincere regret at losing so able and willing a coadjutor. We are sure that the great body of our members will feel the loss of his pen in that "History of the Order" which he commenced, and which he would have been proud to complete. We say no more. We only wish that something may transpire whereby he may be induced to return to our pages with honour to himself, and with gratification to our readers, In writing thus much we have only expressed *our own personal feelings*, and none other are answerable for these few words.—*Ed.* A. S. M.:—

To the EDITOR of the SHEPHERDS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I am compelled by a sense of honour to withdraw from your valuable Periodical my papers on the "Rise and Progress of our Institution." I regret it; because at the commencement of our *Magazine*, I cheerfully responded to the call of many valuable friends whose good opinions I will not forfeit by pandering to the weakness of those whom I can not conscientiously drag from beneath the veil of obscurity, without incurring a fearful responsibility. On the other hand, if a single paragraph of mine should have given offence it must be remembered that I am borne out by authentic documents, such as I could not have consistently passed over. The difficulty of carrying out my project has been manifest for some time, which will be clearly understood by the more discriminating portion of my

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brethren, without making the public acquainted with circumstances which cannot be interesting beyond the precincts of our own Society. I would fain have bequeathed, as a last legacy to my brother Shepherds, a faithful "History of our Order;" but circumstances have willed it otherwise; yet I have the consolation of having laid a substantial foundation for some future historian, at a sacrifice beyond the calculation of superficial men. Sixteen years of the best of my existence have been spent in promoting the good of our Order, which is welcome to all that my poor abilities have been able to accomplish, both as the chief officer and as a private member of my own district; yet I never will sacrifice a principle which is more dear to me than any literary reputation I am likely to acquire.

Ashton-under-Lyne, June 28th, 1847. GEORGE SMITH, P.C.S.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ORDER,

AT STALYBIDGE.

THE Seventeenth Annual Meeting of our Order was held at the Noah's Ark Lodge, Royal Oak Inn, Vaudrey-street, Stalybridge, on Easter Monday and Tuesday, April 5th and 6th, 1847. The business commenced at nine o'clock, in the morning. The Cor. Sec. of the Order called over the names of Districts and Delegates,—all were present except Driffield, who sent sufficient apologies according to law. Selby, Wisbech, and Langtoft were fined as per rule for not having sufficient delegates. The attendance of delegates was more numerous than on any former occasion of the kind. There were present, James Heap, C.S., Samuel Bridge, D.C.S., William Hall, Cor. Sec., and the undermentioned Delegates: Brs. William Shaw, John Burns, Jabez Hollingworth, Lot Walker, Robert Smith, Aaron Hampson, and James Kein, *Ashton District;* Brs. Taylor and Schofield, *Oldham;* Brs. Mc.Owen and Butterworth, *Rochdale;* Brs. D. Scott, Noble, Sykes, Aursley, and Hepplestone, *Ossett;* Br. John Taylor, *Huddersfield;* Br. Gill, *Heptonstall;* Brs. Thornton, Ward, and Balty, *Leeds;* Brs. Sutcliffe and Hague, *Halifax;* Br. Dyson, *Colne;* Br. Gledhill, *Holme;* Br. Taylor, *Bacup;* Br. Walker Robinson, *Bramley;* Brs. Taylor, Bellas, and Hepworth, *Pontefract;* Br. Crawshaw, *Haslingden;* Brs. Jaques, Woodward, and Heald, *Wakefield;* Br. Connolley, *Kirkburton;* Br. J. Scott, *Bury;* Br. Harmfield, *New Mills;* Brs. Carr, Malton, and Pearson, *Selby;* Brs. W. P. Bays, E. Bodger, and Kingston Blaxley, *Wisbeach;* Brs. J. T. Hoyte, and Ringham, *Hull;* Br. Stephenson, *Langtoft;* Br. Hague, *South Kirby;* Brs. Buckley, Hague, Bowers, and Hall, *Stalybridge;* Br. Beeston, *Bishop Auckland;* Br. Gibson, *Ashford;* Brs. Slater and Hudson, *Yeadon;* Br. Crawshaw, *Newchurch;* Br. Walker, *Pickering;* Br. Henderson, *Lewisham;* Br. Bradbury, *Mossley;* Brs. Suttle, Morris, Smith, and Tomison, *Bolton;* and Brs. Lawton, Hollingworth, and Craven, *Manchester.*

The Worthy CHIEF opened the business of the day by delivering the following excellent address: Respected Brethren,—Allow me, in opening the Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, to express the great pleasure I experience in meeting with and presiding over such a respectable and intelligent body of men as are here assembled together. When I reflect on the great, noble, and benevolent objects we have in view, I feel it indeed a pride and an honour to be placed in the situation I now occupy, and only regret that no language of mine can do justice to my feelings on this occasion.

Brothers,—I feel confident you will enter on the business of this meeting with that spirit of love, charity, and forbearance, which has hitherto characterised the Annual Meetings of our Order, and which it is to be hoped will continue to be a distinguishing feature in all our future proceedings. In making alterations in our code of laws, you will have an eye solely to the welfare of the Order at large, and the good of the members individually; and in any case of appeal, or matter of dispute that may be brought before you, I am sure you will act with that strict impartiality and love of justice which has gained you the confidence of the Districts you represent. I cannot sit down without congratulating you on the proud and honourable position which our Order now occupies amongst the Benevolent Societies of this Kingdom: from a small and humble origin we have risen, step by step, to a magnitude and importance in the country which the founders of our society hardly contemplated or durst hope we should attain to. A few short years only have elapsed, and we have succeeded in making our Order second to none in the benefits it holds out to its

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members, and the blessings it confers on the sick, the bereaved, and the indigent. Like the acorn, which being placed in the earth, springs up and becomes a mighty tree, giving shelter and shade to the animal kingdom, and beauty and grace to the landscape, our Order has sprung up into existence and strength, and is at once a blessing and an ornament to the country. Trusting that every one of our acts on the present occasion may have a tendency to increase the strength and glory of our cause, I take my seat and declare this meeting duly opened for the business that may come before it.

The day was occupied in hearing appeal cases and transacting other business appertaining to the interest of the Order in general, for the particulars of which the members are referred to the perusal of the Annual Minutes; and the whole business was conducted with that good feeling which has invariably characterised the proceedings of our Order.

In the evening a sumptuous dinner was given in the Town Hall, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, when upwards of two hundred and fifty persons sat down to partake thereof. Full justice having been done to the excellent fare provided by Host Allen, of the Royal Oak, P. G. Bays, Esq., of Wisbech, was elected to the chair, and Mr. W. Aitken, of Ashton, to the vice chair. After they had taken their respective situations,

The CHAIRMAN said he was surrounded by men of intelligence, and although the mass of them belonged to a class that he must say were not sufficiently cared for, he had no reason to doubt their loyalty, and he therefore begged that they would drink with him the health of the queen. Let them remember that they were Shepherds, and that one of the characteristics of the Order was loyalty. Shepherdry, like all other institutions of a similar kind, was for the purpose of improving mankind, and promoting the principles of peace amongst the brotherhood. He concluded a most brilliant speech by observing that one of the prime articles of the Order being loyalty, he had no hesitation in giving—"The Queen." Drunk with the usual honours.

The Band then gave "The National Anthem," which was received with applause.

Br. THORNTON, of Leeds, gave—"Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family." The toast having been drunk,

Messrs. FIELDING BROTHERS and HEARNES gave the glee—"Come to the mirth," in excellent style.

The CHAIRMAN next gave "The Press," with the health of Br. John Williamson, the printer of the *Ancient Shepherds' Magazine*, who responded, in a neat speech.

Br. HOLLINGWORTH, at the call of the chairman, sung—"Our Country and our Queen," written by John Critchley Prince, which was received with great enthusiasm.

The VICE-CHAIRMAN then gave—"The Ancient Order of Shepherds, and may they be noted for their intelligence, wisdom, and integrity."

C.S. JAMES HEAP gave the song—"The bonny English rose," with great effect.

The CHAIRMAN then gave the healths of Brs. Chadwick and Hall, the latter the secretary to the Order.

Br. CHADWICK responded, and said he remembered the time when they had to borrow the money for a funeral from their secretary, which he advanced without the least security whatever; but he was happy to say that they had not occasion for such assistance now. We have upwards of forty thousand members in the Order, and by perseverance and integrity they might ere long become far more numerous. He had seen the Order consist of two lodges, and their present position he thought was sufficient encouragement for perseverance. He had laboured hard for many years in the service of the Order, but its present position amply repaid him for his exertions.

Glee—"Fair Flora."

Br. R. SCOTT, of Bury, was next called on. He had been a Shepherd many years; in fact, they called him "father" in his district. He was "father" to two hundred Shepherds in Bury.

The CHAIRMAN then said he had a toast to propose intimately connected with education. He was happy to find that the brethren in Stalybridge had felt the necessity of improving their minds and of associating together for educational purposes. He would propose "the Stalybridge Lyceum."

Br. AITKEN (the Vice Chairman), responded to the toast in an energetic manner, and spoke as follows: Sir,—I might, under all ordinary circumstances, have risen with a great degree of pleasure to respond to the sentiment which has just been given from the chair; but at the present, when the intelligence of Shepherdry is drawn from various and

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distant parts of our own island-home to discuss laws that will benefit your society, that pleasure is doubly enhanced. What associations crowd upon the mind of him who has read and studied history, at the mention of the word LYCEUM. Aristotle, the founder of Lyceums, at Athens, in the palmy days of Greece, with the wonderful age in which he lived—the present condition of that country; the various great and stirring events that have convulsed the world from then till now—come quickly o'er the mind, and point out to man "a lecture silent, but of sovereign power." In the times of which I speak, distant nations heard of the progress Greece was making, and the learned, from every clime, came to listen to her philosophers,—her orators, and pay tribute, by their veneration, at the shrine of her genius. What an instructive lesson here stands in bold relief from the pages of history. Tell us, ye chroniclers of a byegone age, how is it? and why is it, that this splendid empire of antiquity with is architectural pride, its achievements in arts, commerce, science, and all that elevates a nation, have sunk into insignificance and left nothing but decaying monuments of its former grandeur? The answer is instructive to us, as Britons, who love our country. Luxury on the one hand, and factious strife on the other, paved the way for its final overthrow; and our own country, which was then scarcely known, being inhabited with painted savages, assists in keeping their effeminate and partizan king. Otho, on the throne. Let us sing devoutly, and from the depth of our hearts, with the poet and patriotic Burns—

"And oh! may heaven our simple lives pervert
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
And then, however crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around our much-lov'd isle."

Had I any influence with the gentlemen here from various parts of the country, I would say, when you return home, either found Lyceums or join those already founded. Multiply your Lyceums, Mechanics' Institutes, (or by whatever name you call them, for they have all the same end in view), and you diminish human ignorance, superstition, and crime. Place honest teachers therein, and in your public schools, who will teach science, history, and morality, and not opinions and dogmas, so shall our children arise ornaments and benefits of our state, free from those sectarian crotchets which distract society, and assisters in the great work of human redemption and human progression. We can only judge of the progress of man by comparison. Look at the age in which we live and the days of the first Lyceum, and our children smile at the delusions of an oracle, who pretended to tell what was to happen,—the oracle being nothing but a cunning priest, and the believers therein living monuments of credulity. How rude, indeed, were their first groupings in some of the sciencies, compared to the splendid achievements of our days. All they knew of electricity, in the days of Aristotle, was, that amber when rubbed had the power of attracting light bodies. It remained for a Franklin to go out into the fields, and, child-like with his kite, prove that lightning and electricity is the same agent, and by the introduction of his rod, thus make the thunder-bolt of heaven fall harmless to the earth. And further still, by the invention of the electric-telegraph information can be conveyed on any subject almost with the rapidity of thought. Contrast the first rude groupings of the alchymist, in search of the philosopher's stone, with our splendid achievements in chemistry: the discoveries of a Liebig, Davy, and our own Dalton's atomic theory in chemistry will live while man exists, and the present order of things. Thus, then, is the comparison favorable to our times. The improvements of one age stand as land-marks to tell of the ining wave of progression; and though for a time, (as in the dark ages of society), science, art, literature, and improvement may be beaten down by the howling surges of bigotry, ignorance, and brute force, yet Phœnix-like, shall TRUTH rise out of its own ashes and shine more resplendently to bless the longing eyes of the good of all climes and all nations. As education becomes more extended among the nations of the earth, war, the scourge of empires, shall be known no more, and a more humane feeling shall spring in the bosoms of all, the vast kingdom of ignorance shall be beaten down, and the golden sceptre of knowledge wave over a free, a happy, and an independent people. Education must lead. The principles of a just education shall teach humanity—that the poor unfortunate Ethiopian whom God and nature have made black, shall not be treated as a slave, and bought and sold as a beast of burden; that he is entitled, like the white man, to "life, liberty, and enjoyment," because, in the beautifully expressive lines of our own Cowper, that poet of the heart—

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"Fleecy locks and dark complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."

Every principle that ennobles is brought from the human mind by education; reading becomes a habit as necessary to an educated man's comfort as warmth and clothing. The whole actions of his household are love and dignity to one another. Your Chairman, in his opening speech, gave you a very laughable description of a trio that used to be the presiding genii of sick clubs of former times. I also may be allowed to give you a trio, viz., "The Press, Science, and Literature," the universal spread of which shall accomplish for man's comfort all that the past has ever dreamed of; the philosopher sighed for; and for which the patriotic of every clime have crimsoned the soil of their native land to attain. The press shall send forth its angel missives and light the world with the emanations of beautiful thought, and remove from all homes ignorance, the pestilent source of crime. Science shall teach man to trace cause and effect, open their eyes to the beauties of nature, and to smile with pity and contempt on those delusions and juggleries which in all ages have been the fertile sources of discord and bloodshed; whilst the pens of our prose writers, the manly eloquence of our orators, whether in the senate, at the bar, or amongst the people, and the lays of our undying minstrels, shall instil into the minds of all those really patriotic sentiments which ought to characterize all men in all climes, and which have been so feelingly described by a Scottish lady,—

"Is there a thought can fill the human mind,
More pure, more vast, more generous, more refined
Than that which guides the enlightened patriot's toil!
Not he, whose narrow view is bounded by his soil:
Not he, who calling that land's right his pride,
Trampleth the rights of all the earth beside.
Not he, who to set up that land on high
Will make whole nations bleed—whole nations die:
No! he it is, the just, the generous soul,
Who owneth brotherhood with either pole!
Stretches from realm to realm his spacious mind,
And guards the weal of all the human kind;
Holds Freedom's banner o'er the earth unfurl'd,
And stands the guardian patriot of a world!"

Several other toasts and sentiments were given and responded to by various speakers; and after thanks had been unanimously voted to the chairman, the vice-chairman, the band, &c., the assembly dispersed, evidently well satisfied with the evening's proceedings.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

It is estimated that since the creation of the world, fourteen thousand millions of human beings have fallen in the battles which man has urged against his fellow creature man. If this amazing number of men were to hold each other at arm's-length, they would extend over fourteen millions, five hundred and eighty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three miles of ground, and would encircle the globe on which we dwell 608 times! If we allow the weight of a man on an average to be one hundred weight, we shall come to the conclusion that 6,250,000 tons of human flesh have been mangled, disfigured and trampled under foot. The calculation will appear more striking when we state, that if only the fore fingers of every one of these fourteen thousand millions of human boings were to be laid in a straight line, they would reach more than 600,000 miles beyond the moon; and if a person were to undertake to count the number, allowing nine hours a day, and seven days to a week, at the rate of 6,000 per hour, it would occupy that person 336 years. And awful is the consideration! 350,000 pipes of human blood has been spilt! Who would not exclaim with Bishop Hall,—"Give me the man who can devise how to save troops of men from killing; his name shall have room in my calendar. There is more true honour in a civic garland for the preservation of *one subject*, than in a laurel for the victory over many enemies." Or, with Bishop Taylor,—"If men were only subjects to Christ's law, then could they never go war with each other."

Printed by P.M. John Williamson, Ashton-under-Lyne.

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THE

LOYAL ANCIENT SHEPHERDS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,

AUTHOR OF "HOURS WITH THE MUSES."

VOL. II.

HECKMONDWIKE:
PRINTED FOR THE ORDER BY JAMES WATTS, MARKET-PLACE.

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PREFACE.

On closing the SECOND VOLUME of our Magazine we have occasion to express our regret that its circulation has latterly been so limited. We are willing to believe that circumstances over which the Members of the Order have had no control have been the main cause; but we trust that the obstacles which stand in the way of its complete success, will be speedily removed, and that the circulation of another volume will double that of the present one.

With the new volume we shall commence some alterations, which we hope our readers will find to be improvements, and so feel stimulated to promote, by all the means in their power, the extension and usefulness of the Magazine. We shall endeavour to enlist into our little corps of writers some of our early literary friends, whose names and writings are well and extensively known. At the same time we shall prefer good and original articles from our Brother Shepherds, whom we respectfully urge to oblige us by pouring in their contributions forthwith.

We tender our best thanks to our few steady correspondents of Hull, Witheringham, Manchester, and Ashton, requesting a continuation of their favours. Hoping with confidence that the preface to our *third* volume may give more cheerful evidence of success, we bid our readers a cordial farewell till January, 1850.

THE EDITOR.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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A FEW THINGS FOR THOUGHT.

In order that we may not be too much elevated with the contemplation of our own good qualities and acquirements, we should consider that no man is without his imperfections. That we may not decline being servicable to our fellow-creatures, we should reflect that while we are endeavouring to improve and benefit others, we are also doing so for ourselves. That we may not be remiss or reluctant in kindly offices, we should remind ourselves that, however affluent our fortunes, we are not entirely independent of others, even humbler than ourselves, and that where much is given, much will be required. We are commanded to be fruitful in good works, and throughout the creation we find no precedent for inutility and indolence, for he that contributes neither labour, study, nor fortune to the public, is a deserter to the community. All human affections, if directed by the governing principle of reason, tend to promote some useful purpose. Compassion, if properly exercised, is one of the most beneficial of all virtues, extending itself to a greater number of objects, and creating more lasting happiness than, perhaps, any other.

The rational, the manly pleasure, which necessarily accompanies compassion, can only be known to those who have experienced its effects; for who that has relieved the indigent has not felt the purest and highest gratification? To see a fellow-creature labouring in agony and pain, or struggling under the oppressive burden of helplessness and want, presently raises pity in the human breast, induces us to sympathize with the object in distress, and inspires us with the tender disposition of charity and benevolence.

To a mind rightly constituted, the pleasure of doing good must outweigh all others of which it is susceptible, being both from its nature, and the variety of its objects, greatly superior to the fleeting and unsatisfactory

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enjoyment arising from the gratification of our sensual appetites. Hence compassion, both on account of its duration, its pleasing effects, and its unbounded utility to the world, ought to be highly valued and duly cultivated by all who consult their own felicity, or the prosperity and interest of that country, people, or society, to whom they belong.

The chief pleasures of society are good conversation, and the consequent improvement to the mind by rational and pure converse with intelligent men. For this enjoyment, chiefly, we resort to our Lodges, where it is our duty to consider ourselves as brothers, friends, and loving and united companions in a good cause. In order that we may continue to be such to each other, it behoves every one of us to preserve a correctness of demeanor, for by the outward comportment the inward civility and kindliness of the mind is expressed. The most essential part of civility lies deeper than the surface, and is that general good-will, and decent regard and personal esteem for every man, which makes us cautious of exhibiting towards him inattention, neglect, or contempt. It is our disposition that makes us ready on all occasions to express, according to the usual way or fashion of address, a respect, a value, an esteem for him, suitable to his rank, quality, and condition of life. It is, in a word, a disposition in the mind, visible in the deportment, whereby a man endeavours to avoid making another uneasy in his company.

That any offence against good breeding and brotherhood may be avoided in our Lodges, let us avoid four things:—

The first of these is a natural roughness, which makes a man uncivil and disagreeable to others; so that he retains no deference, nor has he any regard to the inclinations, tempers, or conditions of those he converses with. It is the certain mark of a clown not to mind what either pleases or offends those with whom he is conversing. And yet one may sometimes meet with a man in clean and fashionable apparel, giving an unlimited liberty to his own humour, and suffering it to overbear anything that stands in its way, with perfect indifference to those about him, and what they may feel or think of the rudeness of his behaviour. This is a brutality which every one sees and abhors: it is what no man can approve or be easy with, and, therefore, it finds no countenance with those who have the least tincture of good breeding; the end and design of which is to soften asperities, and to subdue the rude temper which is opposed to civility and courtesy.

Contempt is the second thing inconsistent with good breeding, and is entirely averse to it. And if this want of respect be discovered, either in a man's looks, words, or gestures, come it from whom it may, it will always

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bring uneasiness and pain along with it; for no one can contentedly bear to be slighted.

Censoriousness, or a disposition to find fault with others, is the third agression. Men, of whatever they may be guilty, do not choose to have their failings divulged and displayed, and set open to the view of either strangers or friends. Errors or failings always carry a degree of shame along with them; and the discovery, or even the imputation of any defect, is not to be borne by them without uneasiness.

Contradiction is a sort of censoriousness, wherein ill-breeding too often shows itself. The opposing the ill-grounded opinions, or the rectifying the mistakes of others, is what truth and charity sometimes require of us; nor does civility forbid it, so that it be done with proper caution, due care of circumstances, and a becoming mildness of manner. But there are some men who seem so perfectly possessed, as it were, with the spirit of perverseness and contradiction, they steadily, and without regard of either right or wrong, oppose whatever is advanced. This is so evident and outrageous a degree of censuring, that one connot help thinking one's self injured by it. Opposition to what another man says, is so apt to be suspected of censoriousness, and is so seldom received without some hurt or humiliation, that it ought to be made in the most courteous manner, couched in the mildest expressions, and such as with the whole deportment may express no forwardness to contradict. All possible marks of respect and good-will ought to accompany it, that, while we gain the argument, we may not loose the good opinions of any that hear, and especially of those who happen to differ from us. In arguments where opposition is vexatiously carried on, a great fault is often committed, namely, interrupting others while speaking. This is the height of rudeness; and to say the least of it, highly reprehensible. It is impertinence and folly to answer a man before we know what he has to say, or it is a plain declaration that we are weary of his discourse, and a downright desiring that we ourselves may have audience, having something to say better worthy the attention of the company. As this is no ordinary degree of disrespect, it cannot but always give very great offence.

The fourth thing that is against civility, and, therefore, apt to interrupt the harmony of conversation, is *Captiousness*. This failing, as it is unbecoming, and as it draws forth unbecoming expressions from others, should be guarded against with as much care as either the boisterous rusticity, contempt, and crossness, already considered and disapproved of. For as peace, ease, and satisfaction constitute pleasure and happiness, and are the very soul to conversation, if they be interrupted the design of the

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society is undermined and shattered, and in that case how should friendship and brotherly regard continue? That friendship which ought to be dear to every good man's breast, is the tie that unites in the firmest bonds the souls, the happiness, the welfare, and the peace of the world. How blest is he who can say with sincerity, "I am in friendship with all mankind, and it is my desire and my resolve to continue so to the end."

A STORY OF THE CORCOVADO.

When I first came out to Brazil, I got a situation as clerk in the counting-house of Diaz, Brown, and Company, the extensive merchants at Rio Janiero. The only other white clerk in their place of business was Lopez de Pereira, a Portuguese by descent, but educated in England. Of course we became companions; and although he was eccentric to absurdity, I found him a very agreeable fellow on the whole; his whims being often irresistibly ridiculous, while he was not at all annoyed at any laughter, but would laugh himself with his whole heart, while he still persisted in the proceedings that caused it. These were often, while very odd, both hurtful to himself and painful to his friends. One day, when we had been about a year together, the day being a holiday, we resolved upon an expedition to the top of the Corcovado. Accordingly hiring horses we rode up till the horses could go no further. As we rode, I began to laugh and question him with regard to his singular weakness. My thoughts were directed to this subject by seeing him turn round on the horse's back and ride with his face to the tail; and this though the animal was very spirited, and the path was so narrow that one horse only had room to go upon it; with the stone wall of the aqueduct on one side and a succession of wooded precipices on the other. On my inquiring the cause of this remarkable manœuvere he replied, laughing loudly himself, that he thought it was a good idea, as he could talk to me better face to face, for I was riding in the rear. But I remarked that we could converse quite well without seeing each other, and reminded him of the misers, who talked in the dark to save candles. Upon this he stated that as all the view lay behind us and nothing in front but woods, this was the most rational way of riding for an admirer of the picturesque. I bantered him out of this argument also, when he plainly confessed that he rode in that way from an internal impulse, no more to be resisted or controlled by him than the decrees of fate, that there was a devil within him who prompted him to make himself ridiculous, and that he could no more gainsay this mastering spirit than fly in the air. For the rest of the ride he continued to practise this uncavalier-like style of horsemanship, to the vast entertainment of sundry blackies we encountered, working at small repairs on the aqueduct, or bringing down loads of sticks from the woods. Nevertheless he continued to talk with infinite good humour of his own curious turn of mind. He told me that this devil of his ceased its malicious promptings at all times when heavy business occupied him; that cold bathing went far against it; and that once, when for a considerable time under anti-inflammatory treatment for some complaint, it entirely disappeared. At length we arrived at the last collection of houses on the ascent, and here we left our horses, mounting the last steeps on foot. As soon as we stood upon the rocky ball, and looked around us, overwhelmed by the grandeur and danger of the scene, I was full of exclamations. From the brim of the rock we stood on, the sight leaped down direct to fields and lagoons, two or three thousand feet beneath us; and the precipices, from what I could see of them, made my blood cold. The vastness of the horizon, with the distance and diversity of the parts filling it up, the silence, the solitude, the apparent eternal nature of the mighty rocks, even of the forests, all these ideas, combined with the precarious nature of our position on this airy and often cloud-covered pinnacle, and the certain dreadful fate that awaited one who should topple from such a stupendous height (for on three sides were precipices of from one to two thousand feet) raised my mind to a very high state of excitement. But when I looked at Pereira, expecting to see in him an equal enjoyment, I observed his dark Portuguese features pale with that tawny colour which constitutes the pallor o

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southern Europeans; his bloodless lips quivered, and there was a sort of convulsive starting of different muscles of his body.

"What," said I, "you surely are not afraid of falling? Come near to the centre, and your head will not swim so much."

"Afraid!" he replied, vaguely and incoherently. "No!—yes—afraid—for you;—save yourself, D——! for God's sake, save yourself!"

"Why, man, there is no fear, get you down first, you are nearest the path."

"No! we shall never go down that path—*the demon. D——, the demon in my heart prompts me to throw you from this pinnacle sheer to destruction*, and he will not but be obeyed! O Mother of Deity! Queen of Heaven! look on me in mercy!"

As he spoke, my heart smote my side violently; and I felt for a moment sick to death, for the recollection of his character and strange eccentricities arose before my mind.

"Gracious heaven!" said I, "You cannot mean what you say?" As I stood horror-stricken, he clasped his hands, and wringing them slowly, but with his whole strength, raised them above his head, looking upward at the same time with eyes sparkling with unnatural fire, and grinding his teeth, as if with anguish, a moment—and, with a wild howl of despair that rung like the cry of a vulture, he sprang upon me! A mercy it was that he gave me that warning! I was prepared so far, that his onset drove me back but one step: another step would have been death to me! He grasped me with his whole strength, and with the convulsive grasp of mortal fear I closed upon him; and thus, in dead embrace, we stood straining with the whole power of every sinew. It could not be called struggling; it was the slow and steady application of every force and every art of two athletic young men striving, the one in the frenzy of madness, the other in the dread of immediate dissolution. Now he would bend me a little, now I him! Oh what an agony that minute was to me! At length, in about twenty minutes, I knew that his strength was giving way: we were equally matched in strength, but I had the full chest and long wind, produced by hard exercise through all my youth in a far northern climate; he was narrow chested, and soon began to pant. Perceiving this, I compressed his ribs with my whole strength, and bending in his back, gradually brought him down on the rock. But the moment he was down he commenced struggling violently, and rolled us both over toward the awful brink. I thought I was gone, and clutched the rough rock with my fingers till the nails were torn from them. Providentially my hand came against one of the rusted iron supports that had, of old, upheld the chain, and I grasped it with that clutch commonly called the death-gripe. Holding on by this, and getting my legs about it so as to have a good purchase, while he still struggled ceaselessly with hand and teeth to dislodge me, I caught hold of the hair of his temples, and dashed his head violently against the rock. The blow affected his brain; the eyes which had thus been glaring upon me in maniacal fury, now rolled obliquely in their sockets, and his motions were no longer directed against me. With both hands I repeated the blow, and he remained motionless. Still I was not sure of him, for I had read and heard that the insane are very cunning, and adopt any schemes to accomplish their ends; so, putting one hand to his heart, and being able to perceive only a very faint and scarcely discernable beating, I got up and drew him to the middle of the rock. Then resting for a moment to breathe, and to thank Heaven that I had been saved alive from this fearful encounter, I began to descend the rock, dragging him after me till I got on a secure path, when I shouldered him and carried him to where we had left our horses. Here I got some blacks to carry him down to the city of Rio Janeiro, and conveyed him to the house of our mutual employer, Mr. Brown. As we were quite by ourselves, I might have accounted for his injuries by a supposed fall among the rocks, but I preferred telling the truth as it is written here. An inquiry was made according to the law of Brazil, and I was declared free of all blame; whilst Pereira, who was then recovering his bodily health, was condemned to restraint in a madhouse for life. I never afterwards could look up to the pinnacles of Corcovado without feelings of horror being called up in my mind; and so painful was this to me, that I was ultimately led to transport myself and my fortunes to Monte Video.

QUARRELS.—In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint, as well as a steel; either of them may hammer on wood for ever, no fire will follow.—*South.*

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THE WOODLAND WELL.

BY THE EDITOR.

I shall ever remember that morning of May,
When I wandered to watch the first foot-steps of day;
When I made a green path through the silvery dew,
And trampled the feather-like fern where it grew:
Untutored, but thoughtful, I then was a child,
In love with the silence that reigned in the wild;
And thus, by the power of invisible spell,
I was led to the brink of the bright Woodland Well.
Sweet shadowy place of my musings, thy spring
To me seemed a blest and a beautiful thing!
As its waters leapt up from the depths of the ground
With a flash and a sparkle—a bubble and bound:
They sang in the shade, and they laughed in the light,
As blythe as the birds in their first summer flight;
Then onward they went with a low pleasant voice,
Like bees in the sunshine let loose to rejoice,
Through banks sloping down from the green twilight bowers,
On—on was their march through a legion of flowers,
Which, shaking their bells as the waters passed by,
Paid homage in many an odourous sigh.
Let fancy pursue them for many a mile,
Through forests that frown, and through meadows that smile,—
Through many a valley, and corn-field, and lea,
Till they mingle with rivers that rush to the sea.
Come back to the woodland, come back to the well,
That musical mirror of Barley Wood dell,
That treasure of crystal to memory dear,
Exhaustless and restless for many a year.
When the rose folded up at the close of the day,
And the rich hues of sunset waned slowly away,
The light-footed maiden would step o'er the stile
To replenish her pitcher, and tarry awhile,
Till her lover would steal through the shadowy bower,
To snatch from existence one rapturous hour.
They would talk and caress, they would laugh, they would sing,
Till the bird in the bough, with a tremulous wing,
Would start from its slumber, and wheel round its nest,
Till silence restored brought it back to its rest.
Could that fountain have told all the secrets that fell
From the lips of the loving that met in the dell,
What a story of truthfulness, sorrow, or gladness,
Of moments of ecstacy followed by sadness;
Of vows that were uttered, too soon to be broken,
Of hearts that were won by the words that were spoken!
Some lonely and lost one might thither repair,
To drop in its waters the tears of despair;
Perchance e'en the faithful, the tender, the true,
Might revisit the spot former joys to renew,
And allude to the past, with no wish to forget
The enchantment that hung round the place where they met.
In gloomy December, or glorious June,
That fountain unceasingly mirrored the skies,—
The meteor, the sun, and the silver-browed moon,
The stars with their numberless magical eyes;

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The vapour-built cloud, with its protean form,
Whether pausing in calm or pursued by the storm,—
All—all in their turn o'er its surface would pass,
Like dreams over Fancy's mysterious glass:
Those visions of splendour and darkness that creep
Through the brain of the bard in the season of sleep.
Such—such was the well as I knew as a child,
In its green nook of quietness never defiled;
But, alas! after twenty dark winters of strife
In the crowded arena of many-hued life,
I flew to re-visit, with feelings of joy,
The scene which had made my romance, when a boy,
And found it—not what I had left it—a spot
Where quiet, and beauty, and pleasure were *not;*
For the bold foot of Mammon had dared to intrude
On the sylvan recesses of Barley-brook Wood.
The trees were uprooted, the fern and the flowers
No longer grew gay in the sunlight and showers;
The well was laid bare, and its waters conveyed
To be tortured and tossed in the uses of trade,
And the scene which was once my retreat and delight,
Seemed withered, and blackened, and bleak to my sight.
No longer the voice of the maiden was heard,
Nor the lisp of the leaf, nor the song of the bird,
Nor the lapse of the rill, nor the musical moan
Of the stream, as it danced over pebble and stone;
But sounds of rude clangor invaded my ear,
And turned into discord the wild echoes near:
Like a pilgrim returned to the home of his birth,
When all that he loved has departed from earth,
I lingered a while in the thraldom of thought,
To mourn o'er the ruin that Mammon had bought,
Then turned me away from the desolate scene,
As though, save in fancy, it never had been.
But still in my moments of grief and of gloom,
It comes, like a picture, in beauty and bloom,
As green and as silent, as fresh and as bright,
As when I first found it by May's morning light;
And though I look back with a sigh of regret,
The Well and the Woodland remain with me yet.

JESSIE CRAWFORD; OR "LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY JOHN EVANS.

(*Concluded from page 275 in volume first.*)

PART II.

The following day saw Blandford doff its holiday cap and jacket, and put on its working clothes and steady business habits. Could Jessie have put aside as easily the reminiscences of the last evening, it would perhaps have been well for her. But such was not to be the case, for when she rose from her slumbers, it was only to muse over her dreams, in which of course the all-absorbing figure was that of Stephen Wingfield. Jessie, with all her wild romantic notions, had one very admirable piece of philosophy about her, which was, that when anything came across her notice which really enlisted her affections, she loved

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it with all her heart and soul, nor would she upon any account banish it from her thoughts. We have heard and read of certain young ladies, who upon dreaming of certain young gentlemen have, upon opening their eyes, endeavoured with all their might to efface the object henceforth and for ever from their "mind's eye." Not so with Jessie; she dreamed her dreams over and over again, and gave the figure, now that her senses were collected, a more palpable form and hue. First, she decked him out in his brilliant uniform, then she brought him to the grand "field day," and placed his fine, tall, commanding figure foremost in the ranks, the envy and admiration of every one about him. Then she made him perform certain evolutions on his fiery steed, which threatening every moment to dismount its rider was checked in a masterly style by the firm sitting and erect bearing of the spirited Captain. Then she traced him gaining honours after honours in the battle-field; and anon he was a great general, leading on a great army to a great and stupendous victory, and ultimately receiving the thanks and applause of all his countrymen. Thus did Jessie dream, and dream again, till at length she could not help confessing to herself that she was actually deep, deep in love with her new acquaintance, Stephen Wingfield.

If Stephen was so handsome and fascinating in the eyes of Jessie, surely her beauteous face and figure could not have failed to leave an impression upon him. The day after the ball saw Stephen on parade, the same dominering creature as ever, although his passionate temper was a little curbed, when his thoughts reverted to the beautiful girl whom he had met the previous evening. He had encountered many girls, and wooed and won them, but never had he come across one whose dazzling beauty had so allured him, or made so deep an impression as the charms of Jessie Crawford. She had an archness and vivacity about her that he had not been accustomed to meet with in the generality of the damsels with whom he had been connected. Then she seemed to partake of his attentions with particular gratification and relish, and every word that had fallen from his lips appeared to be eagerly caught, and as eagerly treasured in her mind. Thus did Stephen ruminate, until his case was nearly akin with Jessie's, although perhaps not so passionate or enthusiastic. These thoughts employed his mind for a few moments, but as soon as they were passed away he commenced a volley of oaths at a poor private who stood by his side, for some trifling omission of duty. Having discharged his wrathful epithets, he walked away and in the course of half an hour was on the road to Blandford.

"I wonder what that devil-Wingfield, Esq. has gone up to town for this afternoon?" enquired a young ensign, as he leaned out of the mess-room window, and saw the figure of Stephen on the road. "Why," replied one who stood beside him, "I heard that he was with a first-rate girl all last night at the ball; and I dare say is going to play the same game with her as he played with Kitty Dawson all last summer. Walking in 'moonlight alone,' and so on, and swearing eternal love till the breath's out of his precious body." "Ah! but," cried another, "she's got rather a tough old dad, and if the old fellow gets to know, I shall expect to hear of Wingfield being blown some day to—ahem, you full understand, gentlemen. I allude to that warm country, from whence we all believe he came." The conversation here ended, and brief as it was, it fully served to shew the value in which Wingfield was held at the barracks.

Just as Stephen entered Blandford, who should he meet but Mrs. Craston. "My dear Captain, how are you after the night's fatigue? Going to see Miss Crawford, I presume, eh? Well, I'm upon the same errand myself." Stephen answered that he was about to make a call; but he should like to see the Doctor, as he was suffering from a bad headache. "And now, Captain," said the attorney's wife, as they went along, "what thought you of the acknowledged belle of Blandford—Miss Crawford? Is she not perfection?" Deceptive as Stephen was, he openly avowed that "Miss Crawford certainly was, without exception, the prettiest girl he ever encountered." This was just what Mrs. Craston wanted; she was of course working a plot, and by degrees got Stephen into such an excitable state, that before they arrived at the doctor's door she had elicited enough to convince herself, that the captain was thoroughly enamoured of the doctor's fair daughter.

Dr. Crawford's practice was a good one, seeing that it extended some twenty miles round the town, amongst the most aristocratic families in the county. But his fame was principally owing to the exertions and patronage of the Wingfield's, who, upon occasions had been his best friends. The doctor, therefore, was under deep obligations to Stephen's family; and when the young man came into his house, although he partially understood his motive for so doing, he could not but give him a kind and polite reception. Stephen, too, was not altogether insensible of the respect that he commanded, and

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therefore very comfortably settled himself in the drawing-room and commenced a *tete-a-tete* with Jessie. Mrs. Craston intent upon facilitating the captain's move, called the doctor upon one side and engaged his attention with some domestic affairs. The party at length broke up, not however, without Stephen's exacting a promise of Jessie to take a ride down to Dereham the following day, with which her father somewhat reluctantly complied.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred the next three months. During that period Stephen's calls and Jessie's rides had been very frequent, although her father had used every imaginable means to stop the progress of the affair, or at least, so far as his relation with the Wingfields would allow. One evening the doctor was in his study, Jessie was that day to return from a visit to Dereham, where, by the way, she had grown very popular. "It must not be," inwardly exclaimed the doctor. "It must not be; she will never be happy with him, and rather will I sacrifice my worldly interest than victimize my child; rather shall she be the wife of a virtuous, though indigent husband, than the down-trodden slave of a rich and ill tempered tyrant. Just as he came to this determination, he heard the carriage draw to the door. He waited for some ten minutes, and then rang a bell. "Tell Miss Jessie I want her," he said to the domestic, who attended. In a few moments, Jessie, with a light step, came bounding into the room: the doctor looked grave. "Dear father, are you unwell?" cried his blooming daughter. "I am not ill, Jessie, my love," replied the doctor; "but I have felt this evening sorely distressed and perplexed upon your behalf. Believe me, Jessie, that what I now say, I say with a watchful eye to your advantage. I must Jessie, as I love you, deny you any further communication with Stephen Wingfield. Now, don't cry, there's a love," said the old man, soothingly, as he saw a tear coursing down her cheek, "don't cry. Oh! I would not wittingly deny you the smallest particle of happiness. God knows, I have reared you with a mother's love and a father's discretion, and always have tried my utmost to please and comfort you, and Heaven be my witness, I would not for ten thousand worlds deprive you of Stephen's company did I even think it would ensure you a morsel of genuine and permanent comfort; but I have known Stephen longer than you have, Jessie. I knew him as a wayward and pertinaceous boy, and now I know him equally well, as an impetuous and domineering man. I know that he is all smiles when the eyes of strangers are upon him, but those smiles only serve to show him up in a ten-fold worse light, for they conceal a bad, hard heart—a cruel and arbitrary disposition. An old proverb, Jessie, has passed through our family for many a generation, but old as it is, it is as serviceable now as ever—that proverb is—"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP." It has been the good genius that has ever presided in my mind: and oh! my child, I would have it preside in yours. I would have you calmly reflect on the love I bear you, and then, ask yourself whether, if you were to become the partner of Stephen, you would in after years realize that delightful picture, which I know you fancy would be the result. Oh! Jessie," fervently ejaculated the old man, "deal not with surfaces, for it is the ruin of one-half of our young girls. Cherish not in thy bosom a withering exotic, but seize hold of that which is tangible and real; fathom into temper and disposition, and fling aside the gaudy trappings of the outer man, that you may discern the great inner life, the spring from whence proceedeth either good or evil." The old man ceased, and his words seemed to have made an impression upon his daughter, if we might judge from her tears. Silently she went and kissed him, and then leaning upon his arm, passed into another room.

A week had elapsed. Mrs. Craston had held several private interviews with Jessie. It was about ten o'clock at night. The attorney's wife had just left Jessie by herself, for the doctor was attending some patient at a distance in the country. Jessie looked flushed and agitated, for the indefatigable Mrs. Craston had so far worked the schemes as to plan an elopement, which was to come off at eleven o'clock on the night in question. In the six or seven days which had intervened between the doctor's advice to his daughter, and the moments we are now describing, Mrs. Craston had represented to Jessie that Stephen's character was diametrically opposed to that vicious disposition with which he had been identified by the doctor, and had made Jessie believe it so well, that she had ultimately, at the instance of Stephen, prevailed upon the silly girl to leave Blandford that night, and be united in London the following morning. Poor Jessie, could she now but have recalled to her mind her father's maxim, how much better would have been her lot! But the still, small voice, that whispered,—"Look before you leap," was stifled by the yearnings of a passion, which rarely failed to sweep and rule over every thing before it. In another hour Jessie had written a note to her father, and was stepping into a post-chaise with Wingfield

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by her side. She threw herself back on the seat, while a sigh escaped her lips; Stephen was not so loquacious as usual, the horses flew along at a rapid pace, and as the grey light of morning peered into the carriage windows, they rode into one of the fashionable localities of London.

We pass over the agony of the sorrow-stricken father. Scarcely knowing what to do, he proceeded to London after the fugitives, but found they had been married some two or three hours before his arrival, and had now left for Paris. With a sigh, the old man turned his face towards Blandford—"God grant" he inwardly exclaimed, "that all my prejudices may be unfounded!"

Six months had passed slowly away, and neither Doctor Crawford nor Stephen's family had heard a word of Jessie or her husband. The poor old man had never looked up since, for the joy and glory of his home and his life had departed. His practice had fallen off, for his heart was too full of sorrow, his mind too burdened with care, to go about as of old in the prosecution of his professional duties. He had disposed of his house and furniture and taken a small cottage, at some distance in the country from his former residence. Here one winterly evening he was seated very pensive by his fireside. It was about nine o'clock, and a dense fog had gathered outside. The old doctor got up and looked through the window, "Molly," he cried to his only female domestic, "place a lantern outside the door; maybe some poor wanderer is about, who will be glad to see the beacon." Molly did as she was desired, and the doctor returned to his seat. Scarcely half an hour had passed, when Crawford heard the servant open the door. A loud cry followed, and hastening to see the cause, he was met by Molly,—"Oh! master, master, here's Miss Jessie." In another moment a poor, careworn girl was kneeling at his feet. Unconsciously starting back, the Doctor beheld what we might truly call the spectre of his daughter. "Good God, is it thee, Jessie? exclaimed the old man—sobs and sighs were his only answer, for her utterance was completely choked, her heart was full, and her soul seemed to bend beneath the agony of the moment. Before the old man could raise her, she swooned at his feet, and was obliged to be carried senseless to a bedroom. Here she was laid, and when her bonnet was removed from her head. Oh! what a fearful change presented itself. Her eye had lost its lustre, her cheek its hue, and her delicate form was wasted to a mere shadow. Anon she recovered, and in the course of an hour was so far restored as to be able to recite her painful story. In less than a month after their union, Stephen's real character became too truly developed. The beautiful, confiding creature, who had given him her heart, began to be neglected, and from that to be ill treated, with a cowardly and arbitrary will. First, restricting her in little matters, and then in large ones, till at length she was nothing but the mere slave of his obstinate, tyrannical disposition. This she could have borne, but when it came to her knowledge, that he was upon familiar terms with some French actress; when she sat up half the night for him; and when she knew that that time was being devoted to another with whose charms he was enamoured, then did her heart droop within her, then did her soul fill with anguish, then did she reproach herself, then then did she repent the day she had fled from beneath her father's roof. For four months was the poor girl thus distracted. At length, she summoned courage enough to upbraid him for his cruel, deceptive, and faithless conduct. A bitter word or two was his only reply, and then with an oath he left the room. That night he fled with the actress to Naples, leaving Jessie almost pennyless. A few jewels she possessed she sold to defray her expenses to England, and thus had contrived to reach once more the spot after which her heart had yearned for many a day.

Such was Jessie's short, yet afflicting story. She had gained a father's forgiveness, and regained his love; for he, like him of old, rejoiced over his poor, lost, wandering child. But alas, his child was broken-hearted! She was never, never to rejoice with him again in the glow of earthly life and warm vivifying health.

Another month saw Jessie prostrate on her death-bed. Her father stood by her side. A bright light simultaneously illuminated her features. "Father," she faintly cried. "Yes my dear," said the old man, as burning tears trickled down his cheeks,—"Oh, father you've been a good, kind parent to me, a loving, doting father, but would to the Almighty you had taught me that little proverb years, years before you did! Oh, that I had but known it earlier! But, oh, father! when this body of mine is laid low, go—go, and tell every young mother—go, and tell every little child that you meet—go, and tell every young girl—go, and tell them all, that simple, yet truth-speaking maxim—'Look, before you leap.' Oh, it will save them many a heart-ache, many a pang, many a sorrow, many

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a ——;" but the spirit of Jessie was flying hence, her soul was winging its flight away to that "other and better world." A thrill seemed to run through her wasted form, a sudden light flashed from her sunken eyes: and then, aye, and then, it was all over with the once beaming and fascinating Jessie Crawford.

BOTANICAL GLEANINGS.—No. 8.

BY W. B.

ON FLOWERS.

"Oh! chide not at the simple theme that wakes the minstrel's lay,
Earth were less bright without the flowers that blossom by the way:
He, at whose word the universe her ancient might did yield,
Hath taught proud man a lesson from the lilies of the field;—
I thank thee, God! for every boon thy hand in mercy showers,
And, oh, not least among thy gifts, the beautiful wild flowers!"

PLINY, in speaking of flowers, says "blossoms are the joy of trees, in bearing which they assume a new aspect, vieing with each other in the luxuriance and variety of their colours," and in passing through a conservatory one cannot help being struck with the fancy that these beautiful objects strive to emulate and eclipse each other by the variety of their hues, their brilliancy, and the wonderful pencillings of the hand of Nature, each presents to the enraptured eye of the beholder. In every age of the world the beauty of flowers has been the theme of almost universal admiration. The most admirable, lovely, and graceful objects in nature are, in poetic language, often compared to flowers. The young lover tells the maiden of his heart that her lips are like the opening rose-bud, that roses and lilies blended form the complexion of her cheek, and that her breath is sweeter than the perfume of the violet. There is a passage of Scripture, which is attributed to Christ, wherein he, speaking of his own excellency, exclaims in the beautifully figurative language of the Orientals, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," and that he was an admirer of flowers may be inferred from the fact of his pointing to the lily of the field and exclaiming, "Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Dr. Lindley, speaking of the colour of flowers, says, "its infinite changes and metamorphoses in almost every cultivated flower can be compared to nothing but the alterations caused in the plumage of birds, or in the hairs of animals caused by domestication. No cause has ever been assigned for these phenomena, nor has any attempt been made to determine the cause in plants. We are, however, in possession of some of the laws under which change of colour is effected. A blue flower will change to white or red, but not to bright yellow; a bright yellow flower will become white or red, but never blue. Thus the hyacinth, of which the primitive colour is blue, produces abundance of red and white varieties, but nothing that can be compared to bright yellow—the yellow hyacinths, as they are called, being a sort of pale ochre, verging to green. Again, the ranunculus, which is originally of an intense yellow, sports into scarlet,

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red, purple, and almost any colour but blue. Whit
tendency to produce red, will never sport to blue
yellow—the roses for example, and the chrysanthe
dance with the same laws that we never see a blue d
them of every other shade and colour. A knowlec
the greatest use to the experimental florist,
what may be done, and what is impossible to be
therefore, would be useless for him to attempt; whi
of vegetable physiology, has induced numbers to sp
less and vain experiments. White and blue flower
regions, yellow in temperate climes, and red betwee
and blue prevail in spring, scarlet in summer, a
In the beautiful scorpion-grass, or forget-me-not, (
several others of the same family, the flower buds a
rose-colour, which turns to a bright blue as they
flowers become white under the influence of light.
their hues very rapidly. The *Hibiscus mutabilis* un
in the morning, it afterwards changes to white, abo
and in the evening it changes to a rose-tint or a cri
have been found to be connected with the varying
phere. The flowers of *Hydrangia hortensis*, so of
dows, are naturally of a rose-colour; but under c
culture they become blue. Some sorts of yellow l
found to produce this effect; but the cause has no
ascertained. Dr. Daalin, of Antwerp, has found th
more effectually those of the Norway spruce, applied
gia, produced the blue colour of the petals. Ac
hydrangia will be turned blue by watering the yo
before with alum-water. Sweet recommends a bed
longer it remains there the bluer will be the flow
states, that on chalk soils the *Lychnis dioica*, or co
variably white; while on other soils, such as over t
deep red. It is said, also, that the common prim
will become purple or lilac by manuring them with
takes at least a year to effect the change. Flowers
always paler than those exposed to the light of th
plants, in order to be grown in perfection, should
possible. The intensity of the solar rays, however,
from the blossom and hastens its decay, and hence
shading their favourite flowers from its scorching be

A not less interesting subject is the perfume of
good reason supposed to be caused by the essentia
and the chief constituent of which is hydrogen. So
some plants and flowers that the atmosphere which
them is rendered inflammable thereby. Every one
delicious smell of the rose: this flower is cultivated
purpose of extracting *attar gul*, or the essential oil
An English ambassador to Persia states that he was

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of breakfast in that country, when the meal was served up on a heap of rose-leaves, collected for the manufacture of *attar gul*, of the size of an ordinary hay-stack. A robbery being perpetrated on a public courier, in Greece, the thieves were traced to their hiding-place, in the rocks, and the property recovered in consequence of the breaking of a bottle of concentrated oil of roses, which was amongst the stolen effects. The blossoms of *Pandanus odoratissimus*, or green spined screw pine, chiefly those of the male, yield that most delightful fragrance for which they are so generally esteemed, and for which this plant is cultivated in Japan. Of all the perfumes it is by far the richest and most powerful. Some flowers are scentless during the day, but have a powerful smell at night, whether the air be moist or dry, or whether they be exposed to it or not. Linnæus has elegantly and poetically named these *flores tristes*, or melancholy flowers. The night-flowering campion, several species of *Pelargonium*, the *Mesembryanthemum noctiflorum*, *Cherianthus tristis*, *Mathiola tristis*, *Daphne pontica*, and many others, are amongst these melancholy flowers. The various effects of the perfumes of flowers upon different persons, and of different kinds of flowers upon the same individuals is rather curious. That eminent botanist, Sir J. E. Smith, was peculiarly affected by the smell of honeysuckles, which though grateful in the open air, affected him in the house with violent pain in the temples, soon followed by sickness and a partial loss of recollection, which would probably end in a fainting fit if the cause were not removed. Yet the equally delicious, and very similar evening fragrance of the butterfly orchis (*Orchis bifolia*), gave him no annoyance whatever, but could be indulged in to any extent in the closest apartment. Like many other persons, he could not perceive the extremely pleasant smell of the *Iris persica*, but its flowers, nevertheless, affected him, in a room, with a most uneasy sensation of nausea and suffocation. Many persons experience head-ache, sickness, and fainting, from any sweet flowers in a close room. Mignionette (*Reseda odorata*), which grows as a wild weed in Egypt, and is for its sweet smell so general a favourite in our gardens, has often proved injurious to persons smelling it. Smith declares that "the white lily, *Mezereon*, lilac, and Peruvian heleotrope, with many other scents, delightful in the open air, are poison in the house; and he has seen a strong healthy man greatly distressed by one carnation, which had fallen down, and remained concealed by a piece of furniture, in a spacious airy drawing-room. Many flowers, far from being sweet and pleasant, have an odour extremely disagreeable: thus the various kinds of *Stapelia* smell like carrion, rotten cheese, and foul water, and the resemblance is so perfect that flies, deceived by it, deposit their eggs upon them. *Cynoglossum officinale*, or common hound's-tongue, has flowers which smell exactly like mice. The flowers of *Aristolochia gigas* have a most horrid stench, and those of *Chenopodium olidum*, or stinking goose-foot, have a most abominable smell like that of stinking fish, a smell of which the whole plant as well as the flowers partakes.

Although light appears to be the chief agent by which most plants expand their flowers, yet there are many kinds which open and close their blossoms upon strict hygrometrical principles. When the atmosphere is

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charged with moisture, these immediately close themselves and continue folded up until the air by becoming again dry invites them once more to open their silken eyes. Such is the common chick-weed (*Stellaria media*), and the pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*), which last is as true as a barometer, and has received the popular name of the "farmers' weather-glass." The *Elichrysum bracteatum*, or yellow everlasting-flower, will open and close its petals according to the state of dryness of the atmosphere for a hundred years after it has been gathered. Some plants, however, open and close their blossoms at certain hours of the day, apparently indifferent of every other circumstance: they have fixed and appointed periods of opening and of shutting; some earlier in the day, and some later, but always at the same hour for the same species; and this succession of periods Linnæus, in his fondness for metaphor, denominated the *Horologium Florœ*, or the floral clock. According to him the following plants open and shut their flowers as follows:—

Tragopogon luteum, or yellow goat's beard,	opens at	3 A.M.,	and shuts at	9 A.M.
Crepis tectorum, or smooth hawk's-beard	„	4	„	10
Sonchus levis, or smooth sow-thistle	„	5	„	11
Sonchus repens, or creeping sow-thistle	„	6	„	12
Lactuca sativa, or common lettuce	„	7	„	10
Hieracium pilosella, or mouse-ear hawk-weed	„	8	„	2 P.M.
Calendula arvensis, or field marigold	„	9	„	3
Mesembryanthemum neapolitinum	„	10	„	3
Ornithogalum umbellatum, or common star of Bethlehem		11	„	3
Most *Mesembryanthemums*	open at	12		
Scilla promeridiana	„	3 P.M.		
Silene noctiflora, or night-flowering catch-fly	„	6		
Cereus grandiflorus, or night-blooming cereus	„	7 or 8		
Convolvulus purpureus, or purple bind-weed	„	9 or 10		

Some flowers continue to open daily for a greater or less length of time; others, such as the *Cereus*, and many species of the convolvulus, open only for one day and then close up for ever; the *Cereus*, indeed, opens only for a few hours, and that towards midnight and then perishes; while the *Gnaphaliums*, *Elichrysums* and others which have chaffy petals never wither or decay, but are emblems of truth which survives though every thing becomes a wreck around it. These everlastings, as they are appropriately termed, are much used in France and other places on the continent, to deck the tombs of the dead, in memory of the everlasting affection of the survivors. Being dyed of various colours, they are made into festoons and garlands, and the bitterness of bereavement is partly taken away by the pious task of thus decorating the grave. The children of Paris were encouraged thus to crown the tombs of those who fell in the memorable revolution of 1830.

Many excellent botanists hold the opinion that flowers are only modifications of leaves, and althongh this doctrine may be startling to some persons, every fact connected with vegetable physiology seems to be evidence of the truth of the hypothesis. Skilful gardeners and florists know what kind of treatment will produce leaves only, and what kind will cause the production of flowers and fruit; and by taking their measures accordingly seldom fail of success. It is found that in dry sunny summers

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flowers are produced earlier and in greater abundance than in other seasons. It is also found that plants kept in the shade and supplied freely with nourishment thrive abundantly, and produce many leaves, but few or no flowers, while those stinted of water and exposed to the action of the sun's rays flower and bloom freely. Again, different causes depending on the soil and situation seem in one case to generate leaf-buds, and in another flower-buds. Thus the *Solandra grandiflora*, a Jamaica shrub, was for a number of years cultivated in the English stoves, and propogated extensively by cuttings, each plant growing many feet in length every season, from abundance of moisture and nourishment, without showing any signs of fructification. At length a pot of the *Solandra* was accidentily left without watering in the day-stove at Kew, and in consequence of this unintentional neglect, the luxuriant growth of its branches was greatly checked, and a flower came forth at the extremity of each. By a similar mode of treatment the same effect has frequently been produced.

MEMOIR OF JOHN WHITWORTH.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

In our town and neighbourhood has not produced men who have ranked high in the literary circle, Ashton, and its vicinity, have had a full share of enterprising, scientific, and heroic men. Among the latter, I shall introduce to the notice of the readers of this little magazine a brief memoir of a man, who is still in the recollection of many of our fellow townsmen.

John Whitworth, who figured in the Peninsula wars, was the son of Mr. James Whitworth, clock and watch-maker, of Mossley, in the parish of Ashton-under-Lyne, and was born in the year 1782. Nature formed him entirely for the camp, for he could not be prevailed upon to study any trade or profession, but the trade of arms. At the commencement of the French revolutionary wars, when the tales of battles formed the principle topic of almost every Englishman's fire-side, young Whitworth became so enamoured with a military life, that he formed a little regiment of boys, whom he armed with wooden swords, and dressed fantastically in regimental costume. He next applied to an old soldier to instruct his juvenile corps in the rudiments of military discipline, in which the old veteran took great pleasure.

At that time the village of Mossley, situated as it is, in the midst of a mountain district, breathed a spirit of resistence to the threatened invasion by the French, and when Captain Robert Moss put himself at the head of a chosen band of mountaineers, Whitworth was appointed drummer to the company, which afterwards constituted a part of the Ashton Volunteers. And now I will ask, who does not remember a little chubby drummer, who possessed more self-importance than one half of the regiment. If you have but a faint recollection of him, it will be strengthened by being reminded that he was the most daring and couragious young man in the whole of the volunteer corps. He was an especial favourite with our much esteemed townsman, the late Colonel Wood, who always addressed him by the common appelation of *Bowzer*, a name by which he was generally known.

As he was by nature a soldier, it may naturally be supposed, that the province of a local regiment was too contracted for his ambitious mind, and he commenced his military career in the regular service as a drummer-boy, in the Seventh English Fusileers, early in the Peninsula wars. He entered upon his duty with the ardour of an enthusiast, fully determined to fight the enemy of his country in the open field of action, for his robust constitution enabled him to bear the fatigues of war with little or no inconvenience. In stature he was five feet two inches, but remarkably muscular, possessing almost the strength of a lion and the courage of a Murat, with whom he often expressed a wish to measure swords in single combat. Whitworth was not long in attracting the notice of the

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officers of the brigade to which he belonged, and as he had practised the bugle in his youth, probably under the care of his uncle, Mr. Samuel Whitworth, who was a player of some celebrity, he was appointed field-bugle man. This situation brought him frequently into close intercourse with the Duke of Wellington, who reposed the greatest confidence in the courage and integrity of that man who proclaimed with his bugle the victory of a hundred fights. The roar of cannon, and the clash of arms were music in his heroic ear; yet he never could look upon corporal punishment without feeling peculiarly the degradation to which a fellow soldier was subjected. Upon one occasion he narrowly escaped the infliction of the lash himself, for the enormous crime of disobedience, at a crisis when much depended upon the arrangements which had just been concluded. During the heat of a desperate engagement he was placed in a peculiar position, partly between the two hostile armies, when the English were supposed to be beaten. This being the case, the general gave orders for Whitworth to sound a retreat; but as he never could brook the loss of a battle, and from the peculiar position in which he stood, he fully recognized that of the enemy, and in lieu of a retreat he absolutely sounded an advance. They did advance, and the result proved a victory. Poor Whitworth was arrested, and put upon his trial by a general court-martial, every member of which was fully convinced that there was some misunderstanding, and secretly wished him to make that the ground of his defence; but he unequivocally declared himself guilty of the charge, and stated the facts which induced him to act contrary to orders,—"Seeing," said he. "that victory would be the result of disobedience, I was determined to add another wreath to the accumulated laurels of my country, whatever might befal me as an individual." We need scarcely say, that Whitworth was discharged with a severe reprimand. In a few days he received the appointment of drum-major, but whether as a reward for disobedience we leave our readers to draw their own conclusions. During the war he was distinguised as one of the bravest. Whenever a fort was stormed, or a rampart mounted, Whitworth, as if by magic, was sure to be present, and by the sound of his bugle make known the result of the enterprise. He was not only a great favourite with officers, privates, and camp followers, but particularly so with the Duke of Wellington, as the following circumstance will shew. At the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the noble Duke and a number of illustrious persons honoured the directors with their presence. Whitworth being then a pensioner residing in Manchester, placed himself by the side of the railway, in the neighbourhood of Eccles, and when the train approached which contained his grace and friends, Whitworth took out the very identical bugle which had so often proclaimed the honour of British valour, and gave one of his well known blasts, at which the Duke started from his seat, and notwithstanding the accident which had just occurred in the lamentable death of Mr. Huskisson, he exclaimed,—"Ah! that is Whitworth's bugle. He is a brave man; I should like to see him." During his short stay in Manchester, Whitworth paid him a visit, when he was surrounded by several of those who had shared with him the dangers of flood and field. They at once recognized the courageous field-bugle man, with whom they had also shared the perils of war. His grace conversed with him freely upon various topics, and at parting seemed visibly affected. At that time an alteration was made in his pension, which he still enjoys, in the circle of a few choice friends. Blessed with a share of good health, and a flow of buoyant spirits, he still "Shoulders his crutch, and tells how fields were won," and when I last had the pleasure of his company his Peninsula bugle breathed the sweetest notes I ever heard. It was the beautiful air of—

"Tho' the trade of a soldier is honour and arms,
There's room in his bosom for love's gentle flame.

I am decidedly a man of peace, yet I could not refrain in giving a few sketches of character, from laying before my readers a brief memoir of John Whitworth, who is still remembered by many of our townsmen, as a drummer in the Ashton regiment of Local Militia.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD TARIFF.—The puzzling name "tariff" is derived from the town of Tarifa, at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar, and the most southern point in Europe, not even excepting Cape Matapan, at the foot of the Morea. Tarifa was the last stronghold which the Moors disputed with the Christians, and is still within three leagues of the empire of Morocco. When the Moors held possession of both the pillars of Hercules, it was here that they levied contributions for vessels entering the Mediterranean—whence the generic name.

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THE BATTLE FIELD.

(SCENE—EDGE HILL.)

THE summer Sabbath o'er the battle field
Bent silently, while round me, like the flood,
Poured the bright beams from noon-day's golden shield
Upon the green hill's forehead where I stood.
Glad Nature's morning hymn, with joyous mood,
Floated the far-off storied vale along;
The wild birds' matin in the distant wood
Mingled the incense of sweet sound among,
And in the crane-bill's bloom the queen-bee woke her song.

Like Silence to the song of Beauty listening,
Calmness hung o'er the landscape, far and free,
'Bove many an ivied tower, 'neath morn's sun glistening,
Adorning Nature's robe of glowing tapestry,
And wafting from their green recesses unto me
A soul-entrancing sound, a dulcet swell,
Breaking the stillness of the peaceful lea,
Where erst of yore awoke war's trumpet knell,
Where rose the battle-cry, and pealed the tocsin bell.

Nature still wore her smile—the sunny smile
Man, with his Cain like bickerings, cannot mar;
She will but bear the stain a season's while,
Then bloom again, and hide the brands of war:
But lo! where rose the even's day-kissed star
Stood the dark tempest in the western sky!
I heard her murmur in the still afar—
I marked her cloud-robe as she floated nigh—
I saw her leap the hill, and heard her god-like cry!

E'en while I lingered she had passed away,
And but the memory of her voice was left,
Like to the recollections of that fray
Where swords were broken, plumed morions cleft,
And now, when toiling in the bright plough's reft;
Oft finds the peasant in the deep indent,
The rusted relic Time's rude hand hath left
To mark the spot where, with war's dew besprent,
Roundhead and Cavalier in death's dark carnarge blent.

Here would I take the toil-worn artisan,
And bid him stand upon the green hill's brow—
With wond'ring eye th' Almighty's glory scan,
Until he felt within the holy glow
Of ecstacy, that through his frame would flow—
A joy that some stern hearts would fain repress—
Cold hearts that some warm feelings never know;
They who would bar him Nature's kind caress
May turn and gaze into their own soul's littleness!

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Such scenes as these are not the scenes of sin,
But shrines for Sabbath musings; here the heart
Can build its altar—sky-domed choirs within—
The clouds its incense, Nature the priestess' part,
To unrol to man's eye her gorgeous chart—
To lead his vision o'er the blooming sod,
Wand'ring along in distance to depart
Sky-ward—above where grey-hued forests nod—
The soul takes up the flight, and wings its way to God!

Banks of the Avon. INCOGNITO.

THE POLITICAL TALLOW CHANDLER.

A SKETCH FROM MY EVERY-DAY NOTE BOOK.

BY JOHN EVANS.

My friend Swipes is really an excellent fellow, and has never been otherwise than a fund of harmless amusement to me. He is by trade a tallow chandler, an active bustling youth, and would by this time have been well-to-do in the world had he not some considerable time since taken up with the idea that he was born to reform the abuses of government, and set everything upon its proper footing in our kingdom of Great Britain. In this idea he has laudably preserved, and with a most praiseworthy consistency of character, still boldly stands forth for what he calls the "good cause." I have tried him with jokes innumerable, but it would not do; at length, after reasoning with him upon the propriety of paying, at least, *some* attention to his own affairs, for fear of awkward consequences, he seemed to relent a trifle, upon which I took the opportunity of requesting his company to a glass, pipe, and a friend, that identical evening, at my humble lodgings. Now, Mrs. Margery Miller, (mine hostess) is a very respectable, pains-taking woman in her way, and although, it may be, somewhat stricken in years, yet she contrives to keep the fireside sufficiently comfortable, and if she could do more, poor innocent! I have no doubt she would. She had placed all things in excellent array,—a foaming tankard of the best,—a sufficiency of lilly-white pipes, and everything that we of the commonocracy delight in on sundry occasions. Swipes came later than was expected.—Mc.Farlane (an excellent crony of mine,) and I had been seated by the fire for some time, and gave the young man a hearty reception as he entered. We had agreed to let him have his own way, and were resolved that nothing should interrupt the harmony of the evening. Every one surely must applaud this admirable determination; let me recommend the same to all whom it may concern; nothing, remember, irascibly said, will at any time make way with an obstinate or wilful man, and those who fight knee-deep for many a mortal hour in bitter controversy, will only find to their dismay at its close, that whatever they may have gained in their own good opinion, they have lost a friend by running an antagonist too hard, when a good-humoured laugh would have served their turn much better. But digressions, avaunt! Swipes lowered himself much in our good opinion, by stiffly refusing the good fare that was provided, and earnestly entreating the favour of a cup of tea. We stared, but remembering that he was a thorough-bred cockney we quietly acceded to the wish thus expressed, and our friend was anon in very particular glee, over a cup of souchong, which he declared he abominated unless it was very weak. Thus enraptured, I imagined our amusement would be rich and copious and without any more delay, proposed that we should each in our own peculiar tipple drink "The Cause of Radical Reform all over the World." It was accordingly done and our gravity was put to a sore trial by friend Swipes, after bolting a cup of slop so extremely hot as to bring tears to his eyes, started off in a tangent, and safely delivered himself of a regular half-hour's speech, which it is needless to give in this place. After this sketch of Reform, in which he warmed into ecstasy in touching on th

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affairs of Greece (query, *grease*,) and seemed to hint that the *Proosians* were progressing towards "the new light," he sat down, but was not silent. I put in my petition for a song, which he sang with the most rapturous enthusiasm, not forgetting to give it *that due mouth* which expressed most satisfactorily the vast importance he obviously attached to the subject. Swipes had come to our meeting in bodily fear and anguish of being soundly rated and lectured upon his sentiments and conduct, and so you may guess his very agreeable surprise, when he found we were so much disposed to fall in with his foible. Nothing, however, could exceed his amazement, when Mc.Farlane, a warm, un-compromising Scotchman, filling his glass, with an air as if he couldnt' help it, proposed the health of a certain exalted personage, which was drunk *in silence!* The cockney Radical, absolutely drunk with delight, roared out for a song, which, on a wink from myself, was assented to by the Northern Laird, who commenced as follows, to the fine tune of "O, 'tis Love, 'tis Love."

"Oh, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, a Radical to be,
Oh, 'tis sweet while life doth last, a Radical to be;
The King may be an excellent man
For aught that I can see,
But I guess it is a shameful plan
That he's never notic'd me;
So after all my mind's made up
To rail at monarchy,
For there's nothing half so sweet in life
As a Radical to be!
Oh, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, &c. &c.

The ministry are but shuffling hands,
As any one may spy,
That looks into their gear and lands,
With only half an eye;
For many they've got sinecures,
But never a one for me,
So the only way to get one's dues
Is a Radical to be!
Oh, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, &c.

The bishops, they're the special bore
Of all great bores to me,
For many a living they've in store,
But where's there one for me?
So from morn to night, and night to morn
I'll growl most furiously,
For the Church and State are laughed to scorn,
And all for want of me.
Oh, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, &c.

The lusty voice of the Aberdeen man ceased, but only to give place to sounds of a different description. Mrs. Margery Miller, who had been grave for the most part, (as was fitting,) after stuffing a handkerchief into her mouth to prevent an untimely explosion, at the hazard of strangulation, at length, could no longer contain herself, and with one accord, we all caused the parlour to echo with the most obstreperous shouts of laughter. Swipes took the hint, which, indeed, it must be confessed, was *broad* enough, and soon after took himself off,—having nevertheless, (to his credit be it told) good sense enough to exhibit no risings of indignation at our quizzifications.

Poor Swipes is now in all essential points an altered man,—he has taken to himself a wife, and a good one—is always seen behind his counter, and consequently, thrives in his worldly concerns—goes regularly to church, and gives proof by the rectitude of his dealings, and benevolence to the poor in his neighbourhood, that religion is not without some influence on his heart. He has, moreover, abjured small beer and weak tea, and enjoys in moderation a pipe and glass, but yet he still puts in an occasional touch upon the old cord—Reform.

CONTENTMENT.—The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Dr. Johnson.*

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EMMA:

A TRUE STORY.

Many, and curious, are the tales founded upon the Heathen Mythology; and still more interesting are those few modern romantic productions, which lead us, imperceptibly, to admire them as facts.

One of the highest philosophical powers to which the human mind can arrive, is that of making fiction look like reality. Many of our fictitious works display a powerful genius, a wide and almost boundless imagination; but it requires no very great share of discernment to discover that they are fictions, and not real. It is more difficult to make a false story than relate a true one. I shall however adopt the latter, and leave the story making to those parties whose pleasure and ambition are wrapt in romantic speculation, and content myself with giving a few extracts from my recollections of past events as connected with the lives of a few persons, with whose history years of acquaintance made me familiar.

And in thus feebly attempting to delineate the character of the parties who form the subject of this story, I shall, by no means descriptively exaggerate in attempting to paint one side in angel-like simplicity, and the other in all the blackness and deceitful fraud which the human mind can possibly invent; but shall, simply and briefly, relate the facts as they transpired, and leave them to their own influence on the mind of the reader.

I ought to inform the reader, that I have altered the names of the parties concerned in this affair.

In a small, but neat little cottage, on the borders of a river in a populous manufacturing town, not two miles from Ashton, lived Mr. Miller. A winding passage over the river bridge, which led by the house to the adjacent mills, made the place somewhat public at stated periods; but at other times it might, with propriety, be called a retired situation.

With the particulars of the early life of Mr. Miller I am unacquainted; but ever since our first acquaintance, I have found him a respectable, honest, and industrious man; and amongst other changes in his life, he had the good fortune to marry a prudent, industrious, and economical wife, and by their united exertions, unwearied perseverance, and prudential economy, made a respectable appearance and established an honourable reputation.

The fruit of this happy union was five children; but death laid his hand upon them all except one lovely infant—a daughter. Being the only remnant of their affection, she was the object of their tenderest regard and almost unlimited indulgence. She was the father's pride, and the mother's only hope; and many have been the silent tears of joy and fear which the mother, in secret, has shed over her only child,

Time passed on—our child grew into a young girl; and as it was now time to commence her education, her father sent her to school, where she received all the instruction which her youthful mind could embrace. She also spent a portion of her time in acquiring the art of plain and fancy needle-work, that she might be thoroughly accomplished for domestic life.

During this time, her father, who was not without money, had often expressed a desire to enter into trade; but seeing the various fluctuations and innumerable uncertainties with which trade was connected, thought it more advisable to secure a little land, which, though it might not not realize that amount of interest with the trade, would certainly be more permanent and secure. He, therefore, purchased a small estate near Oldham, probably worth about £800.; but he did not, however, like some silly people that I have known, begin to think himself independent and leave off working, but, like a rational and well-informed man, continued to follow his employment steady and regular. In the course of a few years he purchased another estate, in Stayley, which he sold again. After that he purchased an estate near a small village called Heyrod: this estate might be worth about £700. The income arising from

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these estates, together with his own labour, placed them in what may be termed easy circumstances. His daughter Emma, in the course of time grew up into a young woman.

I have seen a remark somewhere, in the course of my reading, which says, that "almost throughout the animal creation the male has a greater share of natural beauty than the female;" but I am certain this is not the case with man. He may have greater intellectual powers and the advantage of superior strength, but beauty, intended by the Creator to work upon the more sensitive part of man's nature, is reserved for the fair sex; and as man is the noblest being in creation, how infinitely attractive must be that object which, possessing (though perhaps in a minor degree) all the intellectual, moral, and other qualities of man, not artificially but naturally combined with an enchanting power of beauty, of which man is almost destitute—yet such is woman! But great and innumerable are their differences of character, intellect, and beauty. Some are possessed of charming powers, with inferior character, whilst others of unspotted character are destitute of those attractions. Some have a great share of natural beauty, adorned with becoming virtue; but are almost destitute of that intellect which others possess: yet some few there are in whom are united all those admirable qualities, whose meek and unpretending, but magical and irrisistable attractions are naturally combined with deep and acute penetration. Chastened delicacy and refined susceptibility—humourous, but inoffensive wit—tender and loving sympathy, with the virtue and innocence of a country milk-maid that knows no guilt—such characters are rare, and seldom found, yet such an one was Emma, the subject of our story.

The sun's refreshing rays of eighteen summers had clearly developed her youthful beauty. Her rich black hair hung like silken ringlets down her fair brow. Her deep, full, sparkling eyes—her cheeks, fresh and full like the morning rose,—her crimson lips, like the mellow woodbine, full of honey, beneath which stood a row of teeth like crystal pearls—her amiable disposition and winning manners—her sweet and intelligent features—her lovely countenance and stately form—speedily found their way to the heart of every acquaintance, and won the admiration and esteem of all who saw her. I need not say, that amongst her numerous admirers she had several offers of marriage, which she respectfully declined. Yet doubts and fears respecting her settlement in life, began to enter into the minds of her parents.

"Emma is now," said Mr. Miller to his wife, "at an age when girls begin to think about matrimony; and if we do not find some object upon whom we may wish her to fix her choice, she will perhaps be led away by some worthless fellow, who will break her heart, and mine too; and yet I would not, for the world, force her into a marriage against her inclination."

Among the admirers, however, was one, Edwin Delhear, an amiable and intelligent young man, rather low in stature, and of a dark complexion. He had a commanding appearance, and his countenance displayed some mark of decision, and being of rather a reserved disposition, was thought by some to be distant and proud; but nothing could be further from the truth than this idea. He was naturally of an affable, obliging, and cheerful disposition—witty, satirical, and benevolent. I could give a curious and interesting history of this young man, if time and space would allow; but I shall refrain at present, and wait till I have some other and more convenient opportunity. Without, therefore, giving any account of his birth, education, early difficulties, talents, natural abilities, and general character, I will simply state that he was a clerk; and having to pass Mr. Miller's house on his way to his employment, he occasionally saw Emma, the consequence of which was that he became deeply and devotedly enamoured. A curious and indiscribable sensation pervaded every part of his nature, and the impression she had made upon him seemed to have sunk to the deepest recesses of his brain; nor would all the spicy balm of South Arabia prove an antidote against that inflexible passion. She appeared to have sent a dart to his breast, which revolutionized his entire frame, and moulded afresh every idea and sentiment. Whether at work or at home—whether with friends in public, or when taking a lonely walk through the fields—still the object of his heart's desire was ever before his eyes. He had seen female beauty before—beauty and accomplishments with which he could

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find no fault; he had had the pleasure of being introduced in nearly all classes, from the proud and vain rich lady to the meek and humble milk-maid—but he saw something in Emma which he could see in no other. She possessed some charm for him superior to all the world. It is true he knew nothing about her circumstances, nor did he ever inquire: he did not so much as know her name; and being rather of a close disposition he did not inquire, but resolved to embrace the first favourable opportunity that presented itself to make known his mind to her.

Emma did not seek much company, but spent her time chiefly in some useful occupation at home.

Edwin, though extremely anxious to speak to her, could not think of so far breaking the rules of common decency and civility, as to walk into a strange house without any previous acquaintance; nor did he wish to impose any letters upon her. All communication, therefore, between the two parties, was for a time obstructed. Yet Emma had repeatedly noticed the piercing eye of Edwin, as he passed the house, and, no doubt, well understood its meaning.

Weeks passed on without a word having passed between them. During this critical period, Edwin, in the heat of his passion, strove to beguile the tedious hours by drawing her likeness, and composing a few sonnets on her incomprehensible attractions, in the hopeful expectation that some favourable opportunity would shortly present itself when he might express those feelings and emotions, which it is impossible for my pen to describe.

Previous to this time, Mr. Brown, a full and corpulent man, of respectable appearance, came to reside in the town; opened a shop; set up business as chemist, druggist, and professional mid-wife. He had a numerous family all depending upon him, and he found that the little business which he transacted would not meet the expenses of his family. The miserable shifts and turns, the crafty inventions and deceitful policy to which he had recourse, in order to keep up a respectable appearance under such circumstances, are too numerous to relate. He had attempted to train up his oldest son, Jonathan, to the same profession he followed himself. Jonathan was an effeminate youth, about nineteen years of age; and although he had outgrown his clothes, and was considered by some to be rather simple, yet he had, in consequence of seeing so much treachery and fraud, got pretty well versed in the art of deception; but after all his attempts could make nothing out of physic.

After a while, however, it began to be whispered, and by degrees the news publicly transpired, that the once respectable midwife had become a confirmed drunkard. Perhaps this intelligence was the more readily believed on account of the bell-man announcing that a public sale of drugs, household furniture, &c., would take place at the house of Mr. Brown.

After the sale, Mr. Brown being almost driven to madness—without money or credit—resolved to adopt some plan, or invent some scheme (right or wrong) by which he might extricate himself from his present degradation, and, if possible, restore and establish his character.

One day, after a solitary walk, he returned home with a countenance dark and sullen, indicative of the inward emotion of his troubled and restless spirit.

"Are you unwell, my dear, that you look so down-hearted to-night?" inquired Mrs. Brown, with polite humility.

"Oh no, I am not unwell; but I have been considering over our circumstances from end to side," replied Mr. Brown, with a solemn aspect, "and I see that all is going to rack. My creditors will shortly be upon me, and unless some plan is adopted to raise a little money, we shall very soon be ruined."

"But what plan shall we adopt?" interrogated his wife, with a meek and inquisitive tone.

"I have several plans which I hardly think it prudent to divulge, at present," said Mr. Brown, cautiously.

"Not prudent to divulge!" ejaculated the wife, with surprise.

"No, madam—not at present."

"I thought you had placed more confidence in me than you appear to manifest;" replied the wife, with apparent inward dissatisfaction.

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"I have not the slightest doubt about your fidelity, madam; but —"

"But what?"

"I cannot tell whether you can be of any service in this affair."

"What affair?"

"You know I have a son, who is getting into a young man."

"Why—yes; but you have no hopes of him ever bringing anything."

"O no: but you don't understand me. It is true he is dull and stupid; and I see that all my exertions, and all the money that I have laid out upon him is useless; yet there is one consolation."

"And pray what is that?"

"It is this madam: if we can so contrive it as to marry him to some wealthy person (old or young, I care not), we shall accomplish the only means whereby I can see any possibility of rescuing ourselves from our present degradation."

"What! Marry him to some wealthy lady?" inquired the wife with an amazing look, "what wealthy lady, think you, will have any thing to do with him? Besides, you know, he is not fit for a woman!"

"That may be; whether he is fit for a woman or not, has nothing to do with the question. If we can get him married, we shall be secure."

"Yes; but then I have no idea where we can find a person."

"*I* have!"

"Who?"

"Miss Miller."

"Miss Miller!" exclaimed the wife: "I am sure she will never marry him."

"Why not; if we can so arrange it as to keep her in the dark respecting our circumstances?"

"Yes: but did she not hear of our sale?" interrogated the wife.

"Undoubtedly—but that is past, but we could give her flattering expectations of future wealth and happiness."

"*Oh*, but that would not be acting honestly."

"Honestly! Honestly or dishonestly, whatever the world may think, money we must have," replied Mr. Brown, with stern decision.

"But how shall we draw on the acquaintance; or what scheme shall we invent to bring him into her company?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"With respect to personal visits," replied Mr. Brown, "we must, if possible, prevent them. If he is allowed to go much into her company, she will easily discover his weakness and imperfections; and our whole plan will then be entirely frustrated. It must be done by letter."

"But how can we convey any letters to her without her parents seeing them?" inquired the wife.

"You know Miss Jones!"

"Who?—Miss Jones?"

"Yes! Miss Jones, the daughter of the deputy of the town."

"O yes—yes! I know her well."

"She is intimately acquainted with Miss Miller," said Mr. Brown.

"Indeed!"

"Yes: and I have no doubt we can easily bribe her to carry the letters."

"Perhaps we may; but you must bear in mind that our Jonathan is not fit to *write* a love-letter."

"I know he is not; but then *I can write them for him*, and you can acquaint him with the matter; and tell him that Miss Miller has a very high opinion of him."

Having now partly completed their schemes, it was next the study of Mr. Brown to find out the most successful expedient to beguile the heart, and draw on the affections of the young maid. After several attempts he composed his first letter, in which he displayed an artless simplicity, so kind, so loving, so much like an experienced young man; with such warm and tender affection, such firm resolution to forsake, as it were, all the world for her sake; such an insatiable desire for her to share with him the joy and felicity which must spring from that future wealth and happiness, which the blooming prospects of his profession would speedily and inevitably secure.

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Having completed his letter, it was read by Mrs. Brown to Jonathan, in order to acquaint him with the contents, before it was despatched; and after Jonathan had committed the substance of it to memory, it was sealed, and conveyed by Miss Jones to Miss Miller.

The yielding bosoms of the fair sex are easily elevated or depressed, their constitutions being naturally delicate and susceptible. Then what must be the feelings of that young girl when she received that letter?

(To be concluded next.)

THE INVENTIVE FACULTIES.

BY "THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER."

THE relationship of the inventive faculties, has of late given rise to much speculation. By some, fancy and imagination are considered to be one and the same, and that it is impossible to establish a recognizable distinction between genius and taste. They are one and the same, says an eminent scholar, genius being neither more nor less than taste in its *creative* transport; and taste being genius in its *elective* energy. To this definition, so beautifully expressed, all literary history runs counter, informing us, that these authors—and we may say artists too—who possessed the *elective energy* in its highest degree, were most deficient of the *creative transport*, and *vice versa!* There are few of our poets who have been men of correct taste—possessing in a pre-eminent degree, the faculty which superintends selection, who have also possessed in the same ratio, the creative transport. Amongst the poets, Gray had the correctest taste, but he lacked the genius of Shakespeare; the one was the favoured child of the *elective energy*, and the other of the *creative transport*.

Amongst our prose writers, the theological authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of invention; but they were lamentably deficient of the elective energy—taste; by which an author throws around his labours a magic spell—which can charm and fascinate even the dullest, though he were duller

> "Than the fat weed
> That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf."

That Rubens was a creative genius none will attempt to deny; he copied the style of none, and belonged to no school. For eight years he studied in Italy, but returned home without having imbibed any of the traits of Raffaelle, Titian, Michael Angelo &c.; every one of his paintings bearing the stamp of the characteristics of his individual mind. He possessed in an eminent degree, the creative transport; but he lacked the same measure of the elective energy; as may be seen by an inspection of the allegory, in Whitehall—one instance among many. Amongst a many proofs of our position, we will record a few instances of false taste, amongst artists of acknowledged talent. Poussin painted St. Jerome with a *clock* by his side, and placed as a back-ground to his Rebecca at the well—*a Grecian temple*. In the church of St Zacperia, at Venice, an angel is playing on a *fiddle* to the virgin and the child; and in one of the Spanish cathedrals, Abraham is drawn as offering up his son Isaac, the weapon of destruction being a *pistol*, into the pan of which an angel is making water and again, Albert Durer, in his banishment of Adam and Eve, has drawn the avenging angel in a *flounced gown;* whilst Lewis Cigoli has painted Simeon with spectacles on his nose; and no less a painter than F. Chello della Puera, has in a beautiful painting of the virgin, drawn her lying on *sofa* playing with a *parrot*, and about to help herself to *coffee*.

Genius is that intellectual faculty which enables its possessor to create with facility and power, what no one else could produce with any amount of study, time, perseverance or labour; and taste, is that faculty of the mind which superintends selection and gives to the labours of genius, ease, elegance, and harmony. Education and per

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severance may enable genius to attain excellence; but they cannot create the faculty. One leading characteristic of genius is its being in advance of the age in which it flourished; and of taste, that it survives the decay of ages, and is admired at the expiration of 3000 years as Homer, or 1800, as Virgil; whilst those who flattered the taste of the day are forgotten. Galileo, Tasso, Milton, and most of the favoured children of genius, have reared their arks upon the lofty hills, far from the ocean, and sat them down at the foot, to watch the far off tide which was to float their arks, and so crown them with immortal bays; but, not unto all was given to see the fulfilment of their hopes; yet strong in faith, they have gone down to their graves; as did the "old blind bard;" and posterity has regretted the neglect of their ancestors, and done honour to the neglected.

Fancy and imagination have likewise, by some, been classed as one, whilst by others, their separate and distinct existence has been maintained; amongst the latter, we place ourselves, and we assert—fancy is that power of the mind which enables the author to group together a number of images, which having no individual connection, are only linked together by some incidental coincidence. Take as examples, the following extracts from the writings of Thomas Fuller, D.D., who deserves to be better known. Speaking of the modesty of women who dress themselves in questionable garments, he says, "I must confess, some honest women may go thus, but no whit the honester for going thus. That ship may have Castor and Pollux for the sign, which notwithstanding, has St. Paul for the lading." Again, when speaking of anger,—"He that keepeth anger long in his bosom, giveth place to the devil; and why should he make room for him who will crowd into it too fast. Heat of passion makes our souls to crack, and the devil creeps in at the crannies." Of unequal marriages he shrewdly remarks, "They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hopes some one may come and cut the halter." And of fancy itself, he says "To clothe low creeping matter with high-flown language is not fine fancy, but flat foolery. It rather loads than raises a *wren* to fasten the feathers of an ostrich to her wings. Some men's speeches are like the high mountains in Ireland, having a dirty bog in the top of them."

The tendency of fancy is sportiveness, she delights in odd contrasts, giving point to the sallies of wit, and peoples the ideal world with ideal sympathies; she is the bosom companion of fairies, chivalry and old legends, of whatever is odd, quaint or showy. Take as an exemplification an extract from "The Twelfth Night,"—"You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt." Pope's "Rape of the Lock" is a beautiful dream of fancy, and might be quoted at length in support of our proposition, did our limits permit.

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins;
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While, clogg'd, he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics, with contracting power,
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flower;
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motions of the whirling wheel
In fumes of boiling chocolate shall glow,
Or tremble at the sea that froths below."

CANTO 2.

And again, in the 5th Canto:

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
And drew her deadly bodkin from her side,—
The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-grand-sire, wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings, which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,—
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears."

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Fancy, we repeat, collects and groups objects devoid of human interests, she pleases and dazzles the eye and the ear; but, imagination assumes an higher office,—to touch and subdue the human heart, and to inform and correct the understanding; to find

> "Tongues in trees—books in the running brooks—
> Sermons in stones—and good in every thing."

Imagination seeks unity in its images, and animates the groupings of fancy, with the hopes and fears of humanity, and thus give them human interest. Every one must acknowledge the whole of the 24th book of the Iliad to be a most pathetic narrative. Priam seeks the tent of Achilles, to beg the dead body of his dear Hector, slain by Achilles, and his remains insulted and dishonoured. The aged monarch awakens conflicting emotions in the breast of the chief, by the mention of his aged father, and as the suppliant kneels, the hero bends over him, and

> "——With his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
> The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
> Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
> And now the mingled tides together flow:
> This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
> A father one, and one a son, deplore:
> But great Achilles different passions rend,
> And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
> The infectious softness thro' the heroes ran;
> The universal, solemn shower began;
> They bore as heroes, but they felt as man."
>
> POPE'S TRANSLATION, Lib. 24. S. 637.

Coleridge has a beautiful passage in *his* Wallenstein:

> "The way of ancient ordinances tho' it winds,
> Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
> The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
> Of the cannon's ball. Direct it flies rapid,
> Shatt'ring that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches,
> My son! the road, the human being travels,
> That, on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
> The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
> Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
> Honouring the holy bounds of property!
> And thus secure, though late, leads to its end."

This is poetry.

> "That holy spirit,
> Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep."—HEMANS.

Shepherds' Home, Hull.

SONNET TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY," ETC.

To thee, sweet bard! whose honoured name is joined
Inseparably with Memory's magic spell,
These notes of praise a lowly muse would swell
Who loves the outpourings of thy gentle mind.
Thou hast with classic elegance combined,
In thy smooth verse, grace, warmth, and lofty thought,
Chaste metaphor, sweet numbers, which have wrought
In my wrapt soul an ecstacy refined.
Thy page, great poet! is a garden rare,
Luxuriant with the choicest sweets and flowers
Culled in high Poesy's elysian bowers,
And planted, blooming, in thy rich parterre:
For thee, the blest harmonious nine have wove
An amaranthine wreath, plucked from the Aonian grove!

Stockport. W. NICHOLSON.

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"AD PRIMAM."

This beautiful Hymn is of very ancient date, and was once common to all the lithurgies of the Western Churches. Itis now only sung in the original Latin by the Scholars of Winchester College, when they separate for the vacations at Whitsuntide.

I.

"Iam lucis arto sidere
Dum precemur supplices
Nostras ut ipse dirigat,
Lux increata, semitas.

II.

"Nil lingua nil peccet manus,
Nil mens inane cogitet;
In ore simplex veritas
In corde regnet carital.

III.

"Incæpta dum dum fluet dies,
O CHRISTE custos pervigil,
Quas sævus hostis obsidet
Portas tuere sensuum.

IV.

"Presta diurnus ut tuæ
Subserviat laudi labor;
Auctore quæ te cœpimus
Da te favente prosequi."

I.

"Now while the sun is shining bright,
We lowly, humbly pray,
That HE the uncreated light,
Will guide us on our way.

II.

"No wicked word, nor act of wrong,
Nor thoughts that sinful rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our heart be love.

III.

"And while the hours in silence flow,
O CHRIST, be our defence,
And keep the gate besieg'd by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

IV.

"And grant, that to thy honour, Lord,
Our every work may tend;
And each day begun with thy word,
May with thy blessing end."

Wintringham, Banks of the Humber.

THE METAPHOR.

"*Posthabiu tamen illorum mea seria ludo.*"—VIRGIL.

The figures of speech are the ornaments of the poet's verse, the drapery with which he backs his picture and relieves the imagination of his readers, excites their fancy and lures them into new and pleasant paths, where dwells

That holy spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep.

"A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence." Such was the opinion of Addison, and we agree with it; but the question naturally arises,—What is a metaphor? The common opinion is, that a metaphor is a comparison. An opinion which we think is not a correct one; for a *simile* draws a comparison between two things named, and only shows the similarity that exists between them, whereas a metaphor asserts the identity of the image, as

The unpastur'd ocean, hungering for calm.—*Shelley.*

and again,

Sorrow, touch'd by Thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.—*Moore.*

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Here we have two metaphors, perfect of their kind, but not more so than that well-known one of Fuseli's, who called Eve "*the mould of generations.*"

Metaphors are two-fold, illustrative and poetical. Nearly all our proverbs are of the former kind; thus, if we wish to show the folly of fickleness in any pursuit, we may say, "a rolling stone gathers no moss;" or wishing to enforce the certainty of honest industry and ceaseless application being ultimately crowned with success, the old proverb, "constant dropping wears a hole," will illustrate our doctrine, and in either case the proverb becomes a metaphor. To constitute a metaphor of the poetical class, the sentence must contain three things, an *image*, a *sentiment*, and a *thought*.

Eternity and Time
Met for a moment.—*Montgomery.*

At the death-bed of the righteous, and Harvey in his "Stanzas written in a Cathedral," beautifully and truthfully says,—

Death's harvests of a thousand years
Have *here* been gathered in:—
The *vintage* where the wine was tears,
The labourer was sin.

And again, in a beautiful metaphor,

Tales, to which each graven stone
Is but the title page.

The most perfect metaphor I remember to have read, is one used by Junius, when arguing that the crown, sceptre, and orb, are necessary for the dignity of the throne. "The plumage of the noble bird supports its flight; strip him of his beauty and you fix him to the earth." Here the writer says more, and says it better too, than he could otherwise have said in a whole page of plain prose. The writings of the early fathers abound in metaphors, as an instance we select one at random from Augustine, which translated, runs thus,—"O fearful torrent of human custom, by what might can thy force be resisted? when shalt thou be dried up? how long shalt thou bear away the children of Eve into that vast ocean, which they scarcely pass over who have embarked on the cross?" Wordsworth is a perfect master of the metaphor; take as an example the following verse:

It is a beautiful evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in his tranquility;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea;
Listen, the mighty being is awake!
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder everlastingly.

It is an old saying, and a true one, that "There is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous;" and in nothing is this better illustrated than in the following quotation from Wordsworth:

Thine is a privacy
Of glorious light.

Addressed to any other thing or being but the skylark, it would be absurd and untrue, but addressed to it, it is poetry and truth; for, poetry is truth. The dew which rises from the earth, descends to it again, to fructify it, but how different

The heart's dew of pain.—*Byron.*

And how sad must be the condition of him who

Sits amid the ruins of his guilt.—*Ibid.*

The following metaphor is perfect. The "Cherub-hydra" sin. Lovely and splendid guilt. Deformity in the shape of angelic-purity, wooing us—and alas! too fatally—to shame and death. The following possess great merit, and contain much beauty and force:

The spider and the bee, oftentimes,
Suck from one flower.—*Ben Jonson*

Men, whose seed-field is time.—*Anon.*

Time
Hath moulded into beauty many a tower.—*Mason.*

Wintringham, Banks of the Humber.

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PERILS OF BUFFALO HUNTING.

The most interesting hunter's story I have ever heard was told me by our host, Mr. Percival, who has followed the forest chase from his youth. In 1807 he was on a trapping expedition with two companions on the Washita, when they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the larger game; and he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espied a noble-looking old male buffalo lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly through a corn-brake which lay between the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, and only wounded the animal in the side; but it roused him, and having crossed the river, he soon lay down again. This was about noon, when the animal, having grazed, was resting himself in a cool place. Percival now crossed the river also in his canoe, and got into the woods, which were there very open, and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land; a very frequent occurrence in these parts of Arkansas, where forest and prairie often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the open woods. Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred buffaloes, and knew their tempers in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal, when in large herds, was easily mastered, and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged, and even dangerous; he therefore followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would lie down again ere long. The buffalo now stopped, and Percival stopped within fifty yards of him, watching an opportunity to strike him mortally; but the beast seeing his enemy so near, wheeled completely round, put his huge shaggy head close to the ground before his fore-feet, as is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired, and put his ball through the bull's nose; but seeing the temper the beast was in, and knowing what a serious antagonist he was when on the offensive, he also immediately turned and fled.

In running down a short hill some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him of about eighteen inches diameter, and every thing seemed to depend upon his reaching it; but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of the hip with his horn, and slightly wounded him. Before the beast, however, could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling, about four or five inches in diameter; a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that perhaps is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival grasping the tree with his arms, swung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harrassed him *more than four hours!* until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

In going round the tree, the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but the distance between them was so narrow that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps; he therefore frequently went round the sapling instead of going inside of it. The time thus consumed was precious to Percival; it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

After so many hours' fruitless labour, the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigour, and became slower in his motions: he would now make his short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals; and even then he jumped doubtingly, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing in his

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course round the tree, but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint, that does honour to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family. He made his little start as usual, and when Percival swung himself round, the bull, instead of aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to that side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded: Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe contusion on the arm, which was paralysed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life; his limbs trembled under him; he thought the buffalo would wear him out; and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that at one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree, and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himself from pain and anxiety that were intolerable.

But the buffalo, just at that time giving decided symptoms of being as tired as himself, now stopped for a few minutes, Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast, he took it out and began to contrive plans of offence; and when the bull, having rested for a while, recommenced his old rounds, Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and using a great deal of address and management, contrived in the course of half-an-hour to stab and cut him in a dozen different places. The animal now became weak from loss of blood, and although he continued to walk round the tree, he made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to it. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm, and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes. Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight; he bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and immitigable fury; he leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head at the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted *nearly six hours!* The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his nigh shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then, after resting himself a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his canoe, made a fire, broiled and ate it.

Of the intense anxiety of mind produced in the hunter by this conflict, an idea may be formed from the fact, that when he joined his companions after a separation of forty days, they asked him why he looked so pale and emaciated, and inquired "if he had been down with the fever?" He then related to them his adventure with the buffalo, adding, that from that very evening, when he prevailed over the animal, he had never got any quiet rest; and so severely had his nervous system been shaken, that as soon as the occupations of the day were over, and he had lain down to rest, the image of the resolute and powerful animal always came before him, putting his life in jeopardy in a thousand ways, and creating in him such a desperate agitation of mind, that he was constantly jumping up from the ground to defend himself: such was his state, that he who had been formerly proverbial for his daring and resolution, now trembled even when a covey of quails unexpectedly flushed before him. Mr. Percival told me that three months had elapsed after this adventure before his sleep became tranquil, and that although twenty-seven years had now passed away, every sudden noise would disconcert him, even if it were the crowing of a cock. Ten years ago he had the curiosity to visit the place where so memorable a passage in his life occurred, and he found the bark of the tree sufficiently torn and abraded to have identified it, even if the bones of his ancient adversary had not been there.—*Excursion through the Slave States.*

SEVEN BROTHERS.—It is worthy of remark, that there are in the same Lodge of Ancient Shepherds, viz., the "Good Intent," No. 2, held at Mossley, in the Ashton District, seven brothers, the sons of William Robinson, whose names are John, James, Ephraim, Joseph, William, George, and Jonas. These men are an ornament to the Order, as well as to the Lodge to which they belong. We do not remember a parallel to this, unless in the case of John Moss, and his seven sons, who were the Ringers of our Parish Church Bells, in its less palmy days, when the steeple could not boast more than eight bells.

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SALMAGUNDI.

HUMANITY.—True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of humanity, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appertains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active measures to execute the measures which it suggests.—*C. J. Fox.*

POST-OFFICE WONDERS.—The number of letters that pass through the post-office annually, for London and its environs alone, is 75,000,000; they average four inches in length, and three inches wide. If this immense number of letters were laid down in a horizontal position, lengthways, they would reach to the extent of 4,734 miles. If laid so as to form square feet, they would cover 142 acres of land. They average in weight one third of an ounce. The whole would weigh 697 tons. The postage of these, at one penny each, amounts to £312,500.

"THE TIMES" of the 28th of April last, came out with a double supplement full of advertisements. This publication contained the enormous number of 2,002 advertisements, including 296 for situations, the latter occupying between five and six columns. The duty payable on these advertisements is £154. 13s. We believe the circulation of *The Times* now is about 30,000 per diem. Well may the French express their astonishment at this monster establishment, the business department of which is conducted with all the ease imaginable.

MONSTER BELLS.—The greatest bell in the known world is in Moscow. It has never been elevated, but lies in a deep pit in the midst of the Kremlin, where it was originally cast. Its circumference is 67 feet 4 inches; the perpendicular height 21 feet 4½ inches; and its thickness, at the part where it would have received the blows of the hammer, 23 inches; the weight of this enormous mass of metal is computed to be 443,772 pounds; which, if valued at three shillings a pound, amounts to £66,565 16s. lying unemployed, and of no use to any one. The great bell of Rouen cathedral weighs 36,000 pounds; the brass bell of Strasburg, 22,400; "Old Tom," of Christ church, Oxford, 17,000; "Peter," of Exeter cathedral, 12,500; the great bell of St. Paul's, London, 11,470; and "Tom," of Lincoln, 9,894. The new bell "Peter," of York minster, is the largest in Britain, being 5 tons heavier than "Old Tom," of Oxford. It cost above £2,000.

FIRE-FLIES.—As I gazed, the air burst into atoms of green fire before my face, and in an instant they were gone: I turned round, and saw all the woods upon the mountains illuminated with ten thousands of flaming torches moving in every direction, now rising, now falling, vanishing here, reappearing there, converging to a globe, and dispersing in spangles. No man can conceive, from dry description alone, the magical beauty of these glorious creatures. So far from their effects having been exaggerated by travellers, I can say that I never read an account, in prose or verse, which in the least prepared me for the reality. There are two sorts; the small fly which flits *in* and *out* in the air, and a kind of beetle, which keeps more to the woods, and is somewhat more stationary, like our glow-worm. This last has two broad eyes at the back of its head, which, when the phosporescent energy is not exerted, are of a dull parchment hue; but on the animals being touched, shoot forth two streams of green light, as intense as the purest gas. But the chief source of splendour is a cleft in the belly, through which the whole interior of the beetle appears like a red-hot furnace. I put one of these natural lamps under a wine-glass in my bed-room in Trinidad, and, in order to verify some accounts which I have heard doubted, I ascertained the hour on my watch by its light alone, with the utmost facility.—*Six Months in the West Indies.*

THE BLOOD-FISH.—Our Indians caught with a hook the fish known in the country by the name of *caribe* or *caribito*, because no other fish has such a thirst for blood. It attacks bathers and swimmers, from whom it often carries away considerable pieces of flesh. The Indians dread extremely these caribes; and several of them showed us the

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scars of deep wounds in the calf of the leg and in the thigh, made by these little animals. When a person is only slightly wounded, it is difficult for him to get out of the water without receiving severer wounds. The blood-fish lives at the bottom of rivers; but if once a few drops of blood be shed upon the water, they arrive by thousands on the surface. When we reflect on the number of these fish, the most voracious and cruel of which are only four or five inches long; on the triangular form of their sharp cutting teeth, and on the amplitude of their retractile mouth, we need not be surprised at the fear which they excite in the inhabitants of the banks of the Apure and Oroonoco. In places where the river was very limpid, and where not a fish appeared, we threw into the water little morsels of flesh covered with blood, and in a few minutes a cloud of caribes came to dispute the prey. The belly of this fish has a cutting edge indented like a saw; its body, towards the back, is ash-coloured, with a tint of green; but the under part, the gill-covers, and the pectoral fins, are of a fine orange. The caribito has a very agreeable taste. As no one dares to bathe where it is to be found, it may be considered as one of the greatest scourges of these climates, in which the sting of the musquitoes, and the consequent irritation of the skin, render the use of baths so necessary.—*Humboldt.*

Powers of the Telescope.—The telescope may be considered as answering the purposes of a vehicle, for conveying us to the distant regions of space. We would consider it a wonderful achievement, could we transport ourselves two hundred thousand miles from the earth, in the direction of the moon, in order to take a nearer view of that celestial orb. But this instrument enables us to take a much nearer inspection of that planet than if we had actually surmounted the force of gravitation, traversed the voids of space, and left the earth 230,000 miles behind us. A telescope which magnifies objects 240 times, can carry our views within a thousand miles of the moon; and a telescope such as Sir W. Hershell's forty feet reflector, which magnifies 6,000 times, would enable us to view the mountains and valleys of the moon, as if we were transported to a point about forty miles from her surface. We can view the magnificent system of the planet Saturn, by means of this instrument, as distinctly as if we had performed a journey eight hundred millions of miles in the direction of that globe; which, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, would require a period of more than eighteen hundred years to accomplish. By the telescope we can contemplate the region of the fixed stars, their arrangement into systems, and their immense numbers, with the same distinctness and amplitude of view, as if we had actually taken a flight of ten hundred thousand millions of miles, in those unexplored and unexplorable regions, which could only be accomplished in several millions of years, though our motion was as rapid as a ball projected from a loaded cannon. This instrument may, therefore, be considered as a providential gift bestowed on mankind, to serve, in the meantime, as a *temporary substitute* for those powers of rapid flight, with which the seraphim are endowed, and for those superior facilities of motion with which man himself may be invested, when he arrives at the summit of moral perfection.—*Dick's Christian Philosopher.*

NEW LODGES OPENED ENDING JUNE, 1847,

480 Honest Shepherd, Joseph Wate, White Horse Inn, Stalybridge, Cheshire. Stalybridge District.

481 Peace and Unity, Thomas Badcock, Queen's Head, Dry Drayton, Cambridge. Cambridge District.

482 Shepherds of Hope, John Taylor, Hope Inn, Chippenham, Cambridgeshire. Wisbech District.

483 Royal Oak, James Cook, Royal Oak Inn, Beck Row, Milden Hall, Suffolk. Wisbech District.

484 Loyal Heart of Oak, Matthew Rome, New Road Inn, Chancery-lane, Ardwick, Manchester. Manchester District.

485 Shepherds on the Rock, William Thornton, Shepherds' Arms, Osborne-street, Oldham-road, Manchester. Manchester District.

P.M. JOHN WILLIAMSON, PRINTER, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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THE LOST PASSPORT:

OR, THE TRAMPER IN TROUBLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

During my sojourn in France, I became acquainted with a poor Englishman, who met with an incident, amusing enough to others, but certainly disagreeable to himself, who was the subject of it, at the time it occurred. I will relate the story.

Tom Trafford was a working lace-bleacher, of Nottingham, a sturdy, round faced, good-humoured, but simple-minded fellow, the happy possessor of a good wife and healthy children. During a temporary depression of trade in his native town, when starvation began to threaten his little family, and involuntary idleness was rusting into his bones, he succeeded in making an engagement to go to France, as a bleacher on a newly-erected establishment, in the neighbourhood of St Quentin, Picardy. Tom, therefore, leaving with reluctance his wife and children, for whom, however, he had made some provision in his engagement—set out for Calais, where he obtained a passport, and proceeded on his journey. This was in the summer of 1829. Now, Tom, whose English notions of liberty were somewhat of the rudest, felt the passport to be a very great annoyance, and it cost him sundry heart-burnings, misgivings, and bewilderments, ere he could penetrate into the mystery of so necessary a document. As the lazy diligence rumbled under the archway of some fortified town, some fierce-looking individual in a cocked hat would peer in, wake up Tom from his brief nap, snatch his passeport, and carry it off triumphantly without a word of explanation; which indeed, would have been thrown away, seeing that Tom was yet ignorant of the language spoken about him. By a happy knack at imitation (save in speech), he did as others did, but when the diligence rolled on, leaving his papers behind, he broke out into a cold sweat, astonished at the cool indifference of his fellow-passengers. By and by, however, on turning a corner, or issuing from the opposite entrance of the town, the same fierce-looking individual would thrust his passport in at the window, and relieve him of his fears. He now began to see through the business, and while he was cogitating thereon, he arrived at his destination, where he soon after set bravely to work.

Twelve months passed away, Tom was getting reconciled to the country and his position, and had already half resolved to send for his family, when a storm which had gathered quickly on the political and social horizon of France, burst forth with unexpected fury, shaking the whole length and breadth of the land. This was the revolution of 1830. As a natural consequence, commerce was paralysed, and, in common with thousands, poor Tom was thrown out of employment. For three months he struggled with his difficulties manfully, in the vain hope that the cloud would pass off, and that returning sunshine would see him re-instated in his situation. During this time he unavoidably and unwillingly contracted a debt for board, lodging, and etceteras, of two hundred francs (eight pounds)

Note.—For the future, we shall dispense with what is usually called the "Leading Article," and insert papers of that character in the body of the Magazine.

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This was a sad burden to Tom, who was an honest industrious man; but he did not despair of removing it, if trade would revive. But, it did not revive, and exhibited very few indications of doing so, while Tom's patience and perseverance were becoming more and more exhausted, till he succumbed to the common enemy. One by one, as his hopes dropped away, there came over him that indefinable but natural feeling, "home sickness;" and, when with painful anxiety he thought of his wife and children, it grew upon him till it became a passion, an ungovernable impulse, which prompted him to return under any difficulty. He determined upon it, but then the question arose, *how?* He had no money, and what was worse, he had no passport, it was in the hands of the police, *and he durst not apply for it.*

It is customary in France for any person settling in a town to yield his passport to the custody of the police. It is a sort of guarantee for his good behaviour. If he contract debts, and there is a suspicion that he intends to quit the place without discharging them, the creditor, or creditors, can detain him by warning the authorities to withhold his passport until some satisfactory arrangement is made, or explanation given. Tom Trafford knew this, and was sad puzzled thereby. His fear of being detained was torture to him, so he resolved to go *without* his papers; a dangerous experiment, as he was likely to be detected any moment, and anywhere, on the high road, at the entrance of towns, in the villages, or wherever he might chance to lodge for the night. He made me his confidant, and I assisted him to the extent of my power. That he might be the less encumbered, his few effects we sent to Calais before him. His intention was to go round by Paris. He had a desire to see that gay and fascinating city; moreover he expected to meet with some English friends there, who would doubtless assist him on his homeward journey. Accordingly early one fine morning I accompanied him two or three miles out of the town, gave him a five franc piece, and bade him good by. By the exercise of much caution, some cunning, and a few fibs, he reached Paris in safety, a distance of a hundred miles from St. Quentin. Here he met with some English workmen, who helped him a little, and retained him amongst them a few days, during which time he had an opportunity of perambulating the streets of Paris, not without much curiosity and wonder. His first business, however, was to obtain a passport. For this purpose he applied to the secretary of the British Ambassador, then Lord Granville, and affirming that he had lost his old passport by the way, he with little difficulty obtained a new one, properly signed, and again felt secure.

It may be as well to state, for the benefit of any of my readers whom chance or choice may lead to France, that an Ambassador's passport is preferable to any other. It will answer for *many* parts of the Continent; whereas that obtained from the French police is available in *France only*. By giving a few hours' notice, a passport may be had without charge at the residence of the French Ambassador in Paris. By an artizan this is worth being remembered.

Let me return to my hero. Tom learned that a society existed in Paris for the relief o distressed Englishmen desirous of returning to their own country. He applied; was ushered into the presence of Bishop Luscombe, who, along with a little kind and fatherly advice, presented him with five francs, and a number of printed slips of paper, which being delivered at certain towns on his homeward *route*, would ensure him of moderate relief, at any rate, of food and shelter. Tom was very thankful, and jogged along the road with a heart as light as his pocket, aye, as buoyantly as Autolycus when he sang,

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily climb the stile a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile a."

Nothing of importance happened to Trafford, who travelled very leisurely for the firs two days after his departure from Paris; but about the close of the third day, as he ap proached a village in the distance where he intended to rest for the night, he was overtaken by a jolly tinker, who with the characteristic freedom and fluency of a Frenchman, started a conversation. Tom had picked up a little rude French, and by dint of a few imitative shrugs and gestures, could manage to make himself pretty well understood.

"*Bon soir, monsieur*, good evening," said the tinker, "it is dangerous travelling o nights now. *Si vous avez l'argent*, if you have money I would advise you to guard it

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well, and see yourself safely lodged before sundown, else there is no telling what may befall you."

"Has something happened?" said Tom with some alarm.

"You shall hear," said the tinker, pulling out a short black pipe rom a wooden case, and lighting it by the aid of a flint and steel, with great dexterity, —"you shall hear," he repeated, as he puffed a volume of smoke into the tranquil air. "*Attendez*; listen! You see that grassy bank sloping down into the wooded dingle on the other side of the road. Well, three days ago, on that bank, close to that single poplar, whose bark is grazed and rent, was found the body of a wealthy farmer, robbed and murdered, barbarously mangled and stabbed in fifty places."

Here Tom and the tinker reached the fatal spot, when the latter entered into the horrible details of the bloody business, as if he had been a spectator of it, or a participator in the deed. Tom was imagining the probabilily of the tinker being the assassin, and feeling very uncomfortable in consequence, when his companion added—

"You are an *Anglais*, an Englishman, and a stranger. I would the more advise you to take care of your passport and papers, and see that they are correct, else, as the murderer is not yet discovered, and as the police are scouring the country in all directions, you may be put to much inconvenience, if not threatened with positive danger."

Tom plunged his hand mechanically into his side pocket, pulled out his papers, examined them, and put them back again with a feeling of satisfaction and security. They were now very near the village, when with a polite "*Bon soir, monsieur*," the tinker turned down a lane, and left our hero to his reflections. He proceeded at once to an *Auberge*, or humble tavern, where he procured lodging and refreshment. Round the broad and ample fire-place were gathered a number of peasants, smoking and talking incessantly, the all-engrossing subject of their conversation the recent murder. In the morning, after a frugal breakfast, Tom took a stroll through the village, returned to the *Auberge*, paid his reconing, and once more took the road. Ere he quitted the village he was somewhat surprised and annoyed to see a crowd of women and children gazing at him with curious, and by no means flattering, looks. He concluded that they had been gossiping, and that his English face and garb had merely attracted their attention a moment. He went on his way with a light step and a light heart, perfectly indifferent to all he left behind.

He had gone about two leagues, or six miles, singing and thinking by turns, when he heard the quick sound of horses' hoofs far distant. He looked behind him and beheld two horsemen coming at the top of their speed. "A race! a race!" cried Tom enthusiastically, as he called to mind the races of his native town, and the pleasurable excitement of that truly English sport. As the horsemen came rapidly nearer, they took the shape of two well-mounted *gens des armes*, completely equipped, with cocked hat, sword, and carbine. But what was Tom's astonishment and horror when they reined in their steeds with a jerk just as they came up to him!

"Good morning," said one of them with grim courtesy, "Good morning, *monsieur*. Wither are you bound, *monsieur?*"

"To England, by Calais," Tom eagerly replied.

"Where are you come from?" continued his interrogator.

"Direct from Paris," said Tom, triumphantly.

"*C'est bien*, very good, will you shew me your papers, if you please?

Tom dived into his side pocket, where he had deposited his passport and letters, rolled together, but, alas! it was empty! With nervous agitation, he examined his whole person, looked into his hat, turned out all his pockets, felt from his coat collar, down to the bottom of his trousers, but not a scrap of paper could he find. When he found that his search was fruitless, his round, stolid face assumed such a comical expression of bewilderment and dismay, that the two *gens des armes* relaxed from their habitual gravity into a brief smile, when one of them spoke again

"You are unfortunate, *monsieur*; we are sorry to put you to inconvenience, but we must do our duty. You must go with us.

Stunned, stupified, and forlorn, like a criminal going to the scaffold, poor Tom, walking between the two officers, retraced his steps to the village he had left but two hours before. How to account for the loss of his passport, he knew not; had the tinker filched it from him the previous evening? Had he dropped it at the *auberge*? Where would they take him? what would be his fate? what would become of his wife and children? were his distressing reflections. They regained the village, all the inhabitants were congregated to

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witness his misery; among the crowd, was the jolly tinker, who nodded to our hero encouragingly, but, Tom thought, maliciously, as he quickly disappeared. Trafford was taken, at his own desire, to the *auberge*, and diligently searched, for the lost papers, but all in vain. Tom afterwards told me, that he felt at that moment as if his head tottered on his shoulders. With a cruel kindness, the officers ordered a substantial dinner, previous to taking him back to a distant town, where he would be thoroughly examined. Though quivering with apprehension, Tom took his share of the dinner, and wine, and felt relieved thereby. His captors, who were uniformly civil, then led him into the street, and along the road he had passed the day before. They were approaching the scene of the murder, the sight of which sent a shock through poor Trafford, as if he himself had done the horrid deed. The officers were in advance of him, and he saw one of them point with his sword, to something that lay in the gutter; the other leaped from his horse, and picked up a roll of soiled papers, which he opened and began to read. Tom recognized them in an instant, and almost extravagant with joy, claimed them as his own—and sure enough, they were his, and he had unwittingly dropped them, while conversing with the mysterious tinker, as they passed that accursed spot.

"Hold," said the officer, retaining his hold of the passport, "What is your name?"

"Thomas Trafford."

"What age are you?"

"Thirty-three years."

"What height do you stand, French measure?"

"Five feet six inches."

"This appears to be your passport, can you describe any of the letters?

Tom described them minutely.

"You are lucky, *monsieur*," said both *gens des armes*, smiling benignantly upon him; "had we not stumbled upon these documents, which we return to you, you might have been put to much loss of time and inconvenience; we are glad it is no worse."

They escorted happy Tom Trafford back to the village, gave him a five franc piece, and sent him on his way rejoicing, at the same time warning him to keep the high road; and above all, to keep careful custody of his papers. With a polite bow, they then rode off.

Tom pushed on, and reached Calais that night, where he recounted to his countrymen his strange adventure. A sort of sympathy was created for Tom; a little subscription was got up for him, and in a few days he was in the arms of his family, neither hopeless nor penniless. When I called upon him, at Nottingham, in 1833, he was pretty comfortable the "Tramper" was no longer "in trouble." But he always rejoices, that an honest man can walk in England, without the annoyance of a passport, and fear of the police. So may it ever be!

SHAKESPEAR'S BIRTH-PLACE.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world—THIS WAS A MAN!"
Julius Cæsar.

It was with no small amount of satisfaction that we heard the pleasing intelligence that the birth-place of our national bard is to stand in its wonted position—is still to form the one grand attraction of Stratford-upon-Avon—and has passed into the hands of men capable of appreciating the true value of the relic, sensible of the bright associations connected with their important charge. We hail the gratifying termination of this matter, with more enthusiasm, since it has been effected by the voice of the English people, for while it speaks volumes in praise of him who "looked through Nature at a single view," it indicates the existence of a just appreciation, a high progressive principle in the minds and breasts of our countrymen at large. True, we have merged into busy money-seeking utilitarians; we have fostered physical science in preference to ideal art; we have swept away, with unsparing hand, the relics and vestiges of antiquity. We have dislodged "ivy-mantled towers," and moss-grown old walls, and left ourselves nearly portionless of aught pertaining to the pristine glory of our ancestors; yet, with all our innovations and money-seeking propensities, the

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are moments when we are not altogether unmindful of the debts due unto genius and talent—when we are not forgetful that there have existed, in past generations, men as great and good as we are, whose memory claims our warmest devotion—whose, associations, large or small, it is our duty to preserve, alike, in honour of the glorious beings themselves, and as a manifesto of our own appreciation of their talents and virtues. And it is well that such is the case: for it has a tendency to remind us that we, of to-day, are not the only creatures who view every thing with such clear perception or precise notions. It tells us that there were others who studied in small rooms, surrounded on every hand by a world of the most opaque darkness, who struck out of the common path, and kindled a light that was to illuminate ages after ages, that was to endure for "all time;" that was to teach the wisest and instruct the humblest in every age and city of the wide universe. It is well that we should, at times, cherish the memories of such as these; and it is far better if we have some tangible project wherewith to associate our ideas with the beings in question. The relic may not be worth a straw—it may be the meanest and most valueless thing you can conceive—yet, let it be associated, in the remotest manner, with some object whose memory you revere and love, mark how you prize it, how you preserve it, as a memento of him or her with whom it was associated.

It is a trait in English families—this preservation of relics. You see the daughter prize, with the most intense devotion, some old valueless article of her mother's household, while you see the mother store up some toy or bauble, of a departed child; and go where you will, into any English home, rest assured the good housewife will show you some relic, some vestige associated with the memory of some one or the other of her progenitors. If, then, this goodly vein runs so copiously through English society—if this veneration or love of one being for another is so strongly developed by the simplest creature in a family—how much more does it behove us, as a nation, to hold dear the memory of him, whose light has been our guide and instruction for the last two or three centuries, by preserving that old house in Henley-street, Stratford-upon-Avon, by holding sacred and inviolable the tenement where first sprang into life the immortal genius of WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR! It may be a crazy old building, it may have no actual beauty in this style or that order, but it is enough for it to have been Shakespear's birth-place, enough for it to have been Shakespear's home, enough for it to have been the hallowed spot where Shakespear first kindled his never-dying flame, enough for it to retain such associations as these, and it may vie with the most regal palace in the land. It is sufficient to know that it is the spot where the greatest genius the world ever saw, first issued forth into immortal existence; it is sufficient to know this, and, the place immediately is possessed of more attractions in our eyes, than if it were enchased in gold, or studded wtth diamonds.

In the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital, there is preserved in a glass-case, a coat which is reputed to have been the one in which Nelson fell. This relic is preserved with the utmost care, and will doubtless be regarded with national interest and curiosity, while a shred of it holds together. Now, we would say nothing in disparagement of Nelson, nor of the principle which prompts men to preserve this coat as a memento of the great actions of that great commander; but this we feel bound to affirm,—that the birth-place of Shakespear claims far more interest from the people of England, than the coat of Nelson; that the home of the Bard of Avon demands more preservation from us, as a nation, than the most precious relic associated with the hero of Trafalgar; that the holy light-giving mission of the one, calls for the exercise of more enlarged sympathy and gratitude than the destructive death-dealing function of the other. "This," cries some old Greenwich pensioner, "is the coat of the immortal Nelson." "That," cries the exhibitor of Stratford-upon-Avon," is the birth-place of the immortal Shakespear." "This," says the one, "is a relic of the defeater of the French, in the bay of Trafalgar." "That," exclaims the other, "is the relic of one who shed a light all over the civilized world." "This," continues the pensioner," is a vestige of one whose province was to scatter the foes, and to annihilate the enemies of England and Englishmen." "That," continues the other, "is a memento of one whose mission was to breathe new life into the minds and hearts of all around him, and lay open a new channel to truth, beauty, and wisdom."

Now, then, reader, let us ask you,—nay, we would ask every friend and countryman who happens to peruse this paper,—let us, since it is a national point, ask you all,

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which claims from you the deepest regard, the highest admiration, the most intense devotion, the Hero of Trafalgar, or the Bard of Avon? Which, when weighed in the scales of justice and truth? Which, when tried by a standard of common sense and reason? Which, we enquire, demands the greatest amount of your national honour and esteem? Centuries after centuries you have worshipped at the shrine of military valour; ages after ages you have cherished the memory of this hero and that patriot; times out of number you have paid your devotions to the relics of "that tawdry thing" War; think you not, then, with us, that it is now time to turn for awhile to your Poets, to turn for a time to the passive workers of good, and enshrine *their* memories in a manner worthy of *their* noble genius and *their* lofty deeds? If you are so fond of consecrating the relics of your warriors and heroes, why not give a little of your esteem to the relics of other heroes, of other warriors who have fought, quietly yet fearlessly; who have conquered, noiselessly yet completely, evils as formidable, and enemies as powerful as were ever vanquished by the military valour or skill of a Wellington or a Marlborough? Surely, England's glory has not *all* been derived from the amount of her wealth, or the success of her naval and military exploits. Surely there have been other agents, perhaps of a less showy and noisy character in the eyes of the world, which have contributed to raise our country to the exalted position she now maintains. There is not the slightest doubt upon our minds, but what these agents have been treated with apathy, and sadly neglected by us as a people; and that is the greater reason that we should *now* show to the world, by every means that lies in our power, that we are not insensible to the mighty works the pen and the press have effected throughout the breadth and the length of our land.

The genius of Shakspear not only enlists the admiration of Englishmen: it burns, with is glorious lustre, in every part of the civilized word. It adapts itself to every mind, breathes freely in every clime, and exercises its salutary influences in every home and upon every heart. It bears the same unfading varieties to the peasant in his hovel, as to the monarch on his throne; it engenders the same exquisite emotions in the breast of the poor, humble admirer of truth and beauty, as in that of the most profound thinker or erudite critic. It prepares the same goodly banquet for all; it breathes the same melodious truths into the ears of every one; it infuses the same kindly spirit into the souls of all whom it encounters. It is not the genius of England *par excellence*,—but, the genius of the world for all time and all ages. And, this catholicism of the genius of Shakespear, is the means of working out great and important ends, it is the quiet instrument of sober revolutions and reformations, for they

> "Must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespear spoke!"

The freedom of speech which his immortal works enunciate, is too bold and lofty to hang on the lips of servility; too high and noble to be uttered by the down-trodden slave or pandering sycophant. It is the language of liberty and truth, of freedom and justice, that gives that nobility of nature, that universality of character weich ever associated itself with the works of Shakespear. There is a concealed spirit of action, a deep and mysterious agency, constantly at work within you, when brought in contact with the outpourings of his high and mighty mind. We *must* be ambitious with *Macbeth*, or moralize with *Hamlet;* we *must* feel the poignant jealousy of *Othello*, or have our sympathies enlisted on the side of the gentle *Desdemona;* we must tremble and be a-cold with the maddened, wandering *Lear*, or feel our heart's blood freeze at the implacable cupidity of *Shylock;* we *must* turn misanthrope with *Jaques*, or glory in the heroism of "the noblest Roman of them all,"—*Brutus;* we *must* rove joyfully with *Rosalind*, through sylvan scenes in the forest of Arden, or bear passage with the dainty *Ariel;* we *must* revel with the laughing, jolly, *Falstaff*, or delight in the discomfiture of the vain fop *Malvolio;* we *must* laugh with the sharp, witty *Beatrice*, or rejoice in the taming of the shrewish *Katherine*:—in all, throughout all, by some powerful process, we feel, think, and move with each and all concerned. With him we are rambling through woods and dells, and maybe, treading amid the deadly din of the battle-field; anon, we are seated in the chamber of state, and, perhaps, the next moment participating in his finer fancies in the fairy grot or sylvan shade. Oh! what a world of beautiful realities of stern, yet brilliant truths, does this great genius of William Shakespear unfold to our view! How can they fail being national? How

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can they fail being universal? How can they fail being eternal? They have been our father's household worlds; they are ours, and they will be our children's, and in the lapse of time, the property alike of our children's children. And these "household words" are not confined to England alone; you will find them existing with almost as much vitality in France or Germany, as in Middlesex or Yorkshire. There is one passage from Shakespear, which, a friend of ours assures us, is as common in the mouths of the inhabitants of St. Petersburgh as it is on the lips of a denizen of London: the passage is the well-known one occurring in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and scarcely requires quoting here—

> "For aught that ever I could read,
> Could ever hear by tale or history,
> *The course of true love never did run smooth.*"

Here is a truth that gains acknowledgment from every lip, a truth confirmed by every tongue, and, in some measure, practically experienced by every heart. How, then, can we be surprized at the catholic character of Shakespear's works, while they abound with truisms of this universal, never-fading character? How can we fail to feel with the poet, to experience the same emotions as his heroes and heroines, to rejoice with the rejoicing, to love with the loving, to weep with the weeping, to triumph with the triumphant, when their nature forms part and parcel of our own, when their sentiments express the same truth of feeling, as we daily and hourly feel and express ourselves? There is no truth so evident to man, no fact so pointed and conclusive, as that which relates to the nature of his own heart, to the tendency of his own disposition; and, it is here again that Shakespear developes his powerful genius, and wins such universal sympathy for the characters his master-hand portrays. We must bear a fellow-feeling with passions distinctly the attributes of our own nature, and hence, must sympathize with the character, however insignificant or important the position which the bard allots him. Be it the facetious *Touchstone*, with his smart jests and pungent humour, or the philosophic *Hamlet* with his depth of thought and ken penetration, or the love-sick *Juliet*, with her sighs, hopes, and fears; whoever or whatever they may be, still we cannot resist the impetus given us, to feel, know, and, as it were, act, with the character or characters introduced to our notice.

In estimating the works of Shakespear, in considering the mighty genius with which they are all, more or less, characterized, how bright and pleasant must be every association connected with his memory to the hearts and minds of every Englishman and Englishwoman. And it is well for England she has brought forth such a man, and that her people are capable of appreciating his virtues and excellencies. We hold that the works of ideal art are not to be neglected because they do not happen, at the moment they are brought forth to present any palpable evidence of their utility. Do you suppose that because William Shakespear or John Milton did not discover a mine of gold, or found a fruitful colony, that their works have not brought forth fruit worthy of the garner? Are we always to be guided by this every-day spirit of cupidity? Are we eternally to judge of men's works by this standard of pounds, shillings, and pence? Go to—the present world is not that prosaic, precise, tame, and finite piece of machinery you would have us believe. Mammon-worshipper, serf of the rise and fall of stocks, votary of the molten god, dost thou in the bigness of thy miserable pelf, suppose the world to be made alone for thee? Whitling of fashion, poor soulless slave to the baubles and tawdry conceits of the passing hour, dost thou imagine, in the flimsiness of thy vapid spirit, the world was made alone for thee? Man of crimson cloth and ermine, of hereditary titles and empty honours, aristocrat of wide domains and princely hall, dost thou suppose there exists no other aristocracy than thine? Go to, ye world of worldlings; there are, and ever will be, worlds above and beyond your venal grasp—worlds into which it is the divine mission of a Shakespear, or a Milton, to conduct us; worlds of truth and beauty unsullied by a lust for gain or sensual gratification. We have no desire to see our people a nation of dreamers or transcendentalists, no more than we desire to see them a nation of shopkeepers; but we wish to see them encourage more of that taste for the true and beautiful, than they have hitherto done; to be more alive to the debts due to the works of quiet and unpretending genius; to participate more in the ideal and spiritual, and less in the sensual or material; to exercise more of the simple and natural, and less of the studied and conventional. Man rarely

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feels the true dignity of his nature, the real nobility of his creation, in the small, narrow circle of his common, every-day cares; it is only when brought into communion with his own soul, through the bright medium of Shakespear's genius, or is filled with the sacred sublimities of Milton, or from Wordsworth learns the beauty of common things, or with Shelly ascends into the divinest regions of poesy, or with Coleridge dreams o'er the mazy future,—then, and only then, does man conceive the elevating sense of what he is, and what he may become.

In conclusion we would urge, in common with the main topic of our paper, a more enlarged encouragement to the men who occupy the places now that were once possessed by our Shakespears and Miltons, our Johnsons, Beaumonts, and Fletchers; and not merely in relic worship alone, but in a substantial testimony of your admiration of their deserving merits. We have men around us now, and one in particular, SHERIDAN KNOWLES, who have given us many a pleasant hour, who have wiled away many a sad and gloomy moment, who have lifted us up from many a depth of darkness and despair, and shall we forget them, shall we pass by them, unnoticed, in *their* gloomy hour? Shall we not attempt, by some means or other, to raise *them* to their wonted sphere of action—to their wonted cheerfulness and geniality of soul? Let us try: let us remember the benefits we have received at their hands, and not, when the day of tribulation or necessity overtakes them, be found wanting in repaying their services in a manner adequate to the good they have bestowed and the good we have received.

JOHN EVANS.

BOTANICAL GLEANINGS.

ON FLOWERS.

"For who would sing the flowers of June,
Though from grey morn to blazing noon,
From blazing noon to sunny eve
The chaplet of his song he weave,
Would find his summer day-light fail,
And leave half told the pleasing tale."

BY supplying plants with an abundance of nourishment, and by placing them in favourable circumstances relatively to light and air, their flowers often become double. This is generally accomplished by their stamens and pistils turning into petals or flower-leaves. In this state they are generally much prized by gardeners and florists, and it must be acknowledged that their size and general appearance is improved; but as this improvement is effected at the expense of their reproductive organs, they lose the power of producing seeds, and hence it will be found that the most double flowers are barren, and the plants producing them have to be propagated by cuttings, layers, offsets, &c. The field daisy (*Bellis perennis*), sometimes assumes a curious appearance, not only becoming double, but having also a number of little flowers springing from the centre and sides of the blossom. In this state it is familiarly called "the old hen and chickens." Double flowers are little regarded by botanists, being by them considered merely as monsters.

The great estimation in which some garden flowers, and especially the tulip, have been held in past times, and the enormous prices which have been, and which continue to be paid for them, will be seen from the following account, taken from *The History and Cultivation of the Tulip*, by John

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Slater, of Manchester:—"It was towards the middle of the seventeenth century that the rage for flowers, and particularly for tulips, was carried to a very great excess in Holland and in France, so much so that it brought ruin and bankruptcy upon many families. The tulip mania, as it was justly termed, was entered into by these nations with as much avidity as the Mississippi and South Sea schemes were in our own country. It would almost be impossible for us to credit the extraordinary accounts handed down respecting the high price given for tulips by the Dutch florists of that age, were we not acquainted with their gambling speculations in that bulb, which carried them to a greater excess than their real love of flowers. Bets to a ruinous amount, were often made respecting the eventful superiority of promising seedling bulbs; and for the possession of breeders of high merit, from which a superior variety was likely to be produced, as large a sum was given as the fleetest race-horse ever sold for. About the year 1636 the spirit of floral gambling was carried to such excess at Haarlem, that during three years it is said to have yielded to that city a sum of ten millions sterling, for the price of these bulbs rose higher than the most precious metals. For a single tulip, with the name of "Semper Augustus," 4000 florins, a beautiful new carriage, two horses with harness, &c., were given; and another of the same kind was sold for 13,000 florins—upwards of £650. Twelve acres of land were given for a single root, and engagements to the amount of £5000. were made for a single tulip, during the height of the mania; and when a bidder could not be found to offer a sum of money equal to the ideal value of a fine flower, it was frequently disposed of by way of lottery or raffle. It is also said, that a person who possessed a very fine tulip, hearing that there was a second root of the same kind at Haarlem, repaired thither, and after purchasing it at an enormous price, placed it on a flag-stone, and pounded it to mummy with his foot, exclaiming with exhultation,—"Now my flower is unique!" In another instance, a person who possessed a yearly income of £2800., was reduced to beggary in the short space of four months, by purchasing flowers. The Dutch government was at length obliged to issue a proclamation to suppress this ruinous excess. It is also related, that a sailor, having taken some goods to a Dutch merchant, had a herring given him for his breakfast; but seeing what he considered to be a kind of small onion lying on the counter, the tar carelessly took up a handful, which he immediately ate with his dried fish. These proved to have been tulips of so much value, that it was estimated, a magnificent breakfast might have been given to the heads of the Dutch government for less expense than the cost of the condiment which the sailor took with his salt herring."

"The English florists have obtained very high prices for tulips. Mr. Davy, of King's-road, Chelsea, broke a tulip named *La joie de Davy*, for which he was offered £157. 10s., and declined taking it. *Polyphemus*, broke by Mr. Lawrence of Hampton, four roots of which sold for £50., after it had been broken three years, and at the same time it was well known that there were other roots in the possession of Mr. Clarke and his friends. *Fanny Kemble*, also one of Mr. Clarke's, was sold to the late Mr. Davy for £100.; and at his decease, the stock, which consisted of one blooming root

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and two offsets, was sold to Jno. Goldham, Esq., for £72. 10s. *Louis XVI.* appears in the Dutch catalogue for the first time, in 1792, the price was £25. per root; and Mr. Austin, not many years ago, offered Mr. Goldham £72. 10s. for one, which was declined."

Most flowers produce honey; but it is not generally known that the honey of some plants is mixed with poisonous properties, thus that procured by bees from the *Azalea potica*, *Rhododendron*, *Andromedea*, and *Kalmia latifolia*, has often proved injurious to persons partaking of it. It has lately been stated that the flowers of the dahlia are fatal to bees; an observer having watched them in, and found them shortly after, some quite dead, and others in a state of stupefaction. I have, myself, found bees completely stupefied by sucking the honey of the sun-flower, but do not know if that flower be actually fatal to them. The honey of the crown imperial, (*Fritillaria imperialis*), is also said to be poisonous to the bees which gather it.

The number of flowers borne by plants varies remarkably in different species; the Paris quadriflora, or true-love, bears but one single flower in a season, whilst many other plants bear an almost incredible number; thus, the *Caryophillus aromaticus*, or clove-tree, has been known to produce 12[illegible] pounds of cloves, in a season, and as 5,000 cloves only weigh one pound, there must have been at least 625,000 flowers upon this single tree.

Many flowers are used in medicine; and it may not be amiss to give a few of their healing properties:—The *Crocus odorus*, and *Crocus sativus*, furnish saffron, which is the dried stigma of the flower: it is aromatic, pungent, stimulant, and exhilarating, and has been said to resemble spirituous liquors in its action. It was formerly used in hysteria, but is now only used by the faculty as a secondary in pills and tinctures. It is a popular medicine for children when attacked with measles, and is sometimes given to birds in their water during moulting. It is also used as a dyeing material. The flower-buds, as well as the bark, of *Laurus cassia* (*Cinnamomum zeylanicum*), are astringent, tonic, and cordial. The flowering tops of common centaury, or sanctuary, as it is oftener called, (*Erythræa centaurium*), are antiseptic, bitter, and stomachic. The flowers of the common chamomile, (*Anthemis nobilis*), are tonic, stomachic, and emetic; the flowers and leaves of leopard's-bane, (*Arnica montana*), is a very active medicine, being stimulant, diaphoretic, narcotic, and emetic, and cathartic in large doses, while the root is tonic and aromatic. The flowers of colts-foot, as well as the leaves, are demulcent and expectorant. The flowers and berries of the elder, (*Sambucus nigra*), are diaphoretic and aperient the flowers of the honey-suckle are mucilaginous, while its leaves are reckoned astringent. The petals of the red poppy, (*Papaver rhœas*), are demulcent and slightly narcotic; they also contain a considerable quantity of red colouring matter, which may be obtained by infusion. The flowers of sweet-scented violet, (*Viola odorata*), have an agreeable perfume, and are used for making a laxative syrup, and also as a test for alkalis and acids; and the flowers, and bark, and capsules of the pomegranate, (*Punica granatum*), are sometimes found very effectual in diarrhœa and dysentery. The flowers of the lily of the valley, (*Convalaria majalis*), are very fragran[illegible]

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when green, yet when dried they have a narcotic odour, and, if reduced to powder, excite sneezing. An extract prepared from the flowers or the roots partakes of the bitterness, as well as the purgative properties, of aloes, and a beautiful and durable colour may be prepared from the leaves with lime. The flowers of clove-gilliflower, or clove-pink, (*Dianthus caryophyllus*), are aromatic, stimulant, and diaphoretic; but they are only used by medical men to give a colour and flavour to a syrup. The well-known spice—cloves, is the unexpanded flower-buds of the *Caryophyllus aromaticus*. The petals of the red rose are used for conserves. The flowers of meadow-sweet (*Spiræa ulmaria*), are, by many country people, gathered to put in ale, to which they are said to give an excellent flavour, they are slightly astringent. The fleshy receptacle of the young flowers of the artichoke (*Cynara Scolymus*), is eaten as a luxury. The flowers of the cowslip are used for making wine.

The names of some plants are highly expressive and poetical; the scientific name of the wall-flower, *Cheiranthus*, means "flower for the hand." The name of *Mignionette*, is French for "little darling." The *Viola tricolour*, is called "pansy," which is a corruption of the French word *pensée*, thought; because it was believed to have a thoughtful aspect, and was given by friends, at parting, as a token of remembrance. The scientific name of the corn-cockle, *Agrostemma*, means "crown of the field," a name which it has received from the beauty of its appearance, notwithstanding, it is in some places a troublesome weed. The name of the common field-daisy, *Bellis*, signifies "pretty," daisy is itself only a corruption of day's eye, or the eye of day, a name which the flower deserves from its being so susceptible to the influence of light, that even a passing cloud will often cause it to begin to close its petals. The *Myosotis palustris* received its popular name of "forget-me-not," from the circumstance of a young gentleman losing his life in the attempt to procure a flower of it for his intended bride. Finding that he should inevitably be carried away by the stream, into which he had fallen, he snatched a flower, and, throwing it to the lady, exclaimed, "forget-me-not;" and ever since that time it has been considered an emblem of undying attachment. The passion-flower, (*Passiflora*), was so called because the monks fancied that its different parts were emblematical of the sufferings of Christ. The narcissus, (*Narcissus poeticus*), was said, by the ancients, to have sprung from the beautiful youth of that name, who seeing his shadow in the lake, fell in love with it and pined himself away in contemplating it. The pheasant's-eye, or Adonis-flower, (*Adonis autumnalis*), was said to have sprung from the blood of Adonis, when he was slain by the wild boar; and the common marigold, (*Calendula officinalis*), received its name from an old tradition that the Virgin Mary wore the flower in her bosom.

Perhaps the subject of flowers cannot be better closed than by giving a few lines on the moss rose, translated from a German poet, and which fancifully accounts for that beautiful appendage to the flower:—

"The angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay—

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That spirit—to whose charge is given,
To bathe young buds in hues of heaven:
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose—
'O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair;
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!'
'Then,' said the rose, with deepened glow,
'Another grace on me bestow.'
The spirit paused in silent thought,—
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the spirit throws,
And robed in Natures simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?"

EXTEMPORE LINES TO A POET OF HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

I have read thy effusions, and truth bids me say,
They're the sweetest I've dreamt o'er for many a day;
They are fervent, yet delicate, hopeful, and true,
They have flashes of fancy, chaste, charming, and new.
Benevolence, gentleness, softens them down
Till there's nothing to waken a sneer or a frown;
There's a pure love of nature, for freedom a yearning,
And a confident spirit towards better times turning;
And a sense and a sentiment run through the whole,
Giving grace to the substance and fire to the soul.
But take heed, my poor friend, ere thou darest to climb
The height that o'erlooketh the far-coming time!
There's a penalty grievous to pay for thy fame,—
There's a shadow to follow the light of thy name!
Beware! ere thou trustest too fondly and blindly
The Muse, who uncalled for comes softly and kindly;
She is oftentimes fickle and faithless, though fair,
And is absent when most thou desirest her there.
When thy duties are done, she will breathe thee a spell,
And fill up an interval sweetly and well;
She'll console thee, refine thee, and rub off thy rust,
But, alas! for her help, when thou wantest a crust!
Now, labour is honest, and some call it holy,—
Let it gall as it will, 'tis the lot of the lowly;
Hold thee fast to thy craft, be it ever so mean,
Till Fortune or Fame fling a change o'er the scene;
Guide the wheel, tend the loom, drive the plough, ply the spade,
Dig the quarry, make bargains, and dabble in trade;
Turn pedlar or tinker, crack stones, cobble shoes,—
Do *aught* but depend for thy bread on the Muse:
For the muse, like a mistress, is pleasant and free,
And full of her blandishments leaning on *thee;*
But should some misfortune e'er bring it about
That thou leanest on *her*, she will jilt thee, no doubt.
Sing on, ne'ertheless, when the spirit inspires,
Disdain not her favours, restrain not her fires,

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Pour forth all thy feelings, unmix'd with alloy,—
Let thy sadness *be* sadness, thy joyfulness joy;
And when thou art pleading 'gainst error and wrong,
Be thou fearless and earnest—but just—in thy song;
And when wayward fancy would take higher flight.
Let her freshen her wings in the fulness of light;
And when with sweet Nature thy soul would commune,
Be thou simple as she is—as simple thy tune.—
But by the word simple, I mean not to say
That thou shouldst be *silly*, but manly alway;
And when 'bove the clouds thou hast taken thy round,
Come thee back, like the lark, to thy home on the ground:
I would not forego and forget the ideal,
But the earthly, and human, the tangible, real,
Have a claim on thy gifts, and thy mission should be
To arouse the enslaved, and advance with the free!

UNCLE BEN.; OR, A KISS FOR A BLOW.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY JOHN EVANS.

"But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you: do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."—*Matthew, Chap. v., v. 44.*

CHAPTER I.

In the busy little town of Basilborough, situated in a county many miles removed from that in which we write, there resided some twenty years back, in hale and hearty spirits, one Benjamin Braggs, Esq., retired wine merchant and malster. Benjamin's little mansion was the very essence of comfortable elegance, and quiet sober magnificence; and although his life had so far been one of celibacy, still there appeared to be some household god or goddess presiding in his dwelling, whose taste was well exhibited in the excellent arrangement of each domestic article that its snug parlour, well furnished drawing rooms, smart little bed rooms, &c., contained. It is this kind of ornamental neatness, this harmonious arrangement of the several parts of our household, that imparts that genuine air of comfort, that warm kindly charm, which ever associates itself with the homes of England and Englishmen: and though squalid misery and ragmallian sloth may here and there mar the pleasure-giving scene, still there is nothing in the wide world that presents so just a picture of pure domestic happiness, as the interior of an English home. One glance at the dwelling of Benjamin Braggs served to show the true English character of its possessor; it clearly indicated the man who loved to enjoy himself, and make others fully as comfortable as his own person: and many a time have we, in our own enthusiastic admiration of the beneficient smile that used to play over the old man's features, stood and peered through his warmly-curtained windows, revelling in the genial light that glowed in his mild blue eyes, as he sat in his stout oak arm-chair, pulling at his "yard of clay," and listening to the then childish prattle of his pretty little niece—Polly Dawson. Oh! how we love a good round smile; a smile that illuminates the whole face, that gives lustre to the eye, that imparts a flush to the cheek, that opens wide the lips, that shows forth a store of pearly wealth; a smile that comes direct from the soul; such a one as will light up the lineament of the most ordinary face; a smile that wins our heart regardless of the form, figure, or complexion, by whom it may happen to be conjured. It is the good hearty smile that completely besieges our affections; we cannot resist it, for it speaks soul, purity, love, truth, and goodness.

A fine Autumn day was well-nigh drawn to a close, when the mail coach from London drew up before Thistleton cottage, the residence of Mr. Braggs. "Dear me,"

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cried a musical voice from within, "here's Uncle Ben.; fly Kitty, open the door—quick, quick." Thus enjoined, Kitty immediately attended the summons, giving entrance to the somewhat portly form of our hero, who was no sooner within his dwelling than he found himself kissed and fondly embraced, many a time over, by the light arrival form of Polly Dawson. It would have given you a true gush of heart-felt pleasure, if you could have witnessed the mutual happiness expressed at that moment in the faces of uncle and niece; the one just drooping into withering old age, the other just blooming forth into ripening womanhood; the one with a quiet yet complacent smile, the other with a loud joyous laugh; the one calmly admiring youth and beauty, the other fondly adoring age and experience; the one filled with that pleasant soothing composure which old age alone can appreciate, the other infused with that flow of buoyant spirits which only youth can feel and know;—it would, in truth, have done your heart good to have been the spectator of the glowing meeting of Uncle Ben. and his niece Polly

Mary,—or to use the more familiar cognomen of her uncle,—Polly Dawson was decidedly one of the most artless, charming, good-natured, kind-hearted, little damsels, that our circle of friends and acquaintances ever boasted about. True, her outward appearance was neither classic, nor what some would call exquisite; but then she had a graceful form; a mellow blue eye, that ever and anon kept twinkling with genuine good humour and merriment; a fair cheek, whose hue fairly affronted all the roses that came in her presence; and lips,—oh, such lips! such rosy lips; lips, good reader, that in the sweetness of their beauty, you would almost have imagined kept constantly saying, "kiss us, kiss us, kiss us." In truth, Polly's charms were of so multifarious an order, that our pen cannot keep pace with the rapturous emotions that possess us, while endeavouring to collect our thoughts for the purpose of furnishing them in detail: yet whatever might be her personal charms, there was one quality about her which outweighed all the rest, one attraction which shone above all the others—she had a good kind heart, and a truly benevolent disposition. Polly's parents had died when she was very young, leaving her, not altogether portionless, in the charge of her mother's brother, Benjamin Braggs. He had done his duty well, and sacredly performed even more than had been required of him by the deceased parents. The patrimony bequeathed her had remained unmolested, and when Polly attained her majority there was every reason to believe she would become the heiress of no ordinary estate. That our pretty heroine was the very idol of old Ben.'s heart, need not be told, since it was his whole study, daily and hourly, to render her as happy as mortal could wish; nor either was Polly unmindful of the love borne to her,—she fully returned it with those numberless little kindnesses, those light yet soothing caresses, which seem so indissolubly bound up in the nature and character of the softer sex.

After Benjamin had satisfied the curiosity of his niece relative to his doings during his absence, and presented her with a few little trinkets from the great city, she returned to busy herself in some domestic arrangements, leaving the old gentleman to discuss, in quiet, his sober beverage of tea and coffee. He was not, however, allowed to be in silence long, for a low knock at the door, a few minutes after, introduced the person of his elder brother, Timothy Braggs. If there ever was a difference in the face, form, and figure of two brothers greater than another, it certainly existed between Benjamin and his brother Timothy. Timothy was one of those miserable skin-and-bone, jaundice-eyed, old mortals, who glory in being supremely wretched themselves, and are never satisfied unless they behold others in the same gloomy temperament. His brow was nearly always contracted with a frown, and his shaggy eyebrows seemed never contented with the original position Nature had assigned them, but loved to knit themselves together in all sorts of ugly shapes and forms; his thin bloodless lips were pursed as closely together as their puny size would admit, and his sharp grey eyes seemed never to be performing their proper functions, without they were shooting forth dark malignant glances, or detecting some source of complaint; his body was little better than a weasel's, his gait rather unsteady, and his figure particularly decrepit; the whole being set off with a very rusty suit of black, a seedy pair of leathern gaiters, a very sear white cravat, and a bit of old beaver, that scarcely deserved the name of a hat. Timothy looked, upon the present occasion, even more morose than usual, and Benjamin was full of kind placid smiles, things which ill agreed with the peevish humour of the elder Braggs.

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"Well, Tim., my boy," cried Ben., as he saw the shadowy figure of his brother glide into the room, "here I am you see, safe and sound, after all the bother and confusion in the big town." "So I see," mournfully articulated the other. "And how are you?" resumed Ben., "how have you been? how's wife? how's Sam.? how's Patty? how's Sally? *how are you all?*" The latter enquiry was delivered by Ben. in a very exalted tone, making old Tim. almost fly off his chair; for there was nothing that Benjamin disliked more than seeing people half asleep while he was talking to them. "Brother Benjamin," returned Mr. Braggs, senior, after giving a black scowl, "you must surely have parted with your senses to shout like that; I am neither deaf nor stupid. I and my family are well, but I am ill at ease ——" "Dear me, that's nothing new," laughingly interrupted Uncle Ben. "Will you be quiet, Benjamin, and hear what I have to communicate?" enquired the other. "Well, be as brief as possible, Tim., for if Polly was to come into the room and see you drawing those grimaces, you would certainly drive her into hysterics." "It is respecting Mary Dawson, brother, that I have come here this evening," said Timothy, with a solemn drawl. "Look here," he continued, as he drew a letter from his pocket, "look here; I have told you, Benjamin, times out of number, that you were not looking sharp enough after that girl; you see she'll beard you to your teeth in spite of all your love. This letter comes from that notorious scamp, Tom. Wilkins: now, would you believe it, brother Benjamin, would you, can you believe it, that *your* niece, Mary, her that you think so true, pure, and innocent, has had the vile wicked heart to encourage the attentions, to cultivate the acquaintance, of one of the most consummate scape-graces in Basilborough, of the veriest rascal within twenty miles of where we sit?" "Gently, gently, Timothy," responded Uncle Ben., "I'll believe anything about human nature so long as there's the faintest shadow of a reason for believing it. I have read somewhere, that 'he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition;' and, believe me, Tim., I think you ought to know a little more about the silly, yet innocent freaks, that young girls sometimes get into their heads, especially where Love is concerned, than to give it so reprehensible an aspect, and treat it with such pitiless epithets as those you have just uttered. Not, mind you, that I would extenuate Polly's indiscretion for one moment; I have, I dare say, her interests as much at heart, Tim., as you have; and after all these years, I think, I should fully understand how to direct the course of the plant I have so long reared. I'll see to the matter, and endeavour to wean this folly from Polly's mind. I thank you, Timothy, for your communication; but, for the sake of common justice, do not be so harsh with poor frail mortality; why, you were a boy yourself once, and had, I'll be bound to say, as much nonsense in you as any one within many a mile of our father's home." Timothy, after this quiet flagellation from his brother, looked as sour and uneasy as one could well conceive, and mumbling out a "Good Night," turned away abruptly, left the room, and proceeded homewards.

The letter which contained the secret of Polly's doings remained on the table. Uncle Ben. took it up and found from its contents that the connection between his niece and Tom. Wilkins had only been formed during his absence in London; and as he imagined there had been scarcely time sufficient for to have matured any sort of a permanent passion in the breast of Polly, he naturally regarded it as one of those light sudden follies which girls occasionally get into their minds, and which are as easily broken off as they are formed. Influenced by this conclusion, he determined not to say anything to our heroine at present, but simply to watch her tactics, and if he detected any progress in the affair, immediately to exercise his good judgment, and arrest its further progress.

CHAPTER II.

Probably one of the greatest fallacies in the parental arrangement of English youth, is the frequent unreasonable restraint that is exercised by heads of families in suppressing attachments that may be formed between the sexes. Not, be it remembered, that we would for one moment give an approving nod to anything approaching laxity of thought or feeling, nor altogether deny the propriety of malthusian princi-

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ples; but we are fully persuaded that if parents *sympathised* a little more with the nature of these attachments, if they tempered their judgments with a little more reciprocity of feeling with their offspring, it would set aside, in a great measure, that secret underhand kind of intercourse which is generally annexed to these connections, and prevent many of those ill-assorted unions which are constantly their result.

To say that Uncle Ben.'s opposition to the intercourse between his neice Polly and Tom. Wilkins was wholly unjust and arbitrary, would be a libel upon the old man's good sense and disposition; and to suppose that Tom. Wilkins was the notorious bad character that Timothy Braggs had represented him, would be equally as egregious a mistake. Tom. was of a respectable family, and at the time we write, filled the place of a merchant's clerk; he was certainly a wild, hair-brained, sort of a being, a reckless mischievous fellow; but then he had his parts of excellence, which, in some degree, palliated the faults and failings associated with his name. Uncle Ben. would, we have no doubt, have passed over some of these minor foibles, had Tom have shown some disposition to "get on in the world," and raise himself to a position which Ben. knew he had faculties to accomplish: but Tom. with all his mental activity in planning some practical joke, seemed to have a supreme contempt for applying the same energies to anything connected with business pursuits.

A week or two after the circumstance related in the previous chapter, a young man of three and twenty years of age, presented himself at the door of Thistleton Cottage. His figure was rather well proportioned, and his face not without some marks of manly beauty; his features were, for the most part, regular, and well lit up by a pair of clear blue eyes, the expression of which indicated a good degree of intelligence, and no small amount of fun and frolic; his outward deportment was, upon the whole, gentlemanly, although a slight affectation of an idle saunter somewhat detracted from its genuine character. Carelessly walking up to the door, he made Mr. Braggs the object of his inquiry, and, after a few moments, was introduced to our worthy hero. Uncle Ben. looked somewhat surprised when he saw the stranger enter the apartment, and could scarcely suppress a smile when the young man very mechanically took a chair, brought it opposite the fire, and without further license or invitation, sat himself comfortably down. A pause ensued before either Ben. or his visitor essayed to break silence; at length Ben. said—"Well, Tom Wilkins," for it was none other, "to what am I indebted for this unusual visit?" Tom looked up, smiled, and then burst forth into a round hearty laugh, at the close of which he replied—"Benjamin Braggs, I know you are not particularly attached to formalities, and I may as well cut my story short as be wasting your time with useless excuses and explanations. The fact of the matter is, that I have, by some means or other, tumbled into love with your niece Polly, and have every reason to believe she has done the same with me; upon which grounds I have simply called here to know whether you have any objections to our union. That is my errand, and the sooner you give your answer the better probably will it be for all parties." Although Tom.'s announcement was of a most serious character, still Uncle Ben. could not but feel amused at the careless off-hand manner with which it had been delivered; and it was with much difficulty he refrained from laughing out as loud as his companion. Assuming, however, a serious countenance, he replied—"I will be as brief, Tom., with you, as you have been with me; to tell you the plain truth at once, you cannot, under present circumstances, be the husband of my niece, Polly Dawson. I am not vexed with you, nor altogether undervalue your sentiments and passion, but rather admire your frankness in thus coming and laying them before me; but I think you have not sufficient energy and decision in your nature to maintain a girl who has always lived without the least care on her mind, who has always been treated with the utmost kindness, and who might, if she had to depend on your somewhat careless line of life, become the victim of pining misery, or, may be, want. No, Tom., I cannot, must not, give my consent." Tom neither looked vexed or pleased, but as coolly as he had walked in, took up his hat, removed the chair to its proper place, and without one word in reply—walked out.

Tom. had scarcely walked thirty yards from Thistleton Cottage, when he was overtaken by the light step of Polly Dawson. "Well, Polly, my dear," said Tom., as he turned round and encountered the beaming face of his companion, "there's no luck for us; I've seen Uncle Ben., and he flatly refuses our union: our only plan is now to

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carry out what I meditated; to get married with or without his consent, in the next town, at the earliest opportunity; and then I'll endeavour to convince the old lad that I am really worthy of his esteem, and have, what he thinks I haven't, energy sufficient to make his little darling niece, Polly, as happy as the days are long." Polly mused; she did not entirely approve of the scheme just propounded, and though she had attained an age when she was justified in being the disposer of her own actions, still she could not well reconcile herself to anything that might be in antagonism with the opinion or directions of her uncle. But, on the other hand, Tom's promises were, she knew, sincere and tangible; and she had every reason for supposing that when once "settled down" in life, he would direct his energies to something more matter-of-fact than that on which they were now employed, and ultimately prove a steady and affectionate husband. These things passed through Polly's mind before she gave answer to Tom.; at length she summoned courage to say,—"Will you promise, Tom., if I give my consent, to throw aside some of those little foolish practices to which you are now so addicted, and endeavour to gain over the good will of Uncle Ben. by a quiet steady line of life?" Tom. quickly replied—"Such, Polly, my love, was always my intention; and, believe me, I would sacrifice anything to please your dear little self, whatever or wherever it might be." "Very good," replied Polly, "then I am yours."

We pass over the arrangements entered into between the lovers regarding their union, suffice it by saying, that they finally agreed to bring matters to a termination in about ten or fourteen days, at the parish church of the next town.

CHAPTER III.

Tom. was just entering into one of the main streets of Basilborough, after parting with Polly, full of good intentions and reformations for the future, when he was suddenly accosted by one of his old cronies, Bill Hawkins. "Hallo, Tom., my son," cried Bill, "you're just the lad I've been seeking all this blessed morning. Here's such a glorious lark; what d'ye think?" "Can't say," replied Tom. "Why old Ben. Braggs has just issued a notice that its his intention to put up for the mayoralty of Basilborough. Here you are,—'*To the Independent Burgesses of Basilborough.*—Gentlemen,—A numerously signed requisition having been presented me, requesting me to allow myself to be put in nomination for the forthcoming election of mayor to your time-honoured borough, I feel ——' but never mind, the old buffer, you see, is going to oppose my dad in this affair: but I'll tell you, you've not forgot the dressing old Braggs gave you and I and Jack Dillon in the Town Hall when we stopped the market-place clock?" Tom. said, "No, I should rather guess not." "Well," resumed the other, "we've not paid him off for that yet, and just for the lark of the thing, we'll get you to write a pamphlet against the old brick's return; scrape together a lot of corporation troubles in which he has been concerned, and give him a rap or two upon the subject of the two children being starved to death in the workhouse while he was overseer. I don't care a toss of a button whether Braggs or Hawkins be mayor, but I should dearly like to see old Ben. tantalized a little before he gets into office." Tom. Wilkins was too fond of anything approaching fun to let this scheme pass over without having some hand in it, and no sooner had Bill Hawkins informed him of the plot, than he consented to carry out the views which his friend had explained. The clock affair to which Hawkins had referred, had irritated Tom at the time very much against our hero, and not forgetful of the infliction Benjamin had given him, in his capacity of magistrate, he determined to be quits, though he might repent of it at some future period.

Two mornings after the meeting of the friends, the whole community of Basilborough was in a perfect state of ferment and confusion. A pamphlet bearing the title of—"*Bragg and his Promises; or the Embryo Mayor of Basilborough*"—had been circulated in every nook and corner of the town; and though its general character bore more the impress of a political squib than a grave array of facts and charges, still it served to act with great prejudice against the return of Uncle Ben.

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The morning of nomination came, and Benjamin no sooner attempted to address the audience, than he was met with a loud volley of yells, hisses, and groans, mingled with stray snatches and quotations from the pamphlet which had caused such a degree of public sensation. In vain did the worthy Braggs exert himself to win over the good graces of his auditory: "Your not our man," met him on every hand and side; "Who fed the paupers with ground bones and saw-dust!" cried one. "Ay, and who starved Nancy Walker and her three children in the workhouse!" continued another. "Who helped to vote the town's money away, to support a lot of lazy vagabonds!" shouted a third. "Yes, and who us'd to turn their servants away 'cos they would'nt vote for the tories!" pursued a fourth. Poor old Ben. looked petrified: he who had once been so popular seemed now the butt of every imaginable epithet of scorn and derision. Turning away, at last, from the noisy rabble, he expressed his determination to go to the poll on the following day, which intimation was received with renewed shouts and groans.

At four o'clock the following afternoon, Benjamin Braggs was ousted by a considerable majority—an event everybody in Basilborough expected, and which nearly every one that had a vote intended. This was a decided blow to Ben., for the civic chair had always been the dearest object of his ambition; and now, after all his striving and yearning, now, just as he had raised the cup to his lips, to have all his hopes destroyed through some mysterious hand, was, in truth, a serious onslaught on the feelings of Uncle Ben. But human experience seldom finds disappointments and sorrows come alone; and however depressed Ben. might have been by his defeat in municipal matters, there was another trouble awaiting him, in the shape of Polly's secret marriage with Tom. Wilkins.

Ben. had, to some extent, recovered from the effects produced by his late contest for the mayoralty, when, one evening, his gloomy brother Timothy, looking like some evil genius, presented himself before him. "Well brother," said Tim., as a grim smile hung about his face, "well, your pet, Polly, has fooled you at last." "What?" cried Ben., starting up. "Why, she's fooled you, I say," retorted the other. "Now tell me what you mean at once," demanded Ben. in an authoritative tone. "Why, simply this," drawled out Tim., "she was this very morning married by special license at Workingham, to Tom. Wilkins, that's all." Ben. was, as may be expected, staggered at the intelligence; but he was not of a temperament to rave, storm, or loudly bewail. Quietly walking close up to Tim. he said,—"Can you, Timothy, vouch for the truth of that statement?" "I can," immediately replied Tim., "for here is a certificate of the marriage." "Enough," returned Ben., "her own property she willingly may have, but my good will, my smile or affection, my prayer or blessing, I fear she has lost for ever."

CHAPTER IV.

Three months of tiresome length to Uncle Bed. had passed away since the occurrences related in the last chapter. Ben. felt miserable; not so much upon account of the blows that had been inflicted upon him by others, but that morbid kind of misery one experiences when at war with those whom we have cherished and loved through some lengthened period of our lives. Polly and Tom. had written him many letters pleading for his forgiveness, but all to no purpose; and though it gave Ben. the deepest anguish, still he continued obstinate, and left the letters unanswered.

In the meantime Tom. Wilkins had realized Polly's most sanguine hopes; and at the time we write had fully carried out his promises of good practical reformation. Relinquishing all his old nonsense and mad pranks, he had now turned his whole attention to the best means of rendering his home happy, and putting his charming little wife into the same sphere of content and domestic felicity that had surrounded her at Thistleton Cottage. One thing alone was requisite to make the happiness of Polly and her husband complete—the forgiveness and good-will of Uncle Ben.

It was Christmas Eve! Blessed, thrice blessed season of warm hearts, unburdened minds, bright rosy faces, laughing eyes, careless spirits, joyful re-unions, jovial blis

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hearty cheer, soul-inspiring mirth! Ben. Braggs sat alone in his warm chamber, apparently in deep thought; an open letter lay before him. A few moments elapsed, and he started up—"This black fiend shall no longer possess me!" he inwardly exclaimed. "What an old fool I must have been to remain obstinate so long; suppose they have tortured me a little with their giddy doings, suppose they have deprived me of a little peace of mind, surely no harm can be done by returning A KISS FOR A BLOW;" and the heart of old Ben. fairly jumped again as he mused over his good determination. Ben. immediately seized pen and paper, wrote one of his usual laconic epistles, and without further loss of time, dispatched it to Workingham, where Polly and her husband were residing. This was no sooner accomplished, than a low tap at the door introduced Timothy Braggs, upon whom neither Christmas or Summer, Spring or Autumn, seemed to exercise the slightest influence or change. "Glad to see you, Tim.; happy Christmas! to you, old boy," ejaculated Ben. "Now what do you think I've done?" continued Uncle Ben., observing his brother as mum as ever. "Oh, I don't know," growled the other. "Well, I've written to Polly to tell her I shall feel happy to see her and Tom. at Thistleton Cottage to-morrow morning: have I not done well?" "Brother Benjamin, you're a fool," pettishly returned Tim. "Perhaps I am," coolly replied Ben. "I say you're a fool," continued the other. "After the foul treatment you have received from them both, after being defeated at the election through the base work of Tom. Wilkins, and after that girl's vile disobedience to your will, I say that you're a fool, Benjamin." "Timothy," said the other, "perhaps when your nature is a little changed, which, I am much afraid, will never take place, you will probably understand a little more of the human heart. My head and my heart have both told me, that if I would effect my happiness, I must effect theirs; that if I would bring content to my own home, I must do it through bringing it to theirs. Be assured that you will always find more reasons for forgiving a foe, than for continuing your animosity. I may be a fool, Tim., but with all my folly, I have managed to learn that he is the greatest fool to his own peace of mind and well-being, who constantly nurtures a venomous sting against his fellow man; and that he displays the greatest amount of virtuous wisdom, who can restrain his evil genius, who can cast aside a bitter spirit of retaliation, and replace it with a calm soul and forgiving disposition." "But have they not both most cruelly abused you?" cried Tim.; "have they not ——" "Now, Timothy, I am determined, and neither you nor any other living creature will shake me or my purpose. To-morrow morning I present my hand and heart to Polly and her husband; and if you are wishful to see how your brother can forget and forgive, I shall be happy to see you; but if you do come, remember to bring a brighter face with you than you have now."

The following day was a right happy one at Thistleton Cottage; it was Christmas Day in every sense of the word. Uncle Ben. joked, Tom. Wilkins told some of his very best stories, Polly sang and laughed, and even the crusty old Timothy once called Tom. "funny blade," and Polly "a pretty little dear."

Years rolled away, and Ben. lived to see Tom. Wilkins mayor of Basilborough, and one of the most influential and opulent men in the county; and never did a Christmas Eve pass over Ben.'s head without his returning grateful thanks to heaven, that he had the good Christian sense to return A KISS FOR A BLOW.

MENTAL CONTROL.—When we turn our serious attention to the economy of the mind, we perceive that it is capable of a variety of processes of the most remarkable and most important nature. We find also that we can exert a voluntary power over these processes, by which we control, direct, and regulate them at our will; and that when we do not exert this power, the mind is left to the influence of external impressions, or casual trains of association, often unprofitable, and often frivolous. We thus discover that the mind is the subject of culture and discipline, which, when duly exercised, must produce the most important results on our condition as rational and moral beings; and that the exercise of them involves a responsibility of the most solemn kind, which no man can possibly put away from him.—*Abercrombie.*

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RIDING ON THE RAIL.

From the "Knickerbocker."

The ensuing lines are quite in the style of Thackeray's *Peg of Limavady*, yet they are perfectly original, and do not even verge upon parody. The reader will observe how completely the measure chimes with railroad motion:—

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale:
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

Men of different "stations,"
In the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to *the same!*
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together.

Gentlemen in shorts
Looking very tall;
Gentlemen at large
Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights
With a loosish mein;
Gentlemen in grey
Looking rather green;

Gentlemen quite old
Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black
In a fit of "blues;"
Gentlemen in claret
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in snuff
Dreadfully in liquor;

Stranger on the right
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean!
Faith he's got the *Knickerbocker Magazine!*

Stranger on the left
Closing up his papers:
Now he snores amain,
Like the seven sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation
How the man grew stupid
From "Association."

Market woman, careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing "eggs are eggs,"
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a "smash,"
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks.
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it 's his opinion
She is out of danger.

Woman with her baby
Sitting vis-a-vis;
Baby keeps a squalling,
Woman looks at me,
Asks about the distance,
Says its tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

CENSURE.—Censure, says an ingenious author, is the tax a man pays to the publi for being eminent. It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weal ness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no d fence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—*Addison.*

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WINTER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

This is the eldest of the seasons: he
  Moves not like spring with gradual step, nor grows
  From bud to beauty, but with all his snows
Comes down at once in hoar antiquity.
No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee
  Before him, nor unto his time belong
  The suns of summer, nor the charms of song
That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.
But he made perfect in his birth-day cloud,
  Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,
  And with a gentle footstep prints the ground
  As though to cheat man's ear; yet while he stays
  He seems, as 't were, to prompt our merriest days,
And bid the dance and joke be lightsome, long and loud.

A MORAL ACROSTIC ON THE NAME OF THE ORDER, *ANCIENT SHEPHERD.*

BY GABRIEL GOOSEFEATHER.

AMITY—The bond of union; the golden cord upon which every Shepherd's heart should be strung, so that each may communicate with each for the general good of the Order.

NEED.—A want which every brother should be prompt to supply to a brother, provided the calamity has not been wilfully self-created, and even then the erring one should be trusted and tried again, ere our judgment utterly condemn, or our benevolence be wholly withdrawn.

CHARITY.—The foundation of the society, which should never shrink; the corner-stone, which should never be shaken; at once, the plinth, shaft, and capital; the base, strength, beauty, and decoration of the column, whose top points to Heaven.

INTEGRITY.—A principle desirable, nay necessary, to be cultivated by the members of the order generally; and, strenuously adhered to by the officers thereof, particularly.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—In any shape censurable, in language, opinion, or expenditure. To waste the funds of the order, which have been deposited for mutual relief in times of distress and disaster, is extremely foolish; nay, in many instances, it is criminal and unjust.

NARROW-MINDEDNESS.—A feeling too often manifested in large and mixed bodies like ours. A weed that should be checked in its over-growth, and, if possible, rooted out altogether. This, I fear, is a task Hercules alone could accomplish.

TRUTH.—A steadfast and immutable principle in itself, but by men too often qualified, alloyed, and distorted, for the basest purposes. Subterfuge and prevarication are contemptible resources. Plain, unadorned truth, manfully but always charitably uttered, is the nearest and easiest way of getting out of a difficulty: let our brother Shepherds try it.

SINCERITY.—An amiable and honourable feeling, whose outward exhibition is equally removed from fulsomeness and rudeness. Let our "plain-spoken friends," as they are called, remember this.

HONESTY.—The best policy, so plain and palpable, that it is a wonder how we ever mistake it. Let every member honour it by exemplifying it in his own person and family.

ENVY.—Akin to narrow-mindedness, the offspring and torment of a little soul, for "envy withers at another's joy."

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PRIDE.—This is a many-headed hydra, and every head wears a different aspect. There is such a thing as laudable pride, but self-conceit, haughtiness, and intolerance, are not of that character, nor are they worthy of any man's imitation. We ought, therefore, not only to pity or despise them in others, but have a guard over ourselves, lest we fall into the same error.

HONOUR.—Like honesty, yet different. Every reasoning mind will discover the distinction; every upright and conscientious mind will think them inseparable, and be guided accordingly.

EBRIETY.—A lamentable vice anywhere, and to be specially guarded against at your Lodge meetings. It seems inconsistent to be laying up funds for the times of sickness and poverty, and then sit down deliberately to bring about both, by sitting late and drinking deep.

REFORM.—A thing much needed in our own as in other societies. Reform, like charity, begins at home. If it begins with individuals, it will extend from individuals to families, from families to cities, from cities to nations and peoples. A thing devoutly to be wished.

DEVOTEDNESS.—Earnestness, zeal in any cause. It is a beautiful and holy thing when sincerely felt and rightly directed. In the cause of religion and benevolence it is eminently so. If it be worth while adopting any proper principle or society, it is worth while being devoted to it. Ancient Shepherds! ponder on my acrostic, and if you succeed in sifting a few grains from the chaff, my whim will not have been destitute of wisdom.

RAILWAY RAMBLES.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, LEEDS, AND KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

In the course of our rambles of late, we have visited several ancient and ruined ecclesiastical edifices, where in long ages past, our pious ancesters were wont to offer up their prayers and praises unto God. Now over those shrines the moonbeams fall in desolate sublimity; wrecks of the past, like skeletons of human forms, they moulder, the souls which whilome inhabited them having passed away. On our journey to visit another of these venerable remains, we pass through Leeds, and we determined that we would, when we should arrive there, join in public worship at the parish church.

It was a beautiful morning when we left home, and made our way at an early hour to the Manchester and Leeds temporary station at Oldham-road. With the accustomed punctuality of this excellently well-managed line of railway, at the appointed time (8 a.m.) we started on our journey. We were not long in clearing the purlieus of the north-eastern side of this dingy neighbourhood, and getting out into a purer air, and amid more delightful prospects than are afforded in the brick and mortar vistas, and kennels and pools of the Anglo-Hibernian communities of St. George's-road. Rapidly passing by Rochdale, through the beautiful vale of Todmorden, stopping momentarily at the several important towns and hamlets on the line of road, we arrived at Leeds in about three hours, a distance of 60 miles. Along the whole of the journey we found a multiplicity of interesting objects to arrest attention and afford us pleasure, great varieties of scenery, and much of a beautiful character. This great distance, which, in times not long ago, would have been a whole day's journey, attended with fatigue, was thus speedily passed over, and we quitted the carriage with no greater sensation of weariness than would have been produced by a three hours' lounge on our couch at home—indeed not so great. So much for the advantage of railway travelling!

Having alighted in Leeds, we hastened to the church of St. Peter, in Kirkgate, by the shortest route from the railway terminus, and was glad to find that we were in good time for the sermon. We had but a faint remembrance of the old church in Kirkgate, and had not visited this part of Leeds since the erection and consecration of

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the new edifice. We were much delighted to find the newly-built parochial church of this important and populous parish, so large and beautiful in its design and masonry, and reflecting altogether so much credit on the borough of which it is confessedly a very proud ornament. The old church was a massive structure of great antiquity, and was taken down in 1838. The present edifice has been subsequently built on the site. Its style of architecture is the florid perpendicular of the 15th century, and the cost of erection was about £36,000., raised by subscription, with the exception of £700. granted by parliament. The plan of the church is cruciform, having chancel, choir, nave, side aisles, baptistery at the western end, and transepts slightly recessed on the north and south. The exterior decorations are very beautiful, full of panel work, with crockets, finials, and pinnacles, and we vastly admired everything but the square-headed windows of the nave and clerestory. Our taste would have been better pleased if the lower windows, at least, had been pointed. Entering the northern or principal door, from Kirkgate, beneath the great tower, which is 117 feet high, and contains thirteen bells, we observe within the porch, a statue to that enlightened and distinguished philanthropist, the late Michael Thomas Sadler, Esq., of Leeds. We know not from whose studio this sculpture proceeded, but we are of opinion that neither in design or execution is it worthy of the good man it is designed to commemorate. In the southern transept, an elaborately carved screen partly shuts out the light of a magnificent painted window of richly painted glass. The organ we presumed was placed behind the said screen. There are seats, we understand, within this building for 3,800 worshippers, independently of the temporary seats, on forms, which we found placed in the centre and cross aisles.

We must confess we were greatly surprised to find this large church so crowded, a proof, at least, that in Leeds, the very metropolis of sectarianism, where the Methodists boast of having their *cathedral (!)*—that the doctrines and discipline of the Anglo-Catholic and Apostolic Church are not held in discesteem. It was, indeed, to us, a spirit-stirring sight to behold this vast auditory gathered together in so noble a structure to offer up their adorations and supplications to the Omnipotent, with all the fit and becoming ceremonials of public worship. As we entered the porch, the rich swell of the organ fell on our ear, mingling with the full and clear tones of the choir, and our soul felt at once the divine influence of the sacred minstrelsy—our thoughts and aspirations mounted towards the throne of God. Even to the outer door this beautiful Christian temple was thronged by its congregation, all joining reverentially in prayer. We were convinced by what we saw and heard on this occasion, that the church needs but a restoration of its ancient zeal and discipline to gather in its harvests, and bring again within its fold the thousands of souls which, by the sloth of the shepherds, have been permitted to wander astray.

> "With one consent the people rejoice,
> Filling the church with a lofty voice!
> They sing a service which they feel:
> For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal;
> Of a pure faith whose vernal prime
> Was in Eliza's golden time."—WORDSWORTH.

We had the great happiness of hearing the sermon preached by Dr. Hook, the learned, pious, and energetic vicar of the parish. Our preconceived opinion of this distinguished priest led us to expect we should find him a pale-faced spare man, as one who spent hours in study, retirement, and holy meditation. On the contrary, Dr. Hook is robust, and of a complexion rather florid than otherwise, younger than we deemed him, and apparently of a constitution promising length of years. His voice is of great compass, full, clear, and round, and capable of the greatest modulation. His sermon was full of impressive and touching eloquence, delivered with so much appropriate emphasis and pathos, that the influence of his exhortation, reproval, or commiseration, as he might variously appeal to his listeners, was powerfully felt by the congregation. The church appeared to us well adapted to the conveyance of sound, and we should think the full and sonorous tones of the reverend preacher would be distinctly audible in its remotest parts.

The interior decorations of the church are exceedingly grand. The carvings of the galleries, screens, seats, and benches, are rich and elaborate, and finely harmonize with the pointed oaken roof, which is divided into bays by tie beams and girders, with

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tracery. The large pointed windows on the east, west, and south, were rich in the blazonry of painted glass. The altar was adorned by golden flagons and chalices, the sacred utensils of the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. The service was celebrated by the Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., assisted by the Rev. G. Hills, the lecturer, the Rev. E. Brown, M.A., clerk in orders, and four assistant curates, all of whom were attired in their white surplices, with the mantles of their respective colleges and degrees. Samuel Wesley, Mus. Doc. Oxon, presided at the organ, and the choir, which we think consisted of 26 choristers, was led by the precentor, Mr. James Hill. The service was conducted according to the strict letter of the rubric, and with a fervor and solemnity of manner, which gave it a proud pre-eminence over those similar establishments, where the pure and beautiful language and formularies of the protestant church are sacrificed to the rapid and careless manner of the officiating priests, who seem not to feel what they utter: who appear to discharge their duty for a salary, and are indifferent how it be done, so it be got through. We should be sorry to say this latter mode of conducting public worship is common in protestant churches, but we have seen it so performed, and know that it has had the worst possible effects. The careless hearer has sunk either into indolent apathy or infidelity, and the warm-hearted worshipper, shocked by the coldness of his pastor, has lent a ready ear to the more zealous teacher of dissent.

"They that in private by themselves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please
In choosing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their souls' most intimate affections known
To Him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most concealed from other men.

But he that unto others leads the way
In feeble prayer,
Should do it so
As all that hear may know
They need not fear
They tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; not doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they meant to have pray'd."—C. HARVIE.

After the sermon was concluded, the reverend preacher returned to the altar, and began the offertory, delivering the sacred texts with a distinctness and beauty of reading, in tones so solemn and impressive, that we felt more than ordinary awe while participating in this benevolent division of the Christian ritual. The prayer for the church militant, the absolution, the consecration of the sacred element, and the administration of the Holy Sacrament, were all said and performed with becoming solemnity, and doubtless had the most salutary effects on the souls of the large number of communicants who partook of the blessed rite. We must here record that the six clergymen who assisted their reverend prior in this sacred office, all participated in that same devotional manner, which gave the powerful influence which the chief priest exercised over the hearts and minds of his hearers, who lowly bended before him in worship of the Creator. We had never previously seen or heard the services of the English Church so impressively conducted; and we left that house of God fully impressed with the conviction, that the influence of the example here set would rapidly effect wondrous changes in the manners, habits, and religious opinions of British society, from which manifold blessings, spiritual and temporal, will inevitably follow.

"And this holy, solemn, and soul-exalting service," said we, on quitting, "is the dreaded heresy against which crafty and idle men, who would receive the wages of their sacred office, but neglect its duties and its discipline, inveigh; this is the 'modern popery,' against which fanatics exclaim!" Ah! thought we, if it be God's good will this restoration of the pure Protestant faith will progress, despite all sneers and contumelies, and myriads of souls will be advantaged thereby. The Anglo-Catholic Church is one of benevolence. It is essentially the poor man's church, and in due season its powerful support will not only be found advantaging the spiritual well being of the poor and lowly, but interesting itself for the temporal comforts of the children of industry. As the ancient church broke the chains of serfdom in the feuda

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past, it is the mission of the restored Protestant church to stand between the lord of of manufactures and his vassals, and relax the power of capital over the comforts and leisure of the labourers of society. The revival of the fasts and festivals of the church will bring back those recurring periods when, released from toil, the poor man may commune with his God on the days set apart for watching and prayer, and enjoy that capacity for happiness and gratitude for the good things of this life, given to him by the beneficence of his Creator, and which the festivals of the holy church would secure to him.

The science and philosophy of the last fifty years have done little for the poor man's morals or his comforts. A few have been lifted from their primitive obscurity to wealth and luxury, outrivalling the ancient lords of the soil in vulgar ostentation, but the great masses have not been advantaged; on the contrary, the progress of science and mechanism has diminished the value of their industry, and has consequently abridged their comforts. The rapacity of the money-maker has set human labour the task—the hard rivalry of competition with the resistless force of steam engines and machinery; and the edicts of Mammon pronounce "overtoil or—starvation!" shall be the fate of large masses of workers. We would not stay the progress of science, but let the church take heed that the poor and lowly be her charge; for it is the bounden duty of God's ministers to exercise their delegated power, and draw the sacred circle of their protection around those who are their especial care, when hungry Covetousness seeks to sacrifice mind and body in the sordid thirst for and pursuits of gain.

> "Science hath much to teach to future time,
> But other lessons still it hath to learn;
> Lessons than her's, more solemn and sublime,
> To which the spirit would do well to turn.
> The good may be forgotten in the great;
> The moral in the mental; and the Hand
> Who built and furnished all the fair estate
> Be unremember'd 'mid the works he plann'd."
>
> Mrs. HAWKSHAW.

We are anxious not to be misunderstood, and would, therefore, explain that we by no means wish to convey any imputation of cruelty aforethought, as being wantonly inflicted by the employers of labourers in the vast factories and works which spread around the large towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. It is the fault of the system we deplore and would condemn. We know there are individual masters with "hearts open as day to deeds of melting charity," and who do all in their power to mitigate the evil, but who are at the same time compelled to obey the general mandate. Until the church shall be restored to her legitimate influence on the senate and the people, mothers, at the call of the factory bell, plucking the nipple from their baby's lip, must forego their duties to their offspring; children must be deprived of the sports of infancy; young men and maidens must know no relaxation from incessant labour; the ancient pastimes of the village green must exist only in the poetry of the past; and declension in the national character must continue its downward progress. But the church, ere long, will regain her natural and proper influence over society, and brighter days will return, when Science and Philosophy shall walk in companionship with Religion, each administering from her golden chalice their vivifying and regenerating draughts to new-born humanity, and earth shall smile in the light of their progress!

> "Let the storms ply their deep and threat'ning bass,
> The Bow of Promise shall the glades illume,
> Brightly descried in faith's eternal glass,
> E'en like an angel's many-coloured plume
> Waving in tempest—pledge that in her bosom,
> Nature, emerging from the stormy mass,
> Will keep her time and order. Let them pass
> The wicked and their plottings: 'mid the gloom,
> The church surveys her Covenant sign, and smiles.
> And 'neath her solemn rainbow's dripping arch
> A mystic wing spread o'er her daring march,
> She goes forth, on her heavenly work the whiles,
> Though weeping, sure that One in joy shall bring
> Her and her sheaves at harvest-moon to sing."

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The morning service ended, we make our way to dinner. Short time is spent at the table, and we are now threading the town, passing on our route the warehouses of many establishments whose names, as of Manchester, are familiar to our ears; as, for instance, Messrs. A. and S. Henrys, Jones, Gibson, and Ord, Brehens and Co., &c. We are now on the Bradford-road, the old Abbey about a mile and a half distant. This distance is quickly measured, and anon, turning to our right from the bridge, we enter the road which brings us alongside the object of our visit.

Our occupation, on first catching a glimpse of the ruins, was that of taking from the high ground on which we stood a view of the country amid which this venerable edifice was erected. The progress of population, trade, and manufactures, has, of course, materially interfered with the beauties of the landscape, but sufficient yet remains to prove that the taste of the brotherhood was not found tripping when the founders selected this formerly exceedingly beautiful valley as a site for their institution. The extent of view around Kirkstall is greatly different from that of Furness. The latter abbey is closed up in a glen of dark and gloomy grandeur, but Kirkstall is surrounded by a wide-spread vale of pastoral luxuriance, bounded by distant hills of varied outline, and graceful undulations, through which the gentle Aire winds in sinuous and graceful curves. "Beyond the abbey the ground gradually arises into a high and extensive screen of natural wood, which, after spreading to the north and east, bends down to the river on the west, and then stretches for miles in that direction, to meet a ridge of wild hills in the distance. Up the dale on the other side of the river, every feature submissively harmonizes with the bolder scenery of the opposite bank; the one seemingly for productiveness, the other to afford protecting shelter."

Passing through a barred gate we enter the close which at present surrounds the abbey, and stands before the western entrance of the conventual church. The ivy, which recently luxuriated over the sculptured decorations of this end of the building, after having, for many a long year, thrown its green and glossy mantle over the antique edifice which it adorned, has now, with the decay of age, expired, and hangs feebly and in death, shorn of its foilage, against its still more ancient friend and supporter. Passing further on we come to a small door, and gain ingress by paying a fee to the party in charge. We are now within the walls of the cloister court, which we found cultivated as a garden. We must confess we were some little disappointed in finding that the building was being over-run by parties of boys, from whose manners we inferred there was little communion in their minds with the serious associations of the ancient and holy edifice. We apprehend that the decay of the abbey will be hastened by the unrestrained wantonness of these youths, for, in many an instance, we observe the mutilations of boyish thoughtlessness. We enter by a door communicating with the cloister into the nave of the church. The proportions of this beautiful pile are singularly fine. The body is divided into nave and side aisles by a double row of massy clustered columns, with Saxon capitals and square pedestals. These columns support pointed arches, and afford one of the earliest instances of the use of this arch; over these runs a range of narrow arched Norman windows. The view of the side aisles from the eastern end, looking to the west, is very fine, the intersecting groins of the roof giving the appearance of a long vista of pointed arches. The great window, of which only the arch remains, the mullions and tracery having disappeared, has been of vast extent, and when rich with painted glass must have been a magnificent feature, as the eye would observe its grandeur from the west door, looking up the long avenue to the altar, above and upon which it would shed its glories when the morning beams were streaming upward from the east. Above the sanctuary or choir, where the north and south transepts intersect the nave and chancel, arose a noble square tower, built, it is conjectured, about the beginning of the reign of Henry VII. On the 27th January, 1779, the greater part of this tower fell down, dragging down with it, in the same ruin, a large portion of the northern transept and wall of the nave. The remains of the tower, with its irregular and broken outlines, gave an increased effect of the picturesque to the distant view of the abbey. At the eastern end of the church there have been six altars beside that of the conventual church, there being three chapels on each side of the chancel, in which the lavatories still exist. Passing through the sacristry, in the south transept, we ascend, by a flight of steps, to the gallery which communicated with the upper part of the religious house

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the dormitories, scriptorium, &c. The upper walls of these buildings are fallen away, and we tread on the floor of the apartments which were formerly here, now covered with mould, and on which the wild briar, bramble, and field plants, grow in wild luxuriance. From this point we have a goodly view of the prospect spread around. Descending thence we regain the cloister court, and inspect the chapter house, archivum, &c. In the south-eastern corner of the cloister court is a lavatory, which has been somewhat elaborately ornamented. A tomb-stone has been laid on the piscina, and it now forms a seat. It bears no legendary inscription, but has merely a tri-foliated cross, and cross-handled sword rudely scultured upon it.

We now pass from the cloisters, by the door through which we entered, to the external of the abbey. Turning to the left, we come to a building which stood beside the principal gateway, and which is now used as a barn; this was anciently used as a dole-house for the poor of the neighbourhood, and where medicines were given to the sick, and wandering mendicants were relieved. The great gateway, over which was doubtless, as usual, the school-house, presents only fragments and remains of the great arches, to mark where it has been. Turning the angle to the left, we come to the ruins of the library, above which has been the scriptorium, where the monks spent their hours in those useful studies, which preserved to us, through an age of barbarism, the classic knowledge of the ancients, and where they illuminated their missals, copied the gospels, and where the arts of caligraphy and painting, architecture, &c., were by them successfully studied. From the library we pass into the locutorium or parlour, where the stranger was admitted to conference with the prior, or other of the brotherhood with whom he might have business. Adjoining is the refectory for strangers and travellers, and passing thence, we enter that of the brotherhood; on the right or southern side of which we find the great kitchen of the monastery. Near the hearth of the great fire-place, which still remains entire, a magnificent tree has taken root, and grown in luxuriant majesty, spreading its outspread branches far and wide above the shattered walls, where the abbey cooks, in days long past, spitted the haunch of the wild deer, or made the air rich with the steam arising from the operations of their culinary art. Heaps of stone, at irregular distances, at the south-eastern end of the monastry, alone point out the spot where the apartments of the lord abbot formerly stood. At the foot of the lawn, on the south, the lovely Aire meanders, its banks no longer wood-clothed as of old, but, even though stripped of many of its former adornments, a still beautiful, and pleasing murmur still falls on the ear, as it runs down, sparkling with light, and leaps in giddy joy over the adjoining weir, which seeks to stay it in its progress to its ocean home.

As mentioned in a former paper, the original foundation of this monastry was at the village of Bernoldswick, in Craven, where it was established in consequence of the vow made in sickness by Henry de Laci, baron of Pontefract, whose vast possessions extended from Pontefract to Lancaster, 90 miles, in an unbroken line. As the baron lay supine on the couch of affliction, he made a solemn declaration that, if his life was prolonged, he would found and dedicate a monastry to the furtherance of piety and worship of his Creator. On his recovery, he conferred with the Abbot of Fountains, and assigned to him by charter, the village of Craven and its appendages, for the site of the proposed convent and the support of its brotherhood. The lay brothers despatched by the abbot to take possession of this oblation, and erect temporary dwellings for the reception of the monks, were met by the baron with his retinue, and in person perambulated the boundaries between Bernoldswick and Pendle Forest, and by all the usual forms delivered the demesnes into the hands of the deputation. The grant was then confirmed to the Cistercians by the Pontiff of York, who had himself been Abbot of Fountains. In June, 1147, Richard, abbot of the Cistercian convent, just named, granted authority to his brother Alexander, Prior of Fountains, with twelve monks and ten conversi, or lay freres, to take possession of their new abode. The monastery having been solemnly dedicated "to the honour of Mary, the most glorious Virgin and mother of God," the name of the village of Bernoldswick was changed appropriately to Mount. St. Mary. The site thus chosen, was found unfavourable to the health and to the prosperity of the establishment; besides that, the property of the convent was not unfrequently ravaged by the incursions of the Scots, the rains destroyed their harvest, and the damp and undrained lands produced agues and sickness. An appeal was made to their powerful patron, who nowise slackening

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in his zeal or pious intentions, lent a ready ear to the afflicted applicants. Moved by the abbot's eloquence, he interested himself with Robert de Poicton, and obtained from him a grant of Kirkstall and its appurtenances, for the translation of the monastery. The lovely spot on the margin of the meandering Aire had struck the Abbot Alexander with its fertility and sylvan beauty, when travelling down the woody valley, and its contrast made him an earnest applicant for the change. Skilled in architectural lore, he designed the church and monastic buildings (a noble triumph of taste in an uncultivated age), and lived to see them completed. The Baron Henry de Laci laid the foundation of the church about 1158, in the reign of King Stephen, with his own hands, and completed, at his sole expense, the whole of the sacred edifice and its appurtenant buildings; in the meantime supplying the monks with corn and money in proportion to their exigencies. Before his death, he gave a grant for the purpose of keeping a silver lamp burning day and night before the great altar of St. Mary, at Kirkstall, and a mark of silver per annum for the enrichment of the abbot's vestments. The favour shown by Henry de Lacy was continued by his son Robert, who granted to the convent and their servants exemption from toll and every species of custom on his lands. The Abbot Alexander, who had passed through all the trials and difficulties of the foundation of the institution, died about A.D. 1182, full of years, and after a life spent in holiness, and his memory was enshrined in the hearts of his brethren. The grants of succeeding patrons endowed the abbey with large possessions, so that at the time it was surrendered by Abbot Ripley to the crown, Nov. 2, 1540 (temp. Henry VIII.), its revenues were equal to about £10,000 per annum of our present money." The site of the monastery, together with some of the circumjacent estates, was granted by the 34th of Henry VIII. and 1st and 4th of Edward VI. in exchange to Archbishop Cranmer and his heirs, and settled upon a person named Peter Hammond, in trust for his grace's younger son. The Earl of Cardigan is its present proprietor.

Dr. Whittaker says that Kirkstall Abbey may rank even to any monastery in England, whether considered as a feature of a landscape, or as a specimen of architecture. In the former, it must yield to Bolton Priory; in the latter, to Fountains Abbey. The style of its architecture is simple and graceful, exhibiting that struggle between the Norman and early Gothic which took place in the reign of King Stephen, It is certainly beautiful in its ruins, and was doubtless grand in its vigour.

"Beautiful fabric! even in decay
And desolation, beauty still is thine:
As the rich sunset of an autumn day,
When gorgeous clouds in glorious hues combine
To render homage to its slow decline,
Is more majestic in its parting hour,—
Even so thy mould'ring, venerable shrine
Possesses now a more subduing power,
Than in thine earlier sway, with pomp and pride thy dower."—BARTON.

We lingered awhile amid these venerable remains. The westerly sun, however, spoke of time's flight, and with backward glances we left the sacred spot, and bent our homeward steps to Leeds. Having taken tea, we proceeded to the railway station, and by eleven o'clock were again at our "ain firesides," having travelled between breakfast and supper time 130 miles, attended church, and visited the abbey, our exertions, having left no sense of fatigue—*thanks to the Leeds Railway!*

QUINTUS HORTENSIUS.

PHILOSOPHIC TEMPER.—What most of all contributes to give us that calmness of temper which is so necessary in disputes, is the confidence that knowledge inspires. For a mind that comes well provided to engage in the defence of truth, will calmly, and without concern, stand the shock of false opinions, having premeditated all that can be alledged against truth, *by instructing himself in the truth itself.* What then can disturb a man so well instructed? What can seem to him inextricable, what unanswerable? All the difficulties that can be objected against him, will, if he be truly strong, serve on the contrary only to supply him with ideas that have already often triumphed over what ever is false.—*Hierocles.*

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EXTEMPORE EPISTLE TO J. C. PRINCE,

ON RECEIVING ONE FROM HIM.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

SIR,— *Dukinfield, Jan.*, 1840

Your lengthy epistle came duly to hand,
And its candour and brotherly spirit demand
An answer from one upon whom you confer
The title of Poet—I fear, sir, you err,
As no one's more certain than I am myself
Of a permanent place on the old dusty shelf.
You are pleased to infer that I sport with the muse;
If she choose to inspire me, I shall not refuse
Her favours; but, bless me! when'er she comes near
'Tis only to mock me with nonsense and jeer,
As she flutters her mantle before me, and then
Capers off with a laugh to Parnassus again.
Your portrait is painted in colours more fine
Than I dare to expend on this canvas of mine,
But if you'll not deem it presumption, I'll send
My own to the Bard I would claim as my Friend.
In figure I'm tall; broad my shoulders and chest,
In proportion they both correspond with the rest;
My visage is long, and inclined to the pale;
I am mild in my manners—in wit rather stale.
Near the bleak mountains bred, where the breezes are keen,
I romped with my dog on the old village green,
Climbed the green alder bush, where the sickle and flail
Were hung by the side of the clean milking pail;
But fortune grew fickle and frowned as she spoke,
Then hurried me off to the regions of smoke.
Your religion is love; that religion is mine,
'Tis the essence of God, 'tis a precept divine;
I acknowledge but *One*, and that one I adore,
His bounty, his wisdom, his mercy implore.
In man you love all that is great, good, and wise,
'Tis a sentiment noble direct from the skies;
'Tis a motto all teachers of truth should impart,
'Tis philanthropy's self, and 'tis nearest my heart.
Dear woman you love, sweetest solace of ours,—
Oh, yes! when the cloud of calamity lowers.
And casteth a gloom round the homely fireside,
Her patience grows stronger the more it is tried,
The music of speech from her fond lips that flows,
Can strengthen our efforts and soften our woes.
All wars I condemn, on whatever pretence
They are waged in the world, save a war of defence,
Whether ancient or modern, of Greece or of Rome,
Or whether they rage near the precincts of home.
Aware that the scourge was invented on earth
By despots, who trembled when Freedom had birth.
The graphic description of Spring by your pen,
The beauty of forest, and woodland, and glen,
The fragrance of flowers, and the foliage of trees,
The dance of the wood-nymphs, the tune of the bees,

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The song of the rustic, the sweep of the scythe,
The music of nature harmonious and blythe
With rapture I've read, and I'll cherish the rhyme,
And the record retain to the end of my time.
The seasons sublime as they duly revolve,
Being problems of God, I endeavour to solve;
On high-crested mountains I view with delight
Phenomena grand, in the silence of night,
The sunshine that sleeps, and the fleet clouds that fly,
The red lurid lightning that leaps from the sky,
The hurricane's roar on the wings of the wind,
Awaken my wonder, and strengthen my mind.
In your beautiful interrogation I see
A word or a hint that's intended for me,
But I'm equally kin to each colour and clime,
And my notions of Deity cordially chime
With your own—that it never was part of his plan
That man should oppress and destroy brother man.
I may not say more on the themes you have sung,
For my leisure is brief, and my harp is ill strung;
In my rough random rhymes you will readily see
That I touch on your topics less finely than free;
For the mind that's engaged with the riddles of state,
I need not aver, is unfit to dilate
On the seasons of nature, bright, gloomy, and grand;
They require a calm head, and a confident hand.

SALMAGUNDI.

MASTER AND MAN.—What an important relation is that of master and man! How it pervades the world; ascending from the lowest gradation of planter and slave, through the states of master and servant, landlord and labourer, manufacturer and artisan, till it comes to the higher degrees of rule which one cultivated man has to exercise over another, in the performance of the greatest functions. See, throughout, what difficulties and temptations encumber this relation. How boundless is the field of thought which it opens to us! how infinite the duties which it contains! how complete an exercise it is for the whole faculties of man! Observe what wretchedness is caused by a misunderstanding of this relation in domestic matters. See the selfish carelessness of those around them of men not ill-intentioned, nor unkind, perhaps, in their dealings with the world in general, but lamentably unfit for the management of a house. Then observe the effects of similar mismanagement in dealing with a country. Look at the listless loiterers about an Irish town: you would naturally say to yourself, "Surely this people have done all that there can be for them to do." You walk out of the town, and find the adjacent fields as listless looking and neglected as the men themselves. Think what a want there must be of masters of labour, that those hands and these weeds are not brought into closer contact.—*The Claims of Labour.*

A MIDNIGHT GATHERING OF CHARTISTS.—He was now at the foot of the steep ascent which led up to the gates of the small town of Barhampton; and the decayed walls, with their flanking towers, were seen crowning the rise, at a distance somewhat more than a quarter of a mile. I have said that they were seen, though the night was very dark, and the moon had not yet risen; but it was by a less mellow and peaceful light than that of the fair planet that the crumbling fortifications were displayed. More than a hundred links were blazing with their red and smoky glare around the gate and beneath the wall; and a sea of human beings, moving to and fro, some on horseback and some on foot, was shown by the same fitful flames, with strange effects of light and shade, varying over them every moment as the groups themselves changed their forms, or the links were carried from place to place. At the same time, a dull, murmuring, subdued roar was heard, strong but not loud, as of many persons speaking eagerly; and every now and then a voice rose in a shout above the rest, as if giving directions or commands. Without

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pausing even an instant to gaze upon the scene, however strange and interesting, Dudley hurried on up the ascent, sometimes running, sometimes walking, till he reached the outskirts of the mob, where a number of the less zealous and energetic were standing idly by, some with arms in their hands of various kinds and sorts—muskets, fowling-pieces, pikes, swords, scythes set upwright upon poles, pistols and daggers, or large knives—some totally unarmed, like himself, or furnished merely with a bludgeon. In advance was the denser part of the crowd—agitated, vociferous, swaying hither and thither, and seeming to attend but little to the commands which were shouted from time to time by several persons on horseback. The confusion was indescribable, and little could be seen of what was going on in front, though the light of the torches caught strong upon two or three banners, bearing inscriptions in gilt letters, and upon the figures of the horsemen who were raised above the crowd on foot. Towards one of these Mr. Dudley strove to force his way; but it was with difficulty that he gained, every moment or two, a step in advance, till at length he came suddenly, in the midst of the densest mass of the people, upon a brass six-pounder, of somewhat antique form, with the two horses which had drawn it up the hill. There seemed to be another a little in advance; but seeing the space somewhat clear on the other side of the gun, Dudley leaped over it, and hurried on more freely towards the figure upon which his eyes had been fixed, and which he recognised at once, though some attempt had been made to disguise the person. As he was passing the other field-piece, however, a man of foreign appearance, with a large pair of mustachios, stopped him rudely, telling him, in French, to keep back. Dudley replied, in the same language, "I must pass, sir. I wish to speak with that gentleman;" and, at the same time, he thrust aside the other, who was much less powerful than himself, and was approaching Sir Arthur Adelon, when suddenly a broad blaze broke up just under the arch of the old gateway, and a loud voice exclaimed, "That will soon burn down." The crowd recoiled a little, and Dudley for a moment caught sight of a huge pile of dry bushes which had been placed against the old gates, and lighted by some gunpowder. * * * A voice shouted, "The gate's down!—the gate's down!" And immediately a rush forward took place, beginning with those behind, who heard the announcement without seeing what was going on in front. "Orderly! orderly!" cried Norris: "let the guns advance first." But as he spoke there was a loud ringing peal of musketry from the inner side of the gateway, and then a straggling shot or two. A man amongst the rioters dropped; another staggered, pressing his hand upon his side, and fell; and the horse which Norris was riding reared high, and then came thundering down. At the same instant there came the sound of a wild "Hurra!" from the side of the hill to the left, together with that of galloping horse. Another volley of shot rang from behind the gateway of the town; and then, with a cheer, a small but compact body of infantry advanced at the charge with fixed bayonets from within the walls. Two more of the rioters had fallen by the second discharge; the cry spread amongst them that the cavalry were upon them; those at the extreme verge of the crowd began to run; the centre remained firm for a moment, more from indecision than courage; but the next instant panic seized all, and one general scene of flight and confusion followed:—*The Convict, by G. P. R. James.*

The Drowning of Six Hundred Slaves.—In the year 1830, there was hovering on the African coast a large clipper-brig, called the *Brillante*, commanded by a desperado named Homans, who was known along the whole coast, and in Cuba, as the most successful slaver of the day. The brig was owned by two men residing in Havanna—one said to be an Englishman, the other a Spaniard. She was built to carry 600 negroes, and in her Homans had made ten successful voyages, actually landing in Cuba 5000 negroes! The brig carried ten guns, had thirty sweeps, and a crew of sixty Spaniards, most of them old pirates, as desperate as their commander. An English brig of war which attacked her was so cut up in hull and rigging that she was abandoned, and soon after sunk. An English sloop of war attempted to carry the *Brillante* with boats, which was beaten off with great slaughter. Now it was known that Homans was again on the coast, and it was resolved to make another attempt to take him, with the evidence of his guilt on board. The arrangements for this purpose were well made. He was allowed to take in his cargo of negroes and set sail. The *Brillante* had not lost sight of the coast when the quick eye of her commander discovered that he was entrapped. Four cruisers, three of them English and one American, had been laying in wait for him, and escape was hopeless. In running away from one he would come within reach of another. Night was coming on, and Homans, was silently regarding his pursuers, when suddenly the huge sails of the brig flapped idly

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the wind died away, and the slaver was motionless on the waters. "This will not do," Homans muttered, knocking away the ashes from his cigar, "their boats will be down upon us before I am ready for the visit;" and as he said this, his stern face let up with a smile, the expression of which was diabolical. It was evident enought that he meditated some desperate plan. The cable attached the heaviest anchor was taken outside the hawse-hole, and carried around the rail of the brig, extending from the bow, aft around the stern, and then forward on the other side; the hatches were then taken off, and the negroes passed up, each securely ironed by the wrists. As the miserable wretches came up from the hot hold into the fresh air, they expressed by their looks a gratitude which would have softened the heart of any but the fiend in whose power they were. Without a word they were led to the side, and made to bend over the rail, outside of which the chain ran. The irons which clasped the wrists were then fastened by smaller chains to the lines of the cable. It was slow work, but at the end of four hours 600 Africans, male and female, were bending over the rail of the brig, in a painful position, holding by their chained hands the huge cable, which was attached to a heavy anchor, suspended by a single sling from the bow. Homans himself examined the fastenings to see that every negro was strongly bound to the chain. This done, he ordered the pen-work of the hold to be broken up, brought on deck bound up in matting, and well filled with shot, and thrown overboard. The work was completed an hour before day break, and now the only witnesses of Homans' guilt were attached to the fatal chain. Homans turned to the mate, and, with a smile full of meaning, said in Spanish—"Harro, take an axe and go forward. The wind will come off to us soon. Listen to the word, and when you hear it, cut the sling." The man went forward, and Homans turned and in vain endeavoured to penetrate the darkness. "I don't want to loose the niggers he said, speaking aloud, and yet I dare not wait till daylight., I wish I knew where the hounds were." At that instant a report of a gun reached his ear then another, and another, in different directions. The cruisers were firing signals. "That's enough," exclaimed Homans, "I know where you are." Then raising his voice, he cried, "Harro, are you ready? The wind will reach us soon." "Ay, ay, sir," was the response. The sails soon began to fill, and the vessel moved slowly through the water. "How much water do you suppose we have here?" asked Homans, turning to the man at the wheel. "Fifty fathoms at least," was the reply. "That will do," the slaver muttered, and he walked forward, and examined carefully the "chain gang," as he brutally termed his diabolical invention. The negroes set up piteous groans. For many hours they had been bent over in this unnatural position, by which they were suffering the keenest torture. The breeze strengthened, and the *Brilliante* dashed like a racer over the deep. Homans hailed from the quarter deck, while his men, collected in groups, saw unmoved the consummation of the plan. "Are you ready, Harro?" "Ay, ay, sir." Homans looked round, and into the darkness which was fast giving way to the morn. Then he thundered out—"Strike!" There was the sound of a single blow, a heavy plunge, and as the cable fell off the side, a crash, above which arose one terrible shriek, it was the last cry of the murdered Africans. One moment more and all was still. Six hundred human beings had gone down with that anchor and chain into the depths of the ocean. Two hours after day-break, the *Brillante* was overhauled. There was no evidence that she was a slaver, and the captors were obliged to let her pass. The instructions to the cruisers at that time did not allow a vessel to be captured unless negroes were found on board.

LIST OF LODGES OPENED ENDING SEPTEMBER, 1847.

486 Social Brothers, Bransom Bangle, Swan Inn, Harston, Cambridge, Cambridge District.

487 Lily of the Spring, John Shelmerdine, Waggon and Horses, Denton, Lancashire, Ashton District.

488 Loyal Heroes, John Berry, King's Arms Inn, Horbury, Yorkshire, Osset District.

489 Royal Travellers' Rest, James Potten, White Horse Inn, Head-o'th'-Lane, Little Lever, Lancashire, Bolton District.

490 Star of the West, John Puleys, Star Inn, Barnsley, Yorkshire, Osset District.

491 Granby, Mrs. Ama Maria Hollands, Star and Garter Inn, Parish of Chevely, Cambridgeshire, Wisbech District.

492 Pelham, John Fells, Crown and Anchor, Grimsley, Lincolnshire, Hull District.

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THE

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WILL WOODWARD, THE HATTER; AND THE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

BY THE EDITOR.

A cheerful and steady-going, an honest and industrious fellow, was Will Woodward, the hatter. When work was plentiful, his morning song, as he laboured amid the steam of his simmering kettle, was the earliest in the village; and the monotonous "birr, birr," of his bow might be heard at night when all others were silent. Unlike his fellow-hatters of the neighbourhood, Will was no unruly member of society. On a Saturday evening, instead of standing at the lane ends, making coarse jests upon the passers-by—instead of taking part in the vulgar cock-fight, the brutal quarrel, or the drunken orgie—he was by his quiet fire-side with his wife and children, enjoying his pipe and his weekly newspaper. Though Will had no pretensions to scholarship, he was fond of his paper, or any stray book that might fall in his way. True, he stumbled over hard words, and was puzzled at classic quotations, but he managed to make out the general sense, and was often both pleased and improved. Will had formed no definite notion of religious obligations, and never went to church but when a christening or a funeral called him thither; but he never scoffed at religion, nor stood in the way of others more devotionally inclined than himself. On a Sunday, when his children were duly sent to school—for, strange to say, he was particular in this matter—he would put on his clean shirt and his snow-white apron (a country hatter and his apron are almost inseperable), and take a stroll in the quiet fields and woods, ruminating and botanizing, and bring home with him such simple plants and herbs as he thought would grace his little garden, or make a medicinal drink for his family. Upon the whole he was a harmless, orderly man, capable of much improvement, but at least fifty per cent. superior to the brothers of his craft.

Will had a desire, and had formed a determination to build himself a cottage, with a convenient workshop adjoining; and towards the accomplishment of this laudable object he bent all his energies, and devoted every available hour of his time. At the time we made his acquaintance, he had, with the willing co-operation of his wife, who often assisted him at the kettle, made a considerable advance in the right direction: and the handsome sum—handsome for a working married man—which stood to his credit on the books of the Savings Bank, told how well he had husbanded his means. But human hopes and plans, even when backed by prudence and industry, are not always destined to be realized. A rapid decline in his branch of the trade—which has never since rallied—threw poor Will completely aback, and neutralized all his efforts. In common with hundreds of his neighbours, he was thrown idle. We may here observe that no class of labouring men, not excepting the hand-loom weavers, have suffered, or are suffering—greater privations than the hatters of South Lancashire. They will, doubtless, be gradually absorbed into other employments, but a considerable time must elapse ere they can regain adequate means of subsistence, and this must be with the loss of that freedom which, as workers about their own houses, they have

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been accustomed to enjoy. Such is one of the *partial* evils consequent on *general* improvement.

But to return to Will Woodward; heaven knows with what painful reluctance he withdrew from the Bank a portion of the little fund he had accumulated. It was put off to the last moment, but the now scanty diet of his family, and the approaching confinement of his wife, demanded it. From that day it decreased rapidly. Mary Woodward gave birth to a sickly child, and unfavourable symptoms in herself supervened. She was ill a long time, and the child after lingering for a few weeks died: happily, perhaps, for all. The expence attendant upon sickness and interment, and every-day necessities, made sad havoc with poor Will's savings; but it was unavoidable, and he was not the man to complain, however much he might inwardly deplore it. After the recovery of his wife, he formed a new resolution—nothing ventured, nothing won—he would go to London in search of employment. Scarce a kettle was smoking, scarce a bow was heard, from one end of the long village to the other: what should he do here? After some hesitation, Will broached the subject to his wife, who, as may be supposed, objected to it altogether. Will's hopefulness, and cheerfulness, and reasoning, however, overcame her opposition, and he prepared to depart. He drew his last five pounds from the bank, and taking seven shillings for his journey—all he *would* take, spite of all entreaty—placed the rest in his wife's hands for temporary necessities. He put on his best clothes—none of the finest—donned his clouted shoon, wrapped his apron round his waist, clutched his staff, and after a farewell—sorrowful enough on all sides—took the Queen's highway with a firm step and a determined heart.

At several places on the way he applied "for leave to toil," but in vain. An occasional sixpence, or a night's lodging from some brother of the trade, was thankfully accepted, and helped him onward. In the afternoon of the seventh day since he left home, he came upon the verge of one of the almost interminable suburbs of London, and thought he was actually at his journey's end. The most distinct idea he had of the Great Babel was St. Paul's, so he enquired, "How far to St. Paul's?" "Ten miles," was the reply. Will concluded he had made a mistake. Onward, again, through miles of long streets and ever busy thoroughfares; past splendid mansions, and beautiful churches, and stately hotels; with very brief intervals of green field, and no glimpse of real country, and still not in London. But the noise and bustle increase; the houses stand closer together, and the streets branch out in numberless ramifications; and Will Woodward feels himself encompassed, bewildered, overwhelmed, by the splendour and vastness of the *real* metropolis of the world. After sundry questions, to which he received quick, brief answers, in a strange dialect, and which he scarcely understood, he stood before St. Paul's, whose gigantic dome, looming up into the yellow evening sky, filled him with oppressive wonder. He lingered gazing upon it till the constant jostling of the restless crowd compelled him to pass on. He sauntered down Ludgate-hill, turned to the left without plan or purpose, over the bridge, and looking down into the river, found fresh occasion for astonishment. He wandered into the borough, lost, stupified, and lonely; an insignificant piece of humanity; an unacknowledged unit among the great multitude. At length he took courage to enter a little tavern, stepped into the quietest room he could readily find, sat down hungry, weary, and dispirited, and called for some bread and cheese and porter, which he paid for out of his *last shilling!* The only other person in the room was a respectable-looking man intent upon a newspaper. When Woodward spoke, he lifted up his head for a moment, and looked at him with apparent interest; but he silently resumed his reading. When our hero had finished his frugal meal, the stranger accosted him—

"You are from Lancashire, I presume, sir?"

"Yes, sir; I am from that county."

"From what part, pray?"

"From the neighbourhood of Manchester."

"Ah!" said the stranger, brightening up. "I am from Manchester. You are no long come, I dare say?"

"This is the first place I have entered since I reached London this afternoon. came up on foot, in search of employment."

"Indeed! and have you no friends here?"

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"I do not know a single individual; nor do I know best how to apply for work; and I have just changed my last shilling."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the stranger: "Waiter! bring a pot of half-and-half. There, take a hearty draught—come over on this side—take this chair, and if you do not think me too impertinent, speak to me freely; I may be of use to you. Have you no trade's club, or union?"

"We have one that bears the name; but things have been so bad with us, and for such a length of time, that it is now of little or no utility."

"Do you belong to no Secret Order or Benefit Society?"

"I do not: I have often thought of connecting myself with some body of that kind; but, to speak the truth, my wife has always been opposed to it. She says that where there are secrets there must be sin; that a man ought to know nothing which he cannot divulge to his wife; that the members of these Orders are in the habit of keeping late hours, smoking, and drinking deep; and that no family man, who cares for his credit, would have anything to do with them. I generally dropped the subject, and made no further inquiry."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the stranger, smiling; "common prejudice! We have no secrets, save the signs and pass-words, which are necessary to prevent the curious and the unprincipled from obtruding and imposing upon us. Our object is Charity, in its largest sense; and though we do not fully reach the standard we have set up, we endeavour to approach as near to it as circumstances, and the frailty of human nature will admit. To help the poor wayfarer on his compulsory travels; to tend and relieve the sick; to give decent interment to the dead; to cheer and assist the widow and the orphan; and to give an occasional lift to an unfortunate brother in trade, are the duties which our laws impose upon us; and, surely, there is no wickedness in this? With regard to the latter portion of your wife's objections, there has been, and is, I am sorry to say, some truth in them. This arises from most lodges being held at public-houses. After the hours of lodge business have expired, it is the interest of the landlord to induce them to stay a little longer. It is expected that the members should 'encourage the house,' as it is termed. Some stay, perhaps, for that sole purpose; some because others stay; some for love of social company, and some for the mere liking of the excitement which the song and the glass produce. Sometimes there are occasions which seem to create more than ordinary conviviality, such as change of officers, presentations to members considered worthy, and the like. Very frequently the landlord of the house puts into operation little stratagems, not always apparent, to get them together, such as select suppers on his birth-day, or his wedding-day, and so on. Thus much evil is superinduced, and much prejudice created, by holding lodges at taverns. The contributions that many members pay, no matter what Order is held at such places, must be heavy. The contributions to the society for doing good, are moderate—the contributions to the host, double; nay quadruple the amount of the other. But these things are being removed, or improved, at least; and I confidently anticipate, that in a very few years, these causes of evil and complaint will be entirely eradicated. I am a member of the Loyal Order of—no matter what, and in my lodge, I may say in the society generally, we have commenced managing these matters better. But I am wearying you with talk—drink heartily of the half-and-half, it will do you no harm after your long and toilsome journey. Do not make yourself uneasy about your lodging for the night—I will see to that."

"I am not wearied at all with your conversation," said Will, "I am very much instructed and interested."

"Well—as I was saying", resumed the stranger, "we manage these things better in our lodge. We have taken a commodious room, formerly a school room, wherein we hold our meetings fortnightly. We have got together, by donation and joint subscription, a small library; we also take in a few cheap periodicals and newspapers, and thus the lodge-room is turned into a reading-room, to which every member of the lodge can resort in the evening; and any member of any other lodge of the Order, for a trifling consideration. The room is open every night—Sundays excepted—and an old superannuated member of the society has the care of it, and the privilege of selling for his own benefit, tea, coffee, and other harmless drinks. He lives and sleeps in a small chamber adjoining the lodge-room,—we pay the rent of the whole premises; and with all extra comforts and advantages, we find that we are actually less out of

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pocket than when we had our meetings at a tavern. We have it in contemplation to open the room as a school, two nights in the week, so that the children of the members may be instructed in the rudiments of education, free of charge. A few brothers the best capable of undertaking the situation of tutors have volunteered their gratuitous services; and lectures upon popular and interesting subjects, are proposed to be given occasionally. The thing is yet in embryo; but I do not despair of its being carried into full and beneficial effect, ere long. When we meet to transact the business of the lodge, not tempted nor excited by stimulating beverages, our heads are clear and capable of something like sound judgment; our hearts are calm and open to the appeals made to our benevolence; we use fewer words and more to the point upon any subject that may come before us; we have fewer fines to inflict for misconduct: we make no blunders in our accounts; we do our business speedily and well, and if, during the remaining interval of time, we have a song or a recitation, we are prepared to understand and appreciate it, according to its merits. After this each man goes his way, and can take a social glass elsewhere, as he pleases, but there is no inducement for congregating together for a debauch. Now, sir, what think you of our system? Would you like to become a member of such a society?'.

"Were I employed and settled," said Woodward, warmed by the half-and-half and the glowing picture which the stranger had drawn, "I should rejoice in the connexion, and I am sure my Mary would encourage me in it, when she knew its pleasures and advantages."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied the stranger. "It is our night of meeting, and the lodge is close at hand. Here is a shilling, enjoy yourself for two hours, when I will return, and see what can be done for you."

The stranger left the room, and Will, in the joy of his heart, called for a glass of grog and a pipe. Leaning back in his seat, he sent his fancy homewards, and rejoiced that he had not left his family entirely destitute. He felt very hopeful—nay, he felt *confident* of success; and ere half-an-hour had seemed to have passed, his unknown friend returned, accompanied by three other gentlemen.

"This is our Lancashire stranger," said the unknown, gaily. "Mr. Woodward," (for he had learned our hero's name during conversation), "this is Mr. Hartley, a master hatter, of London, and an officer of our lodge. He is willing to employ you, and, if you suit him, you may calculate on a regular situation. Here is a little gift from our members, who compassionating your poverty, very willingly contributed their mite. Put it up, my good man, and not a word about it!"

Here the unknown slipped some twelve or fifteen shillings into Will's hand, who was almost too full for speech; but he thanked them in the best manner he could.

The gentlemen sat down, and calling for pipes and glasses, became very free and friendly with Woodward, who passed with them two hours of real and rational enjoyment. They then conducted him to a comfortable lodging. Will commenced his work, pleased his employer by his skill and good conduct, and was, therefore, pleased himself. He sent a letter to his wife brimful of love and cheerfulness, telling her to prepare for a journey to the "great city." In one month from his entrance into London he became a member of the Loyal Order of ——; and in two months he had with him in a snug little cottage, in the borough, (which Mr. Hartley, his employer, had kindly advanced him the means of furnishing,) his own dear Mary and her children.

When he told his wife that he had entered the society to which his employer belonged, and gave her an insight into its harmless pleasures and certain benefits, she had not a word to say in objection. And many a time afterwards she attended with her husband and children its lectures and soirees, which were soon carried into effect, with much delight and satisfaction.

We forgot to say how proud and pleased Will Woodward felt on the night of his initiation. He found no useless and foolish parade; no gew-gaw and glitter; no preposterous attempt at mystification. All was necessary and rational; he was simply, sensibly, and briefly made one of them, and the calm, yet cordial, deportment of every member as he acknowledged him as a brother, went directly to his soul. By attending now and then in the evenings, his love of reading grew strong upon him; and by mingling with less rude society than that to which he had been accustomed in his native village, the rough points and asperities of his character were worn off, and he became a comparatively polished man. Even his wife, who saw him every day, saw

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the change, and was proud of it. He soon became secretary of his lodge, and, without an interval, reached and filled its highest office. He is now one of the most intelligent and efficient officers of his Order, and all his efforts are in the direction of educational and moral reforms among the brotherhood. By his unwearied industry, forethought, and economy, he has more than retrieved his little losses in Lancashire, and it is not unlikely that, ere long, he will become the employer instead of the employed, and may success attend his deserving endeavours.

Ancient Shepherd—officer or brother—if in this little tale thou find *anything* worthy of imitation, set thy soul to the task and fear not.

BOTANICAL GLEANINGS.

POISONOUS PLANTS, NATIVES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

As there are many poisonous plants growing wild in our country, and as accidents are continually occurring from ignorance concerning them, it may not be improper to devote a chapter to the purpose of giving some information respecting them.

The deadly nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*), grows in hedges and waste ground; it has a stem about three feet high, round, and branched; its flowers are solitary, and of a dull purple colour, and are succeeded by shining black berries, nearly the size of a small hazel-nut, they have a sweetish taste, and are very tempting to children; but in the smallest quantities they produce fatal effects. Scarcely a year passes without the newspapers containing accounts of death caused by partaking of them. Fortunately it is now comparatively rare in a wild state, being chiefly grown as a curiosity in gardens. The leaves are egg-shaped and entire, and, with the roots, are powerfully narcotic. This plant contains an alkali on which its narcotic properties depend; it has been named *Atropia*, and is so powerful, that the utmost caution is necessary while performing experiments with it. Its chief use is to dilate the pupil previous to operation for the cataract. In some foreign countries it is used in hooping-cough. Culpepper states that this plant has a forbidding aspect; but, in my opinion, this is not the case. Its flowers generally make their appearance in June.

Another plant nearly allied to the preceding, is the woody nightshade or bitter-sweet (*Solanum dulcamara*), formerly called felon-wood: it is a shrub which grows plentifully in hedges and thickets, flowering in June and July. Its stem has numerous branches, and its lower leaves are heart-shaped or egg-shaped, while its upper ones are halbert-shaped. Its flowers are purple, with a yellow centre, and grow in clusters; they are succeeded by oval shaped scarlet berries, which taste both sweet and bitter, and hence the name of the plant. Its roots and leaves have been applied to various medicinal purposes; but the berries, if eaten in quantities, are poisonous. The common nightshade has a herbaceous stem, white flowers and globular black berries, and the whole plant is fetid and narcotic. It grows in waste places, near houses, and flowers from June to September. All the different species of *Solanum* are generally extremely poisonous, though the tubers of one of them (*Solanum tuberosa*) the common potato, are an agreeable and wholesome article of diet.

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Another poisonous plant, the common daffodil (*Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*), grows in meadows, woods, and thickets, in England and Ireland; but is not very common. It is so very well known that no description of it is necessary. Its flowers are emetic, and also deemed anti-spasmodic. An extract has been obtained from it which is poisonous in the dose of three or four drachms. The *Daphne mezereum*, or spurge-olive, is a shrub about three to five feet high, and grows in woods in the south of England; it is rare in a wild state, but is often grown in gardens and shrubberies for the beauty of its flowers, which are rose coloured, and highly fragrant. The flowers appear in February and March, before the leaves unfold themselves, and are succeeded by oval reddish berries. The leaves, fruit, and inner bark are extremely acrid and caustic, producing swelling of the tongue and throat, with a sensation of violent heat in the mouth, when chewed, and are even capable of raising blisters when applied to the skin. This plant is used by the faculty as a stimulating diaphoretic, but is apt to excite vomiting and purging. Another species of *Daphne*, the spurge-laurel, which is in some few places found growing in woods and hedges, and which bears green flowers, possesses somewhat similar properties. Children should be carefully cautioned against eating the berries of these plants.

The *Digitalis purpuria*, or fox-glove, is one of the most elegant and showy of British plants; it grows in hedge-banks, dry hilly pastures, on the steep banks of rivers, &c., and is so common that it needs no description. Respecting this plant, the *London Dispensary* says, "It is a violent poison, but also a valuable plant in medicine. The leaves are the parts of the plant used. They should be gathered when the plant is in flower, and those only which are fresh selected. The leaf-stalks and mid-rib are rejected, and the remaining part should be dried either in the sunshine, or on a tin-pan or pewter dish, before the fire, or the plant be hung up, each leaf separate, in a warm kitchen. Practitioners ought annually to obtain a supply of the recent leaves, in the month af July, and dry them themselves; as in the herb-shops they are often so ill dried as to appear black, in which state they are useless. The powder should be kept in closely stopped opaque phials. It is directly sedative and diuretic. It weakens the force of the vital functions, and by a proper exhibition of it, the frequency of the pulse may be diminished any number of pulsations, and regulated at the pleasure of the practitioner; while at the same time it admits, to a certain extent, of the employment of such medicines as increase the firmness of the arterial action, and give tone to the habit. When given to the full extent of which the system can admit, the pulse intermits, and vertigo, indistinct vision, and nausea, with vomiting or purging, occur; and if, after the indications, the quantity be still increased, or if any inconsiderable portion of the fresh herb be inconsiderately swallowed, it produces delirium, hiccough, cold sweats, convulsions, syncope, and death." Its properties depend on an alkaline principle which has been named *digitaline*. Notwithstanding the very poisonous nature of this plant, I have, on several occasions, known ignorant persons gather it to put into diet drinks, &c., quite unconscious of its deleterious properties; in fact, Culpepper, whom many herbalists take for their sole guide in these matters, says nothing of its poisonous qualities. An ointment is sometimes made from its leaves,

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which is used in cutaneous diseases, and a decoction of them has been found of service as a fomentation for old ulcerous sores.

Another plant which, from its poisonous qualities and its great resemblance to water-cresses, often causes the most serious mistakes, is the procumbent water-parsnip, (*Sium nodiflorum*). It grows in ditches and rivulets, sometimes amongst water-cresses, and, in its young state, can with difficulty be distinguished from them by the inexperienced. I have found it in many parts of the country, but never saw it in such abundance as in Dovedale, Derbyshire, where the bed of the river is in some places completely full of it. Many other plants of the same family are also virulent poisons. The hemlock-water-dropwort (*Œnanthe crocata*), is full of a yellow juice which is very acrid and poisonous, and serious results have often occurred from its roots being taken for those of the earth-nut (*Bunium bulbocastanum*). Fool's parsley, or lesser hemlock, is a plant which very much resembles parsley, and is often mistaken for it. It is also poisonous. Water-hemlock, or cow-bane (*Cicuta virosa*), is one of the most active and deadly poisons; it grows in ditches, lakes, and rivers, in many places. The common hemlock (*Conium maculatum*), belongs to the same family, and is a well-known destroyer of life. It was the juice of this plant which was employed to take away the life of Socrates. Its leaves and stem bear a great resemblance to those of the carrot, with the exception, that while the stem of the carrot is roughish, that of the hemlock is polished and spotted with dark spots; it grows in waste grounds by walks and hedges. Notwithstanding their poisonous qualities, the powder, extract, and infusion of these plants are often used in cancers and cutaneous diseases, and for chronic ulcers. The leaves and seeds of hemlock are powerfully narcotic, and used both internally and externally to allay pain.

The aconite, or wolf's-bane, or monk's-hood (*Aconitum napellus*), formerly called helmet-flower, from the shape of its blossoms, is found wild in one or two places in England, and several species of it are very common in our gardens; it grows to four or five feet in height; its leaves are deeply five-cleft, and cut into linear segments; its stem is erect, unbranched, and terminating in a cluster, or spike, of dark blue flowers. Mr. Loudon, in his *Encyclopædia of Plants*, thus speaks of the *Aconite*, "Linnæus says, that it is fatal to kine and goats, especially when they come fresh to it, and are not acquainted with the plants; but that it does no injury to horses, who only eat it dry. He also relates (from the Stockholm Acts), that an ignorant surgeon prescribed the leaves, and on the patient refusing to take them, he took them himself and died. The ancients, who were acquainted with chemical poisons, regarded the aconite as the most violent of all poisons. Some persons, only by taking the effluvia of the herb in full flower by the nostrils, have been seized with swooning fits, and have lost their sight for two or three days; but the root is unquestionably the most powerful part of the plant. Matthiolus relates, that a criminal was put to death by taking one dram of it. Dodonæus gives us an instance, recent in his time, of five persons at Antwerp, who ate the root by mistake, and all died. Dr. Turner also mentions, that some Frenchmen, at the same place, eating the shoots of this plant far those of master-wort, all died in the course of two days, except two players, who quickly evacuated all they

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had taken by vomit. We have an account, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, of a man who was poisoned, in the year 1732, by eating some of this plant in a salad, instead of celery. Dr. Willis, also, in his work, *De Anima Brutorum*, gives an instance of a man who died in a few hours, by eating the tender leaves of this plant, also, in a salad. He was seized with all the symptoms of mania. The aconite, thus invested with terrors, has, however, been so far subdued, as to become a powerful remedy in some of the most troublesome disorders incident to the human frame. Baron Stoerk led the way by administering it in violent pains of the sides and joints, in glandulous scirrhi, tumours, ulcerous tubercles of the breast, &c., to the quantity of ten to thirty grains in a dose, of an extract, the method of making which he describes." The narcoticic principle of this plant is declared by Mr. Brandes to be a vegetable alkali which he has named *Aconita*. Powerful as this poison is, and fatal as it has proved to many persons, the plant from its showy appearance will doubtless continue to be grown in our gardens, and the only thing we can do is to warn children and others to avoid chewing its leaves or flowers. There are many other plants in the same natural family that possess active poisonous properties, such as the various species of crow-foot or butter-cup; the *Caltha palutris*, or marsh-marigold, the wood-anemone, the traveller's joy (*Clematis vitalba*), the lark-spur, &c. - Besides these, we have many others growing wild in our woods and meadows, such as the dog-mercury (*Mercurialis perennis*), the white poppy (*Papaver somniferum*), the capsule or seed-vessel of which furnishes opium; together with many kinds of fungus, which space will not allow me even to name.

In conclusion, I must say that in my opinion much mischief results from the ignorance of persons calling themselves herb-doctors, administering and selling preparations of these plants, of which they generally know little or nothing. For the most part, these gentry are generally quacks and ignorant pretenders: and no sensible man would have anything to do with them. When we are sick, it is far better to place ourselves in the hands of some medical man in whom we have confidence, and who has had every opportunity of becoming acquainted not only with the healing properties of plants and minerals, but with the human constitution also, than to endanger our lives by swallowing the nostrums of any empiric whatever.

IRELAND AND HER GREAT MEN.—With Burke and Berkeley, in philosophy; with Swift and Maginn, in humour; with Goldsmith, in poetry; with Sheridan and Flood, in eloquence; with Farquhar and Congreve, in comic drama; with Knowles and Sheil, in tragedy; with Hogan, M'Dowell, and Kirk, in sculpture; with Barry, Maclise, and Danby, in painting; and last of all, with Wellington, in war, and Wellesley in the council and in scholarship, what country in the world can produce a brighter galaxy than this? And illustrated as Ireland has been by the birth of such men, how vile, and base, are those jealousies which keep Irishmen in disunion and in weakness, and which, urging on brother against brother, have made her name a bye word and a mockery among the people of the earth, and herself the weeping Niobe of nations. For behold how infamously we treat all our illustrious men! Has Swift a statue? Has Flood a column? Has Goldsmith a bust? Has Sheridan a picture, or Burke a shrine, or Maginn a cenotaph, or Barry a niche? I could weep for the degradation we have sunk into, and the hopeless monamania in which we now labour, when we raise altars and busts to dogfaced demagogues of nine-and-twenty, while Knowles is struggling for life, and all our men of intellect are exiled in other lands?—*Dublin University Magazine for May.*

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SKETCHES FROM A PAINTER'S STUDIO.*

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

A broad stream, smooth with deep-grassed fields,
Through rushy turnings winding slow—
A dam where stirless waters sleep
Till shot on the mossed wheel below—
A dusty mill whose shadows fall
On the stayed waters, white o'er all.

A vine-climbed cottage redly-tiled,
Deep-nooked within an orchard's green,
Past which a white road winds away
That hedgerow elms from summer screen—
A busy wheel's near sound that tells
Within the thriving miller dwells.

A cottage parlour neatly gay
With little comforts brightened round
Where simple ornaments that speak
Of more than country taste abound,
Where bookcase and piano well
Of more than village polish tell.

A bluff blunt miller, well to do,
Of broad loud laugh—not hard to please—
A kindly housewife keen and sage
And busy as her very bees—
A bright-eyed daughter—mirth and health—
Their pride—their wealth above all wealth.

A tripping fair light hearted girl
Not yet the ripened woman quite,
Whose cheerful mirth and thoughtful love
Light up the cottage with delight;
And with a thousand gentle ways
With pleasure brim her parents' days.

A titled slip of lordly blood,
A few weeks' lounger at the Hall,
To gain new zest for palled delights
And squandered waste of health recall—
An angler in the milldam's water—
A chatter with the miller's daughter.

A meeting 'neath a summer's night—
Soft smiles—low words—impassioned sighs—
The trembling clasp of meeting hands—
The hot gaze met with downcast eyes—
Foul perjuries that pollute the air
With burning hopes and doubts heard there.

* These verses appeared in *Jerrold's Magazine*, for January; but the Author sent them to us before they appeared in that Journal. We insert them for their picturesque beauty and truth.

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A thin pale face where Autumn sees
No more the smiles that lit the Spring—
A foot less light upon the stair—
A low voice heard no more to sing—
One now that lost to all things sits,
Now starts to overmirth by fits

Dear tongues that ask a gasping girl
Of what to utter were to kill—
Looks that she feels upon her fixed—
Eyes that with tears pursue her still—
Care in the old accustomed place
Of mirth upon her father's face.

A dark, small whitely curtained room—
A form flung on the unopened bed—
Quick sobs that quiver through the gloom—
Tears rained from hot eyes swoln and red—
And words that through their wild despair
Still strive to shape themselves to prayer.

A winter midnight's starry gloom—
A pausing tread so light that steals
Across the landing—down the stairs
That scarce a creak a step reveals—
A stifled sob—a bolt undrawn—
A form—low words—a daughter gone.

A fresh-turfed narrow hoop-bound grave
Hesping a country churchyard's green,
On whose white headstone newly carved
The mill's old master's name is seen—
The wayside mill's that bears no more
The well-known name so long it bore.

A stooping woman scarcely old
Yet with the feeble walk of age,
The dull faint sense of whose blank mind
No thing around her can engage;
Yet, who when into speech beguiled
Will mutter of some absent child.

A costly-furnished west-end room,
Whose mirrors—pictures—all things show—
A stintless and abounding wealth,
An easeful luxury few can know—
A flaunting thing its glare within,
A thing of shame, remorse and sin.

A noise of quarrel—keen reproach
Fronted with taunt—loud oath and curse
Heaped out with such vile store of scorn
As hate in vain might seek for worse—
Meek pleadings stricken to a close
With, shame to manhood, cruel blows.

A thing that once was woman, white,
Thin—haggard—holloweyed and wan—
A horror that the shuddering eye
Starts back aghast from resting on,
Whose only joy now left is drink
Whose fire burns out the power to think.

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A bridge all winter—keen with gusts
On whose cold pathways lies the night—
Stony and desolate and dark
Save round the gaslamps' flickering light,
And swept by drifts of icy sleet
That numb each houseless wretch they meet.

A wintry river broad and black
That through dark arches slides along,
Ringed where the gaslights on it play
With coiling eddies whirling strong,
That far below the dizzy height
Of the dark bridge swim through the night.

A crouching form that through the gloom
Paces its stones a hundred times,
That pausing— glancing keenly round,
The dark high balustrade upclimbs—
A plunge—a shriek—from all its woes
A weary soul hath calm repose.

A long bright suit of stately rooms
Where to soft music's changeful swell
Keeps time the beat of falling feet
And all things but of pleasure tell,
Where partner gay of noblest hands
The suicide's forsaker stands.

Osborne Place, Blackheath. W. C. BENNETT.

DIFFERENCE AND AGREEMENT.

It was Sunday morning: the bells were ringing for church, and the streets were filled with people moving in all directions. Here numbers of well-dressed persons, and a long train of charity children were thronging in at the wide doors of a large handsome church. There, a smaller number, almost equally gay in dress, were entering an elegant meeting-house. Up one alley, a Roman Catholic congregation was turning into its retired chapel, every one crossing himself with a finger dipped in holy water, as he went in. The opposite side of the street was covered with a train of Quakers, distinguished by their plain and neat attire and sedate aspect, who walked without ceremony into a room as plain as themselves, and there took their seats; the men on one side and the women on the other, in silence. A spacious building was filled with an overflowing crowd of Methodists, most of them meanly habited, but decent and serious in demeanour; while a small society of Baptists, in the neighbourhood, quietly occupied their humble place of assembly. Presently the different services began. The Church resounded with the solemn organ, and with the indistinct murmur of a large body of people, following the minister in responsive prayers. From the meetings were heard the slow psalm, and the single voice of the leader of their devotions. The Roman Catholic Chapel was enlivened by strains of music, the tinkling of a small bell, and a perpetual change of service and ceremonial. A profound silence and unvarying look and posture announced the self-recollection and mental devotion of the Quakers.

Mr. Ambrose led his son, Edwin, round all these assemblies, as a spectator. Edwin viewed every thing with great attention, and was often impatient to enquire of his father the meaning of what he saw; but Mr. Ambrose would not suffer him to disturb any of the congregations even by a whisper. When they had gone through the whole, Edwin found a great number of questions to put to his father, who explained everything to him in the best manner he could.

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At length, says Edwin, "But why cannot all these people agree to go to the same place, and worship God in the same way?" "Why should they agree," replied his father, "do you not see that people differ in a thousand other things? Do they all dress alike, and eat and drink alike, and keep the same hours, and use the same diversions?" "Ay! but these are things in which they have right to do as they please. Is it not their own business, and concerns none but themselves?" "But has not God ordered particular ways of worshipping him?" "He has directed the mind and the spirit with which he is to be worshipped, but not the particular form and manner. This is left for every one to choose, according as it suits his temper and opinions. All these people like their own way best, and why should they leave it for the choice of another? Religion is one of the things in which mankind were made to differ!" The several congregations now began to be dismissed. and the street was again overspread with the persons of all the different sects going promiscuously to their respective homes.

It chanced that a poor man fell down in the streets in a fit of apoplexy, and lay for dead. His wife and children stood round him crying and lamenting in the bitterest distress. The beholders immediately flocked round, and, with looks and expressions of the warmest compassion, gave their help. A Churchman raised the man from the ground by lifting him under the arms, while a Dissenter held his head and wiped his face with his handkerchief. A Roman Catholic lady took out her smelling-bottle, and assiduously applied it to his nose. A Methodist ran for a doctor; a Quaker supported and comforted the woman; and a Baptist took care of the children. Edwin and his father were among the spectators. "Here is a thing," said Mr. Ambrose, "in which mankind were made to agree!"

THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF LEIGH HUNT.

TO LEIGH HUNT.

"Spring flowers—spring flowers,"—all April's in the cry—
Not the dim April of the dull gray street—
But she of showers and sunbursts whom we meet
On dewy fieldpaths ere the daisy's dry,
And breezy hillsides when the morning's high.
"Spring flowers, spring flowers,"—the very cry is sweet
With violets and the airs that stay the feet
The showery fragrance of the sweetbrier nigh;—
Yet all and more than in that cry is found
Rises before us with thy pleasant name,—
Leigh Hunt,—with the mild gladness of the sound
Into my close room all the country came—
Deep lanes and meadow-streams rose with the word,
And through the hush of woods the cuckoo's call I heard.—W. C. BENNETT.

Of all living English writers, there is not one towards whom there exists a more general feeling of kindliness and gratitude than Leigh Hunt. With some, this feeling amounts to something stronger, of which we have just had an instance in the following expressions used by a friend, writing from a remote part of the country. "I feel so indebted to him for many a pleasant hour and many a kind genial thought, during the last winter, that, in common gratitude (and my feeling towards him is more like affection than common gratitude), I must wish him peace and plenty." We know that this feeling is shared by many who will at once recognize the truth of our remark, should this notice happen to come under their eye. The friendly gratitude towards Leigh Hunt has arisen from the peculiar characteristics of his writings—from their sympathy and genuine cordiality—their cheerful, hopeful tone—in short, their fulness to overflowing, with that spirit which is best expressed by the beautiful but neglected old English word "Loving-kindness." We know of no writer who has done more to make hearths and homes happy by peopling them with pleasant thoughts; for he quickens us into a livelier consciousness of our blessings, and communicates to our ordinary duties, and the simple objects of our daily wayside walk, a freshness and interest which it becomes a kind of grateful duty to him to acknowledge.

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The tendency of all that Leigh Hunt has written is to *cheerfulise* existence. He reconciles us to ourselves, draws off our minds from remote visions of some future possible good, or painful remembrances of the past, and fixes our attention upon the actual blessings and privileges about us. It was once very justly remarked by some one, that the effect of his writings was to cause the flat dull surface of common life to rise into beautiful *basso relievo*. He is one of the best teachers we know of that kind of contentment and gratitude which arises from a thankful recognition of those minor joys by which all of us are more or less surrounded, and to the value of which most of us are by far too insensible. And then with what a delicate and fine touch he pierces our selfishness! In what a kindly way he convinces us of our uncharitableness, and puts to rout our self-indulgent fallacies! With what a jovial hilarity he banters us out of our moroseness, and laughs at our ill-humour, until at last we are ashamed of our weakness, and determine to be wiser and better for the future! We never rose from a few hours' perusal of any of his charming books without a sense of obligation to him for stimulating to a desire of generous activity those sympathies which habit and daily contact too often render languid and inert. Every thing that comes from his pen is refreshing, and full of good-will to all the world. A belief in good, the recognition of universal beauty, and "a brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance," will be found pervading every essay he has written. To minds disturbed, or set on edge by crosses and disappointments, we know of no more effectual soother than "a course" of Leigh Hunt. His own buoyant spirit is a fine example of the impossibility of crushing the heart of a true man, be his misfortunes and hardships ever so severe; and no man has suffered the rubs of fortune more bravely than he has done. A popular writer once spoke of him as "the grey-headed boy whose heart can never grow old." Those who are familiar with his writings will recognise the truthfulness of this remark, and remember how his perpetual youthfulness of feeling shews itself in a thousand different ways, throughout his works.

Another winning peculiarity of Leigh Hunt's writings is their frank, friendly, conversational tone—the pleasantly egotistical and almost confidential manner in which he tells us every now and then of his own private notions and sentiments—so that we begin to fancy he is addressing *ourselves* in particular, and not his readers in general. There is such an easy, fireside-way about him, that it is like talking with an old intimate friend. He runs on from one theme to another with the most sprightly exuberance—now discussing with hearty sympathy the merits of Chaucer or Spenser, or some other old poet, and pointing out to us the beauty and true meaning of a favourite passage; now bringing out the sentiment of an ancient classical story, or dwelling upon his first impressions of the *Arabian Night's Entertainments*—then, perhaps, entering into a curious speculation regarding "Persons one would wish to have seen," Shakespear, for instance, or Petrarch, or Mahomet, or Cromwell, or Sir Philip Sydney—or, in a more gossiping vein, relating some characteristic anecdote of Cowley, or Pope, or Lady Wortley Montagu, or Colly Cibber, or Mrs. Centlivre; or reporting snatches of racy court scandal from the Diary of Samuel Pepys. Then he will get into a philosophical humour, and discourse "Of the slow rise of the most rational opinions," and quote wise and stately sentences from *Lord Bacon's Essays* or *Milton's Areopagitica*. On another occasion, he comes to us when he is running over with news of the fields and the woods, and can speak of nothing but May day, and Maypoles, and the young spring-flowers. He will give an hour's description of the pleasures in the country on a fine summer morning, with open window looking out upon a bright green lawn, with the air breathing in fresh and balmy, the sun-light streaming through the foliage, and casting its chequering shadows upon the favourite books and pictures with which the parlour walls are adorned; upon the table, a few pansies freshly plucked, contrasting well with the snow-white cloth; and a bee humming about from cup to cup, seeking to partake of the honey which he himself probably assisted to furnish. At another time, perhaps, when some calamity has overtaken you, and affliction lies heavy upon a household, he comes in the guise of an old and tried friend of the family, with all a friend's privileges; and sits by your hearth, and suggests many a tender and solemn thought upon death and immortality. His manner has more than its usual kindness; his voice sounds gravely, yet there is almost cheerfulness in its tone when he says that "the best part of what you loved still re-

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mains, an indestructible possession—that although the visible form be taken away, yet that was only lent for a season, whereas the love itself is immortal, and the consciousness of it will ever abide to strengthen your faith and soothe you amid the stir and fever of life." Or, it may be that he speaks of "The Deaths of Little Children," and then he almost makes you feel as if his true friend's hand were pressing your own, as he goes on to tell you that "those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child—that the other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child; for death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence." In the rough winter time again, "when wind and rain beat dark December," he will tell you of "A Day by the Fire" which he had not long since—with all its home comforts and accompaniments—the pleasant hour before the candles are lighted—the gazing meditatively into the fire—the kettle "whispering its faint under-song," and the cheerful tea-time and bed-time spent in the free utterance of thought as it comes, with a little music perhaps, or the reading of some favourite passages to stimulate the conversational powers of the circle: while every now and then the rain rattled against the windows, and the wind howled in such a way as to make everybody think of the sea and the poor sailors, and people who have to be out of doors in such weather; and, last of all the quiet half-hour after every one had retired but himself—when all around was silent, the cares of the day gone to sleep, and the fading embers reminding him where he should be;—all these, and a thousand things else, in-doors and out of doors, in books, in nature, and in men, he talks about in a way so natural, easy, and colloquial—so marked by a pervading kindness of feeling—entering so heartily into all our tastes and thoughts, and enlisting all the while so thoroughly our sympathies, that we cannot but class him in the foremost rank of our most genial essayists, and place his writings among our choicest "parlour window-seat books," to be taken up in the brief intervals of active and social life, sure to find in them something which appeals to our most cherished tastes, and meets with our immediate appreciation.

Our space will not permit us to enter upon Leigh Hunt's intellectual characteristics. We have dwelt more upon the moral features of his writings, and hope that what we have said may induce such of our readers as are yet unacquainted with his works, to repair to them forthwith, assured that they will find in them a storehouse of delightful thoughts. They will find in them, not only all the qualities we have mentioned, but, in addition, a rich and rare fancy, much quaint and dainty humour, an exquisite perception of poetical beauty, great fulness and delicacy of thought, and at times a deep and tender pathos, which comes in every now and then like an undertone of thoughtful sadness to moderate the natural gaiety and sprightliness of his manner. Wit and scholarship show themselves everywhere in his writings. There is also observable in them a fine spirit of chivalrous gallantry, a constant assertion of the claims of the natural over the conventional, and a wide and catholic look-out upon humanity. The general spirit of the whole is eminently healthy and cheering. Cheap pleasures, blessings about our feet, all those "stray gifts of beauty and wisdom" which are scattered far and wide, and are only to be found by the loving seeker,—are the theme of Leigh Hunt's genius. He shows how true taste ever leads to true economy; for true taste, as some one beautifully observes, alway strives to produce great and good effects by small and almost unnoticed means. One might say that Hunt teaches better than any other English writer "*how to neutralise the disagreeable and make the best of what is before us.*" His own life has been one long example of the effect of a cheerful reliance upon Truth and Goodness. He has kept his mind ever open to a love of the beautiful, and he has found his reward. What Keats felt and said at twenty—"a thing of beauty is a joy for ever!" his friend still feels and believes in at thrice that age; and should a score more years of life be still in reserve for him (which it is our fervent hope may yet be vouchsafed), may he even then, in his honoured old age, be found at his task, diffusing happy thoughts among our children's children, and inculcating to the last, what he has for nearly half a century been teaching so well:—

> "That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters
> That doat upon each other, friends to man,
> Living together under the same roof,
> And never can be sundered without tears."

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THE CANTING BUSY-BODY.

This specimen is of a numerous and persevering class, nearly allied to genuine hypocrites. It has not been determined whether the masculine or feminine gender predominates, but it is generally supposed the latter is the most numerous.

The principal characteristics are as follow:—

1st. A strong disposition to sigh and groan as if in deep tribulation, while they are, in fact, as happy as their neighbours.

2nd. A constant habit of professing that they are fallen wicked creatures, who cannot be saved, though they practise all the cardinal virtues, if they *have not* faith; and that they can and will be saved, though they are loaded with sins, if they *have* faith.

3rd. A determination to convince other people that *they* ought to feel the same conviction.

4th. An opinion, that while they own their sins, and proclaim themselves the most wicked of the sons of men, they are in reality exceedingly good people.

5th. A belief that the rest of the world, whom they pretend are better than themselves, are, in fact, infinitely worse, and a strong disposition to convert them.

6th. An affected abhorrence of being happy on a Sunday, or seeing others so, and a condemnation of every species of recreation or relaxation from everything but sighing and looking miserable, while they indulge themselves in their own way to their heart's content.

7th. A total banishment of all decorum in their process of converting their fellow-creatures,—evinced by obtruding themselves upon private families, especially under the mask of assisting them, and in the most shameful appeals to the sick, whom they profess to comfort, but in truth often frighten or worry to death, having a strong objection to allowing people to die quietly.

8th. A blindness to all their marvellously great and confessed sins, and an eye that can see the wickedness of others glowing in horrible colours. They despise a dealer who gives short weight or measure, while they charge things twice over themselves. They condemn card-playing, and gamble with dominoes. They abhor working on Sundays, but make their servants slaves. They forswear lying *in toto*, and deceive by shrugs, and looks, and evasions.

This class will not easily be confounded with any other of the tribe; their meddling in the more disagreeable, as it is with the affairs of the next world, affairs, by the way, which we dislike to trifle with in print, and which we only notice to put our friends upon their guard.

They attack the infant as soon as it can lisp—teach it to speak the most sacred names without knowing their import—cry up the babe as a prodigy of piety before the elect people of their order—dress up the miracle for their magazine, and thus publish to the world the simplest occurrences as instances of Divine interference.

They attack the growing youth, and especially if in delicate health; prey upon his nerves and spirits by horrible pictures of a future world, and work the little victim into a proper tone of mind, as they call it, for *their* purpose, and then mould the conversation, the manner, and the conduct of the half-idiot, to what shape they please, that he may finish his career in the precise mode they point out, and in fear and trembling pronounce sentences which they have crammed into his mouth, that they may hold the deluded child up to their friends as a saint.

They attack the adult under the plea of affording assistance, which they only give as the price of conformity to their will. If he be not of a right frame of mind, they point out all the objects that can make him wretched. The picture of helpless and destitute children, or aged and dependent parents, in all the states of misery which their fertile imaginations can draw, will affect the stoutest heart; and when they have accomplished the first step of making him unhappy, they commence doling out the comfort, and this they call charity.

They attack the aged on his death-bed, and if they find him approaching the close of life with a placid smile of conscious rectitude, with the belief that he has fought

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the good fight, and is about to rest from his labours, that he has set his house in order, and waits with patience the coming of the guest, they rush to the onset with an appetite for mischief of which a fiend might feel ashamed; they break through the calm reflection of the dying man, by calling his attention to things around him; they disturb his communion with his Maker by indecent appeals to his past actions; they ruffle the peaceful disposition of his soul by affected prayers which apply not to his state; thy worry the victim on the very brink of the grave, and rob him of the precious of all Heaven's bounties, a calm and happy close to his mortal life.

This they accomplish, to a great extent, among the poorer classes, the right of plaguing whom they purchase by some paltry apology for alms-giving,—for the receipt of sixpence from their bountiful hand, gives them free admission as the directors of the household, confers the right of lecturing its inmates at all hours, and throws into their hands the power of propogating hypocrisy in its worst form, and exercising tyranny in its most malignant shape—such is a canting busy-body.

HATFIELD'S HOROSCOPE.

BY G. SMITH.

"If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Then speak to me."—*Macbeth, Act* 1, *scene iii.*

Be it understood, that I am what is generally termed a walking gentleman. Though we have every facility for expeditious travelling, I sedom avail myself of the accommodation, unless it be for a long journey.

One golden morning in the season of autumn, after a rich breakfast of Turkey coffee and a rasher of bacon, I left my dwelling on the banks of the river Tame, which winds its course through the picturesque valley of Saddleworth, skirting the busy hives of industry in the towns of Stalybridge, Ashton-under-Lyne, and Stockport, below which latter place it joins the puny Mersey, and in its onward course swells into one of the most important rivers, in a commercial point of view, which ever bore upon its bosom the products of the world.

With a strong hazel stick grasped in my hand, I wended my way to the Dukinfield Station of the Sheffield and Manchester Railway, where, after procuring a ticket, I made a few paces in front; but before I had time to survey the countenances of a few passengers for the up-train, my ears were assailed by the shrill tones of the steam whistle. One of the gentlemen, with whom I had some slight acquaintance, seemed rather astonished at my refusing the soft easy cushions of a first-class carriage, or the comfortable accommodation of a second, but this was more in accordance with my taste, for I preferred a third, because I did not wish one particle of the beautiful scenery on the line to escape my notice.

About fifteen minutes brought us to the splendid viaduct over the river Ethro, and about twenty-five to that stupendous one over Dinting Vale, which is, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of railway construction; but the description of which I will leave to the more able pen of Quintus Hortensius.* Onward we flew between a long range of hills, which divide the counties of Chester and Derby.

About a mile from Woodhead is a place known by the name of Croden-brook, where, in the midst of an isolated spot of green earth, overlooked by the wild mountains of Longdendale, stands an ancient building, which is the birth-place of John Hatfield, a man who figured in the gay circles of dissipated society in the latter part of the eighteenth century, whose father was a respectable gentleman, and owner of the freehold estate on which he lived. That estate is now in the possession of an amiable brother of the hero of this brief sketch.

Mr. Hatfield having chosen from the neighbouring gentry a suitable partner to share the weal and woe of a matrimonial life, and to superintend the domestic affairs

* Author of "Railway Rambles."

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of his rural domicile, naturally looked forward with much anxiety to the time when his good lady should present him with a son and heir to the Croden estate. "A consummation so devoutly to be wished" was at length realized, and the good old nurse presented him with a chubby boy of more than ordinary dimensions.

We shall pass over his years of infancy, until we find him a restless boy, of daring habits and cunning propensities, climbing the mountain heights, and overhanging rocks, to the great terror of those who watched his father's flocks.

At an early period of life he became acquainted with every mountain pass in that romantic locality. Being placed in a celebrated academy, he made the acquaintance of a number of young gentlemen nearly allied to some of the first families in the neighbouring counties, all of whom flattered and admired him; and, as may naturally be supposed, he soon became the leader in all the juvenile sports which appertain to an academy of young gentlemen. In fact, his ambition would not permit him to play a minor part. His school vacations were frequently filled up by visiting his schoolfellows in various towns, which created a distaste for the monotony of a country life; and, as he often expressed himself to his companions, there was nothing to be seen or heard at Croden, but the bleak hills, the bleating of sheep, the croaking of ravens, the murmuring of waters, and the soughing of winds.

It was well-known that Hatfield, when young, paid several visits to an astrologer, of the name of Robinson, who resided at a place called Brushes, a lonely and sequestered spot, skirting the estate of Robert de Hollingworth, Esq., about eight miles distant from Croden. The story of his first visit to the astrologer, which was related to me during my railway ramble, is very remarkable. Without being responsible for its truth in every particular, I will give its various incidents in the same order, and in nearly the same words in which I heard them narrated. The story is as follows:

"During one Christmas vacation which he spent with his affectionate parents, he formed a resolution to make a nocturnal excursion across the dreary mountains. Unknown to the inmates of his dwelling, he threw his dark roquelaure over his young shoulders, and sallied forth.

"The bright full moon, unclouded, peered above the Alpine heights, as he wended up the mountain path in a northwardly direction. Fired with ambition, and a desire to know his future destiny, he pursued his midnight pilgrimage with alacrity, ascending and descending as the nature of the road would permit. Sometimes plunging into deep defiles, he was almost hid by the tall fern, which the mildness of the season had not entirely levelled with the earth; then winding round the loose fragments of rock, where the wandering sheep had trodden the brown heather, and formed narrow tracks for the succeeding generations of their own species, the white foam of the mountain torrent caught his eye, as the refulgent light of the moon fell upon the rushing waters, which tumbled over the projecting rocks in deafening cascades, until tranquilized by their social intercourse with the waters of the level plain below.

"Having passed the stream at a place with which he was well acquainted, and ascended the rugged steep on the opposite bank, his spirits began to flag, for it forcibly reminded him of the circumstance of an old shepherd who had perished here, while faithfully attending to his pastoral duties. Anon he stumbled upon a brace of moorfowl, which were cooped beneath the thick heather of the mountain slope.

"The sudden fall of his person, and the noise of the birds when whirring into the deep declivity, created a peculiar sensation, from which he did not recover until he had attained the summit, where he seated himself to contemplate his intended visit to the secluded soothsayer. He gazed upon the starry heavens, and fancied he could read his destiny in the brilliant firmament, which was thickly studded with the most beautiful gems. A fiery meteor flew athwart the sky; but its short lived beauty was soon obscured by the altitude of a neighbouring mountain. At that moment the bark of a solitary watch-dog was heard from the valley, when an audacious fox crossed his path in search of prey; but fortunately the sheep had been folded.

"With more courage than might naturally be expected, he traversed the wild heath, which was beautifully primed over, by the Great Artist of Nature, with a slight fall of snow, from which the brilliant effect of the congealing power of a keen atmosphere in an elevated situation reflected myriads of spangles upon the crispy heath. The crackling of the snow beneath his feet, and the varying sound of the distant waters,

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were all that could be heard, until he reached the declivity on the opposite side of the vast range of mountains between Woodhead and the township of Staley, when the thrilling sound of a dog that bayed the moon, ascended from the bosom of the deep valley.

"A long winding path, sheltered by two bleak hills, between which rolls a mountain stream, led him to a small patch of cultivated land. Here he paused beneath a spreading oak, which still throws its aged arms over a frail plank, surmounted by a hand-rail to prevent the passengers falling into the stream, which rolls its current into the winding Tame.

"At the top of a green meadow, beneath the towering head of Haridge, he beheld the secluded cottage of Robinson, the astrologer of Brushes, surrounded by stunted oak, Scotch firs, and mountain ash. The beams of the moon being still visible over the top of the opposite hill, reflected with peculiar beauty the narrow windows of the Recluse. With more firmness than is natural to youth, he approached the place of his destination, just as the clock of a distant tower tolled one. The barking of a snarling cur awoke the astrologer, who, peering his venerable head through a narrow casement, beneath the projecting eaves, beheald a youth of more than ordinary appearance standing below. The youth, on entering the house, which was faintly lighted by a dim lamp standing on an oaken table, beheld a tall figure, with a loose garment thrown over his person, and bearing in his right hand a scroll of parchment, with which he betokened the young stranger to be seated. His gown, which was made of blue serge, gave him the appearance of a very tall figure. His fine white locks, flowing gracefully over his shoulders,—his noble elongated face and deep penetrating eyes, ornamented with long grey lashes, darting powerfully at the audacious youth, relaxed for a moment or two the ardour of his pursuits. Having taken his seat on a low wooden settle, the grave soothsayer enquired the nature of his visit at so unusual a season of the night.

"'I am,' said he, 'a youth of some expectations,' at the same time bowing with profound respect,—'but the idea of a country life suits not the tastes of one who pants for other scenes; and I come to ——'

"'I understand you,' said the astrologer. At that moment the figure of a thin, lank female presented itself between two strong posts of an old, worm-eaten door, which opened on one side of the room. This was his wife, whom he silently motioned to retire to her chamber.

"The door, which was closed by the fall of a long wooden latch, could at any time be opened by inserting the finger through a round hole, or by pulling the string which hung inside the room where young Hatfield sat. Notwithstanding the injunction which had been laid upon her, the youth fancied he could see the pupil of her keen eye glisten through the latch-hole of the closed door, which forcibly recalled to his mind the injudicious act of our first parent, whose curiosity could not resist the strong temptation to satisfy its powerful propensity.

"Mr. Robinson beheld the heaving of his breast, and the slight agitation of his beautiful countenance, with much interest, (for he had already conjectured the name and condition of his untimely visitor), and questioned him much on the subject of his birth. He then opened the door, and led him to a little mound of earth, which was overshadowed by the expanding branches of an aged oak, which had stood 'the pelting of the pitiless storm' ever since the days of the Reformation. The stillness of the night, the crowing of the cock, and the lowing of a solitary cow in a low thatched shed hard by, caused an involuntary shudder, and especially when he gazed on the tall figure of the astrologer, with his white locks waving in the midnight breeze, like those of the pilgrims in days gone by.

"The little mound beneath the tree had long been consecrated to the science of star-gazing; for it commanded a peculiar view of the heavenly bodies, being situated between two dark mountains, which rise almost perpendicularly on each side of the house, giving the constellations an enlarged and more brilliant appearance. Here he took the youth by the hand, pointed to the planet which governed his destiny, shook his hoary locks, and returned again into the gloomy apartment, where the flickering lamp had almost wasted its vital energies.

"He followed the astrologer into the dark recess, or small closet, where upon a dusty shelf was placed a grim, eyeless skull of a malefactor, upon which the astrologer

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placed his long bony fingers. The frontal portion of the skull being rather low, indicated that it had never been the seat of benevolence.

"'The fate of this wretched man, I am afraid, will be thine,' said the astrologer; 'thy predominating passion was his; the same ill-fated star which presided at his birth, presided at thine, and, like him, thou wilt have thy day of popularity.

> But powerful Fate's resistless hand
> Will seal thy doom in Cumberland!'

"At this moment, manifest traces of agitation were visible on the countenance of Hatfield as he replaced his cloak upon his shoulders, and giving the old man a tremulous shake of the hand, he retraced his steps to the summit of the mountains, where he paused a few moments, and gazing wildly upon the bright firmament, he repeated again and again the prophetic couplet of the astrologer, which was deeply engraven on the tablet of his memory.

"With faltering step he pursued his journey over the wide waste, reflecting on the past, and speculating on the future. A hundred times he repeated the words he had just heard; and a hundred times he chided his own childish fears. One moment the skull of the malefactor appeared before him, and the next proved the delusion. Mountain upon mountain rose before him, decorated in their snowy mantles, glistening in the horizontal rays of the full moon, just about to hide her pale face behind a towering hill, far in the rear of the youthful adventurer. Undaunted he pursued his journey o'er the dreary waste. Each succeeding height he gained, until he stood upon a bold majestic rock, which overlooked his father's house, and stopping to congratulate himself upon his safe return, he beheld in the eastern sky the grey mantle of morning, floating over the wild moor, beneath whose crested summit now is the celebrated tunnel of the Sheffield and Manchester Railway.

"During the remainder of his residence at Croden, he lost no opportunity of revisiting the astrologer of Brushes, whose house may still be seen, almost buried in the deep bosom of the mountain cliff, where it is said that the words of the old man sunk into his heart, and happy would he have been had they never been uttered.

"Notwithstanding his restless spirit, and his full determination to mingle in the gay circles of fashionable life, there were some traces of attachment to his native hills; for he often lingered about the margin of the little spring which forms the source of the river Mersey. But there was a hallowed spot which ought to have been more dear to him than the barren heath over which he chased the wild martin, and brought down the gyr-falcon with his unerring gun, and that is the picturesque chapel which still overlooks the place of his birth, and forcibly reminds us of the unostentatious worshippers of other days. Here the lessons of religion and morality were ill bestowed upon his volatile mind.

"Twenty-one bright summers had scarcely passed over his head, when we find him in the north of England, anxiously endeavouring to penetrate the mysterious veil which hung over the birth and parentage of a young lady, who had been bred in the house of a respectable farmer. Many erroneous speculations were hazarded on the subject. Some whispered that she was the daughter of royalty; others, that she was a scion of the noble house of Rutland,—and so indeed she was, for she proved to be the natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners.

"No sooner did he learn the fact, than he cunningly devised means to ingratiate himself into the family of her guardian—paid his addresses to her—and obtained her consent to a matrimonial alliance. Armed with a string of apparently indisputable references, he repaired to her noble parent. His fine figure, his graceful and easy address, together with his open and unaffected manner, won the good opinion of his lordship, and he frankly gave his consent to their union.

"Finding himself possessed of a considerable sum of money, with which his lordship had presented him, he repaired with his young wife to the 'great metropolis,' where he plunged into the brilliant scenes of direful dissipation. Alas! his wife became an object of neglect; his establishment was broken up, and the interior of a jail was the result.

"After a lengthy confinement, he found a liberator in his benevolent relative, the Duke of Rutland, whose bountiful hand was more than once stretched out to the un-

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worthy devotee of metropolitan allurements; but again his swindling propensities brought him within the same gloomy walls, where it is said the horoscope pronunciation of Robinson flashed across his half-bewildered mind, and that he sometimes believed in the fatal result.

"After a long confinement for a species of extravagance and falsehood almost unparalleled, during which time his first wife died, leaving three daughters to depend on the precarious charity of her relations, he was waited upon by a respectable lady from Devonshire, who at once discharged his obligations, and in return led her to the Hymenal altar. By this engagement he was enabled to commence a mercantile speculation, and had the audacity to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Queensborough in Parliament; but his parliamentary, as well as his mercantile speculation, ended as might be expected, for he never went to the poll; and the property of his amiable wife was soon wasted, for he again plunged himself into the noisy frivolities of a London circle.

"About this time the name of the far-famed Mary Robinson, the once celebrated beauty of Buttermere, was the theme of the saloons and coffee-houses of London, of which Hatfield was at that time a frequenter. Fired with the description of Mary Robinson, which was given by a lake tourist, he posted off for Cumberland, leaving his wife and two infant children at Tiverton; when at every stage, we may suppose, the object of his villany presented herself to his imagination, and was invariably succeeded by the image of Robinson, the astrologer, whose remarkable prognosticating couplet was still remembered, and oft repeated during his journey on the great north road.

"One delightful evening, when the last rays of the sun were departing from the 'classic village' of Keswick, and the curious in the science of gossip had just assembled in front of the principal inn, to make a reciprocal exchange of their garrulous commodities, a splendid carriage drove rapidly to the door of the 'Queen's Head.' 'Who can this be?' was the general enquiry. The next moment stood before them as fine a figure of the military cast as ever graced his Majesty's service. Immediately the whole machinery of the inn was put into requisition, and the stranger was received with a hearty welcome by the host and hostess. Hatfield presented his card, which bore the address of 'The Honourable Alexander Augustus Hope,' at the same time representing himself as brother to the Earl of Hopetown, M.P. for Linlithgow, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment of Foot.

"The next morning found him upon the smooth surface of the lake of Buttermere, plying his light oars near the little inn, which was kept by the aged father of Mary, who soon perceived the frail bark of the 'illustrious stranger' skimming swiftly beneath the overhanging foilage on the margin of the lake. A few more circles on the gentle ripples—the light sunny breeze scarcely disturbing the tranquility of the waters—brought him to the house, and into the presence of her whose name ought never to have been known beyond the precincts of her own romantic locality.

"The bold and manly figure of Colonel Hope, and his gentle and insinuating manner, soon won the affections of the unsuspecting beauty, but all his arts of seduction proved ineffectual, and he was publicly married at the parish church of Lorton, on the 2nd of October, 1802. Colonel Hope, for such he was supposed to be, immediately left the lakes, accompanied by his bride, and returned again in about a fortnight. His finances being low, and being delicately pressed by the landlord of the 'Queen's Head,' for a settlement of his account, he drew a draught, or bill of exchange, on Mr. Crump of Liverpool, payable to Mr. Wood of Keswick, for which he was apprehended, put upon his trial, found guilty of forgery, and executed at the city of Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, on the 23rd of September, 1803, a few years after the death of Robinson, the astrologer, whose remains lie beneath a white marble slab in the interior of the Parish Church of Ashton-under-Lyne."

NOTE.—It is stated in the *Newgate Calendar* that Hatfield's birth-place was Mottram, which is not correct. It was Croden Brook, near Woodhead. It is also inaccurate respecting the circumstances of his family. His father was a respectable yeoman, and resided upon his own estate.

Dukinfield.

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SONG.

I am not now what once I was,
The careless and the free;
There is not now a fairy charm,
In all I hear and see.
Each rising morn brings some new pain,
My cup of gall to fill;
But I will smile at every grief,
If thou wilt love me still.

I hear not now in hall or bower,
The lovesome lays of yore;
The banquet and the ball invite—
I mingle there no more.
The world's a cold and dreary waste.
Where winds are whispering ill;
But I will bravely meet its frown,
If thou wilt love me still.

Leeds. J. Bradshawe Walker.

SONNET.

When Fortune round thee sheds her dazzling rays,
And in the glitter every aspect glows
With Friendship's tender smile, and smoothly flows,
From honey'd tongues, the dulcet stream of praise;
When suppliant minions watch thy meaning gaze,
T' anticipate thy wish, or ere it grows
To full expression; when thy thoughts repose
On Pleasure's bosom, and thy future days
To Fancy rise, in present rapture drest;
Beware! at once thy fond affections wrest
From Fortune's baseless goods. She spreads her wings—
She flies—and then, though fettered to thy breast,
Away with her, her whole retinue springs,
And nought with thee remains except her stings.

John Evans.

THE COMMISSION.

In realms no mortal eyes discover,
Where the bright wings of angels hover,
Where flaming seraphim pass o'er
Heaven's echoless eternal floor;
Where cherubs on white pinions soaring
Poise, amidst music's deep outpouring;
There Deity engarb'd in light,
Saw, 'neath the everlasting height,
Earth panting into form and life
In morn's young arms, with beauty rife.
He gazed, and swiftly through the skies
Glanced forth *commission* from his eyes;

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And at his throne a radiant band
Came like the lightning of command.
There was Religion, with her eye
Kept ceaseless on the Deity;
And Hope, who midst the wide adoring,
Could scarcely keep her wings from soaring!
Intrepid Truth, with dauntless air,
Uncovered brow, and bosom bare;
Beauty, whose amber locks were shining
On wavy plumes of silver lining;
Poetry, whose rapt and ardent gaze
Was fixed on the Eternal's blaze;
Sweet Purity, whose snow-white pinion
Stirr'd the young winds of Heaven's dominion;
Peace, with her long dark lashes curling,—
Her quiet, azure eyes half furling;
And Wealth, whose golden plumes were brightening,
And glancing through the heavens their lightning.
"Go!" said the Deity, "and fly
To yonder world in nether sky:
Give laws—direct great Nature's plan.
And make a Paradise for man!"
He spake—and like the beams of light
Descending the aerial height,
They clave the vast abyss of space,
And made the Earth their resting place.
Here did they dwell,—oh, was not bliss
Made perfect by a band like this?
Say, did not joy, the angel's minion,
Give to each hour a golden pinion?
Alas! the Eternal from His seat
Saw human bliss still incomplete.
What could it be midst all so fair?
Oh! surely *Love* was wanting there;
Therefore, a paradise to crown,
The winged cherubim came down,
And to this lone dark hour he is
Our bow of hope! our dream of bliss!

Yeovil, Somerset. CHARLOTTE CAYME.

ESSAY ON JUSTICE.

BY JOHN EVANS.

AMONG the many questions discussed from time to time, without any progress towards a decision, may be numbered the preference of one virtue beyond another. This has furnished an useless subject of dispute to men whose leisure has sent them into the intellectual world in search of employment; and who, perhaps, may be sometimes even drawn aside from the practice of their favourite duty, by their zeal for its advancement. The intricacy of such disputes furnishes an obvious inference as to the tenderness manifested by Providence for mankind, in making attainments easy in proportion to their utility. That all the obligations of morality ought to be practised is discovered without difficulty; because ignorance and uncertainty would immediately involve the world in confusion and distress: but which obligation ought to be the most esteemed, may continue to be debated without any inconvenience, provided they are all diligently performed as occasion requires or opportunity offers. The happiness of mankind depends more upon practice than opinion; and controversies, merely speculative, are of

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minor importance in themselves, however they may sometimes heat the disputant or provoke a party.

The measure of Justice prescribed to us in our transactions with others, is remarkably clear and comprehensive: "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do so unto them." A law by which every claim of right may be adjusted, as far as the private conscience requires to be informed—a law, of which every man may find the exposition in his own breast—and which may always be observed without any other qualifications than honesty of purpose and purity of will. Some of the sons of sophistry have, indeed, been subtle enough to observe this law in a mist, that has darkened their own sight. They have enquired whether a man, conscious to himself of unreasonable wishes, be bound to gratify them in another? But, surely, there needs no lengthy deliberation to conclude that the desires which are to be considered by us as the measure of right, must be such as we approve; that we ought to pay no regard to those inclinations in others, which we condemn in ourselves; and which, however they may intrude on our imagination, we know it our duty to resist and suppress, as deviations from the path of true rectitude. One of the most celebrated cases which has been stated, as requiring some skill in the direction of the conscience to adopt itself to this golden rule, is, that of a criminal asking mercy of his judge, who cannot but know that if he were in the circumstances of the supplicant, he should desire that pardon which he now denies. But the difficulty of this sophism vanishes, when we recollect that the parties are in reality the criminal on one side, and the whole community on the other, of which the magistrate is only the minister intrusted with the public safety. The magistrate, therefore, in pardoning a man unworthy of pardon, betrays the trust with which he is invested; gives away what is not his own, and does apparently to others, what he would not that others should do to him. Even the community, whose right is still greater to exercise arbitrary acts of mercy, is bound by those laws which regard the welfare of mankind in general, and cannot justify such forbearance as may promote wickedness, and thus lessen the general confidence in which all having an equal interest are therefore equally under the obligation to maintain. For this reason even a state has no right to erect a general sanctuary for fugitives, or to give protection to those who forfeit life by crimes against the laws of common morality, equally acknowledged by all nations; and which all nations are therefore interested to support by the punishment of refractory individuals.

One occasion of uncertainty and hesitation in those by whom this great rule has been commented on, is the distinction of casuists between debts of justice and debts of charity. The immediate and primary intention of this precept is to establish a rule of justice; and it is presumed that neither invention nor sophistry can start a difficulty to retard its operation, when it is thus expressed and explained: "Let every man allow the claim of right in another, which he should think himself entitled to in the like circumstances." But in all inquiries into the practice of voluntary and occasional virtues, it is safest to determine against our own inclinations, and secure ourselves from deficiency by doing more than we believe strictly necessary. Every man may be certain, that, were he to exchance conditions with his dependant, he would expect more, than with the utmost exertion of his ardor he will now prevail upon himself to perform; and when reason has no settled rule, and our passions strive to mislead us, it is surely the part of a wise man to err on the side of safety.

Were the human species so formed by Nature, as that each individual possessed within himself every faculty necessary for his own preservation, and for the propagation of his own kind; were the necessity of all intercourse between man and man cut off, by the primary intention of the Supreme Creator, it seems evident, that so independent and solitary a being would be as incapable of justice, as of social conversation. Where mutual regards and forbearance serve to no purpose, they would never direct the conduct of any reasonable man. The headstrong course of the passions would be checked by no reflection on future consequences. As each man, in this case, is supposed to love himself alone, and to depend solely on himself and his own actions, for safety and happiness; he would on every occasion, to the full extent of his power, challenge the preference before every other being, to none of which he would be bound by any other ties, either of Nature or of interest. But suppose the conjunction of the sexes to be established in Nature, a family immediately arises; and particular rules

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being found necessary for its subsistence, these are immediately embraced; though without comprehending the rest of mankind within their prescriptions. Suppose several families to unite together in one society, totally unconnected with all others, the rules which preserve peace and order, enlarge themselves to the utmost extent of that society; but bring them entirely useless, they lose their force when carried one step farther. Suppose once more, that several district societies maintain a kind of intercourse for mutual convenience and advantage; the boundaries of justice still grow larger in proportion to the force of mutual connexions. History, experience, and reason, sufficiently instruct us in this natural progress of human sentiments, and in the gradual obligations of justice, in proportion as we become acquainted with the extensive utility of that virtue. The happiness and prosperity of mankind, arising from the social virtue of benevolence and its subdivisions, may be compared to a wall built by many hands, which still rises by every stone heaped upon it, and receives increase proportionable to the diligence and care of each workman. The same happiness raised by the social virtue of justice and its subdivisions, may be compared to the building of a vault, where each individual stone of itself would fall to the ground; nor does the whole fabric support itself but by the mutual assistance and combination of its corresponding parts.

All the laws of nature which regulate property, as well as civil laws, are general, and regard alone some essential circumstances of every case, without taking into consideration the characters, situations, and connexions of the persons concerned, or particular consequences that may result from the determinations. They deprive without scruple, a beneficent man of his possessions if acquired by mistake, without a good title, in order to bestow them on a selfish miser, who has already congregated immense stores of superfluous riches! Public utility requires that property should be regulated by general inflexible rules, which will not bend to particular circumstances; and though such rules are adopted as best serve the end of public utility, it is impossible always to prevent particular hardships, or to make beneficial consequences to result from every particular case. It is sufficient if the whole scheme of justice be necessary to the support of civil society; and if the balance of good, in the main, preponderate much beyond that of evil. Even the general laws of the universe, though planned by infinite wisdom, cannot exclude all evil or inconvenience, in every particular operation.

If from the regulations of property by distributive justice, we turn our eyes to penal justice which punishes the violators of it by force or fraud; the view will not be altogether so pleasing. A slight perusal of our laws will discover so many disproportions between crimes and punishments, such capricious distinctions of guilt, such confusion of remissness and severity, as can scarcely be believed to result from public wisdom, calmly and sincerely studious of public happiness. Thus the practice was, a very few years since, when any particular species of robbery became prevalent, to attempt its suppression by capital denunciations. Hence one generation of malefactors were cut off, and their successors were only frightened into new expedients; the art of thieving was augmented with greater variety of fraud, and subtilized to higher degrees of dexterity, and more occult methods of conveyance. The law then appeared to renew the pursuit in the heat of anger, and overtook the offenders again with DEATH! By this practice, capital punishments were multiplied; and crimes, very different in their enormity, were equally subjected to the severest punishment that one man has the power of inflicting on another. The law-giver is, undoubtedly, allowed to estimate the malignity of an offence, not merely by the loss or pain which single acts may produce, but by the general alarm and anxiety arising from the fear of mischief and insecurity of possession; he, therefore exercises the right which societies are supposed to have over the lives of those who compose them, not simply to punish a transgression, but to maintain order and preserve peace. He enforces those laws with severity, that are most in danger of violation; as the commander of a garrison doubles the guard on that side threatened by the enemy.

The gibbet, however, certainly disabled those who died on it from infesting the community any longer; but their deaths did not contribute more to the reformation of their associates than any other mode of separation. A thief seldom passes much time in reflection; but from robbery hastens to riot, and from riot to robbery; nor when the grave closed upon his companion, would he have any other care than to find

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another. Paradoxical as it may appear to insist on strictly enforcing laws, after arraigning their indiscriminate severity, it may be added, in conclusion, that whenever laws appear injudicious, that is a sufficient reason for their modification; but until such alterations take place, and while they continue laws, they ought to be duly enforced. "Habitual dispensations" only weaken the reverence due to law, in general, expose the authority of civil magistrates to contempt, render the objects of misapplied mercy more audacious, and, of consequence, the public peace more liable to violation.

ON THE MEANS OF PROMOTING UNITY AND LOVE AMONG SHEPHERDS.

Nothing is more congenial to our feelings—nothing more honourable and praiseworthy—nothing more pleasant to behold, than a just observance and practice of the noble and elevated principle of Charity and good-will. Each man should look upon his fellow-man as a brother, feeling interested in his welfare, and labouring to promote his prosperity, considering him entitled to the same privileges, and destined to similar enjoyments with himself. But it is not only pleasant to behold; but it is our duty to labour to bring about such a desirable state of things. This is a point which has been too much, if not altogether neglected, even among Shepherds. Happy would it be if every man considered his responsibility, and the obligation he owes to society; if he would employ his energies, both of body and mind, to promote the welfare of his neighbour, and especially of his brethren. It is a fact, which cannot be denied even among Shepherds, that we have looked too much to our own interests, and too little to the interests of others.

The first thing to be done in order to accomplish this noble object, is, that each man begin to act uprightly. Injustice and dishonesty would be looked upon with abhorrence. I do not aver that any brother of the Ancient Shepherds is guilty of such things—far be it from me to insinuate any thing of the kind, without foundation, however we may be connected in business or other worldly matters. If we do not allow to each other what is just and due, we violate the principle of uprightness; for what belongs to another is not our own, and we have no right to it. Henceforth let us resolve to act up to the engagement we have entered into; to put into daily and hourly practice this resolve—"that we will not wrong a brother, nor see him wronged, but at all times endeavour to warn him of approaching danger." Thereby we shall become respected in the world, affording an example to this and following generations; an example which may be imitated when we are mouldering in the grave.

In order to carry out this resolution, we must repress this spirit of selfishness which so frequently destroys the better feelings of our nature, and curtails our benevolent actions. Selfishness is a monster; a beast of prey, ever on the look out for its own gains, heedless of the rights of others. I grant that it is a man's duty to look out for himself in a right way; but it is *not* a man's duty to trespass on the rights of another. Selfishness pays little or no regard to the principle of equity; that golden law which Christ has given for the government of our actions is slighted and neglected; that law which says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." It is a duty binding upon all to love their neighbour as themselves. If this principle was universally acted upon, selfishness would be destroyed, and mankind would be happy; each man would behold in his fellow-man a brother and a friend. Then, as we know it to be our duty let us not wait of others shewing us the example, but come fairly out and show our colours; stand forth in the noble and honourable enterprize, so that the name of Shepherd, and the Order be respected.

Again, a diligent attendance on the Lodge and Lecture-nights is necessary towards this end. How frequently does it happen that those who attend least, find fault with those who do—those who regularly attend to make or administer laws for the government of the society. But because these laws affect them, they say they are too strict, or that they were passed illegally. Such painful reflections are cast upon those whose hearts and souls are in the cause; who sacrifice the comforts of their fireside for the

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good of the Order. I allow every man to think for himself, as well as to express his thoughts; but a one-sided judgment does not consider the objections of an opposite party. But when a number of individuals are together, a question is examined and passed according to the strongest and clearest evidence. Therefore, let us guard against evil speaking, nor cast reflections without cause. Be it remembered, that each and every one has a voice, and can express his dissatisfaction if need be. Let all of us attend as often as we can, and take a part in the business, so that we may have a thorough knowledge thereof.

In future, let duty to ourselves, as well as our neighbours, stimulate us to a diligent promotion of our present and future welfare, and the welfare of those in connection with us. If we espouse a cause, let us honour it by obeying its laws and sharing its privileges. Let us act from principle and conviction, and at all times labour to advance the individual and general good of the order.

Brighouse. JONAS CLAYTON, P.M.

AN ANNIVERSARY SONG.

This day we Ancient Shepherds meet,
Our annual feast to hold;
And to renew our union sweet,
As Shepherds did of old.

The ancient patriarchs of old
Were Shepherds of great fame;
And mighty kings and heroes bold
All gloried in the name.

Great David, Israel's mighty king—
High heaven's peculiar joy,
Who to the holy harp did sing,
Was once a Shepherd boy.

To favoured Shepherds, from the sky
The choirs of angels bring
The joyful tidings from on high
Of Christ, our Lord and King.

Led by a bright especial star,
These eastern sages meet,
With purest incense brought from far,
To worship at his feet.

Like these good Shepherds let us bring,
As we pursue our call,
Heart's incense to this heavenly King—
Great Shepherd of us all.

Thus while we live may we on earth
Our friendly union hold,
Till waking into holier birth
We enter in the fold.

Droylsden. J. BOWKER.

SHEPHERDRY IN LEEDS.

An excellent sermon (of which we have received a copy), was preached in the Parish Church, Leeds, on Sunday, June 6th, 1847, before the members of the Leeds District of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, in aid of the funds of the Leeds Public Dis-

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pensary, by the Rev. George Hills, M.A., Lecturer of the Parish Church, and Incumbent of St. Mary's, Leeds. We give a brief extract:

"This day, brethren, you desire to show the reality of your faith; to testify your observance of the highest duties of the gospel of Jesus. This day you come to offer at God's altar your contribution to the poor and destitute. You set an example yourselves, and you call others to join you in aiding to strengthen the diseased, to heal that which is sick—to bind up that which is broken. And this is, indeed, a blessed work, and in no better channel can your contributions pass to the poor and destitute, than through the Dispensary of this town; for, as all know, this institution is the means of doing, by the blessing of God, an immense amount of good. At this time, especially, are the labours of its officers heavy indeed. But let this very urgent need, while it induces us to enlarge our contribution, lead us also seriously to reflect upon the awful mortality around, and not smile and seem secure while the weapons of death are flying so thickly about us; let us take heed to our own ways and escape from the wrath to come. In that great day, when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, how much will turn upon these works of mercy! Not that our works can save us; it is of the free-gift and mercy of the Blessed One who chooses to bless them when done in His faith, through Him and unto Him. Let us give, as members of Him, to His poor members, sympathizing with them when they suffer—bearing their affliction and the burden of their sorrows with them, that when *one member suffers all the members suffer with it.*

"What more shall be said to urge you this day, brethren, to do according to your might. I might picture to you the scenes of sickness, to which this institution is the bearer of healing and joy. I might bid you behold yon emaciated patient, with the forehead bedewed with the tears of affection shed forth by despairing friends; or take you to see the ravages of that fever, eating away the strength of the father of the family; or where a weeping mother clasps her convulsed infant to her breast; and where, perhaps, poverty all the while is holding the household in its clutches. For it is to such scenes, your contributions this day, by the blessing of God, send health, and succour, and joy; but let us not merely excite your feelings of natural benevolence and sympathy; let this Institution of Charity appeal to you on higher grounds, and in more lofty strains; let it remind you of sounds the most celestial that ever floated over the scenes of human habitation; let it plead with you by the habit of redemption—by the chorus of angels—"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good-will towards men." Hear your Chief Shepherd's voice and follow His steps and His example, who Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses, that when *He who is our life shall appear, ye also shall appear with him in glory.*

ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHEPHERD'S PRIDE LODGE, No. 419,

MANCHESTER DISTRICT.

On the evening of Monday, February 21st, the members of the above Lodge held their anniversary at the house of Host Howarth, Swan Inn, Melbourne-street, Great Jackson-street, Hulme, when about 43 gentlemen sat down to a splendid dinner, consisting of every delicacy the season afforded.

On the cloth being removed, Mr. T. Lawton, Pro. C.S. was called to the chair, supported by Mr. C. P. Carter, W.M., and Mr. A. Fletcher, of Bolton.

Mr. H. Whitehead, P.M. in the vice-chair; supported by Mr. W. Dawson, P.M. and Mr. John Burgess, surgeon of the lodge.

The CHAIRMAN in proposing the first toast, said that when he called to mind the praiseworthy objects they had in view, he felt proud of the honour they had conferred upon him; and trusted that as it was well-known that the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds had ever been distinguished for its loyalty, they would drink with him the health of "The Queen!"

Drunk with the usual honours.

"Mr. A. FLETCHER, of Bolton, sang in excellent style, "May the Queen live for ever!"

The CHAIRMAN next gave "The Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family."

The CHAIRMAN then said, the next toast was one to which he knew he need hardly say one word to induce them to receive it in a most flattering and marked manner—it was, "Success to the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds." He considered it the duty of every Shepherd to use his utmost exertions to promote the prosperity of our noble institution, for he could say it was founded on the principles of honour, truth, justice, and love.

He then gave "The Founders of the Order!"

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the next toast, said it is through the instrumentality

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of the past and present officers of the Order, and their assiduous attention to the business of Shepherdry, that has caused it to spread so rapidly; and hoped that each and every one present would drink with him to "The Health of the Officers of the Order!"

The CHAIRMAN next said, as we have drunk the health of the founders of the Order, we must not forget that we have in company a gentleman who had the honour of first introducing Shepherdry into Hulme; and through the exertions of that gentleman, Mr. A. Fletcher, we partly owed our present prosperity. He then gave "The health of Mr. A. Fletcher, and Mr. J. Mollineaux."

Mr. FLETCHER ably responded to the toast. He was proud to see our present prosperity. He had been the means of making above 300 Shepherds in Manchester, Bolton, and Chorley.

Mr. C. P. CARTER, W.M., then gave "The Past Officers of the Lodge."

The VICE-CHAIRMAN, Mr. Whitehead, ably responded to the toast in an elaborate speech, and concluded by giving "The health of the District Officers."

The CHAIRMAN, in returning thanks, said he felt highly flattered for the handsome manner in which their healths had been proposed and received, and he had no doubt his colleague did the same. It had been his pride ever since he held the chief office of the Manchester District, to use his utmost exertions to forward the principles of Shepherdry, and hoped he had done his duty to their satisfaction. He had no doubt but that the Manchester District would yet be second to none in the Order.

The VICE-CHAIRMAN gave "The Officers of the Lodge."

Mr. C. P. CARTER, W.M., in returning thanks, spoke of the present prosperity of the Lodge—the numbers were increasing, and the funds were good—they had very respectable sums in the bank and in the treasurer's hands, and that there was a brotherly feeling amongst them that spoke well for the future prosperity of the lodge. He should consider it his duty to promote the good and welfare of his Lodge and the Order at large.

The CHAIRMAN gave "The Officers and Brethren of the District who have favored us with their company," and he trusted that the members of "the Shepherds' Pride Lodge" would not be backward in returning the compliment.

Above one hundred persons honored us with their company after dinner.

Mr. LAWTON having left the chair, it was taken by Mr. Whitehead, and the song and toast went round until a late (early) hour.

We were favoured during the evening with several songs from Messrs. Hannah, Fletcher, Carter, Atkinson, Rothwell, and Dean, in their usual happy style.

C. P. CARTER.

THE LATE WILLIAM LEEBRIDGE, JUNR.

It is with feelings the most painful that we record the death of the above-named young gentleman, who was a valuable member of our Order. And it will be felt the more acutely by our brethren when they are informed that he was the son of Mr. William Leebridge, one of the founders of our Institution, whose unceasing endeavours to promote its welfare are universally acknowledged.

Mr. W. Leebridge, jun., the subject of this brief notice, was born at Sale, in the county of Chester, on the 19th March, 1813, where his father resided upon his own estate. At Christmas, in the same year, they removed to the Ancient Hall of Stayley, a farm consisting of about 300 acres of land, besides moorland, which Mr. Leebridge occupied till the year 1822, when he removed to Ashton-under-Lyne, leaving the farm in much better condition than he found it.

Mr. W. Leebridge, junr., received the greater part of his education at Mr. Walshaw's academy, Dukinfield; and was apprenticed to a currier; but chiefly owing to his master's misconduct, an agreement was made to cancel his indentures, and he, from that time, was altogether with his father, engaged in the intellectual and highly honourable occupation of land surveyor, which he followed with his father till the day of his death. In childhood, as in manhood, he was remarkable for an upright and honourable disposition; and we can say of him what can be said of few, that

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he was never heard in his family circle, or the far wider one of his acquaintance, to utter an indecent expression; and nothing could have induced him to do a dishonourable action. To his parents and the other branches of his family, his kindness, affection, and urbanity were pre-eminent in a high degree. In pursuing their occupations, both in and out of the office, they appeared more like brothers than father and son, and his loss can scarcely be appreciated, as nothing can fill up the void occasioned by his death.

On the 13th of December, 1847, he left home for the purpose of surveyine some property in the neighbourhood, and on his return, the night being extremely dark, he made the wrong turn, and went down Portland-street, which leads to Dukinfield. The gates of the wharf, belonging to the Canal Company, being left open, he walked into the canal and was drowned. His absence from home created much uneasiness in the family; for whenever he had occasion to remain from home he invaiably wrote to inform them where he was. Three days having elapsed, and nothing having been heard of him, a number of his friends procured grappling irons, and after a long search found him as above stated, on Friday the 17th of December.

In addition to his being a member of our Order, he was an active and much respected member of that useful and benevolent institution, the Independent Order of Oddfellows. Upwards of one hundred of the brethren of both societies followed his remains to their last resting place; and we say it advisedly, that it was one of the most respectable processions that ever followed a brother of any order to the grave. After the funeral, nearly the whole of the brethren retired to the house where his lodge was held, Mr. Nelson Warren's, where Mr. W. Aitken pronounced a panegyric on his memory. During the oration there was scarcely a cheek in the room that was not moistened with a tear, and especially when the speaker recounted the anecdote of a modern princess, exclaiming at the death-bed of a beloved daughter, slightly altering the phraseology,—

"Oh God! thou hast an angel more, and we a Leebridge less!"

Never, perhaps, did an address fall with greater effect upon a listening audience. In company, Mr. Leebridge, junr., was rather reserved, yet none could better appreciate the force of argument, or the beauty of language. What his heart dictated in kindness his hand never refused, and we never remember an application to him, to assist the needy, or to carry out a benevolent project but he was first and greatest among the donors. Beloved by all who knew him, publicly and privately, his loss is the more severely felt, as he has not left behind him in the whole range of our acquaintance one to fill his place.

"Oh why has worth so short a date
While villains ripen grey with time?
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?"
BURNS'S LAMENT on the Earl of Glencairn.

We must submit; and the only consolation to his bereaved family and friends is, that a kinder and a more respectable young man was never cut off in the prime of life, and that whilst he had in a marked degree the respect and honour of all who knew him, we can scarcely believe he has left an enemy behind.

SALMAGUNDI.

AN IRISH MODE OF WARMING A PRISON.—It appears by a statement recently made by one of the Justices of the Aylesbury County Gaol, that "the pipes for warming the reception cells of the prisoners are run *outside* instead of *inside*, and that, therefore, no warm air came into those cells at all." The necessary alterations to give the prisoners the benefit of the warm pipes, were ordered to be immediately made.

PRINTING IN CHINA.—According to the best authorities, the art of printing was known in China upwards of 900 years ago. In the time of Confucius, B.C. 500, books were formed of slips of Bamboo; and about 150 years after Christ, paper was first made: A.D. 900, printing was in general use. The process of printing is simple. The

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materials consist of a graver, blocks of wood, and a brush, which the printers carry with them from place to place, Without wheel, or wedge, or screw, a printer will throw off more than 2500 impressions in one day, The paper (thin) can be bought for one-fourth the price in China that it can in any other country. The works of Confucius, six volumes, four hundred leaves, octavo, can be bought for ninepence. For an historical novel, twenty volumes, one thousand five hundred leaves, half-a-crown is the price of the Chinese.—*Montgomery Martin's China.*

Moral tendency of Railways.—In 1845, we ventured a remark that it had often occurred to us, when looking along the extended lines of a railway from a quiet bridge in a district far removed from towns, that the mere presence of these rails must have considerable effect on the character and life of the neighbouring population. Few appreciate sufficiently the effect of external circumstances on our thoughts, feelings, and habits. The influence exerted by works of fine art on the beholder is partially admitted; but in reality is much greater than is believed. And we expressed a conviction, that the constant observance of these iron lines—straight, parallel, and precise—must induce greater precision of thought and regularity of conduct. As we then observed, the tendency of the whole railway system is the same, and we have no hesitation in now saying, that this effect has been produced already to a great extent. The exactness usually observed in the arrival and departure of the time by minutes, not half-hours—has conduced to punctuality, and led to a consideration of the worth of time.—*The Builder.*

Mankind at the beginning of the Fifteenth Century.—They had neither looked into the heaven nor earth, neither into the sea nor land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiment, and mathematics without instruments, geometry without scales, astronomy without demonstration. They made war without powder, shot, cannon, mortars—nay, the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing-presses, writing no paper, no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a letter, and a *billet doux* might be the size of an ordinary trencher. They were clothed without manufactures and their richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on their trade without books, and their correspondence without posts—their merchants kept no accounts, their shopkeepers no cash books—they had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without *materia medica*—they gave emetics without ipecacuanha, and cured agues without bark.

So (Elegantly) Work the Honey Bees.—Did any one ever sufficiently admire the entire elegance of the habits and pursuits of bees? their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers: their preference of those that have the finest and least adulterated odour; the avoidance of every-thing squalid (so unlike flies); their eager ejection or exclusion of it from the hive, as in the instances of carcases of intruders, which if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb; their love of clean, quiet, and delicate neighbourhoods, thymy places with brooks; their singularly clean management of so liquid and adhesive a thing as honey, from which they issue forth to their work as if they had had nothing to do with it; their combination with honey-making of the elegant manufactures of wax, of which they make their apartments, and which is used by mankind for none but patrician or other purposes; their attention to one another; their apparent indifference to everything purely regarding themselves, apart from the common good?—*Leigh Hunt's Jar of Honey.*

Where does it all come from?—The variety of distant regions by which our every day comforts and luxuries are supplied, is a geographical lesson familiar to our earliest infancy. The child knows that the tea it is drinking came from the estate of a mandarin, and has possibly traversed half the course of the Yang-tee-kiang in its passage to this country. Its coffee was grown by swarthy Arabs within the sound of the muezzin's voice. The snowy crystals of sugar were extracted from a cane in Jamaica by Christian Africans, or on the banks of the Ganges by Pagan Hindoos. If the cream is the production of Middlesex, the butter not improbably was churned and kneaded by Dutch or Belgian fraus. The material of the urn was perhaps found a quarter of a mile deep in Cornwall or Anglesea, but that of the tea-pot and the spoon

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was excavated by Indians from the heart of the Cordcrillas and seperated from the ore by means of Hungarian quicksilver. The table was formed from a monarch of the woods which had seen a thousand years in the solitudes of Honduras, and had attained its prime before Columbus was born. The blade of the knife came from the pine-clad hills of Sweden, but its haft was borne for half-a-century in the mouth of an elephant which probably never saw man. The table-cloth is a contribution from Neva and the work of bearded serfs. The carpet is the work of Armenians in the dominion of the Sultan. The child's frock has passed through the hands of Virginian slaves, while the Italian subjects of Austria furnished its sash. Its coral came from the Australasian reef, its pearls from the bottom of the Persian gulf. The lesson is endless. Almost any comfortable house in this metropolis has levied contributions on every people and clime. Countless tribes, names, conditions, manners, and religions rise up to the memory as we walk through the rooms and ask of each object in succession, "Where did this come from?"

An Indian Juggler.—Having desired one of his attendants to bring him a branch from a noble mango-tree which grew at a short distance, Ballojee took it in his hand and held it forth, all green and blossomless as it was, uttering certain incantations, and making a variety of grimaces, indicative of the internal workings of a powerfully agitated spirit. Gradually, to the astonished eyes of the spectators, one blossom appeared sprouting forth; then another, and another, till the amputated branch was nearly covered. Wonderful, however, as this feat appeared, it was totally eclipsed by that which followed; for, as the juggler still held the branch extended in his hand, and continued his incantations, the blossoms fell off, one by one, and in the place of each appeared an incipient mango, which gradually swelled out to the largest size of that delicious fruit. These having been gathered by the juggler's attendants, were presented in a golden salver to the Ranee and her party; but none could be prevailed on to taste a fruit which they verily believed to be the production of magic alone. Tremendous applause and a royal largess followed this extraordinary feat, and Ballojee once more addressed himself to his singular exhibition. Taking in his hand a coil of rope which lay on the stage, he flung it up with considerable force into the air; when, strange to say, one end remained fixed above, the other falling down upon the stage of the mountebank. Seizing hold of this, he kept it firmly extended in a sloping direction from the summit; when, wonder upon wonders, a tiger appeared at the top, in the act of descending the rope, which he actually did with great caution and precision, while many of the spectators fled screaming from the claws of the monster. Their panic, however, was very much increased when they beheld a lion following the tiger down the rope; and then a buffalo, an elephant, and several other animals, which were fortunately taken possession of by the attendants of the juggler, and conveyed behind the scenes, without causing any other mischief than the needless fright their first appearance had occasioned. These extraordinary performances prepared the spectators to witness other wonders; for only one opinion seemed now to prevail throughout the assembly, that the powers of the exhibitor were more than human, and that he could be nothing more or less than an incarnation of one of the deities; perhaps the awful Mahadeo himself, come down upon earth to grace the birth-day festival of the Maha Rajah. It therefore excited but little astonishment when the juggler now declared his ability to decipher the most hidden and secret thoughts of any or of all the spectators present. This was a disclosure, however, which few were desirous of subjecting themselves to, for all had thoughts more or less unsuited to the public ear.—*Savindroog, or the Queen of the Jungle.*

Book Love.—Book-love is a home-feeling—a sweet bond of family union—and a never-failing source of domestic enjoyment. It sheds a charm over the quiet fireside, unlocks the hidden sympathies of human hearts, beguiles the weary hours of sickness or solitude, and unites kindred spirits in a sweet companionship of sentiment and idea. It sheds a gentle and humanizing influence over its votaries, and woos even sorrow itself into a temporary forgetfulness. Book-love is the good angel that keeps watch by the poor man's hearth, and hallows it; saving him from the temptations that lurk beyond its charmed circle; giving him new thoughts and noble aspirations, and lifting him, as it were, from the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation. The wife blesses it, as she sits smiling and sewing, alternately listening to

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her husband's voice, or hushing the child upon her knee. She blesses it for keeping him near her, and making him cheerful, and manly, and kind-hearted,—albeit understanding little of what he reads, and reverencing it for that reason all the more in him. Book-love is a magician! and carries us with one touch of its fairy wand whithersoever it will. We fling ourselves down in delicious abandonment, and are straightway transported to the far-off East—the land of our wildest day-dreams! We visit spots hallowed by scripture and tradition—our hearts burn within us!—we join the slow caravan of the desert;—we toil—we thirst—we exult like Hagar, when God opened her eyes in the wilderness of Beersheba, and she beheld a "well of water!" We visit the pyramids of Egypt—we wander by the dark and sullen waters of the Dead Sea. Suddenly the spell changes—we are once again in old England—England with its lakes and mountains—its quiet scenery—its sweet cottage homes!—or La Belle France—the undiscovered plains of China—the sunny skies of Italy—or the frozen regions of the North Pole! We have only to express a wish and it is realised, and to choose our own companions among the gifted of the earth. A quiet "Day in the Woods" with our favourite Miller—a country walk with Miss Mitford—or, are we in a wilder mood, a visit to Fairyland itself! There is nothing that this great magician, aided by his attendant sprites, cannot compass. Book-love is also an artist. Where its glowing tints are true to nature it is impossible that they should ever fade or die out, and succeeding ages gaze upon them with an ever fresh delight. It is not only a portrait and landscape painter, but can portray the mind as well as the features, and that with such admirable and life like distinctness, that the sketch may be recognized in an instant. The most highly-finished and carefully worked up productions of this wonderful artist are called "Biographies." "Poetry," it has been beautifully said, "can paint whole galleries in a page, while her sister, Art, requires heaps of canvass to render a few of her poems visible." Spencer was a great painter; while the terrific grandeur of some of Milton's conceptions is inimitable. Crabbe took his sketches from rural life. Keats has left us some sweet cabinet pictures, full of high promise. Byron, whose productions have been, perhaps, more copied and admired than those of any other artist, drew with great power and freedom; but his colours want subduing and softening down. Wordsworth paints entirely from nature and has established a school of his own. There remains a long list of artistes now living, whom we could easily name; but enough has been said to illustrate this part of our subject. Book-love is a physician! and has many a healing balm to relieve, even where it cannot cure, the weary sickness of mind and body—many a powerful opiate to soothe us into a sweet and temporary forgetfulness. Book-love is a preacher! Our hearts melt beneath its calm and gentle teachings—so still, so voiceless, so replete with wisdom! It tells us truths that we could not bear to hear from living lips. It pleads and wrestles with our prejudices and infirmities. It beguiles us of tears that have little of sorrow in them, and anon makes us smile amid our weeping. It leads us to the "Book of Life;" and, under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, becomes our guide, not only in the wilderness of the world, but through the dark valley of the shadow of death.—*Frazer's Mayazine.*

LODGES OPENED LAST QUARTER.

493 Star in the West, Robert Peachey, White Horse Inn, West-row, Suffolk, Wisbech District.

494 Shepherd's Glory, Abraham Fletcher, Roe Buck Inn, Rock street, Bury, Lancashire, Bury District.

495 Abel's Pasture, Peter Riley, Pack Horse, Hooley Hill, Lancashire, Ashton District.

496 Loyal Melodious, Sarah Garside, Horse and Jockey, Ashton, Lancashire, Ashton District.

497 Shepherds on the Rock, John Knott Heyes, Saddle Inn, Pendleton, Lancashire, Manchester District.

498 Shepherd's Rest, Mr. Clarke, Rampling Maid's Head Inn, Mildenhall, Suffolk, Wisbech District.

499 Shepherd's Friend, Elias Fuller, Red Lion Inn, Wicken, Cambridgeshire, Wisbech District.

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QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

Oh! mother Earth! of love and wisdom born,
Nurse of all placid thoughts, all pure desires,
Consoler of the weary heart forlorn,
Creator of the Poet's chastest fires—
How sweet to 'scape the thraldom of the town,
Whose feverish air with sin, strife, sorrow rings,
On thy maternal breast to lay me down,
Swathed in the joys thine unsoiled beauty brings,
And catch rare glimpses thence of God's diviner things!

J. C. Prince.

I am never so happy as when I am strolling on the bank of some clear and beautiful stream on a fine Spring day: the scenery, the birds and flowers, all add to my pleasure. I like to see the stream "shaking its loosened silver in the sun," and to hear the prattle of the purling rill as it bustles musically over its bed of pebbles—

"The little brook
That o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sings."

No one appears to have appreciated the charms of the country more than Horace. In his beautiful Ode in praise of a country life, he details the pleasures he derived from it, in a manner which shows how capable he was himself of enjoying its attractions. He describes how happy the man must be who cultivates his own land, prunes and engrafts his fruit trees, or sees his lowing cattle in some lonely vale, and stores his honey, and shears his sheep, and gathers in his fruits.

Though but an occasional visitor of the country, I am apt to dwell on its charms, because I derive so much happiness from even those brief communications with it, and because I am persuaded that so many others might enjoy the same pleasure. The mere act of living in the country, will not be sufficient; there must be a decided fondness for the occupations it affords: visiting the cottages of the peasantry, and relieving their wants—if you possess the power—is one of these. The cultivation of flowers should not be neglected, as it is another of the resources which makes a country life agreeable, and affords a pleasure which is not only inexhaustible,

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but is one of the most fascinating kind. To this may be added the study of natural history, which alone is sufficient to keep the mind employed, and prevent the day from becoming dull and tedious. It is a study also calculated to make us wiser and better, as the more we contemplate the works of creation, the more reason we shall have to entertain a deep sense of Almighty power and goodness:—

"For God is paid when man receives—
To enjoy is to obey."

Those persons to whom the employment of their minds is irksome, and who gradually lose their intellectual powers, because they will not take the pains of exerting them, will be incapable of appreciating the pleasures and benefits to be derived from a well regulated life, passed in the country. Those, however, who are willing to try the experiment, may be assured that it will be their own fault, if their time is not both usefully and agreeably employed; they will become cheerful and instructive companions, kind and humane in their dispositions, and have their moral character improved and made more fit for that great change, which, sooner or later, must happen to us all.

An elegant writer on the subject in question beautifully says, "We are affected with delightful sensations when we see the inanimate parts of creation, the meadows, flowers and fields, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness in the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational portion of creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But our pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures—if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness.

Under almost every circumstance of disquietude or of solitude, alone in one's room, or wandering far away from the haunts of mankind, a lover of Nature has always something around him not only to occupy his thoughts, but to afford him the serenest gratification and pleasure. When I say pleasure, I mean that pleasure which arises from the occupation of the mind when devoted to a delightful study, and which cheers us with the conviction that our time is not unprofitably spent. As we proceed in the contemplation of the works of Nature, her beauties are gradually unfolded to our view, as if she were pleased that her works had excited our wonder and admiration; the study of them is, indeed, unbounded, for the objects she presents to our notice are infinite, unceasing, and delightful.

To the mass of workers in the factories, workshops, and counting-houses in large towns, whose opportunities of inhaling the healthy breeze, and

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viewing the fair face of the country are certainly few, I would strenuously say, use those few opportunities in getting away, if for only a brief period, from the smoke, clangour, and immoralities of the town. On a Saturday night even, while summer reigns, and when the weather is favorable, instead of plunging into the heated and reeking atmosphere of a tavern, as dangerous to health, and certainly more dangerous to morals, than the workshop they have left, let them take a stretch into the country, and most assuredly they will find themselves much benefited thereby. On Sundays and holidays, not neglecting more important duties, they should penetrate far into the country, and, if possible, make their families partakers in the pleasure and recreation it affords. But in these little excursions a double object should be kept in view, health, and mental, as well as moral improvement. It is not sufficient that the lungs receive a supply of unadulterated air; the mind must be exalted and refined, the heart soothed and humanized. There must be an eye for beauty; an ear for Nature's own musical sounds; a little knowledge of books, and an intellect capable of understanding the fitness and harmony of the things around them. With a few of these qualifications, if possessed only in a moderate degree, the pleasures of a country ramble are immeasurably increased, and the rambler returns to his home in the crowded confines of the town, with a consciousness of having added to his stock of knowledge, and of having laid up a store of beautiful images that, even amid the rude and harsh realities of his labours, shall appear again and again on his mental vision, nerving him to toil, and giving promise of further enjoyment, when, duties fulfilled and bread secured, he may once more rush into their real and ever delightful presence. Some popular and pleasing book should generally be the companion of the country rambler; so that under the green-wood shade, or on some flowery knoll, or mountain top, he may compare the impressions of others with his own, and reap the benefit of, perhaps, their superior knowledge. I would recommend Old Isaac Walton's racy and fascinating book; Gilbert White of Selborne; Leigh Hunt's Essays; Howitt's "Rural Life in England;" Miller's "Day in the Woods;" and "Country Pictures;" Mary Russell Mitford's delightful Sketches, or some popular book on Botany and Natural History. With such companions, and an earnest relish for them, how pure, how pleasant, how profitable, may we make an occasional visit to, or a permanent residence in, the calm and glorious country.

Out I have been this morning, out away
Far from the bustling carefulness of towns—
Through sunny gleams and showers, on windy downs—
By rushy meadow streams with willows grey;
In thick-leafed woods have hid me from the day
Sultry with June—and where the wind-mill crowns
The hills' green height, the landscape that renowns
My own green country, have I, as I lay,
Crushing the sweetness of the flowering thyme—
Tracked through the glowing distance; but my rhyme
Is all too faint and dim my raptures to pourtray

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LEONORE.

By J. C. Prince, Author of "Hours with the Muses," "Dreams and Realities," &c.

Oh! for a day of that departed time
When thou and I, lost Leonore, were young!
That dawn of feeling, that delicious prime,
When hope sang for us an unceasing song!
When life was love, and love was joy unworn,
And clouds turned all her silver to our gaze;
When each sweet night brought forth a sweeter morn—
Where art thou, dearest of my early days?

Oh! what a world of poesy was ours,
And poesy with passion undefiled!
Heaven with its stars, and earth with all her flowers,
Seemed made for us, for us alone they smiled;
Fused in each others dreams, a constant spring,
One, yet apart, we trod all pleasant ways,
Sat down with Nature, heard her teach and sing—
Where art thou, dearest of my early days?

With thee, all beauty wore a lovelier face;
With thee, all grandeur a sublimer mien;
With thee, all music was a holier grace;
With thee, all motion ecstacy unseen;
Without thee life was colourless and vain,
And common pleasure a bewildering maze,
All thought was languor, and all effort pain,—
Where art thou dearest of my early days?

I loved, how well let this worn cheek attest,
And these sad eyes with fresh tears streaming o'er;
Deep in the hidden chambers of my breast
The fire burns on, but ne'er to bless me more:—
Oh! *nevermore!* a dreary word that falls
Like a dread knell, that sets the brain acraze,
A word of doom that withers and appals,—
Where art thou, dearest of my early days?

We loved, but one with unrelenting power,
With selfish soul intent on cruel schemes,—
Stepped in between us one disastrous hour,
And swept to ruin all our hopes and dreams;
And we were parted, thou to share the life
Of the gay crowd that dazzles and betrays,
I to contend with penury and strife,—
Where art thou, dearest of my early days?

I see thee as I saw thee 'long ago,'
(A fond yet fatal time for thee and me);
When with the eloquence of love and woe
We blessed each other 'neath the trysting tree,—
The aged alder, whose umbrageous boughs
Sigh where our native river sings and plays,
Which heard our earliest and our latest vows,—
Where art thou, dearest of my early days?

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I see thee as I saw, when, one sweet eve,
I dared to pour my passion in thine ear,
And thou didst lean to listen and believe,
With mixed emotions of delight and fear;
I see the quick blush flitting o'er thy cheek,
And the soft fire of thy confiding gaze,
I feel thy heart in throbbing language speak,—
Where art thou, dearest of my early days?

I see thee as I saw thee everywhere,
In the calm household graceful, quiet, kind,
In the broad sunshine and the breezy air
Bright as the beam, and buoyant as the wind;
I see thee flushed, and floating like a cloud
In the gay festival's enchanting maze,
And, lovelier still, in prayer serenely bowed,—
Where art thou, dearest of my early days?

Thou wast my earliest muse: from thee I drew
My inspiration, which hath found a tongue,
The feeling quickened, germinated, grew,
Till I was shadowed with a bower of song;
And now men hail and syllable my name,—
Would thou could'st share the glory and the praise—
Thy love would lift me to a loftier fame,—
Where art thou, dearest of my early days?

Art thou of earth, sweet spirit of the past?
The lost and mourned, the adored and unforgot?
Hast thou been beaten by misfortune's blast?
Or dost thou revel in a brighter lot?
Is there another whom thine eyes approve?
Is there another whom thy heart obeys?
Or dost thou sorrow o'er thy blighted love?
Where art thou, dearest of my early days?

Art thou of heaven? and dost thou now behold,
Stooping, in pity, from thy sainted sphere,
Thy poor, forsaken worshipper of old,
Despairing, desolate, and darkling here?
I look for thee, I long for thee, I languish
To press thee, bless thee, ere my life decays;
Still my lorn soul cries after thee with anguish,—
Where art thou, dearest of my early days?

COUSIN MABEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"She loved, not wisely, but too well."

THE other evening, looking over some old letters,—dear records of the past, so full of touching and beautiful associations!—I found one written in a neat, feminine, but flowing hand. It was the very last I ever received from my sweet cousin Mabel. In language it was frank and glowing; in sentiment joyous and tender, and it had, withal, that delightful incoherency which characterizes the outpourings of a young, ardent, and romantic spirit. My seniority of years, and my general gravity of deportment, no less than my relationship, had made me my cousin's confidential friend, and this letter announced to me her intended marriage; alas! never to be consummated! But let me not anticipate.

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Cousin Mabel was the only child of William Markham, once extensively engaged in business in South Lancashire. His wife dying while Mabel was yet in her girlhood, he lost all relish for trade, and retired on a competency industriously and conscientiously gained. For the sake of tranquility, and from a love of country sports, which he had been allowed to indulge in during youth, he purchased a pleasant dwelling near Llanwrst, North Wales. Thither he withdrew with his daughter, and there, amid the magnificent features of that beautiful region, she grew into womanhood. In figure, Mabel was approaching the *petite*, but round and exquisitely proportioned. Her arms and shoulders might have made a model for the most fastidious sculptor. A profusion of fair hair, arranged in simple braids on a smooth, broad forehead, set off to admirable advantage the clear complexion of her saxon face. Her eyes, of a twilight blue, reflected every feeling of a tender, but impulsive soul, as in a mirror. Her mouth, whose expression was ever in unison with her eyes, was somewhat large, and what some would call luxurious. Her temperament was sanguine, her manner generally gay, yet a word of reproach, or an appeal to her compassion, would bring tears into her eyes, even while a smile was hovering on her lips, as showers mingle with the sunbursts of April. Her affections easily excited, were deep and intense. With her, to love and be beloved was life in its true sense. Hitherto, up to the time when commenced her misfortunes, she had known no love save that which a child owes to its parent, yet the good and beautiful in any shape had her constant and involuntary veneration. When household duties would permit, books, music, and lonely rambles about the delicious Vale of Conway, were her passion and pastime. An enthusiastic lover of nature, she was ever happy in its presence; and her elastic step, her ardent and roving glance, her cheek flushed with innocent excitement, testified to the reality and depth of her enjoyment. Such was "Cousin Mabel" in the dawn of her twentieth year; an earnest sunny-souled tender-hearted woman, worthy of any man's homage, however respectful and devoted.

About this period, her father was out one summer's day, angling on a neighbouring stream, where he encountered a gentlemanly-looking stranger pursuing the same "gentle craft." They entered freely into conversation, and as they sauntered along in search of some more favorable locality for their sport, Mr. Markham, in the warmth of discourse, stumbled and fell into a deep part of the stream. The stranger came promptly to his help, and rescued him from his disagreeable, if not perilous situation. As sport at present was out of the question, Mr. Markham urged upon the gentleman to return and dine with him, an invitation he at once accepted. At dinner he was introduced to Mabel, and the little occurrence of the forenoon explained. Mabel made her thankful acknowledgments in so earnest and graceful a manner, looking altogether so lovely the while, that the stranger stood mute with admiration. He remained till evening, and so various and cordial was his conversation, as he turned "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," that my uncle was loth to part with him. He made a no less favorable impression on the susceptible mind of Mabel, and from that moment her doom was sealed.

The stranger was urged to repeat his visit. He did so, and ere long he stood on the most friendly and familiar footing with Mr. Markham and his amiable daughter. According to his own account, his name was Edward Lester; he was of respectable connexions; inherited a little fortune of seven hundred a year; was perfectly unshackled, and had a most kind and indulgent mother at his house in London. He furthermore stated that he was inclined to literary pursuits, fond of travel, and those quiet recreations of the country for which Mr. Markham himself had a predilection. He had come to spend the summer in Wales for the sake of its beautiful scenery, and the tranquil sport which its rivers and lakes afforded. All this by father and daughter was taken for granted. His extensive knowledge of men and books; his fluent and appropriate language: his elegant accomplishments in things of a refining character; his graceful and respectful deportment; his pleasing exterior, and his frank and ingenuous tone of conversation, all won upon the unsuspecting heart of poor Mabel till she loved, aye loved with all the intensity of her nature, this fascinating Edward Lester. He, seeing the advantage he had gained, first declared his passion for the daughter, and, seeking the father, made an unqualified offer of his hand and fortune. Mr. Markham, who had for some time suspected the state of things, raised no objections, but required that Lester should at once communicate with his mother on the subject. He promised to do so, and in a few days he came to Mabel with an open letter in his hand, which he gaily requested

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her to read. With trembling hand she took and read the letter, which was dated from London. It was written in a female hand, and it assumed to come from Lester's mother, who expressed herself favorable to their union; but she urged upon her son to go to London, in order to arrange some family affairs, and she would return with him to Wales. All seemed smooth and satisfactory, and Edward Lester enjoyed more and more the confidence of Mabel, and the tender privileges of an accepted lover.

Harvest time arrived, the weather clear and calm, and as Mabel had never trod the lofty sides of Snowdon, Lester proposed an excursion to that sublime region, previous to his departure for the metropolis. Mabel, whose love for the beautiful and grand was strong within her, gladly agreed to the proposal. Mr. Markham was urged to accompany them, but a touch of the gout compelled him to decline, he would not, however, stand in the way of their enjoyments. They set out, therefore, in a suitable conveyance, attended by Mr. Markham's man-servant with refreshments for the trip. They started with the sun, up the romantic valley of the Ligwy, past Capel Cerig, through the savage and stupendous Pass of Llanberis, till they reached the ruined tower of Dolbandern. Here they made a pause, preparatory to their ascent of Snowdon. Mabel was in extacies; the enthusiasm of her nature was fully roused. Having procured ponies they prepared to ascend; the serving-man, a thorough bred Cambrian, acting as guide. The way though steep and toilsome, was by no means tedious to Mabel; for every step disclosed new objects for admiration; besides, her lover was near her, tenderly solicitous for her safety, and interesting her with apt remarks and pleasant information. They at length reached the summit, and Mabel taking a sweeping glance round the horizon, felt her soul expanded and elevated to an intense degree. Having spread their little banquet on the dry sward, they partook with unwonted appetite; after which the lovers sat together gazing on the glorious spectacle around them, and talking to their hearts' content. Edward Lester had at command, a thousand quotations from the poets, applicable to their situation, and the sublime objects that everywhere met their vision, and Mabel, in a whirl of wonder and delight, listened and loved more and more. Time pressing, they descended, and, after lingering a little space by the beautiful lakes of Llanberis, they set their faces homewards. When within a mile of Mabel's home, Lester sent the man on with the vehicle, and the lovers turned into a more shadowy and private path along the banks of the Conway. The full and placid moon had just risen over the hills, bathing every object in a serene and chastened glory; the pleasant woods under whose boughs they took their quiet way, presented the appearance of pillar, arch, and aisle, as of an ancient temple dimly lit up for solemn midnight worship. The waters of the Conway, broken into glittering fragments; rolled along beside them; here gliding in deep tranquility, or kissing their banks with a low sweet murmur; there chafing into foam against the opposing stone; but ever musical, ever soothing, to the listening ear. Scarce a sound broke the holy stillness; scarce a leaf trembled on the bough; scarce a breath fanned the glowing cheeks of the enamoured pair; all seemed purity and repose, as if an ungentle or an unhallowed thought would have profaned the sacred hour. Mabel leaned confidingly on the arm of her lover, who poured into her ear the language of passion, to which time, place, and the over excited feelings of the poor maiden's heart, added a dangerous influence. Mabel felt that the whole day had been rich with love and poetry, that it had been one of the sweetest of her maidenhood, and she was the more disposed to lend a believing ear to the earnest and repeated vows of Edward Lester. After a few faint expressions of more than usual tenderness from Mabel, he caught her to his bosom, and imprinted his first kiss upon her lips. Need I say more? her better angel slumbered or was overcome, and amid the beauties and sanctities of nature—she fell, fell from that innocence and happiness upon which the morning's sun had risen with joy.

Edward Lester conducted her home, and recounted the pleasures of the day to Mr. Markham, but Mabel under the plea of fatigue, retired immediately, and passed a night of agony and severe self-condemnation. In a few days Lester called to take a brief farewell, as he termed it, and to consult with Mabel concerning their marriage. The first day of the ensuing year was fixed upon for their union, and in a private interview Mabel, with tears and passionate entreaties, conjured him to be faithful to his engagement. She felt a gloom of spirit, a depression of heart, she could not shake off, but she trusted to his honor as a man, that he would consider that her future happiness depended

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upon him, and that he would make early reparation for the injury she had sustained. With the most solemn assurances, and tender protestations, Lester promised to be true, and departed for London.

When he was gone, Mabel wandered about the house and the quiet neighbourhood a sorrowful and guilty thing. Her bloom of cheek and gaiety of disposition vanished, and she shrunk from her father's conversation as if she feared it. He, poor unsuspecting parent! attributed the change to the absence of her lover, and endeavoured, good-naturedly, to rally her into cheerfulness. In a week Mabel received a letter from Lester. It was all she could desire; it breathed the warmest love, and the most respectful delicacy, and Mabel with renewed hope and confidence replied to it without delay, and in a manner befitting the occasion. Weeks, nay months passed away, but no more letters came. The father was surprised and vexed; the daughter doubtful and desponding. She wrote to him again, requesting urgently an explanation of his silence. She received no answer. Christmas Day arrived, but no tidings of Lester. Mabel sat pale and disconsolate in her own room, in a state of the most painful suspense, when a vehicle drove up to the door, and a lady requested to see Mabel Markham in private. She was admitted, and Mabel received her with trembling apprehension. The lady was a stranger, no longer youthful, but of a mild and benevolent countenance. Being seated, and apologizing for her visit, she said—

"You are Mabel Markham?"

"That is my name, madame," replied she faintly.

"I come," resumed the lady, "on a piece of business which immediately concerns yourself. Do you know this letter?"

Mabel took the letter which she recognized as her own; the last she had written to Lester. She was surprised and amazed.

"It grieves me much," the lady continued, "to be the unwilling messenger of evil tidings, but necessity, as well as duty, has sent me hither. You have been most cruelly deceived, young lady, by an accomplished villian; and I beg you will endeavour to control your feelings while I go through my painful task. That Edward Lester, (an assumed name) whose acquaintance you will ever have reason to regret, was a professed gambler and a systematic seducer, although a married man. I see you start, young lady, but I trust you will be able to command yourself for a few minutes. He came down to Wales to escape the clamour of his creditors, and here he became your evil genius. That letter which professed to come from his mother sanctioning your love, was a forgery, perpetrated by the aid of one of his wicked associates in London. He had no mother living. He had a wife, who is my sister, and at whose request I came to see you; she herself feeling unequal to the task. When this man incautiously returned to London, his creditors threw him into prison, and seeing that there were no apparent means of extricating himself, his friends lost, his enemies legion; reflecting that he might lie years in jail, and having no fear of God before his eyes, he terminated with his own hands the existence he had misused, and only saw the enormity of his sins when it was too late."

The lady paused, and flew to the assistance of Mabel, who had fainted. Applying some restoratives she had about her, the lady succeeded in bringing her to consciousness.

"Go on, madame," said Mabel, when she had recalled her bewildered senses, "go on, I can now hear all."

"It is painful," resumed the lady, "but it is, perhaps, necessary that I conceal nothing from you. Lester, as we will call him, took poison, which he carried about his person for an emergency. It did not take immediate effect, so that his wife had time to see him before he died. To her he confessed many things, and among other things his designs upon yourself, and—pardon me, young lady—his success. He requested that you might be made acquainted with his deplorable end, and his remorse for the wrongs he had inflicted. My sister's heart, though wrung with sorrows of her own, bleeds for you. She bade me console you as best I could, and assure you of her sincere commiseration. Let me conjure you, young lady, to endeavour to forget this grievous injury. Some worthy man may yet confer upon you that happiness of which another aimed to deprive you."

"Never, never!" exclaimed Mabel, in the depth of her despair. "May I beg of you, madame, to disclose to my father these dreadful things? All, all but my one

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great error. Oh! that would break his heart at once! Do not tell him *that*, I implore you; I would not burden his mind with the fearful truth."

The lady promised to do as she desired, and left the room for that purpose. Mabel alone amid the tumult of her own thoughts, sat the very picture of helpless misery, till her father rushed in, exclaiming "Come to my heart, my dear, innocent child, and thank God for thy escape. *Thou* shalt be happy yet." Mabel flung herself in an agony of grief upon his bosom, and—but let me drop the curtain o'er the painful scene.

The lady was thanked, and she departed; but from that hour what a change came over the once joyous and beautiful Mabel! Spite of her father's increased tenderness; spite of every care taken, every proposed remedy administered, she drooped day by day; and when Spring arrived; "when the time of the singing of the birds was come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land," that season which she used to hail with delight, the grave was opening for her. Feeling that she had done with the world, she confessed to her father the full extent of her errors and her injuries, and receiving his forgiveness, faded from life as silently and softly as the sunbeam in the evening sky. She was laid in the neighbouring churchyard,—a lovely and lonely spot—another victim to the unprincipled designs, and unhallowed desires of man.

Her father, to beguile his sorrow, tried business again, but it would not do; the incentive was gone, he seemed to be striving without a purpose. He returned to wander like a ghost about his child's grave, and there he remains to wear out the remnant of his days. Such is the true, and I trust not unprofitable history of "Cousin Mabel."

THE SEASONS OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

I loved her in her childish hours and palmy days of spring.
When all her buds of beauty burst beneath time's tardy wing;
While youth enwreathed its flowery tints around her graceful brow,
And shed a placid hue of love I cherish even now.

I loved her in the summer days of woman's sunny pride,
When self-respectful gentleness became her constant guide,
When deep imbued with charity, the glory of her mind,
She often breathed a whispered prayer for suffering humankind.

I loved her in autumnal days, when love's own fruit was seen
To cluster round our humble hearth, where discord ne'er had been
To clothe them with all moral grace, the holiest garb of life,
We sought to point their thoughts beyond this world of mortal strife.

I loved her in her later days, when nature yields her dower
Of mingled strength and loveliness, to time's remorseless power;—
Alas! she sickened, faded, died; but ere the spirit passed,
I saw her lingering look of love, the sweetest and the last.

Time with his desolating hand, or soft oblivious spell,
Can ne'er efface those lineaments which in my memory dwell;
Unlike night's unsubstantial dreams, which flit athwart my brain,
Her image shrined within my soul shall ever there remain.

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LIFE AND GENIUS OF VIRGIL.

BY JOHN WHATT RANSON.

CHAPTER I.

It has always been a matter of regret, that whilst we knew the minutest details in the lives of our warriors, naval and military, we should know comparatively so little of the lives of literary men. From the moment that Alexander entered the world, to the moment of his departure, history informs us of his mad career, and from the day that Hamilcar made his infant son Hannibal swear eternal enmity to Rome, we are enabled to trace the victorious course of the young Carthaginian, we force with him his way across the, then, inaccessible Alps—to which achievement, Napoleon's was not worthy of comparison—we behold him conqueror on the plains of Italy, menacing Rome itself with destruction, and we can trace his downward career, betrayed by his ungrateful countrymen, and dying by his own hand, a stranger, in a strange land. Marathon and Salamis are household words—Miltiades, Themistocles and Aristides are familiar names, but the place that gave birth to Homer is a problem—nine cities contending for the honour—his very existence is doubted, and his right to be considered the author of the Iliad and the Odyssey, is more than questioned. We cannot even take up an history of modern literature, without having this truth forced upon us. What are the lives of Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, nay even Chaucer, the father of English poetry, or Shakespeare, our Literary idol, but dry details of dates? whilst of the men themselves we know comparatively nothing. And if this be the case with respect to men who lived so recently; how difficult the task and how few the facts, when we go back to an author, like Virgil, who flourished 1800 years ago, and in a distant country, with ages of barbarism and ignorance intervening! At this distant period of time, new facts containing either novelty or importance are not to be expected, neither is it always in our power to prove the authenticity of those already current.

To collect therefore from those sources which are most trustworthy, the chief incidents in the life of the Mantuan Bard; to render them amusing to the scholar and to inform the general reader, is the chief object the writer has in view.

The ancient city of Mantua—built at least 300 years before Rome—and the capital of New Etruria, was the birthplace of Publius Virgilius Maro, who was born on the 15th of October, 70, B. C., being during the first Consulship of Pompey the Great and Licinius Crassus.

It has been disputed by the greatest of our Classical scholars, who was the father of Virgil, what was his country and his occupation. By some it is affirmed that he was a potter of Andes, and by others—with a greater degree of probability, that he was either a wandering astrologer, who also practised physic, or the servant of one. Medicine and magic in those days were generally companions, and the practitioners were chiefly Greeks and Syrians; it is therefore presumed that Virgil was either of Grecian or Syrian extraction. However, whatever doubts may be entertained respecting the father of Virgil, it is certain, that his mother—Maia—was of noble extraction, being nearly related to Quintilius Varus, who gained an honourable name in the second Carthaginian war.

The mother of Virgil, is related to have had various dreams and presages respecting her son, and which were declared to be indicative of his future honour. But it is most probable, that his mother, a woman of a good education and a sound understanding, pleased by the sweetness of the lad's temper, and captivated by the early indications of his genius, took advantage of the popular belief to work upon the credulity of her husband, and thus procure for her son that education which her rank entitled him to, and which his talents seemed to demand. Added to which, his weak state of health seemed to shut him out from active pursuits of life. However, it is certain, that he passed his early days at Mantua, afterwards removed to Cremona, and finally to Milan; at all of which places he pursued his studies with great diligence, and won for himself the friendship of the learned; associating with the most eminent professors of art and science, and attending to the study of the standard authors of Greece and Rome.

Virgil early adopted the tenets of the Epicurian philosophy, and became a pupil of the celebrated Syro; but to a mind so constituted as that of Virgil, the gross doctrines of Epicurus had but few charms, and being unable to get from his master any satisfactory

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reasons for its tenets, he passed over to the Academic school, and applied his leisure time to the study of mathematics and physic, which continued to be his favourite studies during the remainder of his life.

During his residence at Milan, he composed a number of fugitive pieces and amongst the rest, a great number of verses of an heroic poem, "*On the Wars of Rome.*" But he gave up the project, chiefly on account of the ruggedness and abruptness of the proper names. It was here also, that he framed the plan and collected the materials for those poems, which were to hand his name down to posterity, and to contest the laurel with the greatest poets of antiquity—Homer and Theocritus.

Sickness brought on by a too intense application to study, rendered an immediate removal to the Southern parts of Italy necessary to the preservation of his life. Naples was the place fixed upon, and Virgil in his journey thither visited Rome, and found that his fame had already the power to procure him notice and respect. He was introduced to Octavius, by his school-fellow Varus, and was kindly received, being recommended to the protection of Pollio, who was at that time lieutenant of Cisalpine Gaul, where the property of Virgil was situated. Pollio received him as kindly as his royal master, and undertook to settle his domestic affairs, which were very much deranged. At Naples, Virgil rapidly recovered his health, and also by his communications with the most learned men of the time, who continually resorted thither, he acquired a more intimate knowledge of poetry as an art, as well as formed his style—which has obtained for him the title of "the prince of Latin poets."

Virgil, who had devoted himself to the practice of the law, as a means of maintenance, practised at the forum for some time in subordinate offices, and is said, to have pleaded a cause: but his success being very indifferent, and his hopes not very promising, he finally withdrew from it altogether, and gave himself up to the cultivation of his poetical abilities. And here it may be proper to remark, that it was the ambition of Rome's greatest and noblest men, to rank among the poets; even Julius Cæsar, Cicero and Brutus, were wooers of the fickle nine, as, were, Octivus and Pollio, the patrons and early friends of Virgil. It would be unjust to speak disrespectful of their abilities, in the absence of their works; but, we may fairly presume they were not of a first class, for although they placed them in the most famous libraries, public as well as private, and thus endeavoured to hand them down to posterity, they failed in doing so—they are nevertheless rich in laurels. This mania, was most favourable to Virgil, inasmuch as it gained him a ready hearing, and a profitable notice.

CHAPTER II.

Virgil considered as a Pastoral Poet.

The study of the Greek poets, necessarily brought Virgil into communication with the *Idyls* of Theocritus, and they seem to have made an early impression upon his mind, and to have inflamed his ambition to be the founder of the Pastoral school in Rome, for at that time that species of poetry had not been introduced into Roman literature.

Pastoral poetry is doubtlessly the most ancient species of poetry, for before mankind congregated in masses and founded cities as fixed dwelling places, and for many generations after they had done so; their chief occupation was that of herdsmen and shepherds, their chief wealth consisting of their flocks and herds. Living in ease and surrounded with plenty; they enjoyed an almost perfect immunity from the vexations of life, and although they were rude and unpolished in manner, they were hospitable and kind, and their manner of life gave them great activity of body and much leisure time to be disposed of. Hence their variety of sports and pastimes; their contentions of skill, physical and mental—games, music, dance and song. And of what should they sing? but of their gods, and the things which daily surrounded them; the deeds of *their hero*, the praises of their flocks, the joys of successful and the pangs of disappointed love; or the beauties of the village maid? And from what should they illustrate their songs? but from the objects with which they were familiar.

The temperament of the Hebrew mind was decidedly poetical. As a nation, they are not celebrated for any discovery in art or science; neither are they known to have perfected any; but, as legislators they were pre-eminently distinguished, and in the history of letters they will ever hold the first place; for no where can there be found

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more true poetry, than in the Bible and Talmudic writings. Not a prophet of the Jews, but was a poet in the widest sense of the word, and from what do they draw their illustrations, but from pastoral objects! Moses having slain an Egyptian, whom he found smiting an Hebrew, fled into the land of Midian, and married Zippora the daughter of Jethro, the priest, and whilst watching the herds of his father-in-law, he wrote the Book of Job; the oldest book extant. Turning to the Book of Job, we find that the speakers using figures and images drawn from rural objects. "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in its season." "Neither is there a daysman betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both." "Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling? as a *servant earnestly desireth his shadow*, and as an hireling looketh for the reward of his work, &c." The 39, 40 and 41st chapters of the same book are also full of pastoral figures or images, drawn from objects, with which herdsmen were well acquainted.

The whole of the lives of Jacob as well as Moses, were past in pastoral pursuits, or amidst those who followed them, and when we turn to their remains, we find our position made more tenable. Jacob when he blesses his sons (Gen. 49), compares them to lions, asses, serpents, hinds, a fruitful bough by a well, and the wolf. Each of which is peculiarly descriptive of the character of the person to whom it is applied. The song of Moses is full of rural imagery and his blessing of Joseph (Deut. 39, 13, 17) is a beautiful specimen; but in no author do I remember to have seen any thing comparable with that beautiful burst of love and poetry, with which Jacob blessed his beloved son.—Gen. XLIX. 22, 6. The whole of the figures in the Psalms are drawn from nature, and even a many of the psalms are one connected figure, as for instance, the first and twenty-third. Solomon, follows the example of his illustrious father, in his book of Proverbs, and in that never to be forgotten passage (12 Ecc.) where he so beautifully describes the peevishness and weariness of old age. The whole of the Song of Solomon does not contain a single image but what is drawn from rural objects, or the rites of the worship. Instances innumerable might be given from the writings of the Prophets, all of which would serve to confirm what has already been advanced; but it will suffice to say, that the ancient Hebrews were by position, lovers of pastoral poetry. Dwelling in a large city, they were still by habit a pastoral people. Cut off by their geographical position from being a trading community, and situated in a country favourable to agricultural purposes, they followed their hereditary employment, even up to the time of our Saviour. In addition to these causes, their religious rites and ceremonies required at their hands a large number of cattle and sheep, as well as the sacrifice of a great quantity of their produce, for the daily services of the temple, and as offerings and gifts to the Levites. Thus they were by every circumstance rendered a pastoral nation.

When we turn our attention to the Greeks, we again find, that their poets drew their illustration from the same sources Bion, Moschus, and Theocritus, nay, even Homer himself, drew his comparisons from nature. It is true, that the Greeks were almost constantly at war; but the people were agriculturists and shepherds.

> "——————The one fill'd
> With profitable industry the purse,
> The other was well skill'd to empty it,
> The sword did make the Empire poor; the plough
> Did reinvigorate its sources."—SCHILLER.

The battle of Philippi, destroyed every remnant of liberty in Rome, and placed the power in the hands of Augustus and Antony; and the troops which hitherto had been looked upon with confidence, became mercenary, alternately the protectors and enslavers of their fellow countrymen. Great was the aid they had given to Augustus, and loud were their demands; the public treasury however was empty, and money not to be had. Augustus, to silence their clamour, gave them the flourishing colony of Cremona, together with a part of the state of Mantua. It was in vain that the peasantry appealed to the senate; or, that mothers with their famishing children filled the Forum with their cries; such scenes were by no means new to their oppressors. Virgil, who was involved in the common misfortune, sought the assistance of his old friends Pollio and Mæcenas, and they supported the prayer of his petition to Augustus, who granted his individual request; but refused it as respecting his fellow-sufferers. Full of gratitude

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for such a favour, Virgil, composed the first pastoral. In which Melibœus, complains of the destruction of his farm, and the confusions that are in the country: whilst his neighbour rejoices that he can sing his rural lays in peace, and promises to honour his benefactor as a superior being. This poem exhibits one of the greatest charms of pastoral poetry, which consists in the tranquility and happiness of rural life; for although the burden of it is of injustice, yet we are only allowed to see the loveliness of a country life, which is pleasingly contrasted with the scenes of misery caused by the rude soldiers.

Melibœus, who is leaving his home; remembers, with true rustic superstition, some signs of ill luck. "This calamity—my oaks stricken with lightning from heaven often presaged to me, had not my mind been under infatuation: often the ill-boding crow from an old hollow oak presaged." Then he exclaims:—

"Happy old man! here 'mid the accustomed streams,
And sacred springs you'll shun the scorching beams;
While from yon willow fence, thy pastures bound,
The bees that suck their flowery stores around,
Shall sweetly mingle with the whispering boughs,
Their lulling murmurs and invite repose.
While from the steep rocks the pruner's song is heard;
Nor the soft cooing dove, thy favourite bird,
Meanwhile shall cease to breathe her melting strain,
Nor turtles from the airy elms to plain."—*Wharton's Translation.*

Here the poet has brought into perfect harmony a number of such pleasurable objects, as cannot fail to please. And again, when overlooking his farm, perhaps, his birth-place; he exclaims:—

"Farewell, my pastures, my parental stock,
My fruitful fields and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb,
The steepy cliffs, or crop of flowery thyme!
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain brow,
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
No more, my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more, my song shall please the rural crew;
Adieu my tuneful pipe! and all the world adieu!"—*Dryden's Translation.*

The happiness of Virgil, however, was not of long continuance, for when he arrived at his farm and produced his warrant to Arrius, a foot captain, whom he found in possession of his house and land, the old soldier was so enraged, that he drew his sword and wounded the poet dangerously, who only escaped with his life, by swimming over the river Mincius. Back to Rome, Virgil slowly wended his way, in a delicate state of health and oppressed with disappointment, again, to lay his petition at the feet of Augustus. He was however, agreeably surprised on his arrival, to find that the old captain had been obliged to resign his farm into the hands of his steward. It was during this journey to Rome, that the ninth pastoral was written. In which Mæris, is described as going to give up possession of all his master's goods. At this his companion wonders, and asks, if the report of Virgil saving his farm by the sweetness of his song was not correct? Mæris (Virgil's steward) informs his friend, that it was so reported, and adds:—

"————————————But songs and rhymes,
Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling doves, that rise
Against an eagle sousing from the skies,
And had not Phœbus warn'd me, by the croak
Of an old raven from an hollow oak,
To shun debate, Menalcas,* had been slain,
And Mæris not survived him, to complain."—*Dryden's Translation*

*Virgil.

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With indignation his friend exclaims:—

"Now heaven defend! could barbarous rage induce
The brutal son of Mars, to insult the sacred muse!
Who then should sing the nymphs? or who rehearse,
The waters gliding in a smoother verse?
Or, Amaryllis, praise thy heavenly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way."—*Ibid.*

Mæris rehearses to his friend, part of two or three pastoral poems, written by his master, in praise of the Cæsars, which so delights the hearer, that he chides Mæris for only giving him fragments, and says:—

"Thy faint excuses, but inflame me more,
And now the waves roll silent on the shore,
Hush'd winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome:
Far off I can discern Bianar's tomb,
Here, where the labourer's hands have formed a bower
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour—
Rest here thy weary limbs: thy kid lay down:
We've day before us yet, to reach the town;
Or, if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear,
And, that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load."—*Ibid.*

MÆRIS ANSWERS,

"Cease to request me; let us mind our way,
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And finds a friend at court, I'll find a voice."

The pastorals of Virgil, are ten in number, and were written at an early age. The second pastoral, was in a point of time written the first, and when the poet was 25 years of age. The fifth was composed to celebrate the deification of Cæsar, and is said to have been publicly recited on the stage, by Cytheris, the player, and to have been rewarded by loud applause. It is, without doubt, the most correct and beautiful of the pastorals. Silenus, the sixth pastoral, was written in compliment to the poet's master Syro, the Epicurean philosopher:—

"———————————Two Satyrs on the ground,
Stretch'd at his ease, their Sire Silenus found,
Dozed with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him snoring in his dark abode
And seized with youthful arms the drunken god
His rosy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty can, *with ears half worn away,*
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day,
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garlands they unstring and bind his hands:
For by the fraudful god, deluded long,
They now resolve to have their promised song.
Aegle, came in, to make their party good—
The fairest Nais of the neighbouring flood—
And, while he stares around with stupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temple dyes:
He finds the fraud, and with a smile demands,
On what design the boys had bound his hands."

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The answer, is a song—the long promised song. Silenus, promises to comply with the request, and on being unbound, he repays his captors with a summary of the Epicurean philosophy. This pastoral, it will be seen, is in keeping with the general tenor of pastoral poetry.—Silenus, a god, being the narrator and not a rustic.

The fourth bucolic, was the model of Pope's "Messiah." It had been foretold, by the oracles, that a child should be born to whom all nations should bow and yield willing submission, as to a Saviour; and this event it was prophesied should take place, U. C, 714, after the peace between Antony and Augustus. Virgil, with a poet's licence, supposes the child who was thus to bless man, to be the child, with which Octavia was pregnant to her former husband Marcellus. This pastoral, is entitled Pollio, in honour of his early friend and patron, who seems to have been a very accomplished scholar; and Virgil who never forgot his kind offices, also addressed to him his *Pharmaceutria*, which is a most beautiful composition, and contains some of the most sublime images that are to be found in ancient or modern literature, and displays in a striking manner the fertility of the poet's genius, the correctness of his taste, and the brilliancy of his imagination.

The two pastoral writers are Theocritus and Virgil. Theocritus, the father of pastoral verse, is distinguished for the great simplicity of his imagery and the harmony and sweetness of his verse; but above all, for the correctness of his descriptions of scenery, manners and customs: indeed so much does he excel in the latter quality; that the traveller might wander through Sicily, with the Idyls of Theocritus in his hand, and find his description of manners to be correct, even, at the present day. He has all the beauties of an original genius, with all the faults. He sometimes, like Homer, descends to ideas that are gross and mean, and his shepherds, like Homer's heroes, are often abusive.

Virgil, who is often nothing more than a translator of Theocritus, must be allowed to have shown great judgment in his selections, and very often to have improved upon the original; for his shepherds are never offensively low, nor do they lose the rustic character. Theocritus led the way, following nature closely and exhibiting all the traits of a great genius. Virgil followed, with a more polished style, adorned by the advantages of art and taste.

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FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day stars! that ope your eyes, with man, to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temples tesellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer:

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that Fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath plann'd—

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To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps, the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome, the sky.

There, as in solitude, and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.—

Your voiceless lips, oh flowers! are living preachers—
Each cup a pulpit; every leaf, a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour
"Weep without love, and blush without a crime,"
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours,"
How vain the grandeur, ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructions hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb, interred in earth,
To me ye are a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O Lord! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of Thine ordaining—
Priests, sermons, shrines!

ON BENEVOLENCE.

BY T. T. LAMBERT, ESQ.

THERE are many of us no doubt who, employed in a useful range of action, have felt ourselves occasionally unusually happy; all the discords of the soul under these circumstances being hushed; its vexations all removed; its feelings of opposition calmed down and dissipated, and in their stead, a sweet and serene music occupying the soul. In such a range of employment, the mind has, by an invisible attraction, been drawn again and

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again by a charm, secret, sweet, and unknown, and yet irresistable. It is no doubt a great advantage to us to be enabled to analyse such emotions; to ascertain their nature, and likewise to be enabled to trace them to their sources. The advantages are manifest. It is no doubt very refreshing to the mind itself, to discover the sources whence its joyous emotions arise; and by showing us the principle with which it has pleased the Divine Being to connect enjoyment, we are enabled almost always, if not entirely, to command at will, the possession of happiness. In analysing these emotions, and in tracing them to their fountains, we are conducted, almost invariably, to their mainspring Benevolence: the disposition and power of dispensing good. It is this power, reverently be it spoken, that makes the Creator happy. It is this which disposed Him to arrange everything in the visible universe so sweetly and harmoniously as He has done. It was this principle which caused Him to spread such beauty over the flowery carpet on which we tread; to give such magnificence to the boundless empyrean above; such majesty to the tree; and such loveliness to the flower. It was this, undoubtedly, which made Him, in the fruits which earth produces, provide such ample plenty for man and beast. God is happy; nothing can disturb the deep and awful serenity of His eternal blessedness; and yet it is not by any means a passive principle even in Him. No, far otherwise; trace what you may, go where you will, either with the telescope or the microscope, marks of unquestionable benevolence, and sterling mercy surround you delightfully on every hand. It glows alike in the luminous belt of Saturn, and is found also in the minutest recesses of the moss and stone. And if the mantle of mercy adorns the majesty of heaven, and if pity wreathes the diadem of the skies, surely the skirts of the mantle must fall gracefully and becomingly on the shoulders of man.

We must be good if we would be happy; and to be happy we must not form speculative theories at home, but we must go about doing good; and then we shall be blest in our deeds. We shall find opportunities for usefulness, creating themselves with a fertility that is astonishing, and the means of meeting these necessities, springing up in a way altogether unexpected, and beyond calculation. If we are disposed to pour in the oil and wine, we shall never lack the oil and wine to pour; we shall have abundance at our disposal, such as God gives in nature, and not as it is dispensed by the niggard hand of man. Our corn shall not be tied into sheaves, or covered into stacks, but shall wave gracefully on open plains, and by river sides, inviting all to come and partake that are necessitous and hungering. Our grapes shall not be dried into raisins, nor crushed into boxes, but cluster plentifully in heaps by the road sides, fermenting with sweetness and bursting with wine. Thus shall our goodness rise as a river, and our righteousness roll as the waves of the sea, bearing a freight of happiness, and a cause for rejoicing to suffering brother-man.

Dispensary, Hull.

CURSORY OBSERVATIONS ON THE STAGE.

BY JOHN EVANS.

THE STAGE, to use the felicitous expression of the immortal Shakespeare, is—

> "To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature,
> To show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image,
> And the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

Hence, in the most refined periods of the world, the stage has been regarded as a grand vehicle of moral instruction—cherished and cultivated as such—and has uniformly attained a higher degree of excellence, in proportion as the liberties and genius of man have become improved and exalted. In looking back into the histories of Greece and Rome, we see the stage raise itself to a higher rank and consequence with the civil and literary improvements of those once great nations, and at length give birth to those compositions, which, in all subsequent ages have continued to be admired, as well for correctness of sentiment as elegance of diction. In proof of this, may be adduced the venerable names of Sophocles and Euripides, of Terence and Platus, with many others, whose celebrated works have given to each a great and lasting name in the pantheon of history. Even among people destitute of those advantages enjoyed by countries in a civilized state, public representations of manners and events, combined with morals, form a share of their amusements; and we may fairly presume, that the simple theative spectacles of Otaheite,

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though wanting that dignity and consequence which accompany the dramatic representations of enlightened nations, are not without their proportionate effect on the minds of the gentle, though unpolished, natives of those islands.

As the subject is one in which a large portion of the public take an interest, it may not be deemed unnecessary to consider the era of the rise of dramatic literature in this country. In doing this, we must be struck with considerable surprise, in finding this important species of writing to have had so late an origin, or at least, so late a cultivation in our land of arts and letters. But our surprise, on the other hand, will be considerably lessened, when we take into consideration the unbounded powers of the priesthood, in an age when England was covered with monastries, and the mind of man slumbered beneath the torpid influence of monkish and superstitious gloom. As the power of the priesthood lessened, knowledge progressively advanced, and human reason kept pace with its progress. By the noble efforts of enlightened individuals, both at home and abroad, the rancour of an intemperate religious zeal subsided into mildness and toleration; and the ideas of man, as they became more free, became enlarged and expanded, and gradually laid open the way to a more improved and polished literature. This, to use the language of the poet, was the period—

> "When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes,
> First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakespeare rose."

From this era, therefore, we may date the commencement of the regular drama in our country. The public representations in England, previous to this time, appear from writings on the subject, and from the critical notices of Johnson, Stevens, Malone, and other commentators upon Shakespeare, to have been little beyond mere dumbshow, rope dancing, and other similar amusements, adapted only to the taste of vacant and uninformed minds, and destitute of every thing which could convey the smallest degree of intellectual delight and improvement. It was reserved for Shakespeare, the favourite child of nature, to open a new field of rational and dignified entertainment to his countrymen, and to strike out a species of literature, combined with public representations, which should be at once a source of entertainment and a school of morality. Happy and useful genius, which could thus unite pleasure with mental culture, and lead man, through the medium of his amusements, to the love and practice of the moral virtues! Even at that period the belief in demonology was the creed of the day, and was carried to so extraordinary a pitch of absurdity, mingled with cruelty, as to doom many innocent individuals to the flames, and under the ridiculous accusation of witchcraft—the mere mention of which, in this enlightened age, excites only laughter and contempt. Most of those miserable victims to ignorance and superstition, were helpless, inoffensive, old women, whose age and infirmities were deemed proofs of guilt, and made the plea for inflicting on them, acts of the most wanton and relentless barbarity. This digression may be found not altogether unconnected with the subject of the stage.

The design and effect of the stage, on its true principles, is that of correcting and improving the manners and morals of mankind, and according to the opinion of the best critics, an imitation of that which really exists. It cannot, therefore, be denied, that in our age, to some extent, it has degenerated in its object, and it appears, on its present system, inefficient in producing this important end. The love of novelty so preponderates in the breast of man, as, in many instances, to supersede the exercise of his judgment and reason. Its offspring, *Fashion*, bears an equal sway, and not confining itself to dress and manners alone, extends its predominating influence even over the productions of literature itself. From this source, the works of many of our modern dramatists may be said to derive their weak and unprofitable effects; and ceasing, as in the days of Shakespeare and his cotemporaries, to be the scourge of vice; the stage loses its energy and dignity of character, and degenerates into a mere representation of the fashions and follies of the age. A painful feature in the English drama, from which the eye of reason and liberality turn with equal disgust, is the contempt thrown upon different *religious* persuasions in many of our comedies. Different religious sects are often introduced upon the stage—sometimes under ludicrous, and sometimes under unamiable characters. Hence a torrent of popular ridicule and dislike is unjustly brought upon their respective bodies, which has often terminated, in other countries, in a vindictive persecution. The frequent representations of the *Hypocrite*, and the injurious moral tendency of the

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Beggar's Opera, are much to be lamented,—and it is much to be grieved at that a regard for the morals and happiness of society should not have interposed a check to their representation, from those who are the delegated guardians and protectors of both.

It is not less just than it is pleasing, to notice with deserved encomium, those of a better description, whose talents have been employed and exerted to repair the injuries occasioned by the unworthy and misapplied labours of the former. Among the foremost of these stand Cumberland, Knowles, and Jerrold, whose dramatic pieces have tended in a considerable degree, to improve the moral and national character, and to assert the honour and reputation of the English drama. In all Cumberland's productions he seems, purposely, to have introduced individuals of different countries and creeds, under the most amiable and conciliating points of view, as a counteracting effect to such as other dramatists have rendered objects of ridicule and disgust. To this laudable end have his labours been uniformly directed, evincing the sincerity of his manly declaration, that "he would rather remove one prejudice from the breasts of Englishmen, than add another India to the possessions of their empire." His well-drawn character of the gallant and generous-hearted *O'Flaherty*, disdaining every insinuation of baseness and dishonour, and nobly vindicating the cause of the oppressed and unfortunate, has doubtless contributed much to raise the true character of the Irish people in the estimation of their British fellow-subjects. Equal merit is due to him for his portraiture of the Jew, whom he has exhibited as possessing a soul glowing with the warmest benevolence, and conferring acts of the most exalted charity, on those even, who had despised and insulted him. He thus nobly and powerfully contributed to remove the prejudices entertained against, and the reproaches cast upon, that unfortunate and persecuted tribe, whose errors are, perhaps, more attributable to society, than to any depravity peculiarly existing in themselves—spurned and excluded, as they have hitherto been, from the intercourse and fellowship of man, and deprived, almost universally, of the common rights and enjoyments of civilized life.

There is still another species of our comedy in as great a degree prejudicial to the morals, as those alluded to before are to the manners and tendencies of society. Such, in our opinion, are the pieces of Farquhar, Hoadly, Congreve, and others, whose representation is, on this account, a circumstance much to be deplored and reprehended. Their scenes of intrigue and gallantry, inasmuch as they are couched in elegant language, are doubly dangerous, and exhibiting, in fact, gross indecency and vice. The most prominent among these are the licentious pieces of Shadwell, Wycherly, and others, written in the voluptous age of Charles II., with which indeed, it must be allowed they are in perfect unison. The general subjects of their plots are the amours and low intrigues, at one time of married, and at another unmarried, personages, assisted by the agency of footmen and chambermaids, whose merits and fidelity are appreciated by the extent of their vice, and by the degree wherein they successfully administer to the depraved pursuits of their patrons. Each gentleman has his obsequious valet, and each lady her useful and subservient Abigail. Upon this vitiating model are formed the greater part of our comedies and low farces. In these exist the same spirit of low intrigue, with the same ribaldry of sentiment; and the feature which most strikingly marks them, is that pitiful attempt at *double-entendre*, to which a perverted taste bestows the unmerited appellation of wit. How forcibly and injuriously must they operate upon the mind, when brought into public representation, especially on young minds, glowing with passion, and, at the same time, wanting the preserving aid of discretion.

The extreme partiality of the present age for musical entertainments, has contributed to give to the comic and serious opera, a celebrity and importance beyond the first productions of the tragic or comic music; almost, in truth, to the exclusion of the more important and regular drama. The subject for these is, for the most part, that of *love*; at all times, it must be owned, an engaging one, and doubtless rendered still more so, when aided by the charms of music, which thus becomes a powerful medium of exciting and affecting the tender passion. The sentiments of the lover, expressed in a soft and soothing sonnet, are presumed to be irresistible, and to move the heart and affections of the most obdurate fair one. Such scenes and subjects are certainly pleasing, and perhaps, in themselves, pure and harmless; nevertheless, yielding momentary impressions, they may in some degree, tend to give a false bias to its views and sentiments, and by presenting it with imaginary pictures of perfect virtue, which unhappily has yet had no

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existence but in the fancy of the poet, to divert its attention from that which is real and attainable. Man, from this circumstance, may be led more to *admire* virtue, than to *practise* it; and, like the dog in the fable, lose the substance by grasping at the shadow. According to the taste and genius of their authors, some are founded on striking passages of history; some present us with superior traits of moral virtues; while others are made the vehicle of satire on the follies and vices of mankind. Among the two former of these, few deserve to rank higher, both for dignity of subject, excellence of sentiment, and the lessons which they respectively inculcate, than *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Love in a Village*, together with the *Surrender of Calais*, and the *Inkle and Yarico* of the younger Colman. The latter's *Eustache de St. Pierre* is a fine picture of genuine patriotism, founded on the noble principle of self-sacrifice, for the preservation of his fellow citizens, a conduct worthy of a Roman soul, in the most exalted days of her republic. The character of *Yarico* is a chaste and beautiful portrait of simple nature, unbiassed in sentiment by custom, and unrestrained in manners by art. Her sensibility and native innocence powerfully affect and interest the best feelings of the heart. In weeping over the sorrows of this gentle maid, we at once extend our sympathy to every injured African, and are led indignantly to execrate a traffic, which at once violates the dearest rights of humanity, and sacrifices the noblest principles of the heart at the abject shrine of avarice. From dramas such as these, the mind retires with every best impression and moral improvement; and the approbation which it receives from an audience, is at least, a pleasing proof that the generous principles of social benevolence are no strangers to the breasts of Englishmen. Music, in every age and clime, we find to have constituted a portion of man's amusements, and though many be more useful, yet few can be more innocent. Pursuits of the most innocent nature may, nevertheless, be carried to an excess, and this may be said to be realized with respect to our operas and musical dramas.

Literary labour becomes more valuable in proportion as it is more generally useful; and the efforts of genius may be justly said to shine with brighter lustre, and to be entitled to the greater veneration of mankind, when employed in that which tends to promote the cause of virtue. To render the representation of a tragedy subservient to the purposes of moral instruction, and to afford the means to produce its due effect, the first care should be to divest it of every circumstance of fiction and improbability, and entirely to remove, not merely that which is opposite to, but even all that is not in the most perfect unison with the realities of life. It has justly been remarked, that "a play being the exhibition of a certain action, though it may not be an actual history, yet it should, in its invented part, resemble *nature* as much as possible." The tragedy of the *Gamester*, from its natural and pathetic incidents, and more especially from its speaking the simple language of nature, finds a much easier transit to the avenues of the heart, and conveys a more forcible lesson of moral virtue than most tragedies on the English stage. The natural scenes and circumstances of domestic life are here forcibly and affectingly portrayed by individual suffering; attaching itself solely to those instances of human woe, which life unhappily is continually punishing, must soften the ruggedness of our nature, call forth the better affections of the mind, and predispose it, not less to commiserate than to alleviate the distresses of our fellow beings. Human life thus reflected before us, as by a mirror, excites the leading passions of the breast,

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art."

To rouse and animate it to the exercise of great and virtuous actions, and to awaken its indignation and abhorrence of vice, by presenting it with striking pictures of human depravity. But the page of history, and "the pomp and circumstance of war," have been the grand sources for which the materials of our tragedies have been drawn. The actions of great and celebrated men are thus borne down to us, along the stream of time, from the most remote generations; and, in the contemplation of their characters, we have the models by which to form and regulate our own.

As an uninterrupted state of prosperity is unfavourable to the exercise of virtuous sentiments, an occasional exhibition of the woes and sufferings of human life must be friendly to the cause, and conducive to the practice of moral virtues. To feel for sorrow, the heart must itself be made acquainted with grief. The uses of adversity are often sweet and wholesome; and hence adversity has not improperly been termed the school

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of virtue. The mind also requires to be relieved from the attendant woes of life, by occasional relaxations; and the smile which smooths the wrinkled brow of care, without an injury to the feelings of another, may surely be indulged and promoted, as the effect and indication of innocent and virtuous gaiety. It is the perversion of the heart, and its consequent actions, which are eminently injurious to society, and it cannot be doubted that the moral laws of the drama, have an effect next after those of the pulpit, or promulgated in courts of justice. Edmund Burke, indeed, has gone so far as to observe, that "the theatre is a better school of moral sentiment than churches." How much then has the dramatist to answer for at the tribunal of virtue, whose works have a tendency to shake the foundations of virtuous principles, by giving to the world a false and vicious system of morals, under the specious colours of amiable sensibility!

THE NATURAL BRIDGE; OR, ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

(From Elihu Burritt's "Sparks from the Anvil")

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three of four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid day. It is almost five hundred feet from where slant up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel; the sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them; they see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth that there is *no royal road to intellectual eminence*. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach,—a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Buonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another niche for his hand. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, in that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a newly created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends are weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now, for the first time, cast a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half away to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that freeze their young blood. He is too high, too faint, to ask for

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his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire, swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon the father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length rolled on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "*William! William! Don't look down! your Mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you. Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top!*" The boy did not look *down*. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers! resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this over-hanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his breast; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut, before the longest rope can reach him. His wasted blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gasp, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! One foot swings off! he is reeling, trembling, toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ears from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words *God!* and *mother!* whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightened rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down, and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy,—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

THE WEDDING DAY.

By Marston,—Author of "Gerald," the Patrician's Daughter, &c.

The bridal was over, the joy-bells had ceased,
The cup of kind wishes had passed at the feast,
The friends of the bride and the bridegroom retire—
And leave them alone with their mother and sire.

Not a word do they speak, though the time hurries by;
They breathe not a blessing, they heave not a sigh;
Ere the sun, just at noon, slants a shadow, they part,
And "tick, tick," goes the clock,—like a throb of the heart,

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With closed lips sits the mother; the shade of a smile
Flits over her lips; and intently, the while,
The eyes of the bride on the woodbine branch rest,
As its waving kept time to the pulse in her breast.

A sweet pain thrills the breast of the husband; he knows
How much to the maid who has blessed him he owes;
To and fro walks the father and hums a glad strain,
Which stops short like a wave that seeks ocean again.

Then he strides to the window and prates of the weather;—
"Why the day seems quite blithe to have joined you together!
But I know on long journeys what harass one feels,
Fill the glass ere you start,—hush!"—the sound of the wheels!

Then bowed by the grief she no longer could smother,
With clasped hands sank the child at the knees of her mother;
While the buds in her tresses are bathed in a shower
More holy than e'er gemmed the cups of a flower.

Cries the father—"No folly! tears could not flow faster
If the joy of this day were a fatal disaster,"
But even while he spoke, his accents were trembling,
Kind heart! he but little was skilled in dissembling.

She flew to his arms,—extented they caught her:
She clings to his bosom;—"My darling, my daughter;
My jewel, my bird, my sweet fount undefiled!"
Then quivered his lips and he wept like a child.

He turns to the bridegroom— My rose which for years
I have fostered with smiles and watered with tears,
I transplant from its soil; in thine should it thrive,
'Tis the sunshine of love that must keep it alive.

"To consecrate, honour, and sweeten thy life,
I give thee,—I give thee—the faith of a wife;
Thou shalt cherish and shield her in good and in ill"—
She springs to her husband—"My father, he will!"

An adieu, an embrace! the door opens, they're gone;
To the new world before them their steeds hurry on:—
All the blessings that parents can pray for attend them,
And His love, who is more than a parent, befriend them!

JOHN REEVE AT THE WREKIN.

(From Frazer's Magazine.)

GREAT men frequented the Wrekin; but greater men had the reputation of frequenting it. A personal anecdote accords with the present case. Therefore, here goes.—

John Reeve! oh, reader! dream not of the mummy, who, when taken with a fit of coffin, balanced the pewter pot and the porter pot on the top of his head. Remember not John's declaration, that it was a case of reversion that the P. O. T. was balanced on the T. O. P.

One would naturally of thought that an introduction to John Reeve was a self-buried eccentricity—an absurdity plunged into another absurdity, so deep as to be beyond all chance of extrication. But, then, on the other hand, Cornwall is a long way off.

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Now, in Cornwall, mines are so far like ships, that they have captains; and a captain of Cornish mines is an independent individual with about £300 a year at his command. He superintends wholesale operations, and he does not deem it *infra dig* to dive into the deepest achievements of digging.

Such a gentleman was, in the days of the Canning administration, entrusted with a mission to the prime mininter, upon the subject of Cornish mines in general, and with a letter of introduction to John Reeve, in particular. As little things sometimes take precedence of great, the Cornish captain waited upon John Reeve, before he thought of the prime minister. He presented his letter of introduction at the stage-door, and was presently admitted behind the scenes of the Adelphi. The dressing room whither he was first shown, rather astonished him, more particularly as Reeve said he would soon show him the way to get a good dressing; adding that, for that matter, it was a pity that Cook was dead. Cornish did not understand all this; but about half-past twelve he and Reeve emerged from the stage-door together, both moderately drunk.

"Show me a little of Lunnun," said Cornish to John.

"That's impossible," said Jack, "and likewise very improper. Aint you a miner?" "Certainly." "Well, then, its very wrong to let a *minor* know more than he ought."

"Nonsense! I say its very necessary I should see Lunnun."

"Necessary! necessary, is it?" said Jack. "Well I believe minors are allowed necessaries by law; so come along."

And therefore Jack took his Cornish friend to several convivial resorts, with "thrones of human felicity," when John's Cornish friend exclaimed "you aint showed me half Lunnun—take me somewhere's else."

Reeve paused and pondered. Where it should be? The request was peremtory, the time unpropitious, the opportunity *afar off*; but diminishing John brought the the glass, as he had done many, within the focus of his memory, and before his mind's eye the Wrekin stood confessed. So, John Reeve took his friend to the Wrekin. It was, in every sense of the word, a *dernier ressort*—the last place in London where bread and cheese, badinage, and brandy and water, were assured to the guest, and where all the actors and half the wits in the metropolis congregated, until a prompter's whistle, in the shape of a crowing cock, warned them to their homes. At the Wrekin the pair were welcomed. John took his friend into the private room, where some of his brother actors, and numerous parliamentary reporters from the gallery, were assembled to

"Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul."

Having just *come*, they each ordered *a go*, and sat down—John Reeve and his miner. Reeve's friends flanked a table on either side, on the top of which sat a pleasant-countenanced, bald-headed gentleman, closely resembling Sir Thomas Lawrence. Mr. Deepore. (so let us call Jack's friend) was debarred from asking any immediate questions, as the company were just engaged in listening to Power's "Lament for Whiskey."

The time had now arrived when the miner might, with propriety, look for a little information at the hands of John. "Who are they all?" was his first comprehensive question.

"Can I trust you?" muttered John.

"Trust me! How? Why? What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, I mean if you tell its—all Dickey—yes, you may look—all Dickey."

"What do you mean by Dickey?"

"Why, if I tell you, and you tell anybody else, and anybody else tells anybody that you told them, we shall be all scragged."

"Scragged?" asked the miner, with not the faintest perception of what scragged meant.

"Aye, scragged!" echoed John; "hung by the neck with the legs downwards. Pleasant, eh!—you may look!

The miner put but little faith in the alternative; and declared that his first question might safely be answered.

"Well, if you think so," said Jack, "listen!" and lifting his glass to his lips, he finished his first "go" of brandy and water.

Reeve now continued in an under tone, a little inflated with pomposity. He was, in fact, making a speech. "Well, sir, after the cares of business—yes, after the cares of

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business—you may look—it befits great men—you may look, but I say great men—to relax from their arduous and anxious toils in the society of a few kindred spirits—waiter, some more brandy—you may look—yes, kindred spirits. Now—draw your ear closer—you won't peach, eh?"

"Peach!" said the miner.

"Yes, you may look; but if you peach it will be a neck-train." And the miner did look; for he was at a nonplus as to apprehension.

"I mean *tell*, you know—tell, tell."

"Oh! I won't tell," said the miner.

"Well, then, what was I saying? let me see, yes—great men—kindred spirits—ah, I know—draw your ear closer—well, great men—aye, the greatest men in England—come here after the toils of office—and—and"—But Jack feigned to be too big with his subject for utterance; and merely took another swallow of his "cold without."

"And—and what?" anxiously inquired Mr. Deepore, with a suspenseful gaze.

"What—ah, you may look," resumed Jack; but—well, then, there are *four cabinet ministers, and three members of parliament, in the room now.*"

"The deuce there be!" said the miner.

"Yes," said Jack, you may look! and his friend liberally availed himself of the permission.

"Then, whose that?" he asked, singling out one of the guests.

"That—Mr. Hume."

"You doant say so! and whose that?"

"That's Huskisson."

"Be it really! And the gentleman with the bald head at the top o' the table."

"That's Canning."

"What, prime minister Canning?" gasped the miner.

"Yes, prime minister Canning!—you may look!"

Mr. Deepore was for a moment filled with amazement; but, speedily, with the acute perception and peculiar shrewdness of his countrymen, he bethought himself of turning the incident to instant account. He remembered that his sole business in London was, if he could so manage it, to be with Mr. Canning, on the subject of those mines of which he was captain and chief; and he justly appreciated the value of the coincidence which had brought him into free, unrestrained convivial collision with the great man himself, on the very first evening of his arrival. At once he communicated to his friend John Reeve, his intention of taking advantage of the prime minister's good-natured moments to press his suit; and that worthy having passed round the hint to a company, none of whom were ever slow in taking one, the miner began to explore, and commenced his first excavation into his subject.

He approached Mr. Canning (or rather the intelligent, bald-headed reporter, who was on that occasion his prototype) with a Cornish bow; he begged him a thousand Cornish pardons, and "could he speak to him alone?"

Certainly not—the ministers had no secrets from the friends around him; and whatever Mr. Deepore had to say, he might say aloud, without fear and without reserve.

So out spoke the miner. He broached his plans—he presented his petition—he eloquently pressed its prayer—he was encouraged by some lucid observation from Huskisson; and his first damper was from Mr. Hume, on the ground of the expense. One or two of the members present spoke to the question. But on John Reeve's reminding them of his presence, by shouting "Cut it, Canning—you may look!" the proxy prime minister brought the matter to a close.

"Mr. Deepore, when I first gave you permission to speak, I was not aware that you wished to address me upon a matter of business. As my friend Reeve says, you may look! But the fact is we come here to escape business altogether, and to have a little pleasure. I cannot, therefore, consent to any usurpation of conviviality here: you must drop the subject. You shall not, however, be forgotten. You have been introduced to me under the most favourable auspices, by a gentleman remarkable for his gravity, sobriety, and judgment in the selection of his friends. I will give you a card. Here; I have written upon it "Admit the bearer instantly, G. C." Call upon me at, two o'clock to-morrow, in Downing Street; and if the clerks make any ceremony in admitting you, show them this. Tell them it was given you last night by Mr. Canning, at the

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Wrekin, in Broad-court, and you'll be ushered in directly. But dont show the card, unless you find a necessity. And now, gentlemen, as two of our lamps are out, and the other is upon its last legs, I beg to knock Mr. Reeve down for a song." There was a shout of approval.

It has been since supposed that Reeve was inebriated; for he exclaimed, "Well, as you've knocked me down, I'll put your last lamp out. You may look—but hear."

Its the last lamp on the table,
Left blazing alone;
All its oily kimpanions
Is burnt out and gone.
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To go out in smoke;
Since the rest are in darkness,
Why thou shalt be broke.

Wherewith Jack finished his "cold without," and aimed his empty tumbler with sufficient accuracy to smash the lamp, douse the glimmer, and break up the company.

Even amid all the dilemmas of drunkenness, and although he went to bed with his feet on the pillow, and his head to the posts, and put his candle out with his nightcap instead of the extinguisher, Mr. Deepore did not forget his appointment with the prime minister, and two o'clock the next day found him punctually at Downing Street. Mr. Canning was denied, and Mr. Deepore's Cornish blood was up. He was on the eve of calling the chief clerk a liar, when he thought of his card. "There," said he pulling it triumphantly from his pocket, "there read that: 'Admit the bearer instantly, G. C.' Now then, I got that from Mr. Canning last night, when we were all together drinking together at the Wrekin, Broad-court, Bow Street. There, will you let me in now?"

It was in vain that the clerk, who now doubted the miner's sanity, assured him that Mr. Canning was with the King, at Windsor. Mr. Deepore would not believe; and he remained in an agitated and somewhat uproarious state of non-conviction, until it was found necessary to have him forcibly expelled into the streets of Westminster.

SONNET.—MAY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Yes, this is May,—a glorious, genuine May,
With sentient life in every thing which haunts
The green earth's bosom: birds, and trees, and plants,
Put forth wings, leaves, and flowers, in bright array,
And live in sunshine. Larks are up i' the air
With morn,—the cuckoo's song, i' the glowing day,—
The nightingale's at night its descant chants;—
And from their hives, through gardens choice and gay,
To feast on sweets the sun lures forth brown bees,
That in the air careering 'mid bright swarms
Of butterflies, 'midst pastime mind their labours!—
Shaking out fragrance from their plumy charms
Rich Lilacs scent the tresses of their neighbours—
Those golden-haired Laburnums, gracefullest of trees!

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PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

We extract the following paragraph from the Wisbech Advertiser.—"The Annual Meeting for settling the general affairs of this valuable Benefit Order, met at South Elmsall, in the South Kirkby District, Yorkshire, on Easter Monday and Tuesday last. Brothers Henry Pooley, Ephraim Bodger, and William Pike Bays, being appointed as delegates on behalf of the Wisbech District. The meeting was attended by the Officers of the Order and 62 delegates from several districts, namely:—Ashton under Lyne, Oldham, Rochdale, Ossett, Huddersfield, Heptonstall, Leeds, Halifax, Colne, Holme, Bacup, Bramley, Pontefract, Wakefield, Kirkburton, Bury, New Mills, Malton, Selby, Wisbech, Hull, Langtoft (including Scarborough), South Kirkby, Stalybridge, Yeadon, New Church, Wetwang, Pickering, Lewisham, Robin Hood's Bay, Mossley, Bolton, and Manchester, (delegates from Bishop Auckland, Ashford, Driffield, and Cambridge not being present). Very important alterations were made in the General Laws of the Order, and the accounts from the several districts were satisfactory. The Order, as is now shown, extends its benefits very widely throughout the Northern and Midland counties of England, and it will not be too much to add that the Eastern counties are taking advantage—in no small degree—of these benefits. The Wisbech District may perhaps be considered (as to numbers) one of the most important in the Order, having now 36 lodges and 1600 members in its connexion. We have on former occasions invited, and we again call the attention of the industrious population to the benefits derivable from this and kindred institutions around us, and we may, with all proper respect, be allowed to add that our more opulent neighbours would do well to give them their countenance and support."

We sincerely and heartily congratulate our brother Shepherds on the present healthy and promising aspect of the Order. It speaks highly of their principles and their energy, that they have progressed so rapidly, and yet so calmly and steadily. It says much for their general moral character that they have had so few instances among them of fraudulent and improper conduct; the number of expulsions being so small as to call for our admiration of their past, and inspire us with renewed hope for their future success. We earnestly exhort them to persevere; and by untiring effort; brotherly unanimity; by wide and intelligent views, and corresponding benevolence of action, so strengthen and consolidate themselves

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as to be able to banish all discord, and defy disruption. To this end we cordially and strenuously invite them to use the pages of the MAGAZINE for the dissemination of their suggestions and opinions. We urge them to become frequent and friendly contributors thereto; to promote in all their districts its circulation, and by their combined efforts render it an instructive, elevating, and efficient organ of an Order, which, by these laudable means, may soon become one of the most respectable and important in the United Kingdom

We hope that we shall receive an early and liberal supply of original matter; and that our talented and generous friends of Wisbech and Hull, (to whom we are already indebted) as well as other places, will emulate each other in gracing and improving by their pens the pages of the ANCIENT SHEPHERDS' MAGAZINE.

SALMAGUNDI.

BRITISH COAL AND IRON.

THE mineral resources of our island are inexhaustible; and they are of a virtuous character; such as stimulate and develope industry. The cankering curse of gold or of silver has not been deposited under her soil, to eclipse, with baneful sheen, the duller light of better metals. The fires that nightly redden her mountain tops, and shoot their lurid glare athwart the drooping clouds, glow not in vain in the economy of her heart-relation to the world. The fifty thousand tons of iron, which these artificial craters send forth daily, all shaped for human purposes, are bridging continental rivers, and strapping countries together with those iron bands of brotherhood—the railway bars—countries once divided and desolated by steel of murderous edge. And underneath gigantic arches of English iron, spanning rivers, running through tribes of different tongues into oriental seas, huge steamers hiss, and hurl from their path a yielding wave at every stroke of their English enginery, propelled by the volcanic energy of furnaces fed with English coal. Five hundred tons of this mineral fuel, it is said, are daily consumed on the swift rolling Danube alone. And all the way to "the extremest Inde," these two elements of England's organic wealth, attest what they can do to the partition-walls of space in the steam-ship's fiery, foaming, midnight wake.

The great rivers of the Eastern world are stirred half-way to their sources by these new leviathans. They are laving their banks with an upward flow, under the mighty pulsation of the English steam engine. English coal and iron are the spirit, bone, and muscle of the socializing agencies now working to bring the world's extremes into amicable neighbourhood. See what they have done to narrow down the barrier which once made two worlds! They have bridged the Atlantic with keels that wait not for favouring winds, until there is "no more sea," in the sense of division, between the two hemispheres. A hundred years ago Edinburg and London were as far apart, by the measure of time, as Liverpool and Boston now. English coal and iron have laid the bars of nine thousand miles of railway in the New World, and nearly twice as many more in the Old; which, if linked in one continuous track, would girdle the earth at its equator with a race-course for the Iron Horse

And the Iron Horse—a word for him, of Saxon stock; for it matters not where he is stabled or harnessed for his mission,—whether to thunder through Siberian wastes with Nicholas' ukase, or from Cairo to Timbuctoo, with a message from Ibrahim Pacha, or

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from Thibet to Calcutta, on a commercial errand— he will show his Saxon pedigree, and his Saxon groom and rider. Where he goes, there will go the English language, and the genius of the English race. From the far, still depths of central Asia, he will bring Londonward letters in the English tongue; letters to English churches, and then to English manufacturers and bankers; and then new furnaces and forges will illuminate the hills and clouds of Wales with their midnight glow; and the tall factory chimneys of Lancashire and Yorkshire will thicken to a forest, and labyrinths of busy, bee-winged machinery will be added to the looms and spindles plying now. And the Iron Horse will shake the sombre solitudes of barbarism with his giant tread, and run to and fro whistling to strange tribes of men, to come out of their dens and caves and forest lairs, into the sunlight and sympathy of civilization, and to change their beast or bird-skin garments for those of fine spun wool or cotton. And at every place where he stops for fuel-food, he will drop a Christian Missionary, and teachers of the English tongue, and, returning, will bring in his saddle-bags more letters for Bibles, and for bales of cloth and clothing.—*Elihu Burritt.*

THE COST OF KILLING.

The expenses of the War which closed the last century and opened the present, were about £1,200,000,000, or nearly eight times the cost of our railways. But the cost of war is not to be calculated by money—it is not a question of finance alone. Its expenditure is the expenditure of crime as well as gold. What statistics of police offices, of sessions—of assizes—of lock-up houses and prisons, would record a greater list of offences, than those connected with the march of armies—with the sacking of towns—with the burning of habitations—with the field of battle? What are the money-costs of war, frightful though they be, compared with the cost of misery in all its forms which war brings in its train? What severings of families—what sacrifices of the gay and young—what orphanhood and widowhood—what children mourning for fathers—what fathers lamenting their perished sons? The waste of war—the waste of gold by war, seem scarcely worth a thought when you turn to the waste of life,—to the mortal victims offered at its shrine. Of what is that multitude composed? Of men in all the buoyancy of strength and action, in the hey-day of existence, in the energy of youth and manhood, swept away—silenced—sacrificed—not in that "fitting frame serene" which smooths the departure of the good; not in preparation, or in prayer, but in passion and in hatred, in desolation and destruction; amidst the outpouring of blood, and the infinite forms of misery; dying, but not in that peace in which a Christian should die.—*Dr. Bowring.*

THE PRINT-WORKS OF NATURE.

The descent into the coal strata is generally dirty and disagreeable; miners are often very careless, and to hang in a basket at the end of a rope over a shaft of 300 or 350 yards in depth, requires no little nerve. With a steady engineer and good conducting rods, these subterraneous excavations may be explored with moderate safety. If the mine be of considerable thickness, and moderately dry, it is a sight worthy of inspection. The Town-lane mine, near Ashton-under-Lyne, exhibits one of the most beautiful roofs of shale that can well be imagined, the whole being beautifully and regularly printed over by the leaves and small stems of vegetables, and in very considerable variety, so regularly distributed as to have the appearance of printed cloth, with a small running pattern of black, on a slate coloured ground.—*Clay's Sketches.*

THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

All good and beautiful souls delight to dwell amid beautiful objects, because there they feel at home, and among their friends. And it is the duty of all to make themselves and their appurtenances as handsome as they can. And I say to all, be sure neglect no simple and lawful means of making your person, your actions, your dwelling, your life, as beautiful to yourself and those around you, as every life and person may and ought to be made. Have flowers much about you; who that is good for anything does not love flowers? Be yourself always pleasant where possible, and think it your duty to

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infuse as much grace into everything as its nature and your means may lawfully admit of. Use your eyes to the contemplation of fair objects, and be as much as possible among beautiful colours, and forms, and sounds; and to this end, love the fine arts, and read much poetry, and converse continually with fields and streams. If a man would be a poem, living a noble and heroic life, he should have his house and garniture, and diet, as simple and comely as he can; for by the law of Assimilation, what man accustoms himself to see, he becomes.—*The Evangel of Love.*

ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

JOHN RUSSELL, a plain gentleman residing near Bridport, county of Dorset, obtained a favourable introduction to court by a piece of good fortune. The Archduke Philip of Austria, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighbourhood. Sir Thomas Trenchard apprised the court of the circumstance, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to follow, he invited his cousin Mr. Russell, to wait upon the prince. Mr. Russell proved so agreeable a companion, that the archduke desired him to accompany him to Windsor. He was there presented to the King, Henry VII., who likewise was so well pleased with Mr. Russell, that he retained him as one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. Being subsequently a companion of the prince, he so far ingratiated himself into young Tudor's favour, that he got elevated to the peerage, under the title of Baron Russell of Cheyneys. In the next year, 1540, when the church lands were seized, Henry gave his favourite the Abbey of Tavistock, with the extensive possessions belonging thereto. In the next reign, Russell's star being still in the ascendant, young Edward, not sixteen, gave him the monastery of Woburn. In Charles II.'s time, William, the fifth earl, was made Duke of Bedford.—*From The Right of the Aristocracy to the Soil Considered.*

OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

WE must now try to conceive of the atmosphere as a whole, and to realize clearly the idea of its unity. And what a whole! what a unity it is! It possesses properties so wonderful, and so dissimilar, that we are slow to believe that they can exist together. It rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards that heaven of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vission—"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snowflakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back colour to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our checks; even its north blasts brace into new vigour the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificenc of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun." But for it, the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would be in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers: so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and

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blaze above the horizon: but the air watches for its coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labour till the evening.—*British Quarterly Review.*

SALE OF MR. DOMBEY'S FURNITURE.

The house stands, large and weatherproof, in the long dull street; but it is a ruin, and the rats fly from it. The men in the carpet caps go on tumbling the furniture about; and the gentlemen with the pens and ink make out inventories of it, and sit upon pieces of furniture never made to be sat upon, and eat bread and cheese from the public-house on other pieces of furniture never made to be eaten on, and seem to have a delight in appropriating precious articles to strange uses. Chaotic combinations of furniture also take place. Mattresses and bedding appear in the dining room; the glass and china get into the conservatory; the great dinner service is set out in heaps on the long divan in the large drawing-room; and the stair wires, made into fasces, decorate the marble chimney-pieces. Finally, a rug with a printed bill upon it, is hung out from the balcony; and a similar appendage graces either side of the hall door. Then, all day long, there is a retinue of mouldy gigs and chaise-carts in the street, and herds of shabby vampires, Jew and Christian, overrun the house, sounding the plate-glass mirrors with their knuckles, striking discordant octaves on the grand piano, drawing wet forefingers over the pictures, breathing on the blades of the best dinner knives, punching the squabs of chairs and sofas with their dirty fists, touzling the feather beds, opening and shutting all the drawers, balancing the silver spoons and forks, looking into the very threads of the drapery and linen, and disparaging everything. There is not a secret place in the whole house. Fluffy and snuffy strangers stare into the kitchen-range as curiously as into the attic clothes-press. Stout men, with napless hats on, look out of the bed-room windows, and cut jokes with friends in the street. Quiet, calculating spirits withdraw into the dressing-rooms with catalogues, and make marginal notes thereon, with stumps of pencils. Two brokers invade the very fire escape, and take a panoramic survey of the neighbourhood from the top of the house. The swarm and buzz, and going up and down, endure for days. The capital modern household furniture, &c. is on view. Then there is a palisade of tables made in the best drawing-room; and on the capital, French-polished, extending, telescopic range of Spanish mahogany dining tables with turned legs, the pulpit of the auctioneer is erected; and the herd of shabby vampires, Jew and Christian, the strangers fluffy and snuffy, and the stout men with the napless hats, congregate about it, and sit upon everything within reach, mantel-pieces included, and begin to bid. Hot, humming, and dusty, are the rooms all day; and, high above the heat, hum, and dust—the head and shoulders and voice and hammer of the auctioneer, are ever at work. The men in the carpet caps get flustered and vicious with tumbling the lots about, and still the lots are going, going, gone; still coming on. Sometimes there is joking and a general roar. This lasts all day and three days following. The capital modern household furniture, &c. is on sale. Then the mouldy gigs and chaise-carts re-appear; and with them come spring-vans and waggons, and an army of porters with knots. All day long, the men with carpet caps are screwing at screw-drivers and bed-winches, or staggering by the dozen together on the staircase under heavy burdens, or upheaving perfect rocks of Spanish mahogany, best rosewood, or plate glass, into the gigs, chaise-carts, vans, and waggons. All sorts of vehicles of burden are in attendance, from a tilted waggon to a wheelbarrow. Poor Paul's little bedstead is carried off in a donkey-tandem. For nearly a whole week, the capital modern household furniture, &c. is in course of removal. At last it is all gone. Nothing is left about the house but scattered leaves of catalogues, littered scraps of straw and hay, and a battery of pewter pots behind the hall door. The men with the carpet caps gather up their screw-drivers and bed-winches into bags, shoulder them, and walk off. One of the pen and ink gentlemen goes over the house as a last attention; sticking up bills in the windows respecting the lease of this desirable family mansion, and shutting the shutters. At length he follows the men with the carpet caps. None of the invaders remain. The house is a ruin, and the rats fly from it. —*Dombey and Son.*

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THE SUBLIME CHARACTER OF HEBREW POETRY.

It is characteristic of Hebrew poetry in reference to nature, that, as a reflex of monotheism, it always embraces the whole world in its unity, comprehending the life of the terrestrial globe, as well as the shining regions of space. It dwells less on details of phenomena, and loves to contemplate great masses. Nature is pourtrayed, not as self-subsisting, or glorious in her own beauty, but ever in relation to a higher, an over-ruling, a spiritual power. The Hebrew bard ever sees in her the living expression of the omnipresence of God in the works of the visible creation. Thus, the lyrical poetry of the Hebrews, in its descriptions of nature, is essentially, in its very subject, grand and solemn; and, when touching on the earthly condition of man, full of a yearning pensiveness. It is deserving of notice, that notwithstanding its grand character, and even in its highest lyrical flights, elevated by the charm of music, the Hebrew poetry, unlike that of the Hindoos, scarcely ever appears unrestrained by law and measure. Devoted to the pure contemplation of the divinity, figurative in language, but clear and simple in thought, it delights in comparisons, which recur continually and almost rhythmically. As descriptions of natural scenery, the writings of the Old Testament show, as in a mirror, the nature of the country in which the people of Israel moved and dwelt, with its alternations of desert, fruitful land, forest, and mountain. They pourtray the variations of the climate of Palestine, the succession of the seasons, the pastoral manners of the people, and their innate disinclination to agriculture. The epic, or historical and narrative, portions are of the utmost simplicity, almost more unadorned even than the Herodotus; and from the small alteration which has taken place in the manners, and in the usages and circumstances of a nomade life, modern travellers have been enabled to testify unanimously to their truth to nature. The Hebrew lyrical poetry is more adorned, and unfolds rich and animated views of the life of nature. A single psalm, the 104th, may be said to present a picture of the entire cosmos.—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

LODGES OPENED LAST QUARTER.

500 May Flower, William Whitehead, Happy Shepherd, Ashton, Lancashire. Ashton District.

501 Friezeland, Richard Gayton, Plough and Duck Inn, Brunt Fen, Mildenhall, Suffolk. Wisbech District.

502 Anchor of Providence, Edward Norton, Anchor Inn, Lakenheath, Suffolk. Wisbech District.

503 Shepherds' Increase, James Mitham, White Horse Inn, Girton, Cambridge. Cambridge District.

504 Faithful, James Spence, Thornhill Arms Inn, Calverley, Yorkshire. Bramley District.

505 Port of Happiness, Br. John Broskom, Mount Pleasant Inn, Doghouse, near Heckmondwike, Yorkshire. Ossett District.

506 Sons of Benevolence, Morris Brown, White Horse Inn, Isleham, Cambridgeshire. Wisbech District.

507 Dacre, Charles Missan, Bull Inn, Borough Green, Cambridgeshire. Wisbech District.

508 Shepherds on the Hill, Mr. Norton, Chequer's Inn, Gaseley, Suffolk. Wisbech District.

509 Old Oak at Home, William Pearson, Royal Oak, Wakefield, Yorkshire. Wakefield District.

510 Good Samaritan, St. James' School Room, York Street, Leeds. Leeds District.

511 Industry, Thomas Parker, Odd Fellows' Arms, Ravald Street, Manchester. Manchester District.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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THE INVOLUNTARY EXPERIMENTALIST.

A FRIGHTFUL FACT.

I am a medical man, residing in Dublin. One night in the Spring of 1837, I was returning about half-past eleven o'clock from the neighbourhood of Harod's Cross, when the reflection of a fire on the sky attracted my attention, and drew me to the spot. It was Mr. B--'s distillery, consisting principally of one long lofty building. When I arrived on the spot, the courtyard presented a very animated spectacle. The captains of the several gangs belonging to three engines, stood over the heads of the labouring crowd, cheering on the exertions of the pumpers below, or shouting their directions to the firemen aloft. Excited by the animation of the scene, I took an active part in the exertions of those around me, and soon became thoroughly heated, as well as wetted in the service. Among other duties undertaken by the volunteers with whom I had associated myself, was the removal of a number of casks, to get at which it was necessary to cross a platform of masonry built round a large copper boiler in an unfinished end of the building; over this platform there was a scaffolding resting at one side on the party-wall which separated the new portion of the works from that which was already on fire; and through the holes in this party-wall in which the ends of the beams were inserted, the flames were now communicating. I had crossed twice in safety, when one of the bystanders, who had witnessed my exertions, directed my attention to the dangerous condition of these timbers, several of their points of support being already burned away, so that the scaffolding hung smouldering and half suspended from the new brick work, and threatened to pull down a great part of the walls on each side in its descent, which could not now be far distant. I thanked my friendly warner for his advice, and retired a few steps from the inconvenient neighbourhood of the flames, when one of the firemen got up on the opposite side of the platform, and signed for some one to come to his assistance. I gave a look at the nodding timbers above; they seemed still too deeply bedded in the masonry of the one building to give me any apprehension of immediate danger. I ran up the ladder that led to the platform on that side, but, just as I gained the top, a heavy fall of masonry took place from the angle of the pile just overhead; I escaped by the

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merest chance, but the ladder was dashed in fragments, and the rush of smoke and flame that followed through the breach completely hid the prospect on the side from which I had ascended. I rushed forward, hardly knowing where I ran; but I had scarcely taken three steps, when I heard the prolonged tearing crash of the timbers overhead, and in another moment I must have been crushed to pieces—when the mouth of the open vessel, which was bedded in the masonry at my feet, caught my eye. It was not more than three feet across; the chances were that the long timbers would fall athwart, not in it. There was an ample concave below, as appeared by the broad reflection of light on the new copper of its sides. Without bestowing a thought on how I was to get out, I dropped at once to the bottom of the hollow chamber. The metal reverberated, and the echoing sphere rung round me for a moment with a brazen clang—then crash, with the dint of thunder, came down the blazing timbers—driving—rolling—rebounding, and smashing all before them. I thought the copper would be crushed flat, but the masonry protected it. One beam pitched end foremost on the exposed neck of the vessel; the metal yielded—the whole concave groaned, and I thought it was all over with me. Instinctively I strove to cling to the sides of the vessel—there was nothing to hold on by, and I reeled back to the little spot of level footing in the bottom, conscious, for the first time, *that I was in a trap, out of which there was no escape.* I had no time for reflection, for a shower of rubbish pattering on the head of the vessel, and falling in through its mouth, drove me again to seek shelter at one side. How I clung so long I cannot tell, but I did succeed in fastening myself to the overhanging concave, until a considerable quantity of bricks and mortar had fallen in. Soon after, the main wall of the burning building—the only barrier between me and the flames—gave a crack, and tumbled over to the other side. Expecting each moment to be my last, with the instinct of one who awaits a blow he cannot avoid, I shut my eyes and stooped my head, shrinking, and trembling in every limb. The first thing that roused me was the glare of light from the flames, which now rolled unconfined overhead, flapping and labouring in the air with such breadth and intensity, that their reflection made the whole concave in which I stood as bright as the inside of a gilt cup. I gave myself up to despair as I contemplated the fiery torrent—embers were falling from its borders like flakes of snow—a sound like the roaring of hungry lions came from the midst of it—the heat was intolerable, and I felt that to look at the sphere of burning metal round would soon melt my eyes out of my head. The first fury of the fire a little abated, my presence of mind gradually returned, and I found that I was enabled to bear the mitigated glare from the metal with comparative fortitude.

I now began to consider some means of escape. The vessel was a hollow sphere of about fourteen feet in diameter, perfectly smooth, except at the joinings of the plates of which it was composed; but the heads of the rivets afforded no more hold than just enough to enable me to get a footing a very little way up the curve at one side, out of the immediate glare of the flame that beat full on the bottom. The only aperture, except at top, was that

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by which the contents were intended to be drawn off, but this was not much wider than the mouth of a large tumbler. To clamber out without the assistance of a ladder, or rope fastened from above, was impossible: had there been a ledge on the rim at the top I would not have despaired, for my clothes would have furnished materials for a rope strong enough to support my weight, and one of the loose bricks that lay at my feet would have given me the means of making it fast above. I tried the experiment with a brickbat attached to one of my suspenders; but though I easily swung it over the rim, there was no ledge for it to catch on, and I was forced to give up all hopes of escaping that way. I need scarcely say that I had already used every effort to make myself heard, both by shouting at the top of my voice and beating the sides of my prison; but such was the noise caused by the crackling and roaring of the flames which still surrounded me, that I had either failed to make myself heard, or could not hear the cries of those whom I called to in reply. Seeing, then, that I had no chance of an immediate escape, I made up my mind to compose myself as well as I could, and wait till the fire should burn itself out and leave a passage for my rescue.

I had remained in this resigned state some time, when the thought flashed across my mind that perhaps if I called through the aperture of the stop-cock, my voice might be heard. The opening was in the very bottom of the vessel, and I had to kneel down on the rubbish to apply my mouth to it; my knees did not come in contact with the metal, and my hands were defended by thick gloves thoroughly wetted, so that till I brought my face close to the aperture I had no suspicion of the dreadful truth that I was now to learn—the copper was so hot that I could not bear it against my skin! I started to my feet, every pulse flying with consternation. I rushed desperately up the sides of my prison. I might as well have tried to scale the vault of the sky. I shouted,—I screamed for assistance,—the crackling growl of conflagration was my only reply. I sat down on the pile of rubbish that formed the centre of what I now felt was fast becoming a brazen furnace in which I was to be fried. I endeavoured to think. I put my hand to my forehead; I was bathed in a cold sweat; I pulled a thermometer I had out of my pocket—it stood at 105 deg. I placed the bulb of it on the metal; the mercury rose with a rapidity that threatened to burst the tube, and I took it away, terrified at what I saw. After sitting some moments trembling and inactive, I burst into tears; I was unmanned at the prospect of the torments I must endure, if, as I had every reason to expect, the metal around me should become red hot. My weakness, if weakness it could be called, prepared me, however, for seeking strength in prayer; and I prayed with a fervor long a stranger to my breast, that God would grant me fortitude to bear the trial he had prepared for me; and I thank God I did not pray in vain. Composed and relieved, I stood up, and summoned all my resolution to look my danger in the face.

The thermometer had by this risen to 112 deg.; but I knew, from the experiments of Fordyce and Bankes, that the living fibre, could for a short

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time, bear a heat more than twice as great without permanent injury. A ray of hope lighted the gloom of my heart as I ran over in recollection the various instances of living bodies bearing great degrees of heat. I recollected the case of the girl at Rochefoucault, who had gone in an oven where the thermometer stood at 288 deg. I called to mind Sonnerat's account of fishes living in the hot springs of the Manillas, and taxed my memory to recollect the names of the plants which he mentions as flourishing in the island of Lucou, with their roots in a thermal rivulet of 174 degrees of heat. I considered that perhaps the cause of the heat now surrounding me was no more than the reverberation of so great a body of flame on the metal, and as the flame diminished in volume, which it plainly did every minute, the heat of the copper might be expected to abate. But the continually rising temperature of the air, indicated too plainly by my thermometer, soon deprived me of the vague comfort of such a surmise. These various processes of thought had restored a certain degree of presence of mind, as may be judged from the fact, that, dreadful as was my position, I was calm enough to make several memoranda on my tablets, with the purpose of attaching them to a weight to be tied to the end of my handkerchief, and flung out in the hope of letting it be known where I was. I have preserved these tablets ever since, as a memorial of moments such as I trust have fallen to the lot of no other human being. I transfer the memoranda, supplying the omitted and half written words. If any one would try the experiment of writing in such a situation, I dare say his composition would be scarcely more correct than mine, as it appears on my tablets.

I am Doctor ——— of ——— St. If any one finds this, come to the copper in the new building, where I am burning to death for want of a ladder. Half-past twelve o'clock. Haste! haste! (Two such memoranda as this I had already flung out, but they seem to have fallen in the flames.)

My will is in the upper left hand drawer of my bookcase. Let George have the arrangement of my papers. I wish all the papers relating to —'s business to be burned. I am wrapped in a cloud of steam from my wet clothes. The thermometer stands at 130 deg. It is now 26 minutes to one o'clock. The air is suffocatingly hot. I am drenched in perspiration.

Fifteen minutes to one o'clock. Thermometer 137 deg. This is horrible! I can see the mercury mounting in the tube. The moisture from my clothes has all exhaled. They are now hot and hard to the touch.

Five minutes past one o'clock. Thermometer 170 deg. I have taken off both my coats, and laid them over the hole—the rush of air from it made the hot atmosphere intolerable.

Eight minutes past one o'clock. Thermometer 177 deg. My watch burning hot. The pencil case begins to feel hot in my fingers. Strange to say, my body is still cool.

Thirteen minutes past one o'clock. Thermometer 195 deg. Sixteen minutes past one o'clock; thermometer 200 deg. Have put off everything but my boots; could not bear the touch of anything. Breathe cooler on exhalation than inhalation.

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Thermometer 210 deg. Watch stopped, owing to expansion of metal. Flame overhead decreasing. Can see part of the copper changing to a dull red. Water would boil now where I hold the pencil in my fingers. But for the rubbish, my clothes, on which I stand, would take fire. I have taken off my boots; the metal heels have left their mark singed in the cloth.

220 deg. I am to be roasted alive. My last wishes are with— - and the dear ones. Oh, my God, have mercy on her and support her. I shall suffer greater pain than any other man but Phalaris. A dead ox would be baked where I now stand.

228 deg. The soles of my feet are blistering. One spot of the copper is quite red hot. My vitals are turning to sweat. Gracious God, how long is this to last? I must shrivel soon now. God grant I may die before the hot metal touches me! Oh my dearest——!

232 deg. Whoever finds this take it to Mr. ——— of ——— St. and leave all to his discretion. The thermometer burns my hand—I have dropped it, and it is broken. The heat increases. The smell of the metal is suffocating. I must soon stop. The heat has increased much. I can hold the tablets but a little longer. My vitals are drying up. I am blistering all over. Good God, have mercy on my soul for Christ's sake! I die forgiving all my enemies.

With almost the last effort, I put the tablets with a heavy piece of mortar into the end of my handkerchief, and flung it with all my force out of the mouth of my fiery prison. The agony I endured in moving my naked arm so rapidly through the hot air was almost insupportable; so great was the pain that I had almost fainted, and I was almost grateful for it, as I knew that if I fell on the metal below, I should probably die during my insensibility. But the symptoms of fainting left me—a prey to only more acute feelings of agony. I stood with blisters rising on my shoulders, and decomposition by fire actually beginning on my legs. Excruciation is a weak word to express my extreme agony.

In this state my eye fell on the veins of my arm, distended with their sluggish current in the red light. The flame drew back, and left me for a moment in darkness—darkness made visible by the lurid glare of the copper, which, round the surface of the stop-cock, now shone with a red heat strong enough to make the outlines of my horrid prison discernable. A dark thought crossed my mind, engendered by the devil, but hardly in a hell more frightful. The rolling flame swung back again on the burdened night-wind, and threw a flickering glare on the singed mass of clothes on which I stood. I dragged up the trowsers, and thrust a desperate hand into the pocket—the stuff of which it was made was smoking with the heat of the loose silver it contained, but it was not money I sought—it was a knife. I grasped it—I half unclasped it—it burned the finger and thumb of my right hand like a coal of fire. I flung the instrument of self-destruction from me, and cried aloud to God never to leave me in temptation. I did not cry in vain—there were voices above me—I heard footsteps on the platform—they were gone—no, they were returning—they were coming to my rescue. Good God, how shall I describe the awful sense of

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a present Providence! the overpowering hope—the agonizing doubts, and then the joy, the gratitude, the delirious extacy which I felt within the next half minute, as, in the pauses of the flames roaring, the voices of my deliverers sounded louder or fainter, until at length that ladder, which was to me the welcomest sight the sun ever shone on, was lowered down by hurried and tremulous hands! or how shall I attempt to describe the astonishment, the pity, the honest pleasure of those benevolent men, when they found out that though speechless, I was nevertheless able to climb up out of that torrid atmosphere into which no fireman would venture to descend! Suffice it to say, that my last missive had fortunately reached its destination, and brought my deliverers to my aid. They carried me in blankets to the hospital; here I received all the help that medical service could bestow, till sufficiently recovered to be taken home, where I remained, suffering, for six weeks and upwards, from the effects of a degree of heat, such as perhaps no other human being ever endured and lived.

I am quite satisfied that had the thermometer not been broken, and had I possessed the means of suspending it, it would have shown a temperature much higher than in the experiments of either Blagden or Bankes. I am sure that a few minutes longer would have been certain death, so that I may safely say, that I have endured the highest temperature of any man on record.

THE HOUSEHOLD JEWELS.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

A traveller, from journeying
  In countries far away,
Repassed his threshold at the close
  Of one blest Sabbath day;
A comely face, a voice of love,
  A kiss of chaste delight,
Were the first things to welcome him
  On that sweet Sabbath night.

He stretched his limbs upon the hearth,
  Before its friendly blaze,
And conjured up mixed memories
  Of gay and gloomy days,
Feeling that none of gentle soul,
  However far he roam,
Can e'er forego, can e'er forget
  The quiet joys at home.

"Bring me my children," cried the sire,
  In eager, earnest tone,
"I long to press them, and to mark
  How lovely they have grown;
Twelve weary months have passed away
  Since I went o'er the sea,
To feel how sad and lone I am
  Without my babes and thee."

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"Refresh thee, while 'tis needful," said
The fair and faithful wife,
The while her pensive features paled,
And stirred with inward strife—
"Refresh thee, husband of my heart,
I ask it as a boon;
Our children are reposing, love,
Thou shalt behold them soon."

She spread the meal, she filled the cup,
She pressed him to partake,
He sat down blithely at the board,
And all for her sweet sake;
And when the frugal feast was done,
The thankful prayer preferred,
Again affection's fountain flowed,
Again its voice was heard.

"Bring me my children, darling wife,
I'm in a genial mood,
My soul wants purer aliment,
I crave for other food;
Bring forth my children to my gaze,
Or ere I rage or weep,
I yearn to kiss their happy eyes
Before I go to sleep."

"I have a qustion yet to ask,
Be patient, husband dear,—
A stranger one auspicious morn
Did send some jewels here,
Until to take them from my care
But yesterday he came,
And I restored them with a sigh,—
Dost thou approve or blame?

"I marvel much, sweet wife, that thou
Should'st breathe such words to me,—
Repay to man, resign to God
Whate'er he lends to thee,
Restore it with a willing heart,
Be grateful for the trust,
Whate'er may tempt or try us, wife,
Let us be ever just."

She took him by the passive hand,
And up the moonlit stair
She led him to their bridal bed,
With mute and mournful air;
She drew the cover down, and there,
In grave-like garments dressed,
Lay the twin children of their love,
In death's serenest rest.

"These were the jewels lent to me,
Which God has deigned to own,
The precious caskets still remain,
But, ah! the *gems* are flown;

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But thou didst teach me to resign
What God alone can claim,
He giveth and he takes away,
Blest be his holy name!"

The father gazed upon his babes,
The mother drooped apart,
While all the woman's sorrow gushed
From her o'erburdened heart,
And with the striving of her grief,
Which wrung the tears she shed,
Were mingled low and loving words
To the unconscious dead.

When the sad sire had looked his fill
He veiled each breathless face,
And down in self-abasement bowed,
For comfort and for grace;
With the deep eloquence of woe
Poured forth his secret soul,
Rose up, and stood erect and calm,
In spirit healed and whole.

"Restrain thy tears, poor wife," he said,
And learn this lesson still,
'God gives, and God can take away,
Blest be his holy will;'
Blest are my children, for they *live*,
From sin and sorrow free,
And I am not all joyless, wife,
With faith, hope, love, and thee.

SONNET.

BY JOHN EVANS.

While Nature breathed the prayer of praise around,
The Greeks with dance and song their gods adored,
Libations of the vine to Bacchus poured,
And early sheaves with poppy chaplets bound
For Ceres, whose rich boons with plenty crowned
Their smiling plains: and at the hallowed board,
On grateful mirth's light wing, their spirits soar'd,
And festive sports made glad the sacred ground,
And, shall benevolence through all prevail,
Smile in mild eve, laugh in the jocund day,
Impart its vivid freshness to the gale,
And, buoyant, through the range of being play—
Shall all, save man, unite in rapturous praise,
And he, most blest, with gloom his homage raise?

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM HALL, Cor. Sec.

THERE are few men in our Order, who are more universally known, or more deservedly esteemed, than our Corresponding Secretary, and as we estimate the value of men by their usefulness, we have selected him as a proper subject for our biographical department:—

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"Honour all men. Love the brethren," said one of our great Apostles. So it is with us, we love our institution and those of our brethren who have been instrumental in bringing it to maturity. They have established a new relation between man and man, and between one part of our empire and another, which we trust will not be damaged by disruption. Shepherdry has awakened a spirit of benevolence amongst the humbler classes of society, who look upon their fellow men with more kindly feelings, and a keener sympathy for each others sufferings, and we are happy to acknowledge that William Hall has taken a prominent part in the work of reformation. It is at all times gratifying to picture the life of a useful man, and especially when our personal knowledge of his stirling worth places it beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The subject of this brief memoir, is the son of the late William Hall, who was manager or underlooker in the coal mines of the late William Lees, Esq., of Hurst, near Ashton under Lyne; was born May 7th, 1800, and in consequence of the death of his father, who was killed by accident in one of the mines, when he was some months short of nine years of age, he was taken under the care of his grandfather, who being only a working miner, could not afford to keep him at school, where he had been under the care of Joseph Ratcliffe, the parish clerk, who had taught him to read and write. Young Hall's guardian was reluctantly compelled to take him into the mines at the tender age of nine years; but this was the poverty and not the will of his grandfather; so that the reader will perceive that he had but few opportunities of improving his mind; self application was the only means, and he made the best use of it. He now felt desirous of studying Arithmetic, and having purchased a volume out of his little savings, he took it with him daily into the coal pit, where, by the aid of his flickering lamp, he learned the first rudiments. After two years spent in these dreary regions he was put to work in the Cotton Mill of Messrs. Garside, of Duckinfield, where he was soon noticed by his employers as a sharp steady boy, and was taken by them into the warehouse, and in that capacity he has remained up to the present, though he has changed his employers several times.

There are few, whose minds are not bent upon some particular pursuit, either in the noble effort of literature; the mechanical combination of earth's rarest metals; the result of which is seen all over the civilized world; or in the more congenial pursuit of agriculture or horticultural studies: to the latter Mr. H. turned his attention at an early age, and in one particular branch of his gardening operations he may be said to have excelled, which is, that of the cultivation of the gooseberry.

In the year 1828 he formed a resolution to join the Ancient Shepherds' Society, and on the 11th of October in that year he was made a member

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of the loyal Abel lodge, No. 1. There is something rather remarkable, for on the night on which he become a member he was placed at the Secretary's desk, which office he held for a period of two years. The order being then in its infancy, it required great exertion to establish it upon a basis that future generations might tread upon the solidity of its foundation, and reap the reward of its founders. In doing so, Mr. H. took an active part.

In 1830, he was elected by a majority of his lodge, to preside over them as W. M., in which office he gave general satisfaction. In consequence of more than the usual amount of sickness having occurred, he found, when taking office, that the lodge was much indebted to the Treasurer, for money advanced to meet the demands of the sick members, which he, and a few others, took especial care to conceal from the rest, believing, that if their poverty became known, it would prevent others from joining them; so that the real state of the funds were never made known, until the lodge was worth fifty pounds, at which time he left the presidential chair to make himself more generally useful. He now became an active member in the district; assisted in opening new lodges, and attended quarterly meetings, where he took an active part in the business. Though he does not profess to be a speaker, we can say with truth, that we have not a more useful member in the order.

In 1840, when our Annual Meeting was held at Pontefract, he was elected to the responsible office of Corresponding Secretary, a situation, for which he has proved himself eminently qualified, having been re-elected by every succeeding Annual Meeting since that period, which meetings have unanimously passed a vote of thanks to him, for the correct manner in which his accounts have been kept. Mr. H. does not profess to be one of the most accomplished correspondents, but his letters are always to the point. Those who are not acquainted with his undisguised and open manner of writing, may sometimes take offence at the method in which he addresses them, but those who are acquainted with his free open disposition, are always ready to excuse, and especially when they take into consideration the amount of general business, including the number of letters which require immediate answers; some of which are frivolous and vexatious, and calculated to disturb the smooth and even tempers of greater philosophers than Mr. H.—He is still employed in the warehouse of a large manufacturing establishment, which requires his constant attendance, so that the business of the order can only be made a secondary consideration.

Some idea may be formed of the business and responsibility of his office, when we take into consideration that letters are arriving by almost every mail, which must be attended to. The making up and dispatching

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of parcels to various parts of the country; attending to money orders; drawing up reports, and attending at the weekly board of the officers of the order, are but a portion of the duties which devolve upon him, and which are performed after the toils and fatigues of the day. Such are the industrious habits of our Corresponding Secretary, that we can say without fear of contradiction, that during the year we had the honour to preside as chief officer, we never found him in arrear, all his entries being made at the exact time. For the success of Ancient Shepherdry we are indebted to such men as Mr. Hall, men whom we find in almost every district, who have richly merited a place in the columns of our Magazine.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

'Twas Sabbath's quiet evening,
When aspirations rise,
From pious hearts and fervent,
Up to the placid skies;
I bent my footsteps lowly
Towards the shadowy nave,
Of St. Augustine's holy fane,
That guards my Mother's grave.

The stone was grey and mouldering,
Where silently it lay,
With odourous flowers surrounded,
In the fresh hues of May;
Smiling in virgin sweetness
Beneath the trees that wave,
They bent in graceful beauty o'er
My Mother's humble grave.

Those flowers that bloomed above her
Were types of endless joy,
Once planted by my sister's hands,
When I was but a boy;
Yet well do I remember
The inward pangs it gave
To place such signs of filial love
Upon my Mother's grave.

The Sabbath winds were sighing
Amid the tender flowers
Which breathed around the hallowed spot,
Refreshed by recent showers;
Their mingled sweets gushed softly forth,
In fragrant waves to lave
The cold grey stone that covers yet
My Mother's lonely grave.

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When twilight shadows lingered
Upon the sombre scene,
Where low, umbrageous branches hung,
Around the churchyard green,
I bent in lowly reverence o'er
The grassy mound that gave
A better impulse, and a thought
Beyond my Mother's grave.

Ashton-under-Lyne.

IL ZINGARO DELLA PROMESSA.

A Tale founded on facts.

"Amor omnia vincet."—VIRGIL.

I.

"HUSH!" said a lovely maiden, to a youth with whom she was in close conversation, "I tell you it is needless to make any more professions of your love for me; for as I told you before, I dare not encourage you to hope anything without the consent of my father."

"I will ask it," said the youth.

"And what will he say, think you, will the proud Colantonio, give his consent for you to have his daughter!—I am afraid not," she continued, "and yet, I feel, whatever may befall, I can love you, and none other."

"Your confession has but confirmed my determination.—"

"See," said the maid, interrupting her passionate companion, "do you see yon light in the window?"

"Yes!" was the brief reply.

"Then by that same token my father is leaving his study, and before the expiration of five minutes, I shall be missed. Farewell! *Bona Sera.*"

So saying, the young lady glided through the grove of myrtles like a fawn, and the gallant after watching her until she was lost among the trees, seemed to be quickly aroused from his lethargy, by a sense of the danger he was in, if found in the garden at that time of night and alone. He therefore withdrew, and after scaling the garden wall, wended his way home, musing on the adventures of the evening. "I must be a fool," he muttered to himself, "to think that Colantonio del Fiore, the greatest painter in Italy, will ever give his daughter to a tinman, when nobles seek her hand and court her company—yet, she confesses she loves me—to-morrow I will see Colantonio, and if he refuses me, I will leave the city for ever." The musings of the youth were broken by his arrival at his residence, which was an humble shop, in one of the humblest streets in Naples, and the sign-board over the door told to the public, that Antonio Solario, the tinman, lived there.

II.

"———— I will question thee."

SHAKESPEAR.

The next morning, the painter was busy in his study, when one of his domestics announced, that Antonio, the tinman, wished for an interview.

"Show him this way," said the condescending painter, who, after giving this brief command, had taken his station before a painting of the Madonna, with which he was so engrossed, that he did not observe the entrance of the tinman, who was obliged to call the attention of the painter to himself, by a loud "hem!" which had the desired effect.

"I beg your pardon," said Colantonio; "but really my attention was so engrossed by the picture before me, that I had forgot you—nay, I never heard you enter. Would you believe it?" he continued, "I dream of that picture by night, and wherever I go, it haunts me by day—I would give thousands to paint another like it; but Colantonia del Fiore, is no match for Leppod Almasi—but your business?" abruptly demanded the painter, who began to repent of what he had unintentionally acknowledged, "in what can I be of service to you?"

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"Sir," said the tinman, making at the same time a low bow, "I am afraid that you will not readily agree to my request. I have long and ardently loved your daughter, and I am convinced that she also loves me, but unwilling to cherish a love that you might wish to see smothered, I have taken the liberty to solicit your permission to pay my respects to your daughter, in an honourable manner."

"In an honourable manner," said the father, unable any longer to smother his rage. Why sir! your presumption is only equalled by the meanness of your birth. Nobles have sought the hand of my daughter, and have been refused; and shall a tinman be the favoured suitor?—But you say my daughter loves you, now I have sworn, that none but a painter shall be my son-in-law, so when you can paint as well as that," pointing to the Madonna, "she shall be thine, and that methinks will never be."

"Stop, sir," said the tinman, "if I were willing to comply with your conditions, it would take me some time to learn the art, even if I had sufficient genius."

"True, thou art right," said the painter, "and hast more sense than I gave thee credit for—my daughter is but a child, and a few years will not alter her much, she will still be young.—Thou shalt make a trial, what saith thou?"

"I agree," said the tinman, and making a bow he retired.

The neighbours next day, were astonished to find that the sign had been removed, and that a large placard on the shutters told, to the curious and interested, that the shop was to let.

III.

"———— Ah! I have thee
On the hip." SHAKESPEAR.

Queen Joanne of Naples, was passionately fond of the fine arts, and to those who made the cultivation of them their study, she was liberal in her gifts, praises, and purchases, insomuch so, that it was common for artists to present her specimens of their abilities, amongst which she spent a great portion of her time. It was during one of her Majesty's visits to the picture gallery, that one of her nobles presented her with a beautiful picture of the Madonna and Child, sent as a present by an unknown artist, who had just arrived at Naples. The Queen gazed, in silent admiration at the picture for some time, and then burst out into the most extravagant praises of its beauty, expressing her desire to see the painter and to have her portrait painted by him.

It was at the expiration of three days after the above occurence, that Colantonio was invited to the palace. On his arrival he was ushered into a small room, where the picture had been hung by her Majesty, and in a place where the keen eye of the painter caught it immediately. What his feelings were, may be better imagined than described. The correctness of the design, the beauty of the features and the richness of its colours alike commanded his attention and extorted his praise, and upon the contemplation of the picture as a whole, he was lost in wonder and admiration. An hour elapsed, between his being introduced into the room, and the arrival of her Majesty; but it seemed, but as a moment, and so intent was he on observing the picture before him, that he deemed the entrance of her Majesty as an intrusion. "Colantonio," said the Queen, "I have heard that you possess a picture of the Madonna and Child, painted by Leppo d'Almasi,—is it so?"

"Your Majesty has been rightly informed," was the reply.

"Then, I request to know, whether it be as well executed as the one before us, and whether you will exchange with me?"

"The painting I possess," said Colantonio, "is far inferior to that, although it is considered the best production of d'Almasi, who has been long considered the master of living painters, yet by exchanging with your Majesty, I am sure you would get a stone for your diamond."—

"Stop!" said her Majesty, "all the pictures in Naples would not buy the one before us, the artist is not unknown to you, he has studied under d'Almasi, at Florence; under Gellassio Gallassi, at Ferrare; under Giacopo Bellini, at Venice, and Gentile Fabriano, at Rome; and he now desires me to ask you, whether you can learn him any thing and whether you will?

"I am highly flattered by the honour your Majesty does me, but I am obliged to confess that I have need of instruction, before I can equal the Madonna before us, yet I should like to know the artist."

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"Then have your wish," said the Queen, and striking the tapestry with her hand, the painter stood before them—it was the tinman, who demanded the fulfilment of their contract, and Colantonio, upon being satisfied that Solario had painted the picture, was abruptly quitting their presence, when her Majesty calling him, demanded wither he was going.

"Home," was the reply, "for to-morrow my daughter is a bride." It was even as he said, the youths and maidens of Naples still tell of the love of Il Zingaro Della Promessa and the Painter's daughter.

Banks of the Humber.

LIFE AND GENIUS OF VIRGIL.

BY JOHN WHATT RANSON.

CHAPTER III.

Virgil considered as a Didactic Poet.

HAVING considered Virgil as a pastoral poet, I shall now proceed to the consideration of his didactic poems—the Georgics, and it will not be out of place, by way of introduction, to offer a few observations on Didactic poetry in general, under which name is included a very numerous class of poetic compositions. I have already said, that all poetry should either inform the heart or correct the understanding. Most poets aspire to do this by indirect methods, but the didactic poet commences his labours by an openly professed intention of conveying a knowledge of some branch of the arts, sciences, or metaphysics, and although the poet writes in verse; yet, we might call his poem—and call it correctly—a poetical essay, inasmuch, as it differs from a prose essay, only in the form and not in the character.

It cannot however be denied, but that the poet has a great advantage over his less gifted brother, for he may by the charms of his verse, render his subject more pleasing and fix his views more deeply on the memory of the reader. He also can relieve the attention and prevent his theme from becoming wearisome by the use of the descriptions and episodes, which he may interweave with his subject, being such as are naturally suggested to the mind, or are intimately connected with the theme.

The great merit of didactic poetry is depth of thought; the principles or facts being clearly and distinctly set forth, and the illustrations unlaboured and natural. The poet takes upon himself the task of a teacher, and must never forget, that he appears in that character, but whilst he teaches, he must engage the fancy and imagination, by enlivening his subject with the various embellishments proper to this species of poetry, and which are intended to conceal the unpoetical parts of the theme, or to impress the principles and facts on the memory. This talent Virgil had in great perfection, hence, the Georgics present us with a perfect model of Didactic poetry. Indeed I know of no poet that possesses the same degree of power in adorning and beautifying the most trivial circumstances, and throwing around the unpoetical parts of his theme, the inspiration of poetry, giving what was else valueless a value, as the amber does the intombed insect.

Wishing to inform his readers that the labours of the country must commence in "*Vere Novo*;" or early Spring, he says:—

"In early spring, when the melted snows slide down the hoary hills, and to the wooing of the Zephyr the crumbling glebe unbinds itself: then let my steer begin to groan beneath the deep pressed plough, and let the share worn on the furrow glitter."—(*Georgic* I. *Line* 44 *to* 49, *translated literally,*) or, as Dryden renders it.—

"While yet the Spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams yet new from precipices run;
Even in the early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough and yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him 'till he groans beneath his toil,
And the bright share is buried in the soil."

Immediately connected with his directions for making a threshing floor, he gives a beautiful and poetical account of the pests that infest it, amongst which he mentions "*the*

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ant, fearful of indigent old age." His advice to the shepherd is a beautiful specimen of Didactic poetry, he says:—"But when the glad summer returns invited by the Zephyrs, you shall send forth both flocks in the meads and lawns: when the star of lucifer arises, let them crop the yet cool field: while the morn is young, while the grass is hoary, and the dew, most grateful to the cattle, is on the tender herb. Then as soon as the fourth hour of the day shall have brought on thirst, and the plaintive grasshoppers shall rend the groves with their hoarse songs; command the flocks to drink the water running in the oaken troughs, or at the wells, or the deep pools; but 'mid the noonday heats permit them to seek out a shady vale, where Jove's stately oak, king of the ancient wood, extends his huge boughs, or where a grove, embrowned with thick ever-green oaks, projects its sacred shade. Then give them once more the translucent streams, and once more feed them at the setting sun, when cool vespers tempers the air, and now the dewy moon refreshes the parched lawns, and the shore resounds with Alcyone, and the bushes with the goldspinks." *(Georgics, Lib.* III. *Line* 322 *to* 338 *literal translation.)*

Again, instead of ordering the husbandman to water the parched lands, he shows him the advantage of so doing, by presenting him with a beautiful landscape. The passage is thus translated by Warton:—

> "Behold when burning suns, or Syrius beams
> Strike fiercely on the fields, and with'ring stems,
> Down from the summit of the neighbouring hills,
> O'er the smooth stones, he calls the bubling rills;
> Soon as he clears whate'er their passage stray'd,
> And marks their future current with his spade,
> Before him scattering they prevent his pains,
> And roll with hollow murmurs o'er the plains."

A didactic poet, is necessarily a descriptive poet, and it is in this that he shows the strength and originality of his genius. It is the touchstone by which we may safely judge the poet, for to an inferior writer nothing is so difficult as a poetical description. He sees nature, but he only sees her reflected; hence his attempts to describe her, are weak and laboured, and whatever is the effect of labour, destroys poetic beauty. In descriptive poetry we look for ideas—not words, and that poet is the most successful, who interests us most in his theme; or presents us with such a picture, that we instantly catch the leading features and become identified with the scene.

True genius is always unlaboured and direct, never wasting itself upon trifles; but always concise and simple, without being obscure or vulgar. As specimens of Virgil's descriptive poetry, as found in the "*Georgics*," I will give three extracts. The first a literal prose translation of a description of a situation for bees. "—Let the lizards with speckled scaly backs be far from the rich hives, and woodpeckers and such like birds; and progne, whose breast is stained with her bloody hands, for they prey on all things around, and in their mouths bear away the bees themselves while on the wing, as a sweet morsel to their merciless young. But let clear springs and pools edged with green moss, be near, and a small rivulet running swiftly through the meads; and let a palm or stately wild olive overshade the entrance; that, when the new kings lead forth the first swarms in their own spring, and the youth, issuing from the hives indulge in sport, the neighbouring bank may invite them to withdraw from the heat, and the tree just in their path may receive them in its leafy shelter. Into the midst of the water, whether it stagnates idle, or purling runs, throw willows across and huge stones, that they may rest upon the numerous bridges, and spread their wings to the summer sun, if by chance the boisterous east wind has dispersed those that lag behind, or immersed them in the flood Around these places let green cassia, and far smelling wild thyme, and a store of strong scented savory flowers; and let beds of violets drink an irriguous fountain." *Georgics Liber* IV. *Line* 13, *literal.*

I am aware of the great disadvantages that attend a literal translation, but they are all, I think, concelled by the correct idea which it gives of the style and manner of the author; which are often sacrificed to the rules of verse.

To Dryden belongs without controversy the first place among the translators of Virgil; yet, whoever knows nothing of Virgil save through Dryden's translations, can form but a very vague idea of the many beauties that have been broken down and

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destroyed in transplanting. The description of the rival bulls in the third book, is one that is well known to the readers of Virgil, and has formed the subject of the painter, sculptor, and engraver's task and study.

"A beautious heifer in the woods is bred;
The stooping warriors aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns; with dreadful sound
The forest rattles and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar;
Their dew-laps and their sides are bath'd in gore;
Nor when the war is over, is it peace:
Nor will the vanquish'd bull, his claim release,
But feeding in his breasts his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land to foreign grounds,
He with a generous rage resents his wounds,
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And more than both, the loves, which unrevenged he lost.
Often he turns his eyes and with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms; once his own:
Therefore to repair his strength he tries,
Hardening his limbs with painful exercise,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns yet sore, he tries against a tree
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind: his heels the sand excite;
But when he stands collected in his might,
He roars and promises a more successful fight.
Then to redeem his honours at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim a watery war,
And mounting upwards with a mighty roar,
March onwards and insult the rocky shore."

Dryden's Translation.

The description of the *Corycian's* garden, is familiar by name to most of the readers of the *Guardian*, from having been one of the models that Pope quoted, in his papers on ornamental gardening. "I saw an old Corycian, who possessed a few acres of neglected land; nor was the soil rich enough for the plough, fit for flocks or commodious enough for vines. Yet here among the bushes planting a few pot herbs, white lilies, vervain, and esculent poppies all around, in a contented mind he equalled the wealth of kings; and, returning late at night, loaded his board with unbought dainties. He was first to gather roses in Spring, and fruits in Autumn; and even when dread winter rent the rocks with cold, and bridled up the current of the rivers with ice, even then, in that very season he was cropping the locks of the soft hyacinth, chiding the late summer, and the Zephyrs. He was therefore the first to abound with pregnant bees and numerous swarms, and to strain the fothering honey from the pressed combs; he had limes and pines in great abundance; and as many fruits as the fertile tree had been clothed with in early blossom, so many it retained ripe in autumn. He too transplanted into rows the late but well grown elms, hard pear trees, and sloe trees bearing damascenes, and the plane ministring shade to drinks." *Georgics Liber Line literal.*

With this description we must close this part of our subject; for,

"We have many a path to tread,
By pensive fancy, and by fiction led."

A dry detail of facts, even in verse, soon becomes tiresome to the most patient reader; hence, it is allowable for the poet to call into his aid the various poetical embellishments,

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and great freedom allowed him in the use of them. The principle is the *Episode*, and the didactic poet, who is most successful in ingrafting some agreeable episode with the subject of his poem, so as to relieve the attention and amuse the reader, has obtained the one great point of a didactic poet; inasmuch, as they are always the parts of a poem which are remembered the best, and contribute the most to the fame of the author. An episode should not be thrust into the poem, but should seem to be a part of it, being intimately connected with the subject and admitting of a natural connection with the two parts of the poem—being in perfect unity with both.

To an English reader, the chief beauties of the Georgics, are the episodes, in which the poet seems to have exerted his great abilities to the utmost, and it ought to be remembered, that Virgil himself, considered the Georgics his master pieces, and on them he rested his claims to a place in the Temple of Fame.

The episode of the death of Cæsar, (*Liber* III.) will best illustrate my remarks. The poet connects his episode with his subject, thus, he teaches the husbandman the various signs of the sun, moon, and stars. And he adds, "Who dares to call the sun a deceiver! He even forewarns us often that dark insurrections are at hand, and that treachery and secret wars are swelling to an head. He also sympathised with Rome on Cæsar's death, when he covered his bright face with a dark bloody hue as a mantle, and the impious age feared eternal night." He then proceeds to tell all the prodigies that took place at his death, and how the nation was punished by the bloody fruits of civil war at *Pharsalia*, returning to his subject with this very natural conclusion to the narrative:—

"Then after length of time, the labouring swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrow take,
And over empty helmets pass the rake—
Amazed at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones."

Dryden's Translation.

The praises of Italy, the fable of Aristheus, the affecting narrative of Orpheus and Eurydice, and the praises of a country life are amongst the episodes, which Virgil has interwoven with his Georgics. With the latter, (as translated by Dryden,) we shall close these remarks on Virgil's didactic poetry.

"Happy the man, who studying nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause—
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune and resigned to fate!
And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
Of Silvans, and adores the rural powers—
Whose mind unmoved, the bribes of courts can see,
Their glittering baits and purple slavery—
Nor, hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown,
Nor when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults, discontents and distant war;
Nor with a superstitious fear is awed,
For what befalls at home, or what abroad;
Nor envies he the rich their heaped store,
Nor his own peace disturbs with pity for the poor.*
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford.
From his loved home lucre him cannot draw;
The senate's mad decrees he never saw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the sea, and some to camps resort,

* There is nothing in the original that can in any way bear such a construction.

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And some with impudence invade the court;
In foreign countries others seek renown;
With wars and taxes others waste their own,
And houses burn and household gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchase,
To loll on couches, rich with citron steds,
And lay their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds.
This wretch in earth entombs his golden ore,
Hovering and brooding on his buried store.
Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire
Of public speeches, which worse fools admire,
While, from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
Th' applause of lords and commoners abounds;
Some through ambition, or through love of gold
Have slain their brothers, or their countries sold,
And leaving their sweet homes in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.
The peasant innocent of all these ills
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallow tills,
And the round year with daily labour fills:
And hence the country markets are supplied,
Enough remains for household charge beside,
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
Nor cease his labours till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield—
A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
Overcome the crowded barns and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus every several season is employ'd,
Some spent in toil, and some in ease employ'd.
The yeaning ewes prevent the springing year:
The laded boughs their fruit in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Baked in the sunshine of ascending fields.
The winter comes: and then the falling mast,
For greedy swine provides a full repast:
The olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter's fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
His cares are eased by intervals of bliss,
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night:
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
And lowing for the pail invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmless battles in the homely yard:
Himself in rustic pomp on holidays,
To rural powers a just oblation pays,
And on the green his careless limbs displays.
His hearth is in the midst: the herdsmen round,
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd
He calls on Bacchus and propounds the prize:
The groom his fellow-groom at butts defies,
And bends his bow and levels with his eyes,
Or stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches, with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led:
So Remus and his brother god was fed."

Kingston-upon-Hull, Yorkshire.

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THE EVENING HYMN.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Another day, with mute adieu,
Has gone down yon untrodden sky,
And still it looks as clear a blue
As when it first was hung on high;
The sinking sun, the darkening cloud,
That drew the lightening to its rear,
The thunder, trumping deep and loud,
Have left no footmark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softening o'er the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rang so sweet before—
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
A still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God, of Thee—
The whispering leaves, the far off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the homeward rook,
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright sentinels that guard the night,
What are ye in your native skies?
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim nor end.

I know they must be holy things
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sound the beat of angel wings,
And footsteps echo all divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor harkened to what science tells;
For, oh! in childhood I was taught
That God amidst them dwells.

The deepening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways darker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade.
While all is mute below.

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And other eves as sweet as this
Will close upon as calm a day;
Then sinking down the deep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away,
Until eternity is gained—
The boundless sea without a shore,
That without time for ever reigned,
And will when time's no more.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod—
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

A VISIT TO FILEY, YORKSHIRE.

BY T. T. LAMBERT.

Few enjoyments, if any that can be named, are so valuable and interesting in every respect as a visit to the country during the summer season by any inhabitant of a large town. Nature presents unadulterated charms and allurements to virtue, and simple but pure pleasure, the value and efficacy of which it would be difficult to overrate. Nature presents herself to her votaries under four aspects. First, the scenery of the village and the fields; secondly, that of the winding and sequestered dell; thirdly, that of the expanded mountain range; and lastly, in that of the ocean. The last is my favourite. I do not say that it is superior to the scenery of the mountain range, but it pleases and gratifies me more than the others, probably because I may have been born and educated in a seaport town. This supremacy of the ocean in the heart's affections was strikingly manifested in the case of the poet Crabbe, who would at any time have travelled twenty miles to have secured a glimpse of the ocean. The peculiarities of marine scenery are I think due to the simplicity and panoramic variety, with occasionally striking grandeur and sublimity. Grecian literature is full of allusions to the scenery of the ocean; the chariot of the sea-god Neptune; the foam of the curling wave being the manes of his steeds, and the billow his horses, bounding over the wide expanse of the far blue deep.

Filey, situated at the northern extremity of the East Riding of Yorkshire, near its junction with the North Riding, is elevated on the brow of a range of bold cliffs, of a semicircular form, composed of masses of granite, old red sandstone, and corraline oolite, which enclose a beautiful hollow of waters, known by the name of Filey Bay, supposed by some to be the Harbour Felix of the Romans, where they landed when on their way to Malton, which was a Roman station. To the south is seen, at the distance of a few miles the bold promontory of Flamborough Head, presenting one of the finest ranges of chalk cliffs in the kingdom, and bounded on the north by the rock on which Scarborough Castle is built, a fine old edifice standing prominently upon a huge mountain of corraline oolite, and

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enclosing betwixt that point and a tongue of earth, from which proceeds Filey Bridge, a beautiful bay, at the northernmost corner of which reposes, in almost imperial beauty, the ancient and elegantly built Borough of Scarborough. The geology of the eastern coast of Yorkshire is among the most interesting of any that is to be found on any part of the coast ranges of Old England. The limestone which is found at the surface at Hessle, four miles above Hull, and there dips downward, covered with alluvial deposit to the depth of forty feet, again appears above the surface at Bridlington, a distance of six and thirty miles, forming its romantic cliffs; it then passes forward by Flamborough Head, where it encloses a most remarkable cavern, called Robin Lythe's (Hood's !) Hole, to Speeton, where it terminates and is no longer found, being superseded by a dense black and compact loam, covered with minute shells, known by the name of Speeton clay, which in its turn is superseded at Filey by the corraline oolite.

To describe Filey it will be necessary to notice first the seacoast, secondly the village and its scenery, and thirdly the inhabitants. The sands by the sea are of the first order, being speedily dry, generally firm, and as a promenade are not to be excelled on the eastern coast of the north of England; while the simple yet pleasing scenery of the bay presents an *ensemble* of the most agreeable character. The great natural curiosity of the beach is undoubtedly Filey Bridge, a natural curiosity that has not its parallel nearer than Tangiers, in Africa. It is wholly composed of corraline oolite, declining step by step to the sea, into which it descends to the extent of about a quarter of a mile, forming a remarkable breakwater, and also one of the boundaries of the bay. This bridge is a dangerous place during very stormy weather, several vessels having been wrecked upon it at various times. The village is divided into two parts, old and new Filey, the elder portion being the fishing town, the new districts close by the sea the fashionable watering place. The habitations of the poorer classes, so eligible in many respects as regards natural advantages, are arranged in narrow rows in parallel lines, where the ventilation must be very imperfect, and where from the facilities for the collection of refuge matter, cleanliness must be difficult to perpetuate. New Filey, on the contrary, presents everything that in a sanitary point of view can be desired. The houses are new, lofty, well ventilated, and close by the sea. A stately hotel of magnificent proportions, and goodly architecture, presents its ample front in one of the marine terraces with the most attractive effect. The East and the North Ridings of Yorkshire are separated by a deep and most romantic ravine, which has evidently been formed by water breaking its way from some confined and elevated spot to the ocean. At the bottom runs noiselessly a little rivulet; the sides of the chasm are clothed with lovely vegetation; and on the northern side a spring-well gushes out of the bosom of the rock, affording a never ceasing supply of limpid treasure to the villagers. At the beach is found a valuable mineral water, the base of which appears to be soda, and which is an excellent diuretic and tonic. The inhabitants, who are principally fishermen, with their families, are a remarkable race of people in many respects, a finer race of men it would be impossible to find, sinewy, tall, and erect. There is a certain rough dignity in their bearing,

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which it is impossible not to admire. Several of them wore large and heavy boots, and one of them a pair of thick worsted stockings reaching considerably above the knee. Most of them had his unceasing companion, a short pipe in his mouth. The women were remarkably well grown and erect, and of very graceful carriage; this is partly owing to their carrying burdens of fish, &c. on the top of their heads, which necessitates them to be upright and stately in their movements. One female placed a pail of water on her head at the spring-well before mentioned, and proceeded down a steep descent to the bottom of the ravine, across the stream in its valley, and then ascended by winding paths on the opposite banks to her habitation on the top of the cliff, her pail self-supported, and kept in its position only by the easy balance of her person keeping the centre of gravity. All the balancing of acrobats and tumblers I have ever seen was completely thrown into the shade by the dexterity of this fisherman's wife. The fishermen leave their homes on Monday morning to resume their avocations on the perilous deep, often in very tempestuous weather, and return loaded on Thursday or Friday evening. Their interviews with their families on their return are of the most interesting and affecting nature. Those who have witnessed them describe them to be in the highest degree touching, heightened as they are by the remembrance that they have lately braved the perils of the deep.

Filey presents many sea views which are little pictures, and which we should much like to transfer to canvass, and place over the fireplace of our snug parlour. Such are glimpses of the sea, seen through chasms in the rocks, or through opening vistas in the trees. But when we stand upon the summit of the cliff, and take in the whole panorama at a glance, what can be more sublime, more thrilling than the emotions excited by the majesty and the glory of the scene! and what is the charm, the spell that works such miracles of emotion? Is it the mere assemblage of rocks and water? No, we feel there is present, brooding upon the surface of the heaving ocean, the eternal spirit who said "Let there be light, and there was light." We see it, we feel it in every wave, in every billow, as it swells in every breeze that sweeps o'er the world of waters, in every ray of sunlight that descends into the depths of its wondrous caves. This it is that gives the beauty and the rapture to the scene. Take this away and we should be as in the runic temple of old, amid cold grey stone, and heavy lifeless waters, the glory departed, the inspiration fled!

Hull.

ESSAY ON AMBITION.

BY JOHN EVANS.

THERE is scarcely any passion of the human mind more general, or more powerful, than that of Ambition. Few there are who do not, upon some circumstance or other, found an opinion that providence never designed them to be classed indiscriminately with the common herd of mankind. The blindness of parental affection, or the adulation of fawning hypocrisy, exaggerates ordinary talents into supernatural endowments, and

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is perpetually meeting with certain indications of future greatness: and that admiration is not unfrequently paid to the excessive bounties of nature which is really due either to accident, or to the artifices of some nurse. Moreover, there is a vanity in the human heart, which will always receive with eagerness the grossest falsehoods of flattery, and which of itself, without the assistance of a sycophant, will magnify every appearance of excellence, and draw a veil over every failing or infirmity. The persuasion that we are possessed of some innate superiority, and that nothing is necessary to our advancement but our own endeavours, alleviates the toil of exertion, and animates the drowsiness of sloth. The youth, who studies the page of history and biography, attends those with pleasure who have distinguished themselves in the republic of letters, from the trivial incidents of childhood, through the more important adventures of maturity, to the temple of fame. The disadvantages under which they laboured in their early years, he compared to the difficulties which he has to encounter in his own, and the eminence to which they at length attained fills him with the faint hope of hereafter obtaining similar distinction, and of being enrolled in the list of those whose memory is transmitted to posterity. The fearless pupil of Mars traces with eagerness the manœuvers of daring art, and the triumphs of victorious warriors, and pants with the desire of distinguishing himself by the same noble achievements. And the tradesman consoles himself under the heaviness of drudgery, by recounting the lives of those whom prudence and persevering industry have exalted, and by anticipating the importance of wealth and the pomp of magistracy.

Ambition, if we apprehend aright, is the desire of surpassing others in some particular or other; its ordinary object being to ascend or climb up the acclivity of power. We are too apt to be captivated by the glittering appendages of pomp, and to amuse ourselves with the idea that there must be a connection between happiness and authority. But the acquisition of power, for the most part, tends rather to disquiet than to our satisfaction. If we discuss the subject with impartiality, we shall find that dominion is accompanied by innumerable disadvantages and dangers; although obtained by laborious exertion, it cannot, however, be secured by the most indefatigable attention. It is loaded with a weight of cares, which continually oppresses the conscientious man, and is attended with a variety of vexations and disappointments to which the most callous cannot be indifferent. It holds us up as objects of hatred and envy; those actions which, in a more humble situation of life, would pass unnoticed, are here scrutinized with fastidious exactness, and distorted with the most malignant subtility. The sway of authority is calculated to encourage the unruly passions of the mind, and to destroy that humility of spirit which is one of the fundamental principles of christianity. Placed on the eminence of power, we too often attribute that to our own merit which we owe to the interest of our friends; and we begin to expect, that our pleasure alone shall be received as a sufficient apology for the weaknesses of indiscretion and the freaks of caprice. The greatest caution, moreover, is necessary to restrict the influence of power upon our affections, and to prevent it from engrossing our time to the exclusion of more momentous pursuits. He who bears an active part in

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the economy of government, who is occupied by its duties and surrounded by its dignities, will be too apt to be devoted to the affairs of this life, to prescribe the grave as the boundary of his views, and to neglect those concerns which have infinitely higher claims to his attention. There is another point of view which tends to strip power of all its gaudy trappings, and to exhibit it in its native simplicity. In a few years, at most, the authority of the tyrant will be at an end, and he himself will, in common with the meanest peasant, be mingled with the dust, and will be removed to a state of existence in which the distinctions of earthly pride will no longer be regarded, and he will, in his turn, be summoned to appear before the sovereign Ruler of the universe.

An ambitious spirit, when once indulged, for the most part bursts the shackles of prudence, and proceeds to the most dangerous extremities.—Both ancient and modern history furnishes us with numerous instances of men whose desires have at first been moderate, but who, spurred on by ambition, and encouraged by success in their former undertakings, have at length stepped forward too far to recede, and have soon fallen victims to this unbridled passion. Juvenal, in his tenth satire, animadverting, with his wonted energy, on the vanity of human wishes, makes particular mention of the fate of *Sejanus*, as a remarkable instance of the folly of Ambition. *Sejanus* had, at first, no other wish than that of insinuating himself into the favour of the Emperor Tiberius; not satisfied, however, with the smiles and confidence of his sovereign, his next study was to secure to himself the attachment of the soldiers and the Senate; having succeeded thus far, his last daring effort was to proclaim himself the Emperor of Rome, and Tiberius merely a dependent prince. The spirit of the Roman people could not brook so great an insult; the aspiring courtier was immediately hurried down from the pinnacle of power; the obsequious deference which had before been paid to his authority was now exchanged for those reproaches which are always offered to degraded pride; and his life was soon sacrificed to the injured honour of his sovereign and his country. If we search into the history of our own country, we shall be presented with several examples; but with none more striking, or more worthy of remark, than that of Cardinal Wolsey, who was raised from a state of obscurity to the highest honours, and the most absolute authority, that a subject can attain; but whose inordinate ambition at last robbed him of all.

It is certain that an ambitious spirit *may* be converted to very important purposes, and, instead of plunging us into an abyss of cares and dangers, may be rendered the means of promoting our own happiness and the interests of society. A benevolent mind, therefore, cannot but behold with concern, so valuable a talent unhappily abused, and thrown away upon objects which, to say the least, cannot possibly be productive of any substantial good. It were to be wished, that he who is filled with the desire of excelling those around him, would rather direct his attention to the cultivation of his mind, or the enlargement of his heart. The attainment of knowledge is a pursuit which exposes us to no dangers, oppresses us with no cares; it does not threaten us with the bitterness of disappointment, or the fickleness of fortune; but on the contrary, it ensures to us certain

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profit and delight; it tends to encourage every amiable affection of the mind, to recommend us to others, and to make us easy in ourselves. There is certainly no object to which our ambition can be directed with greater honour, or advantage, than that of surpassing others, not in the abundance of wealth, not in the pride of titular distinctions, but in the innocence of our lives and the purity of our hearts. He whose exertions are employed in this way, does not fear the malevolence of a rival, or the inconstancy of a patron; he does not look forward to death as the limit of every scheme of happiness he has formed, but as the joyful expiration of the term of his probation, and the introduction to scenes of eternal felicity, where he shall no longer be harassed with the doubts, or beset with the temptations of humanity. Instead of struggling with the tempestous violence of the waves, in the unsettled ocean of life, he is placed on a rock, where he is secured from every danger, and smiles at the fury of the storm. It is the peculiar property of *this* ambition, that its spirit will not evaporate with the transient day which gives it birth, but will be protracted with increasing vigour to the close of our existence; that in the pursuit it will be always attended with pleasure, and in the event assuredly crowned with success.

Few ever lived to be more thoroughly convinced of the vanity and instability of earthly power than Wolsey. "If I had but served my Maker," exclaimed the dying Cardinal, "as diligently as I have served my Sovereign, *He* would not have forsaken me in my grey hairs." It must, indeed, have been a painful task for him, in his last moments, to reflect that his life had been wholly spent in vain; that all his exertions had terminated, not in the tranquility and veneration which old age expects, nor in the internal satisfaction and confidence which religion affords, but in persecution, abhorrence, and remorse; that he had employed himself in courting favour and soliciting dignities which he had since lost, and which forsooth, if they were continued to him, could now no longer be of any avail: and that he had entirely neglected the service of Him who could alone support him in death, or befriend him in eternity. Had the See of Rome, and all the honours which his fondest wishes had ever embraced, been offered to him at this conjuncture, he would no doubt have spurned them with the disdain of one taught by experience, that he who consults his own happiness should not set his affections upon the baubles of this world, which are unsatisfactory in their nature, and fleeting in their duration, but should aspire to that glory which cannot be affected by the vicissitudes of time; the anticipation of which is sufficient here, but the enjoyment of which will be superlative hereafter.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY JOHN EVANS.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF BEAUTY.

THAT building which is raised upon a solid, unalterable foundation, though but plain and simple, in its architecture, is much superior to the tastefully constructed temple—which in magnificence, attracts the admiration of many, but whose foundation is weak and shallow. Just so we ought to estimate the noble structure of the human frame—

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not by the outward form and pleasing figure, but by the principles of virtue, that govern and support the grand pile, and create it proof against the tempests of this life. Solidity forms the valuable property of any specific thing, while ornaments are but the flights of fancy. In order to sustain the multifarious pursuits of this life with ease and happiness, extremes should be studiously avoided. Indeed, the extremes of anything, whether in the natural or the moral state of the world, is far from being congenial either with happiness or virtue. "Happiness, as well as virtue," says Johnson, "consists in mediocrity," and the maxim of Clobulus, the Lindion, "Medioerity is best," has long been considered as an universal principle, extended through the whole compass of life and human nature. Even the extremes of fortune force upon us many vices and failings, unknown to the middle station of life; while extreme health, one of Nature's most valuable boons, frequently renders us careless and unguarded, and guilty of many irregularities—which, at length, interrupt the pursuit of genuine felicity and virtue.—Beauty is, of course, an extreme gift of Nature; and if the great Lord Bacon can be relied upon, he evidently shows the injurious effects of this extreme. "Beautiful women," says he, "are seldom of any great accomplishments, because they, for the most part, study behaviour rather than virtue." Bacon well knew the feelings of human nature, and though many may imagine him to have spoken too hastily in this particular, we are induced, without going perhaps so far as this great authority, to conceive that his opinion his too often evident. A woman, when possessed of these entangling charms, is conscious of her attractive powers, and studies to render them, if possible, more conspicuous. The great Baroness de Stael was so regardless of accomplishments, that she confessed she would freely exchange half her knowledge for personal charms. If it were in the least necessary, innumerable instances could be shown where extremes in beauty has had all the effects which Bacon would wish to attribute to it. The ill-fated Jane Shore and the crafty Cleopatra, are sufficient evidences. That which will, in any shape whatever, whether directly or indirectly, promote and nourish virtue and happiness, is of itself good, and claims the love of all well-disposed individuals. Beauty, so far from proving conducive to happiness or virtue, is the parent of misery—the constant attendant on folly—and the source from whence the forsaken husband and the orphan child date the origin of all their miseries; in short, it entails unhappiness on the posessors and the admirers. Beauty has received censure from ancient as well as modern writers, and there appears to have been some occasion for it. Socrates, in speaking of it, has described it as "a short-lived tyranny," and Theophrastus, as "a silent fraud." The ancient ladies seem to have outdone all attempts upon the part of our modern dames to future personal charms. The Roman ladies used chalk and white lead or paints, for we are told by Martial, that "Fabula was afraid of the rain, on account of the chalk on her face; and Gobella of the sun, because of the *ceruse* with which her face was painted; and the famous Poppaea, the first mistress, and afterwards wife of Nero, made use of an unction paint, which hardened upon the face, and entirely changed the original features. As a closing word, we would impress upon all minds, that beauty—though princes have resigned dignity and power to possess it—though the poet has laboured much in its praise—though the stubborn heart has been softened by its influence—though all men, from the king to the peasant, have become slaves, (and glory in the slavery) to its power, at best, frequently loses its charms, and often proves as poison concealed within the folds of her brilliant garment.

THE ABSURDITIES OF FASHION.

This is a tiresome, useless, and an unnecessary custom, void of taste and convenience. That it is so, I will prove in a conspicuous manner; for instance—what necessity is there when a dozen or two sit down to dinner, in waiting till they are all served; is it consistent that any person's dinner is to get cold whilst the rest are being helped by the mistress of the ceremonies? You may say, Fashion allows it, and for politeness sake we ought to conform. Far from it, (I may be called a John Bull—I care not,) every one as soon as their plate is filled ought to begin his dinner. Another custom that this fashion sanctions is, when you are at a tea party, let your tea be ever so hot, you are not permitted the liberty of emptying the contents of your cup into the saucer, and drinking it at your ease. No, no, forsooth, that would be too great an indulgence; but for the sake of this needless and habitual practice, we are to undergo the exquisite

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torture of scalding our mouths, so as to make the tears start in our precious eyes. You will reply, no doubt, let it cool; and so because we are to wait till its cooler, we are to be tortured with thirst. This parade of formality might be abolished, and yet with propriety; at least we might be indulged thus, without disgusting those finikin persons who call themselves votaries of fashion. But the worst of all is *introduction* to a numerous party. Suppose now in this case—obliged to attend office till nearly nine; all on account of the delay of the foreign post; well, at last it comes, you dress yourself, call a coach, (or get in *your own* if you *have one*) arrive at the house, and you are ushered up stairs by a pair of mould candles, held by a footman, who in opening the door, stumbles against you and greases your superfine saxony; ten minutes more elapse in cleaning it; vexed, all of no use; the door opens at last, when lo! some twenty or thirty persons are assembled; the mistress of the house upon seeing you, now comes forward with an "Ah, Mr. So and So, allow me to introduce you to Miss Flim, of Flim Hall, Flimborough Park; you have seen her before!" "Not that I recollect." Well, you are introduced to the whole party. they to you; this occupies about half an hour; when you have got about half through the introduction, what with fatigue, heat, and vexation, you tread upon the feet of some old duchess, who happens to be *indulged* with a *few corns;* an apology of course follows, "Sorry, madame, done unintentionally." "Oh pray don't mention it," replies the duchess of tender feet. Scarce turned your back when you hear the following eulogium to console you for the accident. "Poh! the creature ought to study Chesterfield, before he makes his *debut* in public; sure he's hob-nails in his shoes, some journeyman tailor I *s'pose*," cries the duchess of corns. "Not at all unlikely," rejoins a pert Miss of sixteen. "Bless me," cries the duchess, "what an extremely ugly coat!" when up steps some conceited fellow with an eye-glass, which he holds cocked to his eye, "tail too long by four inches and a half, 'pon honour, mem, 'tis true; I'm quite a connoisseur in this way," and off he struts like some cock upon a dunghill. You at last get seated after you have committed about twenty trifling accidents: when you happen to raise your eyes and cast them round the company, *black looks, sly whispers, nods with meanings,* and *titters with no meanings at all,* all of course are intended for the *unfortunate corn treader:* and this is the delight of an introduction! Oh! fashion, fashion, keep me from thy claws!

PROCRASTINATION.

"I'LL DO IT TO-MORROW." Of all the methods which man, in the abundance of his ingenuity, has invented by which to cheat himself, that of procrastination is probably the most effectual. There is a remark of a venerable sage extant, to this purpose. "All the good you will ever do—all the labour you will ever apply—must be done TO-DAY—*for there is no to-morrow.* That period of time which lies beyond the present moment, is not guaranteed to us by any pledge; to-morrow, to us, may become to-day or eternity. Hence to suspend any thing important, upon so absolute an uncertainty, is nothing short of sheer lunacy. I think my aunt Penelope was the first example I ever had of this "Ill do it to-morrow," Miania. She was a very pretty gay girl, and being decidedly the belle of the village, had young suitors in abundance at one time or another paying court to her. They were not all mere slippers either, just fit to be worn a few days and then shook off, but were, some of them worth listening to, had the means to marry, and so forth. But whether it was that she dearly loved to be courted, as most girls do, I believe, or that she really found some difficulty in choosing among them, I know not; she kept putting one and another of them off till to-morrow and to-morrow; but at last the golden chances all passed by, and poor Penelope was left singing the woeful ditty—

"Nobody coming to marry me—
Nobody coming to woo."

A great deal of decision is necessary, if we would prosper. No man was ever successful to any considerable extent, without it. To-morrow, it is a very cheat! and it deceives us principally in time, and conceals from our view the multitudinous affairs it will bring to fill up its every vacant moment. Had not Hannibal had said, "I will march to-morrow," Carthage might have worn the crown of the universe, and Hannibal known no greater general in the annals of his generation.

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LITERARY NOTICE.

The Village Festival, and other Poems, with a Memoir of the Author.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

AMONG the votaries of the muse who have gained a permanent place in the History of Manchester Literature, Mr. Elijah Ridings may be fairly classed. Although circumstances have prevented his giving a wide publicity to his effusions, they are well known and read in his native town and neighbourhood, and appreciated by men of acknowledged genius and taste. Mr. Ridings' lot, like that of many of his brother bards, has been none of the smoothest; nay, we may aver that it has been a perpetual struggle, and even at this moment we may say that poetry,

> "The source of all his bliss, and all his woe,
> Which found him poor at first, has kept him so."

Yet, spite of things that tend to embitter a man's spirit, and distort his views, Mr. Ridings has been the preacher of peace, hope, and truth. An advocate for plain speaking, he never degenerates into abuse; an ardent worshipper of freedom, he offers no violent opinions at her shrine. He is book learned without being pedantic, and homely without being coarse. Though often unequal in the utterance of his thoughts, yet through the rudest garb with which he clothes them, we can still see that they are the thoughts of a reflective poetic mind. Space forbids us entering more fully into the merits of his poems, some of them being perfect in their way, but we give our readers an opportunity of judging, by giving below nearly the whole of one in the little publication under notice. The price of the work is One Shilling, and may be had of the Editor of this Magazine, or of the Author, at his book-stall, Withy Grove, Shudehill, Manchester.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

LEAVING the man of figures, with his bags
Of gold and silver, in his city mansion,
For that he bade me do repulsive work,
Homeward I sought my solitary way,
And to the haunts of childhood I repair'd,
Home to my fathers, where I first beheld
The rising and the setting of the sun.

I view'd the chamber where I first drew breath,
And trembled as if in some sacred presence,
And awe, and love, and reverence filled my soul.
These feelings quieten'd, yet unsubdued,
I sought the dining-room, with forms all round,
Where oft full many a lonely hour I pass'd,
Seriously musing, feasting in rich dreams
Of glory and renown in after years,
Like many of good fame, the lov'd of human kind.
I found the buttery hatch, from which I took,
As if all were my own, the bread and milk,
Parental hands supplied; and felt myself
Once more contented, like the unquiet child,

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Lull'd to repose upon it mother's bosom.
The hams well-cured, flitches of bacon, too,
Hung pendant from the ceiling of the kitchen;
Beautiful pictures, though without a frame,
More cheering to the eye and heart of man,
Than any done by old Italian master:
The flake of cords, laden with oaten cakes,
Dry, crisp, and brown, as autumn's falling leaves,
Ready to drop into the reaching hand:
Then, the brown beer, broach'd from an earthen bottle,
Pour'd till the brimful jug threw down a foam,
White as the linen bleach'd on the green sward,
White as the valuable kitchen-dresser,
Crown'd with the cheese of Cestria's royal vale.

Ah! this is my old home, my valued friend;
These, these, are freemen's blessings, the sweet fruits
Of patient industry, and social love,
And here I them enjoy, once more—once more.
Musing in silent, sylvan solitude,
Remote from strife, and wretched vice and pain,
Safely afar from the tumultuous waves
Of the "still-vext Bermoothes" of the town,
The restless, unsubsiding human sea,
To live in quietude and calmly die,
Is the fond hope of every gentle mind.
Pray, come, and see me in my humble home,
With honeysuckle climbing up the door
And window-frames, that breathes the richest fragrance
To each passing zephyr; with hawthorn hedges
Circling their green and interwoven branches,
Whose wholesome berries nourish tiny birds;
And all above this pretty rural scene,
The cherry and the apple-tree beseem
To bow and bend, and supplicate the hand
To ease them of their bountiful excess:
Or, come, and find me in the garden busy,
Or, satisfied with out-of-door enjoyment,
Seeking the best, the choicest company,
Amidst my books the precious fruit of ages,
That speak to me in letters of pure gold,
Forth from the awful, venerable past,
And wake to vocal melody the song,
Descending down like the pure light of heaven
With its beneficent and welcome glow.

Mine is no classic scene of ancient Rome,
But a sweet garden-spot, a cottage-home,
In good old England's famous sea girt isle:
I cannot show to thee the *Alban Mount*,
Nor *Sabine Hill*, nor point with learning's pride,
Unto the glorious *Coliseum's Walls*;
But I can stand upon my native soil,
And say, "*This is my home, indisputably mine,*
The cottage of a free-born Englishman,"
Where the oppressor dare not cross the threshold;
Nor king, nor lord, nor priest may ever pass,
Except protected by the good old laws,
Ancestral wisdom gave us as a dower,

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And guarantee of justice unto me,
As well as them, the highest in the land.

The human beings, in this cottage-scene,
Were brothers, sisters, altogether twelve,
Beside their parents, honour'd and belov'd.
Some were but nesh, and young, and innocent,
Aye, innocent as the fresh dawn of morn,
Ere the young day be stain'd with worldly dyes;
Many had cheeks that blush'd like garden-roses,
Yet one pale face was ting'd with melancholy.
How polish'd, how refin'd, how amiable!
The choice companion of a gentleman,*
Long the delight of bowery Alderdale.
I must not think too deeply, nor in sorrow
Dwell o'er the fond and charmful name of Mary,
Or this poor page will soon become as wet
As May-flowers sprinkled with the morning dews,
Or as o'er the handkerchief I saw her ply
To catch the tears she shed above his grave:
More on this theme I cannot, may not say,
And but a few alone can understand.

And o'er this humanizing home of love,
One fix'd, unaltering countenance severe,
Look'd with a sort of magisterial power,
Parental, yet not mild, perchance to govern
Wisely a family so numerous;
But there were smiles maternal, to subdue,
And soften with the sweetest sympathy,
The harsh and rugged features of the scene—
Mild as the looks of the chaste maid of night:
And now and then, would music's soothing sounds
Come, like sweet voices from a higher sphere;
And then the pure historic page was open'd,
And one distinct and silvery voice was heard
Reading the language that can never die,
Unto my mother busy at her wheel.‡
Those days are gone; the listener and the reader,
Are now no more; and many long to follow,
Glad to be rid of an unrighteous world.
Many have been o'erjoyed to see her face;
I have beheld the big tears trickle down
The reverend cheeks of age, but when her name
Was casually whisper'd in sweet converse;
And loving words, in blessings multiplied,
Were copiously shower'd upon her name,
And mine, too, also, for her own dear sake,
The pure maternal stock of a choice few,
Too gentle for a life of pain and vanity.

Oh! let me live in unambitious peace,
Surrounded by the nurselings of my care;
Earn but a little to suffice, and store
Another little, for a rainy day;
And like the noble Falkland read good books:

* The late William Cantrell, Esq., of Alderdale Lodge, Droylsden.

‡ Alluding to my brother Thomas, reading history to my mother.

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When the last moment of life's time is come,
May men, like thee, smile on my quiet death,
And give my bones their final resting-place,
Far from the bounds of old Mancunium's city.

ANNIVERSARIES.

THE last Anniversary of the Abraham Lodge of Loyal Ancient Shepherds, took place on the 29th of July, at the house of Mr. George Seddon, the Blucher and Wellington Inn, Ashton-under-Lyne, on which occasion Brother James Fenton delivered an excellent and appropriate speech, from which the following is an extract:—

"Brothers and visiting friends, we are this evening met for the purpose of congratulating each other on the return of another anniversary, and to enjoy ourselves in such a manner as will be conformable to the rules and regulations of our honorable Order. The Order with which we have the honour to stand connected, is one of those which has for its object the relieving of distress in whatever form it makes its appearance, but more particularly when it appears in the shapes of sickness, infirmity, old age, widowhood, orphancy, and death. Societies which have for their objects such designs must of necessity claim a degree of pre-eminence in our thoughts and affections. When I look at those with whom I am surrounded, I see fathers and mothers, together with their children, all liable to sickness, orphancy, widowhood, and death, that may sooner or later overtake any of us; therefore it must be wise in all to prepare for such casualties. In the Society with which we are connected there have been means put within our reach whereby we can help ourselves, and help one another, when sickness overtakes us, by our united contributions. When we can arm ourselves, not against disease, but by possessing the means of preventing its utmost virulence and fatality by timely aid and skill. By our united means prompt help and careful attention can be rendered. Such are a portion of the advantages of such Institutions. How many of our neighbours have been plunged into distress, been compelled to take up their abode in the workhouse, or wander the streets craving charity, real objects of commiseration; have suffered the greatest insults, been cast into jail under the Vagrant Act; been necessitated at last to become the companions, at least for a time, of the most abandoned characters, liable to snares, and to acts that might bring disgrace upon themselves and families for ever. By means of the Order of Ancient Shepherds the condition of such parties have been taken into consideration, means set on foot, contributions raised and presented to them; whereby they have been enabled to relinquish employments detrimental to their health. Thus have they been restored to comparative comfort and health. And where this has not been the re-

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sult, where sickness has proved fatal, the deceased has been respectably interred, and those dependant upon him furnished with the means of entering into some humble way of business. By care and frugality they have succeeded in bringing up their families in comparative affluence. But to say the least of it, they have been placed in such a position as to become useful and respectable members of society, and have reflected honour on their parents and connexions.

"Now, my friends, I hope and I believe I am surrounded by those who would wish to be held in lasting and grateful remembrance by their children, after their bones are laid under the clods of the valley. And that it may be so, I would say to those who are present, who are not united with us, to come and join us immediately, and thus secure one means within your reach of soothing the widow's sorrow, mitigating the orphan's anguish, so that when you come to lie on a dying bed, your wife and children may gather around you, and claim your benediction, as the children of the old Patriarch Jacob did, when they said 'Bless me, even me, O my father, and thus you shall be blest!' Need I press upon you further to come forward? Need I say to a number of intelligent thinking men and women that the blessing of God will rest upon your efforts, if you hasten at once to join in the good work of benevolence to yourselves, to your families, and to your fellow creatures! I trust that my few unpremeditated words have had their intended effect, and that ere many days we may hail you as members and brothers of the Loyal Order of *Ancient Shepherds*."

ON SATURDAY, the 29th of July, the members of the Free Will Lodge, No. 106, Stalybridge District, met at the house of Mrs. Facer, the Cheshire Cheese, to celebrate their fifteenth Anniversary, when upwards of eighty members and friends sat down to an excellent dinner provided by the worthy hostess. The Widows of deceased brothers of the Lodge were invited to attend free of expense. After the cloth was removed, P. M. Samuel Pinder was called to the chair, and delivered a short but effective and appropriate speech. P. M. Joseph Sykes, and Br. Richard Laneton, being two of the oldest members, were then called upon to open the amusements of the evening. Alternate song and dance prevailed until a late hour, when the company broke up highly delighted with the convivial, but decorous, proceedings of the evening.

LODGES OPENED LAST QUARTER.

512 Nelson' Glory Improvement, John Atkin, Hare and Hounds, Kersley, Lancashire, Bolton District.

513 Harmony, Elizabeth Berchall, Lower Fleece Inn, Oak-street, Manchester, Manchester District.

514 Primrose Bank, Mariam Dunkerley, Barley Sheaf, Ashton, Lancashire, Ashton Dist.

515 Hive of Refuge, George Shepley, Masons' Arms Inn, Hartshead, Yorkshire, Ossett District.

516 Good Intent, Thomas Crowston, Tomline Arms, Cleethorpe's Road, Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, Great Grimsby District.

517 Temperance Star, Ephraim Alcock, Temperance Hotel, Sewer-lane, Hull, Yorkshire, Hull District.

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CHRISTMAS.

Of all the festivals that crowd the Christian calendar there is none that exercises an influence so strong and universal as that of Christmas; and those varied superstitions, and quaint customs, and joyous observances, which once abounded throughout the rural districts of England, are at no period of the year so thickly congregated, or so strongly marked, as at this season of unrestrained festivity and extended celebration. The reasons for this are various and very obvious. In the case of a single celebration, which has to support itself, by its own solitary influence, long, perchance, after the feeling in which it originated has ceased to operate, the chances are many that the annually increasing neglect into which its observance is likely to fall, shall finally consign it to an entire obliteration. But a cluster of festivals, standing in a proximate order of succession, at once throwing light upon each other, and illustrated by a varied and numerous host of customs, traditions, and ceremonies, present greatly multiplied probabilities against their existence being ever entirely forgotten, or their observation being wholly discontinued. The arrangement by which a series of celebrations,—beautiful in themselves, and connected with the paramount event in which are laid the foundations of our religion,—are made to fall at a period otherwise of very solemn import, from its being assumed as the close of the larger of those revolutions of time in which man measures out the span of his transitory existence; and the chance which has brought down to the same point, and thrown together, the traces of customs and superstitions, both of a sacred and secular character, and uniting with the crowd of catholic observances, off-shoots from the ancient Saturnalia, remains of old Druidical rites, and glimpses into the mythology of the northern nations,—have written a series of hieroglyphics upon that place of the calendar, which, if they cannot be deciphered in every part, are still, from their number and juxta-position, never likely to be overlooked.

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But, though these causes are offered as accounting for the preservation of many customs which, without them, would long since have passed into oblivion,—which exist by virtue of the position they occupy on the calendar,—yet the more conspicuous celebrations of this season need no such aids and no such arguments. Nothing can be added to their intrinsic interest; and they are too closely connected with the solemn warnings of man's temporal destiny, and linked with the story of his eternal hopes, ever to lose any portion of that influence, a share of which they throw over all the other celebrations that take shelter under their wing.

In every way, and by many a tributary stream, are the holy and beneficent sentiments which belong to the period increased and refreshed. Beautiful feelings, too apt to fade within the heart of man, amid the chilling influences of worldly pursuit, steal out beneath the sweet religious warmth of the season; and the pure and holy amongst the hopes of earth assemble, to place themselves under the protection of that eternal hope whose promise is now, as it were, yearly renewed. Amid the echoes of that song which proclaimed peace on earth, and good will towards men,—making no exclusions, and dividing them into no classes,—rises up a dormant sense of universal brotherhood in the heart; and something like a distribution of the good things of earth is suggested, in favour of those destitute here, who are proclaimed as joint participators in the treasure thus announced from heaven. At no other period of the year, are the feeling of an universal benevolence and the sense of a common Adam so widely awakened. At no season is the predominant spirit of selfishness so effectually rebuked;—never are the circles of love so largely widened.

The very presence of a lengthened festivity—for festivity can never be *solitary*—would (apart from its sacred causes) promote these wholesome effects. The extended space of time over which this festival is spread,—the protracted holiday which it creates,—points it out for the gathering together of distant friends; whom the passing nature of an occasional and single celebration would fail to collect, from their scattered places of the world. By this wise and beautiful arrangement, the spell of home is still made to cast its sweet and holy influence along the sterile regions, as along the bright places, of after-life; and from the dark valleys and sunny hill-tops of the world, to call back alike the spoiled of fortune, and the tired and travel-stained to refresh themselves, again and again, at the fountain of their calmer hopes and purer feelings. A wise and beautiful arrangement this would be, in whatever season of the year it might be placed! Wise and beautiful is any institution which sets up a rallying-place for the early affections, and reawakens the sacred sympathies of youth!—which from that well-head

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of purity and peace, sends forth, as it were, a little river of living waters, to flow, with revivifying freshness and soothing murmur, along the wastes and wildernesses of after years!—which makes of that spring-time of the heart a reservoir of balm, to which, in hours of sorrow, it can return for joy, and in years of guilt, for regeneration; and which, like the widow's cruse of oil, wasteth not, in all the ages of the mind's dearth.

We love those festivals which have been made, as Washington Irving says, "the season for gathering together of family connexions, and drawing closer again those bonds of kindred hearts, which the cares, the pleasures, and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again, among the endearing momentoes of childhood." Above all we love those seasons which call for the exercise of a general hospitality, and give the poor man his few and precious glimpses of a plenty, which, as the world is managed, his toil cannot buy;—which shelter the houseless wanderer, and feed the starving child, and clothe the naked mother, and spread a festival for all. Those seasons which, in their observance by our ancestors, kept alive, by periodical reawakenings, that flame of charity which, thus, had scarcely time wholly to expire, during all the year. We love all which tends to call man from the solitary and chilling pursuit of his own separate and selfish views, into the warmth of a common sympathy, and within the bonds of a common brotherhood. We love these commemorations, as we have said, for themselves—we love them for their uses—and still more we love them for the memories of our boyhood! Many a bright picture do they call up in our minds, and in the minds of most who have been their observers; for with these festivals of the heart are inalienably connected many a memory, for sorrow or for joy—many a scene of early love—many a merry meeting which was yet the last—many a parting of those who shall part no more—many a joyous group, composed of materials which separated only too soon, and shall never be put together again on earth—many a lost treasure and many a perished hope,—

> "Hopes that were angels in their birth,
> But perished young, like things of earth."

Happy, happy days were they! oh, their record is lively in my soul, and there is a happiness, still, in looking back to them:—

> "Ye are dwelling with the faded flowers,
> Ye are with the suns long set,
> But oh! your memory, gentle hours,
> Is a living vision yet."

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Yet are they, for the most part, eras to count our losses by. Beside them, in the calendar of the heart, is written many a private note, not to be read without bitter tears:—

"There's many a lad I loved is gone,
And many a lass grown old;
And when, at times, I think thereon,
My weary heart grows cold."

Yet, still, we love these commemorations, and hail them, each and all, as the year restores them to us, shorn and scarred as they are. And though, many and many a time, the welcome has faltered on our lips, as we "turned from all they brought to all they could not bring," still, by God's help, we will enjoy them, as yet we may,—drawing closer to us, and with the more reason, the friends that still remain, and draining, to the last,

"One draught in memory
Of many a joyous banquet past."

A WINTER SONG.

Crackle and blaze, crackle and blaze,
There's snow on the housetops—there's ice on the ways,
But the keener the season the stronger's the reason
Why ceiling should flicker and glow in thy blaze;
So fire-piled fire, leap, fire, and shout,
Be it warmer within as 'tis colder without,
And as curtains we draw and around the hearth close,
As we glad us with talk of great frosts and deep snows,
As redly thy warmth on the shadowed wall plays,
We'll say winter evenings outmatch summer days,
And a song, jolly roarer, we'll shout in thy praise,
So crackle and blaze, crackle and blaze,
While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

Crackle and blaze, crackle and blaze,
There is ice on the ponds and leaves on the ways,
But the barer each tree the more reason have we
To joy in the summer that glows in thy blaze;
So fire, piled fire, the lustier shout,
The louder the winds shriek and revel without,
And as red through the curtains go out with thy light
Pleasant thoughts of warm firesides across the dark night,
Passers by hastening on shall be loud in thy praise,
And while spark with red spark in thy curling smoke plays,
Within the loud song to thy honour we'll raise,
So crackle and blaze, crackle and blaze,
While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

Greenwich. W. C. BENNETT.

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SONNET TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL.

All hail, New Year!— bring blessings in thy train
And bid earth's toiling children all rejoice!
"Happy New Year!" say shall that wish be vain?
Mere empty language of an idle voice?
Methinks, at *this* time, we should drown our pain,
And wise festivity become our choice;
And that the poorest cot should be supplied,
By those who have of worldly wealth good store,
With English comforts on this New-year-tide,
And that each noble mansion's ready door
Should open to the artizan and swain,
And all be happy as a bridal train.
Such things *have* been; my sanguine soul would fain
Cherish the hope that they'll return again.

Stokesley in Cleveland.

THE OLD MATHEMATICIAN.

I AM about to write of a great man—no ideal, but one who most truly lived, laboured, suffered, died, and "left no sign." You will not find his name in the rolls of the Royal Society, and yet he was a wiser philosopher than nine-tenths of that learned body. You will never be asked to subscribe to a testimonial immortalizing his benevolence; and yet he was a philanthropist as sincere—perhaps as great—as Clarkson. You will read no book dilating on his trials; and yet he was a hero—a martyr too. No painter ever craved permission to transmit his bodily likeness to posterity—the pen shall do it here.

Clement Griffin sprang from that rude mass which is the foundation-stone of society, but from whose rough unformed depths, many a pure marble fragment has been brought to light. Clement Griffin was one of the people. He bore in his person the distinctive marks which most commonly descend from one labouring generation to another—the short ungainly stature, the large rough hand, and the ill formed mouth, in which no curve *of* beauty was found. But he had the eye of intellect, grey, piercing, yet at times inexpressibly soft; and deeply set under overhanging brows; thick, bushy, iron-grey, and meeting in a line over the nose. And this man was a poor drudge, namely, master of writing and arithmetic in a provincial grammar school.

Yet this man who, day after day, went through the dull round of duty, and who trudged to and fro from school in his coarse, threadbare garments, his ribbed worsted stockings, and immense clouted shoes; in the school room carelessly treated by the master, and made game of for his odd old-fashioned ways; by youths only a year or two his juniors,— this man was an abstruse mathematician, a philosopher, a mechanist of the most ingenious kind, an astronomer, acquainted with nearly all the abstract sciences, and had pursued these various acquirements entirely unaided, save by the force of his own powerful mind. Yet, with all this learning, in his manners and habit he was as simple as a child. He would come home from his daily toil, eat his bowl of porridge and milk, and sit down to pore over mathematical and astronomical lore, which he followed as far as the written science of the time permitted. When he could go no further on the track of others, he calculated and made discoveries for himself.

It is not surprising that these pursuits made Clement, even at the early age of thirty, a solitary and prematurely old man. Indeed, no one in the neighbourhood ever remembered him being young. Everybody knew him, thought him an oddity, perhaps slightly mad; but his peculiarities were quite harmless, and no one ever had an ill word

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to say of "Old Griffin," or "Old Griff," as he has always been called, even when the parish register might have proved him just five-and-twenty. He had none of those home-ties which make the poetry of life—no mother or sister; and as for the young damsels of B—— they would as soon have thought of wedding the grim knight's statue at the church door, as of laying siege to the heart of Clement Griffin. Moreover, he had risen in mind at least above his own class—that of working artificers—and with the higher ranks he never thought to mingle, so that in every way Clement was essentially a solitary man.

He had no poetry in his composition—probably never read two rhyming lines in his life—had almost a terror of the visible poetry of the world—woman. A fair face alarmed him—the sound of a light, girlish, mocking tongue made him run away. There was only one feminine face that Clement ever looked at, and that was the face of a little school-girl, who, day after day, traversed the same road as he did. At first, Griffin this very disagreeable, as his chief reason of choosing that road was because of its loneliness, and no passers by interrupted his thoughts. But by degrees he grew accustomed to the light step that overtook his, and the passing look of a pair of brown eyes, as fearless, and yet shy, as those of a young deer.

After a while, instead of hastening off before the little school-girl had passed his door, Clement began to go out at the precise hour she came, that he might be close behind her the whole way. He never let her see him, but walked on the other side of the road, where the overhanging hedge almost entirely concealed him. There was in the fresh innocence and glad-heartedness of the child, as she went along, dangling her school-basket, sometimes conning her lesson aloud, sometimes singing merrily—something new, and rather pleasant than otherwise, which touched even the philosopher. He often stopped in the middle of some algebraic problem which he was working in his head as he sauntered along, to listen to the little girl's unconscious singing, and wonder whether a little sister, the only one he ever had, whose small grave he passed by every Sunday, had been like her.

This one gentle and humanizing feeling was like a golden thread running through the dry and dusty web of the Mathematician's life;—the only spark of involuntary poetry which had ever lit up the dark caverns of his powerful but rugged mind. The child's daily presence became almost necessary to him; and he was less glad than usual when the holidays came, since she no longer passed his door. When the holidays passed, Clement received a summons to attend a young ladies' school, where the former instructor in writing and arithmetic had absolutely eloped with the eldest pupil. There was no fear of Clement Griffin committing such an enormity, so he was chosen in the room of the transgressor. Wofully repugnant to his tastes was this situation; but he was so poor, and there was an astronomical instrument he wanted to purchase, and could not, so he consented to attend Miss Simmons's class.

When Griffin entered on his duties, the first face raised to look enquiringly at the new master was that of the little school-girl. It was smiling, and pleasant, and Clement became less uncomfortable under its influence. From that time the mathematician grew less painfully reserved—less shut up in himself. He had some human being in which to take an interest; and his heart opened to all the world in proportion as it did to little Agnes Martindale. It was Clement Griffin's instruction which developed the natural bent of her mind, and curious to relate, this strongly resembled his own. By a faculty generally foreign to woman's mind, she quickly apprehended as fast as he could teach; so that Clement, partly with a vague curiosity to see how far female capacity would go, and partly because these lessons were inexplicably pleasant to him, gradually led her on, far beyond the usual limits of feminine acquirements. When Agnes Martindale left school, Clement still gave her instruction; he could not bear to break the charmed tie.

Oh how mad—how blind was that man! whose mind had strength to grapple with the deepest mysteries of science and nature, and yet was unlearned as a child in reading the human heart—most of all, his own. He never dreamed that the secret influence which made life pleasant to him, and lent a new charm to his dearest pursuits, was the universal spirit that pervades all things; bowing alike the strongest and the weakest, the wise man and the—fool we were about to write—but no! the meanest mind becomes great when it is able to harbour love.

Clement came in and out as he chose, at Agnes's home. Then, by degrees, he got into

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the habit of establishing himself in one corner, and receiving his bowl of tea from Agnes's hands, no one ever seemed to think it necessary to talk to him or notice him any more than if he were a piece of old furniture, and so he would sit contentedly, hour after hour, in silence, till the hour of rest came. Often when he reached his own home, he thought how its gloom and darkness contrasted painfully with the cheerful lights and sounds of Farmer Martindale's cosy parlour; and when he looked up at the stars, in whose influence he so firmly believed, he pondered more over the future than he was wont.

It chanced that for some weeks a severe illness kept Agnes from his sight, and then he felt and seemed like one from whom the light had been suddenly shut up. Every day he crept up to the farm to ask of children or servants the latest tidings. When the invalid came down stairs, the first greeting that met her was his. Agnes was almost startled when she gave him her hand, to feel a hot tear drop upon it. She addressed some kind words to him; he did not answer, but crept quietly to his own corner. This illness of hers had made him restless. No longer satisfied with the present, he began to think of chances that might put an end to his happiness. Following the natural inclination of his character, he one day asked Agnes to tell him the day and hour of her birth, that he might cast her horoscope, and know her future fate.

Agnes looked at him eagerly, for he had half made her a convert to his own belief. Then a sudden thought appeared to strike her. She blushed deeply, and answered in a hurried tone—"no, I had rather not know more than I do already—it might make me unhappy, and I am now so."—The door opened quickly, and the girl's blush deepened to crimson, as it admitted one who had of late been as frequent a visitor as Clement himself, Rupert Nichol, one of Griffin's former refractory scholars at the grammar-school.

Clement went home early that night, wondering why Agnes blushed at the thought of her future fate, and oppressed with a vague sense of restless inquietude. The next half holiday he walked to the farm. When he came there, the family were all out in the hay-harvest, the maid said, all but Agnes. Clement was rather glad of this. They would have the lesson in quietness. He went to the little parlour, and looked through the half open door.

The room was very still; so still that it might have had no occupants; but there were two—Agnes and Rupert Nichol. They sat together, her right hand lay on his shoulder, and above it rested her sweet, young face, not lifted to his, but drooping and blushing with deep happiness. Her left hand was held in both of his; he was trying on the third finger a gold circlet—the wedding-ring.

That terrible moment discovered to Clement Griffin, his love and its doom. The quiet, cold, dreaming philosopher found out that he was a man, with all the long-slumbering passions and emotions roused up within him, and he knew likewise that they were all in vain, for a love more baseless, mad, and utterly hopeless, never tortured human breast, than now racked that of Clement Griffin.

The young betrothed, as she sat in her quiet chamber, preparing for her bridal, knew not that there was another who paced night after night beneath her window in wild deep agony; who spent whole hours in lying on the cold stone steps of the threshold, which her light happy footfall had just crossed. Clement was no sighing dreamer, indulging in delicious sorrow, and sentimental woe; he was not young, and the one great feeling of love had never been frittered away into smaller fancies; it was no boyish ideal, but a terrible reality; the future suddenly and for ever became a blank, and Love itself was changed into Despair.

Agnes married Rupert, and went with him to his far-off home. After she was gone, the "Old Mathematician," as people called him, became more eccentric than ever; no tongue whispered—no heart guessed, the real truth. A short time afterwards he threw up his situation, with the excuse that he was going elsewhere to bring out a new invention of his own. In another year, when Agnes came home on a visit and enquired after her old teacher, the people at B—— seemed almost to have forgotten his name.

Twenty years from the last epoch of my story, a lady in widow's weeds, accompanied by two children, entered the shop of a working mathematician, in one of the large provincial towns. She wanted to have a little casket repaired; it was made of porphyry, and the lock, of very curious workmanship, had been broken. The spruce shopman, whose profusely-scented hair and aquiline nose, under which grew a delicate moustache, bespoke him that most disagreeable of modern anomalies, an Adonized Jew, examined it with a puzzled air.

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"I never saw anything like this before, madam. We have nothing of the sort in our shop," he said.

"Very likely not; I did not buy it; it was made for me many years ago. I believe the lock is quite original of its kind. Do you think it possible to repair it?"

"I don't know, ma'am; there is something very odd about it; but we have a clever workman here. I will send for him, if you will wait a moment."

The lady sat down; her two boys peering at the curiosities of the shop, but the mother drew down her veil, and seemed rather thinking of the past than alive to the present. The shopman still pored over the casket with much curiosity.

"It must have been a skilful workman who made this, madam. Porphyry will turn the edge of our hardest tools."

The lady only replied by a bend of the head, and in a few minutes the person sent for came. He was a little old man, nearly bald, with grey bushy eye-brows, and wonderfully keen eyes;—as these fell upon the casket, he started and trembled visibly.

"Do you think you can mend this, old fellow?" said the young Jew, carelessly.

The old man took the casket in his hand, and walked to the light; he saw nothing but the casket; he did not notice how the lady had risen, and was watching him in extreme surprise.

"I know this well. I can easily mend it. Where did you get it, Mr. Salomans?"

"It is mine," answered a sweet voice under the widow's veil, and a hand was stretched out to the old man. "Do you not know me, Mr. Griffin? I remembered you at once."

The casket fell from his hand. "Miss Agnes, is it you, Miss Agnes,"—he glanced at her dress—"I beg pardon, Mrs.—I am old, and cannot remember your name now."

"Never mind, call me anything you like; I am so glad to have found you out at last. Many a time, Rupert and I,—ah! poor Rupert," the widow's voice faltered and the tears followed fast. A strange dimness had gathered over the eyes of Clement Griffin, too.

"And are these children yours, Miss Agnes?" said the Old Mathematician, his whole frame trembling with agitation, and his voice almost inaudible.

"Yes! Robert and Charles, go and shake hands with Mr. Griffin; you have often heard about him. They know you quite well, dear old friend. Robert has learned all the definitions you wrote out for me, long, long ago."

"And did you think of me, Miss Agnes? how good of you!" said Clement, taking her hand with a sudden impulse, and dropping it again, as he saw the eyes of his superior bent on with astonishment. "We cannot talk here; may I come and see you?"

Mrs. Nichol told him where she lived, shook his hand warmly, and departed.

"So you can mend this, Griffin, I suppose?" said Salomans, with a sneer.

"Mend what?" Clement repeated, dreamily.

"The casket, you old idiot."

"Yes, I ought, for I made it myself."

"And that lady, pray do you know her?"

"A friend, an old friend,—yes, I think I may say that," muttered the old man.

"Umph! I did not know you had a friend in the world. Come, off with you; nobody wants an old goose like you in the shop."

Patiently the poor man stole back to his workshop. Strange, that with his commanding intellect, he should have been the slave and butt of a petty fop like this. But throughout his life, Clement Griffin, in all worldly things, was as simple as a child. Agnes felt this, with a compassion almost amounting to pain, when he told her the outward story of his life since they last met. She discovered now more than one curious mechanical invention of his, now making a noise in the world, had brought wealth to others, while the deceived inventor toiled on, for very life, by the labour of his hands.

It was to them both a strange return of old times. When the children were gone to bed, Griffin sat in the fireside corner. Agnes had made ready for him the simple supper he always liked—bread and milk; when he took it from her hand, the old man put it down on the chair beside him, and burst into tears.

Agnes herself was much moved, the more so since she had her own story to relate—not a happy one. The girlish dream had hardly been fulfilled. Alas! when is it? But the widow's sorrow sufficiently testified to the wife's abiding love. A mother's cares were added too, for her boys were growing up, and Mrs. Nichol was poor, very poor. How Clement longed for every coin which he had cast away, or been robbed of, that he

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might pour all at her feet, and then go and work for his own daily bread all his life long.

If ever an earnest, noble, disinterested love abided in human heart, it was in that of Clement Griffin. Strangely distorted though his nature was—a compound of strength and weakness—of wisdom and madness—of unworldliness that amounted to ignorance—warped through circumstances, and yet intrinsically noble—most surely there was in it one spot, an altar, that might have been a resting-place for angels' feet. Time had quenched the once burning fire that consumed him, and he could now look upon Agnes's still fair face and feel no pain. It was over, the wildest imagination could not rekindle its ashes now.

It was a pleasure to Agnes in her widowhood and poverty-haunted solitude to have the occasional presence of the kind old man. He taught the boys, too, all that lay in his power, and it revived his old enthusiasm to take young Robert on his knee, and instruct him in pursuits to which the boy had already an ardent inclination.

"He will make a great man—a first-rate mathematician," Clement would say, while his eyes brightened, and he looked from his young scholar to the mother who had once been his pupil too, while Agnes would smile, and only hope that her boy's life might not resemble that of the hapless enthusiast before her. Sometimes she tried to reason with him; but the old man was quite contented with his present home.

"Salomans gives me food and clothes, almost as much as I want," he argued. "What more can I desire? He only requires me to work in the day, and then I have the night for study. I am really quite content. Besides he took me in when I had not a penny, and saved me going to the parish perhaps," said the old man smiling sadly. I ought to stay with him out of gratitude; and every now and then he gives me some money too; so that in time I shall have bought back all the books I lost."

Poor simple philosopher!—simple, yet wise—for all the sages in Christendom could not have boasted that truest, purest wisdom, which is before all things in the sight of the All-wise.

Agnes Nichol had to struggle hard to bring up her boys as she desired. As Robert's talents developed themselves, she longed to give him every advantage; but it was a hard thing even to provide him with books. Clement Griffin found out this, and soon the needful volumes were brought by him. He said they were his own,—a loving and generous fiction. The old man conquering his natural shyness, had sought for stray pieces of work from the other opticians of the town, and devoted his nights to their completion, to gain the payment which his skill readily commanded. Thus it was that his pupil's little library grew.

At last Robert had a chance of obtaining advancement in the branch of learning to which his taste inclined.

A distant cousin of his father's, who was a mathematical instrument maker in London, offering to take the boy for a small premium. But all the mother's contrivances could not procure the sum. Clement Griffin's sorrow was equal to hers, for he loved the boy, and was proud of his talents. Night after night, as he traced his way homeward, the old man pondered over every possible expedient to get over this difficulty. Sometimes in his simplicity he thought of walking to London—but a hundred miles—and offering to work six months in old Nichol's shop, if he would only remit the premium for Robert. But then iron fetters could not be stronger than those self-forged chains which bound Clement, as he thought, out of gratitude, to Salomans. The old man was floating in a sea of doubt and perplexity. To him coining twenty gold guineas would have seemed less difficult than earning them in the ordinary old-world fashion like any other man.

At last, as the Old Mathematician sat one night among his books, a bright idea flashed upon him. Those beloved volumes suddenly assumed a value, not like that he had so long set upon them, but a marketable value. They might be sold. Had he himself been starving, the thought would never have entered his mind; but for Robert—for her child—yes! he would sell them. Clement turned over the leaves that he might come to some conclusion as to the definite value of these his treasures. It seemed like a man anatomizing his own children; so dear, so sacred were they to the old philosopher. But stronger feelings were at work within. The man's noble heart triumphed over his devotion to knowledge. He sold the books.

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Then, even when the struggle was over, the twenty gold coins sat like a weight of lead upon Clement's heart. He could not give them so as to prevent Agnes knowing through whom the gift came. At length chance opened a way. Agnes, almost in despair, proposed writing to a rich relative, and entreating as a loan the means for Robert's outset in life. "Strangers are sometimes kinder than friends," she tried to moralise, "and he is almost a stranger. Yet people say he is a good man; I will try him."

It chanced that Clement Griffin in the course of his chequered life had known this man, and known too that the outward character he bore was false. But with a quickness, and loving stratagem, he conceived a plan of doing what the rich man would not have done. He assented eagerly and tremblingly to Agnes's proposition. "I knew him once. I will take the letter myself," cried Clement.

He took it, and returned next day with a kind message and twenty pounds, "as a gift," he said, though the eccentric donor refused any acknowledgment, either personal or written. Agnes, wild with joy, did not notice the quivering lips, the tremulous voice of her old friend, nor the hasty confusion in which he retreated home. He suffered more from the contrivance of this *ruse* than even from the noble self-denial which had prompted it.

As Clement grew older he plunged the deeper into his dreamy pursuits. While Mrs. Nichol and her children remained in the neighbourhood, there was still one tie that connected him with the outward world. But ere long, a small accession of fortune came to the widow, and she went to establish herself near her prosperous boy Robert. She entreated her old master to come and settle in London, but the old man only shook his head, with the smile of quiet melancholy that had become habitual to him.

"No, no, Miss Agnes. What should such as I do in London? People would only laugh at my odd ways—perhaps you yourself might be ashamed of me?"

"Never, dear, good friend," cried Agnes. She felt it at the time; but afterwards she thought, the grey ribbed stockings and clumsy shoes would look rather strange in the pretty drawing-room of which Robert wrote. "And there is nothing I can do to show how much I value you?" she asked.

Clement's eyes looked dim, and his mouth twitched convulsively. "You are very kind Miss Agnes;—then, will you think of me now and then, and perhaps write to me. Direct to the post-office, because I rather imagine Salomans reads my letters when any come for me. God bless you, Miss Agnes, good bye!"

"And Robert, who owes you so much; can he do nothing?" "Why, yes," said the old man, hesitating, "I have heard of a new object-glass for a telescope. I should like to see it, because I thought of inventing one myself. Perhaps Robert would send me down one, if not too much trouble. Good bye, and God bless you, once more. Miss Agnes, you have been very kind to me, you and your boys, good bye!"

Agnes watched him down the street. A quaint figure he looked, in the long grey coat and broad-brimmed hat. She noticed how slow and trembling was his gait, and how he stooped more than ever over his thick stick, which had of late become indispensable to him. A few tears rose to her eyes, but they were more to the remembrance of past days than to him.

"Poor old Griffin—he is a good soul, though he is odd. I wish Robert could have done something for him; well, well, I suppose he is quite happy in his own way." And she turned away, to think of the cheerful home Robert had prepared for her.

Mrs. Nichol was a good woman,—thoughtful, kind,—aye, grateful. For a long season the strange, rambling letters of Clement Griffin were regularly answered; and several times a gift of the kind most likely to suit him found its way to the garret at Salomans. At last Clement wrote that Robert had better not send any more, for Salomans generally took them in his own care, and he himself had little use of them.

"How tiresome that he will stay with those wretches," said Mrs. Nichol, "there is no doing anything for him while he is at Salomans." She wrote and told him so; and for a long time after no more letters came from Clement Griffin. Then Agnes received one, which follows, in all its quaint mournfulness:—

MRS. AGNES NICHOL.

Dear Friend,—Not having received any answer to my last three letters, I am afraid you have forgotten me. It is not surprising, for I believe London is a strange place. I write these few lines to say farewell, as I may never be able to write, or see you again on

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earth. I have been very ill. Indeed, I think, from the appearance of the stars, and Saturn being in opposition to my *Hyleg*—that I shall not get better. Mr. Salomans says I am a great expense to him, and I believe I must be, as I can work very little now. So he has told me to leave him next week. I hope he will give me a little money; but I am afraid he will not, and then I shall have to go to my parish, if I can walk there. So dear Miss Agnes, if you should not hear any more of me, this comes to bid you farewell, and may God bless you and yours, and may he take my soul to Himself when the time comes. I wish you had let me cast your horoscope, as mine has come so true—of which I am rather glad. I hope you are well in health—should have liked to have heard from you once again, but suppose you had other and better things to think about. My hand shakes, but hope you will make out this. I pray God to blesss you all your life, as He has me, in spite of all my troubles. And so no more, until we meet with Him. From your sincere friend,

CLEMENT GRIFFIN.

Agnes was painfully startled, and almost conscience-stricken by this letter. "Good heavens! we must do something for the poor old man. Robert shall go down next week, and bring that Salomans to reason!" was her first thought.

But Robert was busy just then, constructing a curious machine for a scientific nobleman, and could not be spared. "The week after will do, mother; it may be only his fancies. He must be quite an old man now, and perhaps his mind wanders. The letter is written very unconnectedly," reasoned the young man.

Mrs. Nichol agreed that it was, and perhaps matters were not so bad as Griffin thought. At all events, Robert could not go just yet, and it was no use writing. She put the letter—a soiled, crumpled, rough sheet of paper it was—into her gay work-box, and only thought of it once or twice afterwards, until another came—a formal missive from a parish doctor. It stated "how an old man, found dying in the road, had been brought into the workhouse of H———. There he had died, and been buried at the parish expense. The only thing that was found upon the deceased—a book, on whose cover was written the name and address of Mrs. Nichol—the doctor begged to enclose, as perhaps it was a memento of some old servant."

It was a Bible, inscribed in a cramped childish hand, to "Clement Griffin, from his pupil, Agnes Martindale, 2nd May, 17—."

The richly-dressed, lady-like Mrs. Nichol, bowed her head upon its torn, worm-eaten cover, and wept bitter tears of remembrance, not unmingled with self-reproach. They were the only ones which ever fell to the memory of Clement Griffin. Had that gentle, humble spirit beheld them, he would have thought them more than his due.

No loving and admiring disciple has ever raised a stone above this unknown philosopher. He foretold, half a century ago, that men would journey by steam. Now, the lightning-like railway passes within sight of his grave. He spent years in perfecting a mechanical invention; its wheels now whirl and roar in a manufactory not two hundred yards from the green pillow where the brain which first conceived their uses is mingling with the dust. He first declared that the human mind were faithfully pourtrayed in the human head as in a map; not long since, in the little town where his wanderings ended for ever, a phrenologist lectured to crowded audiences on the new science. The sage, the philosopher, the devoted follower of science—has passed away and left no memory—no, not even a poor name written on a church-yard stone. Yet what matters it? The great men of earth are those who have done the most good to that world which may never know or utter their names.

Abridged from Jerrold's Magazine.

COME TO MY HOME.

BY THE EDITOR.

Come to my calm but lonely home,
With all thy grace, and love, and light,
That I may watch thee day by day,
And be thy guardian through the night;

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Be thou my household's happy queen,
The pride and beauty of my bower,
My wayward soul's presiding star,
My fond heart's sweetest, dearest flower.

Light labours only wait thee here,
My chosen and my peerless one,
For thou shalt train the nectar-tree
To hang its tresses in the sun;
By thee the honey-fingered bine
Shall mantle round our rural shed,
And the Sultana summer rose
Lift high her proud imperial head.

Through gorgeous summer's radiant time,
When pleasant toils are duly told,
When burn upon the western skies
The sun's rich robes of cloudy gold,
We'll tread the green and fragrant sward,
Or, leaning by some laggard stream,
Give to the sweet and listening air
The words of some immortal dream.

When garish day fades softly out,
Religious twilight gathering o'er,
We'll read upon the book of heaven
Its God-illuminated lore;
Then filled with quiet thankfulness,
While odorous nightwinds round us creep,
We'll turn with homeward steps and slow
To woo the tranquil bliss of sleep.

When moonlit snow is on the roof,
And pictured frost is on the pane,
When clustering stars look keenly forth,
Or clouds discharge their solid rain,
We'll nestle by the chimney side,
Unenvious of the festal throng,
And drown the moaning of the blast
In the united tones of song.

Should sickness bow thy fragile form,
Or sorrow rifle thee of rest,
Should aught of human ill invade
The peaceful rapture of thy breast,
My lips shall speak of hope and love
To cheat thee of thy grief and pain,
And all my faculties combine
To bring thee back to peace again.

When other voices than our own,
And other forms which are not here,
Shall fill these walls with childish glee,
And make existence doubly dear,
What shall estrange us heart from heart,
When such connubial joys are given?
Come, be the angel of my life,
And make my humble home a heaven!

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ANDREW MARVELL.

BY THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

"Hic qua fuerit absti nentia, nullum est certius indicium, quam quod quum tantis rebus præfuisset, in tanta paupertate decessit, ut qui efferretur, vix reliquerit."—C. NEPOTIS, IN ARISTIDES.

AMIDST the glorious galaxy of illustrious Grecians, the philanthropist is never tired of contemplating the character of Aristides, not because of his skill in war or success in diplomacy, but for his uprightness and integrity. That for which Miltiades bled and Themistocles schemed, fought and died, but were not able to obtain—namely, the placing of Athens at the head of Grecian affairs—was accorded, by the consent of the Grecian states, to that city, on account of the uprightness of Aristides, surnamed by his countrymen, "THE JUST."

We have already given a brief sketch of the Grecian, and we now propose to record for your encouragement and example, the chief incidents in the life of ANDREW MARVELL, surnamed, by his admiring and grateful countrymen, "THE BRITISH ARISTIDES."

Andrew Marvell, was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, on the 15th of November, 1620; his father was a native of Cambridge and a M. A. of Emanuel College; having taken Holy Orders, he was elected Master of the Hull Grammar School, and in 1624, he was appointed afternoon lecturer at the Holy Trinity Church, in the same town. At the early age of fifteen, Andrew was sent to Cambridge, and became a student of Trinity College. From whence he was enticed to London, by the Jesuits, who were at that time eagerly making proselytes amongst such young men as were of distinguished abilities; but the father learning the danger of the son flew to the rescue, and on the 13th of December, 1638, he was readmitted at Trinity College, where he continued to study until 1640, when he was left an orphan, by the death of his father, who lost his life in crossing the Humber. A young lady, the godmother of Andrew, being on a visit at Hull, had to cross the river to reach her home, and notwithstanding the boisterous weather, the roughness of the waves, and the earnest entreaties of the watermen, he persisted in accompanying her; but they never reached their destination, for both boat and crew were lost. Thus, at the age of twenty, Andrew began the struggle of life; but he was not friendless, for the mother of the young lady sent for him from Cambridge, and adopted him as her son, leaving him at her decease the whole of her property.

Andrew finding himself independent, gave up all College studies, and

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absenting himself from his class, he was excluded from College benefits, September 24th, 1641, along with three more students. Maye, the translator of Lucian, was one of them. Placed in easy circumstances by the kindness of his benefactor, he began the tour of Europe, and whilst at Rome he wrote a humorous poem, entitled, "Flecnoe an English Priest;" in which he lashed that incorrigible rhymer. This poem is supposed to have suggested Dryden's famous satire, "Mac Flecnoe," written to ridicule Shadwell, and to avenge a supposed injury. At Rome, Marvell first became acquainted with Milton, and their acquaintanceship ripening into friendship, they resided together in the imperial city for sometime, publicly arguing against the errors of Rome, their rostrum frequently being the steps of the Vatican.

From Rome they made the tour of Italy and proceeded to Paris, where they were amused by the Cameleon society of that city, and Marvell wrote some satirical verses, in Latin, on the Abbé Lancelot Joseph de Maniban, who pretended to foretell the fortunes of individuals from their hand-writing.

For eleven years we hear nothing of Marvell, but it is highly probable that during that period he travelled in Holland and Spain, for we learn that he visited these countries, from a letter written by Milton to "*the Honourable the Lord Bradshawe*," the Judge of Charles the Second. This letter was written on the 21st of February, 1652, upon the death of Weckerlyn the assistant of Milton, and was intended to interest Bradshawe in favour of Marvell, so as to secure his appointment to the vacant place, but it was altogether unsuccessful. The following is an extract from it:—

"There will be with you to-morrow, upon some occasion of business, a gentleman whose name is *Mr. Marvile;* a man whom, both by report and the converse I have had with him, of singular desert for the state to make use of; who alsoe offers himselfe, if there be any imployment for him. His father was the Minister of Hull; and he has spent four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spaine, to a very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaineing of those four languages; besides he is a scholler, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors; and no doubt of an approved conversation, for he comes now lately out of the house of the Lord Fairfax, who was Generall, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in the languages to the Lady his daughter."

The year following he was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, and in 1654, when Milton published his celebrated answer to Salmasius, Marvell was commissioned to present it to the Protector, and he was soon afterwards appointed assistant Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, his coadjutor being his illustrious friend the blind bard—MILTON.

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From this appointment, until the year 1660 (the year of Charles's restoration), we have no account of him, but in that year he was returned to the parliament, which met on the 25th day of April, as the representative of his native town.

In parliament he was indefatigable in his attention to business, and wrote to his constituency every week, and sometimes, oftener, giving them an account of what was passing in the house and also his opinions upon the measures. It has been remarked, that he wrote at times, as if he was aware that the sanctity of a seal was not always respected. A many of these letters are still preserved in the archives of the Corporation and Trinity House at Hull. They are historically and personally of great value, and when we consider, that the burgesses of Hull had no means of knowing what passed in the House, save what their representative gave them, we shall be constrained to admire the member, and acknowledge the value of his attention.

The reader of English History needs not be told, that the reign of Charles the Second was not remarkable for its integrity, honesty, or morality; yet surrounded and acquainted as Marvell was with the members of the Court, he was noted for his honesty and unflinching boldness in attacking and exposing abuses. He was strongly opposed to the passing of the excise, and in a letter to his townsmen, he "wished it might not be continued too long." He also resisted most strenuously the keeping up of the standing army, and in a letter to his constituents, he said, "I hope to see your town once more ungarrisoned, for I cannot but remember those blessed days, when the youths of our town were trained for your militia, and did become their arms better than any soldiers I have since seen."

Of Church affairs he said very little and wrote less; but in one of his epistles, he mentions with feelings of pleasure, a bill that was brought into the House, "for erecting and augmenting vicarages, out of all impropriations belonging to ecclesiastical persons or corporations, to £80 per annum, where the impropriation amounts to £120, and, where less, to one moiety of the profits of such impropriations." His exertions in favour of religious liberty were unceasing, and his attention to the internal trade of the country unremitting. He is said to have been easy of access, paying the greatest attention to the wants of the town, and to have always expressed pleasure at being employed for them, even, in the most tiresome parliamentary drudgery.

On the 1st of May, 1661, he was again returned to the House, along with Colonel Gilby, one of the Court-party. He was returned also for the third time, in 1663, but retired from the duties of the House for a short time by leave of his constituents, having been appointed secretary

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to Lord Carlisle, who was sent on an embassy to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. The journey lasted longer than it was expected, and the Court-party, through the Lord High Steward of the Town, requested the burgesses to elect another member to fill his place. To this polite request, an answer was returned informing them, that Andrew Marvell had leave from the town to absent himself on account of important business he had to transact; at the same time, a letter was forwarded to the absent member, urging his immediate return; but before his arrival, the burgesses were commanded to return another member to the House before a given date, if he did not return. Upon the day named, Marvell presented himself in his place in the House; again to stand almost alone in his opposition to the Court, and to advocate the cause of civil and religious liberty—a cause which was then thought to be a hopeless one. The string of the bow had been loosed, and the bow had rebounded.

The parliament was set at Oxford, when Marvell resumed his parliamentary duties, whither they had removed on the breaking out of the plague, which has been rendered so famous by the pen of De Foe. The session was a very short one, but brief as it was, the House of Lords and the Court-party managed to carry the impious "Five Mile Act," by which it was felony for any non-conformist minister to teach in a school or come within five miles (except as a traveller in passing) of any city, borough, or corporation town, or any place whatever in which he had preached or taught since the passing of the Act of Uniformity, unless he had taken the oath of non-resistance. This measure Marvell opposed in every stage of its progress, and although it was passed, he, and his co-partners, succeeded in throwing out the Non-resistance Act, by which the Court-party sought to impose the oath of non-resistance upon the whole nation. This oath affirmed, that it was unlawful, on any pretence whatever, to take arms against the King, or *any commissioned by him;* and the taker, would not, at any time, endeavour to make *any* alteration in Church and State. Upon the Division, whether this bill should become law or not, the House was equally divided; but just before the result of the division was announced, the Earl of Lindsey and Sir Thomas Osborne, came in, accompanied by Mr. Peregrine Bertie, a newly elected member, and all three voted against the bill, which was consequently lost, and the nation was freed from "the greatest ignominy that could befall it."

Upon the abatement of the plague, the House removed to its old quarters, from whence, Marvell continued to correspond with the burgesses of Hull, and in one of his letters, he thanks them for their present of a barrel of the best ale. A present, which they were in the habit of making him three or four times a year. We also learn, that in 1666, he

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received from the Corporation of Hull, as wages, the sum of 2s. per day,* and it may not be out of place to remark, that he was the last member who received wages. The Court was profuse in its gifts and presents to *accommodating* members; they were therefore enabled to give up their claims for compensation, and the towns were too glad to withhold them. Marvell, was one of the very few unaccommodating ones, and having but a small property, was not able to keep up two houses, without assistance, and the burgesses knowing the value of a good member, and appreciating his talent and industry, were glad to keep him upon any terms. So he continued to receive his wages, when the practice was given up by every borough in England.

Marvell calls the Conventicle Bill, a "terrible" bill, and describes it as "the quintessence of arbitrary malice." Of this bill a recent writer says, "It forbade the nonconformists to frequent any conventicles or places of worship not of the establishment, and it imposed a scale of punishments ranging from three months imprisonment to seven years transportation. The execution of the Act was not only committed to the civil authorities, but to militia officers and the King's forces, who broke open every house where they knew or fancied there were a few nonconformists gathered together to worship God in their own way. The close unwholesome prisons were soon crammed with conscientious victims—with men and women—with old and young—while others were ruined in their estates by bribing and purchasing the insecure connivance of the most corrupt and rapacious of the myrmidons of the Court. And when (as now and then happened) a few enthusiasts were driven to madness and insurrection, they were strung upon the gallows a dozen or more at a time—this good-natured King (Charles II.) rarely or never exercising the prerogative of mercy in their behalf." †

In 1670, the King who had for a length of time, resorted to every expedient to obtain money, unblushingly sold himself to the King of France, for £200,000 per annum, *to be paid quarterly*, and the loan of 6000 French Infantry. The work to be done was the total destruction of Holland. This transaction aroused the honest indignation of the opposition, but they were powerless—or at least could not reap the reward of their labours. Sir John Coventry put some questions in the House, which were construed by the Court iuto a reflection on the King's amours, and he was consequently denounced by the King as a disloyal vagabond; but the matter did not end here, for the King sent a part of his body to watch in the street where Sir John lived. Returning home late at night they

* A member for the County received 3s. per day.

† Macfarlane's Reign of Charles II., Pictorial Edition.

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surrounded him, the knight finding himself in such company, placed his back against the wall, and snatching a flambeau from his servant; with that weapon in one hand and a sword in the other, he defended himself with great courage, wounded several of his assailants; but was eventually overpowered; when the cowardly ruffians slit his nose to the bone, telling him that was to teach him to treat the King with respect. This outrage on a member of the House, roused the indignation of the kingdom, and the Commons passed an Act, called the Coventry Act, making cutting and maiming a capital offence: but, as a writer of that reign observes, "the King's bastards and bravoes were allowed to escape punishment."

The King, however, who was insensible to the least degree of shame, continued to treat the complaints of the nation with contempt, and even went so far as to visit the House of Lords during the debates, declaring it afforded him more sport than a play. Marvell mentions it to his constituents, in a letter dated March 26, 1670.

The venality of Charles's Court was never surpassed, and we question if it ever was equalled. Mary Davis, Nell Gwyn, Lady Castlemaine, and Mademoiselle Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, were all frequenters of the Court, and by their influence led the King into many troubles, and by their expensive habits emptied his purse; beside estranging from him all that was good and virtuous in the nation. To oblige his ladies he had to resort to the meanest expedients and to supply their never satiated purses he took the money voted for other and better purposes, trusting to the chapter of accidents to extricate him from his difficulties. But although like the mole, he sought to do his dirty work unseen or unknown, the patriotic opposition always laid bare his track, and though they could seldom stop him in his career; yet their continued exposures irritated him, and their determination to do all in their power to check the venality of the Court, often kept the House sitting until six o'clock.

Of this gallant and unconquerable band of patriots, Marvell was the leader, and although he seldom spoke in the House, yet he possessed great influence with the members of the Commons as well as the Lords. In their difficulties he gave them counsel, and when defeated in their designs or disgusted with the apathy of the Commons, they were ready to give up in despair, he rallied them again and led them to fresh contests and defeats; nevertheless, the salt did not lose its savor.

It was not in the House alone, that Marvell's influence was felt, but through the length and breadth of the land; for in his satirical works, his learning and wit captivated the scholar, and his honesty and integrity, the good; whilst the humbler classes found in them a fund of humour, and were delighted to find such a talented writer free from the

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general corruption. To separate him from the opposition was a favorite scheme with the King, and to accomplish that object he was flattered by Ministers, courted by the beauties of the Palace, surrounded by spies, and even waylaid by ruffians; but his integrity withstood every trial and despised the dangerous threats of his enemies. In 1674, the Lord Treasurer Danby, a schoolfellow and old friend of the patriot's, visited him in his humble dwelling. At parting, the Lord Treasurer, out of *pure affection*, for his old friend, slipped into his hand an order upon the treasury for £1000, and then went to his coach. Astonished at the discovery, Marvell called after the Treasurer, "My Lord, I request another moment." They returned together to the garret, and the servant-boy of the house being called. "Jack, child," said Marvell, "What had I for dinner yesterday?' "Don't you remember, Sir? you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from the woman in the market?" "Very right, child, what have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, Sir, that you bid *me lay by the blade bone to broil?*" "'Tis so, very right, child: go away.—My Lord, do you hear?—Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided: *there's your piece of paper. I know the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents.* The Ministry may seek men for their purposes; I AM NOT ONE." That day, before night, the honest patriot had to apply to his bookseller for the loan of a guinea.

Whilst attending a public meeting at Hull, on the 29th of July, 1678, he was suddenly taken ill, and died before they could remove him from the Town Hall. It was currently reported, that his death was occasioned by poison, as he had been previously in good health and spirits.

A recent writer in speaking of the Literature of that time, says "Andrew Marvell, the noble-minded member for Hull in the reign of Charles II., and in that age of brilliant profligacy renowned alike as the first of patriots and of wits, is the author of a number of political satires, in which a rich vein of vigorous, though often course humour runs through a careless, extemporaneous style, and which did prodigious execution in the party warfare of the day; but some of his earlier poetry is eminent both from the delicate bloom of the sentiments, and for grace of form. There are few short poems in the language more tuneful and touchingly beautiful, for example, than his verses beginning:— *

THE EMIGRANTS.

Where the remote Bermuda's ride
In th' ocean's bosom unespy'd;
From a small boat that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.

* Pictorial History of England.—Only the first and last verse are however quoted.—"This Boat-song," continues the same writer, "of the exiles—a holy and a cheerful note,"—very well characterises the best of Marvell's strains.

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"What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the wat'ry maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own.

Where He the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.

He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.

He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close,
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet,
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.

With cedars chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the land.
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospels pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame,
A Temple, where to sound his name.

Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
'Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
Which thence, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay."

Thus sung they in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their clime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE DROP OF DEW.

See how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself incloses:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames as it can its native element,
How it the purple flower does slight;
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,

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Shines with a mournful light,
  Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere,
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again,
So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
  Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,
  And recollecting its own light,
Does in its pure and circling thoughts express,
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
  Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
  Yet receiving in the day;
Dark beneath but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love;
How loose and easy hence to go;
  How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
  It all about does upwards bend:
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire although congealed and chill;
Congeal'd on earth but does dissolving run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

Of his prose writings, we subjoin an extract from one of his answers to Dr. Parker:—

"Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with mere ink, and elbow-grease, do more harm than a hundred systematical divines, with their suety preaching. And what is a strange thing the very spunges, which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are become now the instruments to make them legible. Their ugly printing letters, which look but like so many rotten tooth-drawers; and yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set and as biting and talkative as ever. O, printing! how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind! that lead when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when framed into letters! there was a mistake, sure in the story of Cadmus; and the serpent's teeth which he sowed, were nothing else but the letters which he invented."

The next is taken from a letter to a friend in affliction:—

"I know the contagion of grief, and infection of tears; and especially when it runs in a blood. And I myself could sooner imitate than blame those innocent relentings of nature, so that they spring from tenderness only, and humanity, not from an implacable sorrow. The tears of a family may flow together like those little drops that compact the rainbow, and if they be placed with the same advantage towards heaven, as those are to the sun, they, too, have their splendour; and like that bow, while they unbend into seasonable showers, yet they promise that there shall not be a second flood."

Hull, (Shepherds' Home.)

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THE NEGLECTED BARD.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

Child of the Lyre, 'tis hard of thee to sing
When stern reverses bind thy soaring wing,
Bind it to earth;—and yet there's beauty there,
Food for thy mind, as delicate and rare
As poets need to banquet on; a store
Thou may'st partake until the soul runs o'er.
And yet 'tis sad for Genius to behold
The eyes of soulless men, all calm and cold,
Pass o'er the beauties of his written thought,
So feelingly, so musically wrought,
Woven and interwoven with each change
Of the blest Seasons in their varied range;
Of bud, and flower, and fruit of many hues
Pendant above the fructifying dews,
Of cloudless noon, of crimson sunset fair,
Of twilight's hallowed hour of silent prayer;
When his serene, aspiring thoughts ascend
From a pure source of worship, thence to blend
With all that's beautiful in earth and skies,
Shrined in his soul, and mirrored in his eyes.

Retard his dreamy flight, he back recoils
To sordid earth's contaminating toils;
A space too narrow, his aspiring mind
Would leap the clouds, and grapple with the wind,
Mix with the rainbow, revel in the storm,
And mould its power to every hue and form;
Would chase the moon and stars athwart the night,
And then, emerging from the dreamy light
Of clustering clouds, like snow-drifts tinged with gold,
Still yearn new charms and wonders to behold,
Bathe in the fountains of celestial fire,
And wake to louder voice the music of his lyre.

Inspiring Hope bursts into loftier song,
More cheering, more exalting, and more strong
In thought poetic, and in pathos fine,
Than e'er was breathed from lowly lyre of mine,
How thrilling, throbbing, piercing, and refined
His boundless genius rushes, like the wind
Through mountain passes, deep, dark, lone, and wild,
Then sinks to quiet, like a weary child.
Still in his soul a plaintive voice is heard,
Ascending from the depths of hope deferred
By the cold world's neglect, or scornful look
Of men who see no beauty in the book
Of Nature or of Poet, men who find
More glory in their gold than all the realms of mind.

Gloomy incentives to a soul imbued
With all the poetry of gratitude,
That spiritual music of his lyre,
Which, but for hope in silence would expire;
Now that lone harp, in many a bitter pang,
Wails in its master's woe, where once it sweetly sang.

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THE CALAMITIES OF A WOULD-BE GENIUS.

BY JOHN EVANS.

If we could only gather together all the fragmentary parts, all the fortunes and misfortunes, hopes and fears, sours and sweets, and all the general ups and downs pertaining to the lives and adventures of the unnumbered would-be geniuses, who have agitated this world at one time and another, what a ponderous pile of human folly and presumption on the one hand and what a ludicrous picture of crosses and contradiction on the other, would be the result. Your would-be geniuses are always unfortunate in a greater or less degree. They never succeed, and ultimately find the bitterness of a life entirely mis-spent or abilities utterly misapplied. Gather them into a bunch, and what a mass of folly and wretched self-deception do their lives present. Examine their works, and how little have they conduced to the attainment of any important end. Take all their high blown hopes into consideration, and what miserable delusions have they cherished. Yet there are, and we suppose ever will be, simpletons of this species, regardless of the littleness of their works or the folly of their understandings. We do not know of a greater calamity that could be entailed to a man's existence than that of conceiving himself a genius. What miserable conceits are engendered; what an idle torpitude is fostered and encouraged. What a farce of a life, to spend all your days in depending upon resources, which never were and never can be at your command; to depend upon means which are utterly beyond your reach; to be dreaming of an heritage to which you have no right, either by birth or title. True, there is very little more worthy of a man's attainment than a goodly amount of self-reliance; but we should be always cautious in knowing what we really have to rely upon, before we make it the basis of any important act or step in life. Self-reliance consists in a positive assurance of possessing something—in a deep and well-matured impression of having a tangible groundwork whereon to build our faith and found our opinions. But the great delusion of your would-be geniuses consists in their possessing no assurance of this description to convince them of the justness of the course they pursue. They do not *know* themselves to be geniuses, they only *fancy* it; and hence, their lives present one series of disappointment, delusion, misconception, and misapplication. And their defeats, moreover, are of a character with which you cannot sympathise, for they spring far more from their own ridiculous tergiversations from the path of propriety than from the operation of any circumstances by which they are surrounded. The long and short of it is, they never work from pure sound principles, they have no straightforward definite purpose, they have no correct impulses and few just or well-founded opinions, and consequently their works, if they have any, claim but little of our esteem, and their pains, which they are sure to have, demand much less of our pity, or commiseration. You may sympathise with a sterling genius, however unfortunate he may be, because the operation of outward circumstances may have precluded him from obtaining his due position in society. You may deplore the calamities of a Carravagio, a Chatterton, or a Clare, because you see something worthy of your commiseration. But in the case of your would-be geniuses—in your poor drivelling nonentity, who ycleps himself "original,"—in your lazy, dreaming, sleepy incubus inflated with conceits, and pretending to possess that which he never had and never will have—there is something too despicable on the one hand and something too laughable on the other, either to claim our esteem or enlist our pity.

I do not, for one moment, pretend to affirm that my only cousin, Tobias Fenton, (to whom this paper in more particular bears reference) quite realized the picture I have just drawn, albeit I must say that he was one of the most perfect specimens of a would-be genius that it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. The first time I remember seeing him was just after his return from the south of France, where he had been sojourning some eighteen months, and living upon a small annuity that had been bequeathed him at his father's demise. At that period he had about turned twenty-two, was decidedly a small youth of his inches, and withal not possessed of a very prepossessing face or figure. But of course, he aped the genius to perfection. He looked very wild, very. He had a tremendous crop of long black hair, parted in the centre of his forehead and arranged very *lionish* over his temples; then he wore spectacles, and rolled his eyes "in a fine frenzy," just as a genius should do—*par excellence*—like a duck in thunder. He opened his mouth very wide every time I addressed him, and appeared to *gulph*

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down every word I said, just as though he would eat me and my words too. He wore, as a matter of course with a genius, a turned-down *ala*-Byron collar, very loosely tied with a long black tie, the ends of which were brought in a very negligent genius-like style over his vest. But the *coup d'oele* was not yet complete; he wore a little hair under his lip—*ergo* an *imperial*; his arms were folded a-kimbo; and he might have been chewing tobacco or opium or drinking vinegar for a month, seeing that he was "quite pale and interesting." He was dressed in black, and his clothes were just adjusted to his figure with as nice an air of genius-like negligent ease as you could well imagine. This was my first introduction to a live genius, and, forsooth, I heartily prayed that it might be my last. There he stood, giving us a legion of quotations from his last new poem, which in the felicity of his genius he had dubb'd *Janthe, or the Souls in Oblivion.* I was heartily sickened, although a posse of smirking friends whom he had gathered around him seemed to receive it with an air of awe and reverence every syllable he uttered. I was getting completely satiated with all these pigmy displays, when lo! I smelt a rat. I was just preparing to make a sudden exit from the scene, when in the midst of one of his quotations from the new poem above-mentioned, methought I caught words not altogether unfamiliar to my ears; Tobias, in a very flourishing style, quotes—

"They sang—the souls of valiant men who die
To save their country, or their rights assert,
Around mankind as watchful guardians fly,
Their good accelerate, their ills avert!"

"Hist!" thinks I, "a plagiarist, by Jove!" I allowed him to complete the dozen following lines, and then very politely asked him whether he was acquainted with Hesiod. Poor Tobias, he looked daggers at me; the company called for an explanation, and from sheer vindication of my own remark, was obliged to affirm that the lines first quoted were written by Hesiod many a century before Tobias Fenton ever saw the light of day.

When I arrived at home I began a regular onslaught on all would-be geniuses, and my Uncle Timothy, rather a prosy old gentleman by the way and particularly anxious that I should avoid all derelictions from the path of busy matter-of-fact and money-making duty, began relating the follies of cousin Tobias. From all accounts it appeared that Tobias had at an early age managed to string a few lines together in the shape of verse, and was at the time hailed by foolish friends as a genius of poetry. By some means, the conceit so injudiciously engendered got so firmly rooted in his mind, that it defied all eradication, either from the severe reproofs of a father or the kind solicitations of a mother. Tobias "would be a poet;" he had the "gift divine;" "he knew he had;" "he was positive the Muses had conferred upon him their highest boon, and poet he would be." From that period Tobias had undergone some severe penalties for his hair-brained folly. Upon leaving school, where he had been far more distinguished for dreaming over the pages of Byron and Moore than for studying Euclid or the rules of compound interest, and for which unnumbered were the punishments he received, at the age of fifteen he was duly enstalled upon a stool in a lawyer's office. However, Equity and Conveyancing, Drafts, and Writs, but little agreed with the propensities of my genius cousin. The study of *Queen Mab* superseded that of Blackstone and Sir Matthew Hale, was shelved for the more congenial pages of Goldsmith and Dryden. The fact was evident to the old lawyer, that Master Tobias would never be an ornament to Chancery. At length a serious altercation ensued between Tobias and the man of parchments about so much time being devoted to the construction of verses and so little to the knowledge of law. The upshot was that Tobias made a bolt from the office, and with a pound or two in his pocket, made straight for London, with the intention of astonishing the world as a literary adventurer. Tobias was determined to be Oliver Goldsmith the second, and with this intention entered among the crowded throng of the metropolis. "Now," thinks he "my genius will assert its greatness." With about twenty productions of his rhyming muse in his pocket, he made to the office of a celebrated leading periodical. He enquired for the Editor, a respectable old gentleman, who received him courteously and bade him leave his manuscripts for perusal, and call in a few days to hear the issue. Poor Tobias fully expected that he could not but create a sensation, and on the third day awaited the decision of the literary censor. But, alas! for human hopes. "My dear young friend," says he of the pen, "I pray you never put another line together; you are no poet, and if you will only follow my advice, you will

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turn your mind to some more advantageous pursuit, and eschew all literary efforts, for you have no genius for poetry." This was, as may be imagined, a severe blow for poor Tobias, who putting his M. S. in his pocket, walked out of the office without a word in reply. Tobias had fully calculated that the proceeds of these Effusions would render him independent of all aid from home, but he was defeated in this, and now was under the necessity of applying to his father to relieve his pecuniary wants. Old Fenton was in a desperate rage at his son's precipitate retreat, and in a day or two made his appearance in London to reclaim his truant son. But even this disappointment and the pain which it must have occasioned him did not tend to cure the son's propensity, for it rendered him more unsettled and wayward than ever. "He would have no more law," and spent all his time in scribbling verse and dreaming over the pages of one of the poets. He was a regular incurable. Months passed on, and "Old Fenton's dreaming incubus," as the people called him in our town, still pursued the rather "*un*-even tenor of his way." His particular pleasure, however, consisted in railing against the world, and sneering at its anti-poetical tendencies. He was now between seventeen and eighteen, and his life was as fretful and uneasy as though he were seventy or eighty. He was fit for nothing and had no attainments, save a tolerable acquaintance with the works of the English poets. In truth, his writings displayed the weakest mind and most puerile judgment, and how he could read the effusions of the master-spirits of poetry and estimate his own by so high a valuation, I am utterly at a loss to imagine. But his deficiency was, I have no doubt, mainly to be attributed to his miserable conceit of being a genius; this, I think, was the foundation of all his errors, the marplot of all his schemes. Father rebuked, mother conjured, friends advised, but the would-be genius still believed he was guided by an impulse the directions of which it was his imperative duty to obey. Some four years were wasted in this culpable yet dronish state of existence; the best part of youth devoted to an idea as flatulent and dreamy as you could well conceive. There was no stability in his character, no solidity of purpose in his designs, and even that to which he applied himself with so much eagerness was productive of nothing meritorious or praiseworthy. Increasing years instead of removing almost appeared to confirm the folly, and had not his father been a man of tolerable circumstances, heaven only knows what must have become of the silly Tobias. He had just turned eighteen when old Fenton died, leaving behind him an annuity for his son of some seventy-five pounds a year. As soon as he had attained his majority, he made off to France, with, as he stated, the intention of studying the scenery, &c. of the country, to give the world a grand scenic poem of I don't know how many canto's length. As I have before hinted, he had just returned from his sojourn, when I first had the pleasure (?) of his company. My Uncle Tim. gave me to understand that he had around him a lot of foolish admirers who were urging him to bring out at once a metrical account of his travels in smiling France, and that before a week was over I should probably see a prospectus of the forthcoming effusion.

As my uncle predicted, so I found it. In a few days our country-town was posted with a multiplicity of bills, stating that a new poetical work under the title of "*Sunny Walks in a Sunny Land*, by Tobias Fenton, Esq.," was to be published in the course of a month. After a little delay, out came this said prodigy. For my part, I was so sickened with the author, that I could not take the trouble to waste my time in perusing his work. The book was laughed at, and, with the exception of his few admirers, everybody exclaimed "What a fool Tobias Fenton must be!" How the world chuckles over an unsuccessful poet, need not be recorded here; and how it laughs at the productions of a would-be poetical genius, is quite as unnecessary to detail. *Sunny Walks* was a complete failure, if not the source of every one's gibe and badinage. The booksellers swore over it and wished it in a far less sunnier clime than that from which it borrowed its title. Everybody made a burlesque of it, and some old wag in the town inserted in our paper that some one had entirely polluted our river by throwing in a vast number of copies of the said production, adding that the author ought to be held responsible by the Corporation for the mischief produced. But all this "chaff" and badinage was not the only calamity attending our genius in his speculation. The publication of the work had involved him deeply in debt, and when the printer's bill, &c. was produced, poor Tobias found himself some two hundred pounds debtor. Here was rather a heavy draw, and clamorous creditors upon a sensitive author are no very agreeable companions. To

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be sure, there was the annuity, but then it was only to be received in the form of an annuity, and if Tobias had felt inclined to make the draw and satisfy his creditors at once, it was entirely beyond his power. What a fix! But the worst was yet to come. Connected with our *Haslemore Chronicle*, was one who owed some ancient grudge against Master Tobias. This same oddity, known as Jonah Fishnick, was a dabbler in criticism and generally *did* the "Literary Notices" of the journal in question. A week or two after the appearance of *Sunny Walks*, the *Chronicle* came out with a long review of the production, and not only lashed the book, but at the same time treated the author to a little gratuitous advice, delivered in rather a course style, recommending him to cut authorship and bury himself in the wilds of Africa or beneath a pile of his own waste-paper. This, as a matter of consequence, roused the ire of poor Tobias to a tremendous height, which was not by any means assuaged upon being informed that the said review came from the prolific pen of his old antagonist—Jonah Fishnick. He swore revenge, and pouncing upon Jonah a night or two after, a serious altercation ensued. From words, there was an exchange of blows, but Tobias being the more robust of the two, gave Jonah a dead blow upon the chest, sent him sprawling in the road, and then made a hasty although not very honorable retreat. On the following morning out came a warrant for the apprehension of our would-be genius, who brought before our Mayor, was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months. A nice pickle for a poet! But *Sunny Days* was not done with yet, and sad to say, was conveyed to the County Castle for default of payment of his creditors.

By some means Tobias managed to clear his creditors in the course of some six or seven months; a friend coming forward and advancing the necessary sum upon the strength of his annuity. But even annuities are not always safe. Scarcely three months had elapsed since his release when the Bank in which his money was lodged, stopped payment and was declared bankrupt. Now came one of the most trying calamities of poor Tobias. What to do or to whom to appeal, was utterly beyond all his powers of imagination. As a last resource he forwarded some of his productions to one or two London serials, but received a cool and chilling answer that they did not possess merit sufficient for insertion, without taking into account anything about remuneration. "What *must* I do?" exclaimed the crest fallen rhymster. At last the sad truth began to dawn upon his mind. He found himself fit for nothing by which to gain a day's subsistence. Deplorable fact! A genius without a shift! Monstrous! Yet such was his position, and even when Tobias mustered up resolution enough to apply for a situation in the office of a mercantile house in a neighbouring town, he found himself almost totally incapacitated to discharge the duties of the post. My Uncle Timothy, however, stepped forth in the emergency and managed to procure him a light easy birth in a Lawyer's office.

Thus quietly settled down and having had his conceit of poetical genius so severely punished, it might have been naturally enough expected that Tobias would in some measure have followed the advice of Jonah Fishnick and consigned his delusion to oblivion. But the folly so firmly rooted in the boy, was not so easily removed from the man. All at once he conceived he possessed the genius of satire. This was a most unfortunate conceit, since it brought him into a dilemma perhaps the most serious in which he had yet figured. In the town, which was contiguous to ours, in which Tobias was located, there happened to live a certain Vicar Rawson of the Parish Church, who was rather more famed for exacting tithes with the severest promptitude than for any great amount of religion or practical piety. Here, thought Tobias, is a rare object for my *penchant*, and straightway he put a lot of doggrel rhyme together (which he doubtless thought remarkably witty) upon the petty delinquencies of the aforesaid Rawson. As a little scandal is often more encouraged than plain honest truth, our genius somewhat justly imagined that his work had only to be published to produce a tolerable remuneration. After surmounting some slight difficulties, the satire was printed and made its due appearance in public. But poor Tobias was doomed to misfortune. This time the work sold, Tobias had won notoriety at last, but Heavens! at what a cost. Upon a careful investigation by some of the Vicar's friends, it was found to contain libels of the most serious character. This was an iniquity too glaring to be forgiven by a tithe-exacting parson, and the issue was that before a week had passed over, unlucky Tobias found himself again in the strongholds of law. Perhaps public sympathy was more enlisted in his behalf upon this occasion than on any previous one; but justice must have her dues de-

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spite of public opinion, and our miserable genius found himself brought in guilty of libel and sentenced to pay one hundred and fifty pounds or suffer two years imprisonment. Money he had none, and what friends he possessed were so sickened with his conduct that they really wished to see his folly thoroughly punished. The only alternative was that Tobias must once more visit the county castle and pay the penalty of his foolish misdeeds. I saw him leave the court, and really shall never forget the wretched expression of his face. There was agony depicted in every lineament, and I believe that had he not been surrounded by the bustle of the place, he would have burst into tears. It was no joke this time. He was sentenced to two years imprisonment, and must undergo the sentence to the very letter. The Vicar was received with some yells and groans as he passed from the court, but that availed nothing for poor Tobias. He had persecuted himself far more than the parson had persecuted him, or him the parson, and was at last consigned to a state from which I feared he would never raise his head again.

I left home shortly after the trial, and did not return to the scene of the follies I have related for many years. My friends and relations had nearly all died or located themselves in distant parts, and what correspondence I kept with the quarter never related to the ultimate fate of our poor would-be genius. He had left the prison at the termination of his sentence, and borrowing a pound or two from my uncle, started off, no one knew where. Some said he was keeping a small bookshop in a country town in the South of England, while others stated him to be a "Penny-a-liner" on some London weekly newspaper, but I could glean nothing as to his where-abouts, or even whether he was dead or living. It would be full twelve years since my departure from home, when a rather pretty and tidily-dressed female but very pale and thin, accosted me in one of the main streets of the large town of B——. She asked whether I was not a cousin to Tobias Fenton. Of course, I replied in the affirmative, and upon doing so, she informed me that she was his wife, and that he was lying upon his death-bed of a burning fever. Without any hesitation, I agreed to accompany her to the scene, and render her all the assistance I could command. About ten minutes walk, brought us into a narrow entry, entering which I was conducted into a small dimly-lighted chamber. Here, seated in a chair and bolstered up with blankets and pillows, were the said remains of poor cousin Tobias. How altered he was, need not be told. Death was imprinted on every feature. I felt for him at this moment, if I never did before. He soon recognized my features, and taking me by the hand exclaimed "Ah me! what a poor fool I have been! Had I never cherished this wretched folly of mine, what a service I might have been to myself and those around me! Oh what a wretched delusion have I fostered! What a despicable conceit has brought me to this bitter pass! But I pray thee, cousin, do not rebuke me for my folly, I am penitent enough, God only knows; if you would only do your best to aid my poor wife, oh I pray you, do it." Tobias ceased, his wife was sobbing bitterly, and after endeavouring to assuage her grief and comfort the poor poet, I left the scene, doubly impressed with the miseries arising from the pursuits of a would-be genius. In about ten days, I followed the remains of cousin Tobias to the grave, the last sad remains of a life mispent and talents and energies entirely misapplied.

A VISION OF TIME; OR MY UNCLE'S NAP.

BY JOHN EVANS.

My Uncle Job was a rare man to tell a tale, and was never backward in recounting for the especial edification of his young friends some one of his curious adventures in life. Gathered around him one Winter's evening, I well remember his telling us of a vision he once experienced in earlier life. I have neither his words nor style in the relation, but I remember the gist of the story he gave us, and now purpose presenting it to my readers.

I was sitting alone after dinner, thinking over the events of my past life, and reflecting with much satisfaction that my time had, upon the whole, been pretty well spent and consumed in the world's busy mart. It was true, in the early part of my career, I had squandered away a fortune at the gaming-table; but I had since, by industry and careful management, more than replaced my former funds; in the accomplishment of which object I have received more pleasure than if I had never been obliged to struggle with the world; for, taking all things into consideration, nothing can be truly enjoyed, the want of which has not been felt. Surely I may now sit down at my ease, feeling that I have done my

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duty, and made no very improper use of my time. In the midst of these pleasing reflections I fell asleep.

On closing my eyes, the following vision was presented plain enough to my imagination:—Seated on one of those benches, frequently placed in public walks, I saw a long avenue of trees on my right hand and left. I was contemplating their stately growth, and the variety of picturesque spots seen between their openings, when a figure attracted my notice, advancing from the remotest distance to the place where I sat. His march was slow and steady. As he approached, many of the trees withered or lost their verdure; some fell to the ground, and few escaped without marks of decay. The figure was near enough for me to observe that his body was, for the most part, bare; and where the folds of his scanty drapery did not conceal it, it was covered with scars occasioned by wounds, any one of which, to a mere mortal, must have been certain death. On myself his proximity had a very sensible effect; every faculty seemed more or less paralysed—my vision was less clear—my hearing less perfect—and I even imagined the use of all my limbs had left me. I was not left long to ponder; he stood before me, and I knew him to be TIME. His look was awful and severe; but, passing on quickly, I soon recovered from the effects his presence had occasioned, and found at my feet a large scroll. I looked towards the object that had fixed my attention, but found it had disappeared. Upon taking up the scroll, I found it filled, if not with "mourning, lamentation, and woe," yet with an appalling account of my actions. My eyes eagerly glanced over the words—"Killing, Wounding, and Wasting." Upon a more deliberate examination, however, I found a sprinkling of commendation, and discovered it was old Time I had thus treated. The memorandum run as follows:—

A journey of pleasure—time well spent.
Another of the same character—time destroyed.
Taking a walk on such a day—good.
A similar day—wasted.
Occasional card-parties—time thrown away;
But an evening with my neighbour at back-gammon—time well spent.

Having been always regular in my attendance at church, I thought I might reasonably reckon upon that time as well spent. But, to my great surprise, many of my devotional hours were marked with the censure of Time. I was now completely puzzled. The view I had taken of my past actions was so diametrically opposed to the one which now presented itself, that I scarcely knew what to think. Some points, decidedly, were clear enough, in which I was not deceived in supposing I had done right. I had even to congratulate myself (upon looking over the scroll) on some good actions which had entirely escaped my memory: but, alas! these were nothing in comparison with the account upon the other side; for, in general, I had a much better recollection of the time I had employed well, than that which I had wholly wasted. Besides the account of time killed, wasted, misspent, &c., there appeared at the end of every day's reckoning a portion of time lost, amounting, in the whole, to a considerable period of my life. I was at a loss to understand the meaning of much that I saw, when, turning to the other side of the scroll, I found an explanation; and, in this way, I was further addressed:—

After having wasted your patrimony at the gaming table, amongst swindlers and sharpers, and thereby enabled them to carry on to a greater extent their plans of mischief and depredation, you now flatter yourself, by supposing that you deserve as much credit for your industry, as though you never had the means of independence within your reach. But remember that the time which you have devoted to the recovery of your lost fortune, might have been employed in benefiting your fellow-creatures. Getting money has been, in your estimation, the fulfilment of every duty, and, having accomplished this, you imagine that no better use can be made of time, and consider yourself now fully entitled to waste it in whatever way you please.

Again, after the fatigues of business, you take a journey into the country, and, by change and variety, fit yourself for greater executions, and the better exercise of your talents. But a journey of two hundred miles to see a horse-race is, in your account, put upon the same footing as one of needful relaxation, forgetting that you make one in the number of those who support and encourage, by their presence, all the vices attending on such diversions.

The exercise of hunting, sanctioned as it is by all ranks of persons, comes under cen-

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sure, though not in the same degree as that of horse-racing. Animals of a noxious kind must be destroyed, as well as those which serve as food for the use of man; but to make *their* destruction *your* sport, or the stimulus to a ride on horseback, will hardly bear the character of time well spent. Your card-parties were for the express purpose of killing time; but your game at back-gammon was sanctioned by its motive, that of affording amusement to an invalid neighbour; and, for the same reason, a game of cards may be authorised, or when taken up in preference to idle or stupid conversation.

Taking a walk, with your eyes open to the beauties of Nature, and your heart to the bounties of Providence, is among the best and most perfect enjoyments of life; but, when taken to gain an appetite for a turtle-feast, it is time wasted in the most glaring manner.

But of all the self-delusions by which erring mortals are led astray, is that of supposing they are in the act of devotion, when their thoughts are engaged on their temporal concerns. In how many instances has a pending law suit, the preservation of your game, or other matters of a like description, occupied your attention at the service and in the house of God?

Here I began to be violently alarmed for what was to follow, and turning my eyes suddenly to the spot where I had last seen the figure of Time, in the act of rising to overtake him, my slumbers were broken off—but the reflections remained firmly imprinted upon my mind.

SCARBOROUGH.

Scarboro', most justly called the "Queen of Watering Places," is beautifully situated in a splendid bay on the shores of the German Ocean and on the East coast of Yorkshire, at an equal distance from Flamborough Head and the ancient town of Whitby. The town is said to be of very ancient foundation, and the name is generally supposed to be derived from the Saxon, *Scear*, or Scar, that is a rock, and *burgh*, a fortified place. Thus making the original name of the town to be Scearburg; or, the Castle on a rock.

The present town is well built, and the houses in the principal streets present a very handsome appearance; the streets are in general spacious and well paved, and the footways well flagged. The new buildings; or town, stands on a bold cliff, nearly one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and have before them a beautiful terrace, with commanding views, on which account, added to the healthy situation, they are generally let to the nobility and richer visitors during the summer season.

Amongst the public buildings and places of resort or entertainment, we may name the assembly rooms; a neat little theatre; several gardens with delightful walks, open to the public for a trifling subscription; and a large and commodious pier, running about 1200 feet into the sea, being about 42 in breadth. In the time of Henry II, A. D. 1252, a charter was granted by that monarch to the burgesses, bailiffs, and inhabitants of Scarborough, giving them the right to levy certain duties, on all merchant ships and fishing craft, for the space of five years, to enable them to make a new pier with timber and stone. In the 37th of Henry VIII, A. D. 1546, the grant was again put in force by Parliament for the purpose of enabling the burgesses to repair it, and up to the time of George II, several acts for the same and similar purposes. But in the reign of that monarch, it was represented to Parliament that the Port was insufficient and the pier in a very dilapidated state, and an act was passed for the purpose of enabling the town to enlarge the one and repair the other, at an esti-

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mated cost of £12,000. By this act, a duty of one halfpenny per chaldron is imposed upon all coals brought to the Port in ships from Newcastle, or Ports belonging to it, with other impost upon various articles of export and import, as well as harbour dues. To carry out this project a practical engineer of great ability was employed to construct the pier, which was 1200 feet in length and from 13 to 18 feet in breadth. Not long after the completion of this pier, it was found that the Port was still inadequate for the purposes it was intended for, and the consequences were, that a new pier, with a greater sweep into the sea, had to be built. This was a work of great difficulty, as the violence of the sea is so very great from its exposed situation; but the difficulties were overcome by the skill of the engineer, and the present pier, which is one of the finest in the kingdom, is the trophy of that skill. It is 60 feet in breadth at the base, and in the bend, where the violence of the waves is the greatest, it is 63 feet. In breadth at the top, it is 42 feet, and 40 feet above the sand. It is built of rock stones, some of which weigh from 20 to 30 tons, taken from a neighbouring quarry, called the White Nab.

Next to the pier, the castle claims the attention. It was built, by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness, in the turbulent reign of Stephen. In 1312, Gaveston, the favorite of Edward the Second, threw himself into this castle, when pressed by the indignant Barons, who had granted him his life and liberty upon promise to leave the country. Lancaster laid siege to the garrison, and although Gaveston had hopes of holding out until the arrival of the King with succour, he was obliged to surrender before, as the castle was not tenable. The Earl of Pembroke and Lord Henry Percy both promised to spare his life, and to confine him only to his own castle at Wallingford. The Earl of Warwick, in the absence of one or both of these noblemen, seized the favorite, and after a mock trial beheaded him.

In 1536, an unsuccessful attempt was made by Robert Coke to obtain possession of the castle, and in 1553, the castle was taken by Wyat and his fellow-rebels. During the day they introduced several of their adherents into the place disguised as farming-men, as soon as a sufficient number were placed in the castle, they surprised the guards and took possession with very little difficulty. Wyat was taken and beheaded, and his adherents capitulated. This was one of the rebellions that took place upon the determination of Mary to marry Philip of Spain. This daring exploit was headed by the second son of Lord Stafford, who was beheaded with three other of the leaders, at London.

During the civil wars, this castle was twice besieged and taken by the Parliamentarians. The first siege lasted twelve months; and Sir John Meldrum fell before the works, but the castle surrendered on the 22nd day of July, 1645, to Sir Matthew Boynton, who appointed Sir Hugh Cholmley, the governor. Upon the death of Sir Matthew, his heir, Colonel Boynton declared for the King, but he was unable to keep the garrison in subjection, and therefore surrendered it up to the Parliamentarians on the 19th of December, 1648, shortly after which it was dismantled by order of *the House*. From that time to the rebellion of 1745, the history of the

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castle was a blank, but upon the breaking out of the rebellion it underwent a temporary repair, and ever since has been garrisoned by about 120 soldiers, and for the protection of the shipping and harbour three batteries have been erected, two on the South side of the castle and one on the North.

The castle is situated on a lofty promontory above 300 feet high, and presents to the North, South, and East a perpendicular and inaccessible rock; on the West it completely commands the town and bay. The entrance is on this side, and by a narrow gateway, without which there is a ditch or barbacan. Within the gate there was formerly a drawbridge, which hung over a very deep fosse, extending the whole length of the wall, and within the fosse stands the tower or keep, which is of Norman architecture and is 97 feet high, but in its original state it cannot have been less than 130, with the embattled parapet. The walls of this tower are 12 feet in thickness and cased with stone. The different stories have been supported by strong vaulted arches, and the windows, which are semicircular, are supported by round pillars, and are particularly large. The whole area of the fosse and keep is half an acre, and on the South it was defended by various towers from which arrows and other missiles could be thrown, but they are fast falling into decay. Tradition says, that large ponderous balks of timber were suspended from various parts of the wall, to be rolled down upon an enemy attempting to scale them.

Before the invention of cannon this ancient castle was impregnable, being so situated, and fortified by nature and art, that no battering engines could be brought to act upon the walls, and by a curious contrivance of underground channels a constant supply of water is always kept up in a well called the "Lady's Well," which contains about forty tons of good water.

The old church is dedicated to St. Mary, and formerly belonged to the Cistercian monastery. It is a vicarage and valued at £13. 6s. 8d. in the Liber Regis, and the patron is Lord Hotham. The church is a noble relic of what may at one time have been the Cistercian abbey and church. In the time of Henry VIII, it was adorned with three towers: two on the west end and the other over the centre of the transept. The last was so shaken by the cannonading during the siege of the castle in 1644, that it fell in October, 1659, and did considerable damage to the nave. What became of the other two is not known; but the present tower stands at the *east end*, a circumstance in itself very singular.

There were formerly three other churches in the town; St. Thomas was destroyed by the firing from the castle in the siege of 1644; St. Sepulchre and St. Nicholas have been both removed.

The new church was opened in 1829, and is of the Lancet architecture. It possesses nothing worthy of notice.

In addition to the churches, the following denominations have places of worship in the town:—Independents, Baptists, Friends, Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists.

The famous spa-water of Scarboro' was discovered about 1620, and has ever since been growing in reputation, until it is now preferred to the Ger-

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man spas for many complaints, and no part of the British coast affords such facilities for sea-bathing. The bay is spacious and the water pure and transparent. In the months of July and August, the sea is very much cooler than at Brighton or any place south of the Thames, and bathing may be performed here at any hour of the day with security and ease.

"To east," says Hinderwell, "stands the ruins of the ancient castle, whose venerable walls adorn the summit of a lofty promontory. To the south, is a vast expanse of the ocean, a scene of the highest magnificence, where fleets of ships are frequently passing. The recess of the tide leaves a spacious area upon the sands, equally convenient for exercise and sea bathing. The refreshing gales of the ocean, and the shades of the neighbouring hills, give an agreeable temperature to the air during the sultry heats of summer, and produce a grateful serenity."

The antiquarian will find in Scarboro' and the country round about much to interest him; but it is chiefly to the lover of the picturesque, that Scarboro' and its neighbourhood is interesting, for the country is richly diversified with hill and dale, exhibiting every degree of romantic, rural, and oceanic scenery. Looking North, the eye wanders over the bleak and elevated moors, which are strangely contrasted with the richly cultivated country to the West, and the beautiful rural scenery, bounding the Wold hills to the South and South-West. About a mile from the town, stands Oliver's Mount, which owing to the kindness of the local authorities is easy of access, the road being most judiciously laid out. The summit of this hill is 500 feet above the level of the sea, and commands a splendid view of the coast, the castle, town, harbour, pier, and ocean, bounded only by the horizon, with a fine view of the moors, wolds, and valleys on the west, as far as Pickering and Malton. Such are a few—a very few, of the attractions and beauties of Scarboro', written by a lover of Nature, with an hasty pen and little time.

†††

LODGES OPENED LAST QUARTER.

518 Yarborough; G. J. Marshall, George Inn, Louth, Great Grimsby District.

519 Shepherds' Delight; William Ashton Entwistle, Robin Hood, Great Bolton, Bolton District.

520 Tomlin; Temperance Hall, Laceby, Great Grimsby District.

521 Joseph's Brethren; Thomas Boothroyd, Rose and Crown Inn, Holmfirth, Kirkburton, &c. District.

522 Welcome Friend; Mrs. Pawson, New Inn, Wakefield, Wakefield District.

523 Wellington; Robert Jacobs, Wellington Inn, New Market, Exning District.

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THE

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SELF-EXERTION.

The value of self-exertion appears nowhere more decided than when we follow the track of those who have become eminent without having the vantage ground of instruction from which to start. There is scarcely anything more gratifying to the mind than the well-written life of a person whose intellect struggles through every difficulty arising from want of instruction, want of books, want of examples, want of patronage, and who, notwithstanding these impediments, continues to struggle till he triumphantly emerges into notice. Art surrenders some of her choicest secrets; science smiles; and fame or emolument, or both, places the successful experimenter high above common names. Every department of art and science is filled with stimulating examples of self-exertion. From the lowest rank of life they start forth. They break all the shackles of ignorance. The repulsive frowns of the proud cannot daunt them. The fears of the timorous they do not listen to. Determined to excel, they do excel. Their native energies urge them forward in the honorable career, till success, more or less complete, crowns their glorious endeavours. See Brindley leading his artificial rivers through the bowels of the mountain; or wafting his navies high in air over the deep ravine, or the broad vale, smiling commerce looking on, wondering at his labours, and distant provinces meeting by his help to interchange their specific productions and mutual good offices. No early education fostered his genius. His genius rather broke through all the shackles of illiterate poverty, and grasped, by its own exertions, all the wonders of mechanics in her varied powers. Observe Franklin, a poor printer's lad. By acute reasoning on electricity, and happy, though simple, experiments, he fetched from the clouds their vivid lightnings; rose to the rank at which philosophers look up, and moved in an exalted sphere among statesmen—the honour of his country—the boast of the Transatlantic world. Simpson, the great mathematician, the editor of Euclid, and the author of several learned treatises that ranked him with the

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most scientific men of his age, was, at first, only a poor weaver; but by sedulous attention he taught himself, and rose from his obscurity to a name of lasting eminence. Herschel, whose mighty telescope carries us, as it were, close to the stellar orbs, rose to the patronage of majesty, and the listening attention of European astronomers, from the low station of a fifer-boy in the army. Chambers, author of the Cyclopedia; Ferguson, eminent in his day as a lecturer on astronomy; Sir Humphrey Davy, who searched deeply into the secrets of nature by the aid of chemistry; Buchannan, famous for his researches in India; all forced their way upwards, in spite of overwhelming difficulties. In the mercantile department the names of Pirie and Laurie—without going back to Whittington and his cat—might be selected as amongst those who have filled the magisterial chair of the first city in the world, and who, by diligent exertion of the virtues, habits, and intelligence appropriated to their situations, have been the architects of their own fortunes. These, and many more might be adduced as instances of the wonderful effects of self-education.

But we may see the importance of a man's own energies, even when we contemplate those who have received some advantage from education. Knowledge, as attained at school is necessarily only of a general nature. It therefore must remain for the youth himself, when he leaves its tuition, to arrange what he has obtained ready for his actual use, or to give it that specific turn which shall subserve to his own occasions, and thereby make all he has his own in fact, and not merely in form. Did Newton learn his sublime discoveries at school? He taught himself by patient attention, acute sagacity, and laborious investigation. No volatile and unobservant mind could have become as great as his, though trained at fifty universities. Before him Copernicus had displayed the scheme of the heavenly bodies and the general nature of their motions, not as he had learned, but in direct opposition to the Ptolemaic system then in vogue. His discoveries were carried further, and proved to be true, by the labours of Galileo. Whatever general knowledge schools and universities might have given to such men, it was their own application of what they had so obtained which enabled them to perform the wonders recorded. Columbus, who added a new world to commerce, would never have immortalised his name, had he been content with the beaten track or the common-place ideas which he had learned when a boy. He thought for himself, studied, reasoned, made the daring experiment, and so succeeded. Every discoverer in nature, or art, or science, must in a similar manner have proceeded, greatly alone, across a trackless ocean, guiding his adventurous bark with appropriate skill, courage, and determination, —all which exertions are a man's own powers operating, and by such

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operations alone can any man rise to eminence or usefulness among his fellow-men.

Such men as we have instanced, adding every day something to their stock of knowledge, are able, being well ballasted, to carry more sail, to outstrip competitors. Thus they make their way adventurously, yet safely in some trackless sea of science, and explore hitherto untouched and uncultivated countries, securing their own advantage to the benefit of civilized society, becoming the wonder of gaping, staring indolence, who, half dozing where first set down, is awake only just enough to wonder how it happens that others do so much, and itself has done nothing. It is evident of these successful men, that their own minds were at work upon the advantages which education, such as they had, afforded them, not accepting as *data*, however recommended, any truths or statements which they did not themselves verify, and thus make really their own. A spirit of curiosity put them upon exploring every corner of the department of science to which they could gain access. The pleasure of gaining one step, especially if that step was difficult, fully repaid the labour, and the hope of attaining greater heights stimulated them to continued and increasing exertions. It is true disappointment happened not unfrequently. Yet these did not damp their ardour, but rather increased their zeal, as well as directed their future efforts to better advantage. Indefatigable, they were not to be repelled by the difficulties at which indolence stands aghast. Obtaining knowledge, they were not put to a stand, where ignorance must have stopped. Gaining pleasure in the chase, they did not tire, as frivolity is apt to do. They won their way by active, diligent, continued, and well-understood exertion. Their eminence they deserve. The laurels they have gained sit well on their brow.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Hail, jubilant Spring! thou bringer of bright hours!
Thou poem, pictured to my grateful gaze!
With all thy wealth of constellated flowers,
Thy lessening shadows, and thy lengthening days!
Thy gleesome voices, and thy genial smile
Have drawn the dreamer from his sombre room,
To drink the spirit of thy breeze awhile,
Thy breeze imbued with healing and perfume—
Amid the quiet fields that kindle into bloom.

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Oh! I have dreamt of thy glad coming long,
Through many a weary day, and wakeful night,
When the wild winds did shout their winter song,
When the sad sun shed ineffectual light,
When the sharp scourge of pain was on my brow,
When the harsh hand of worldly care oppressed;
But thy blithe presence disenthrals me now,
And I am with thee, a rejoicing guest,
Pacing thy flowery floors, where I was ever blest.

I banquet on thy beauties, rich and rife,
Flung without measure from thy lavish hand,
Shapes, hues, and motions, redolent of life,
And glorious promise to the glowing land;
Odours and harmonies on every side
Refresh the sense, regale the raptured ear;
My heart is soothed, my soul is satisfied,
My faith exalted, and my joy sincere,
Because all nature breathes "Beneficence is here!"

'Tis joy to feel this sunlight, soft and warm,
Touch with a golden flow my lifted face;
To see these trees, unconquered by the storm,
Greening, and growing into ampler grace;
To watch the lark careering up the sky,
Bathing his wings the billowy clouds among,
While the calm earth, uplooking, seems to lie
Listening, enamoured of that passionate song
Which birds of kindred voice symphoniously prolong.

Lo! the rich rainbow with prismatic beams
Builds up the splendours of its braided bridge,
Strides o'er the valleys, glows upon the streams,
Leans on the shoulder of the mountain ridge;
While the quick coming of the twinkling rain
Takes the lone rambler with a sweet surprise,
And bough and blossom, now refreshed and fain,
With flowers that ope their many-coloured eyes,
Droop with a blessed boon, the largess of the skies.

The bow expires with weeping; woods resound;
Heaven's cloudy curtain fades and flits away;
Breaks into brighter smiles the landscape round,
Glad in the sun-god's renovating ray;
Each flowery cup, a living censer, flings
Spontaneous perfume in the grateful air;
Thanksgiving from a thousand voices springs,
(Hear, thankless man, what heaven and earth declare!)
And what is silent seems to stir with inward prayer.

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There the pale primrose, lone and lovely, peeps
From the green gloom of that thorn-shadowed nook,
Brightens the bank where fresher verdure creeps
Along the sinuous borders of the brook;
Here crowd the daisies with a silvery smile,
And gleam, earth's 'milky way,' o'er vale and lea,
Daisies, like daughters of my native isle,
Like the true woman wheresoe'er she be—
Serene, yet cheerful all, lovely, erect, and free.

Here the wild woodlands build umbrageous halls,
A sylvan realm of shifting lights and shades,
Where the lone streamlet leaps in tiny falls,
Striving with brakes, and singing through the glades;
On every bough, through which the kindly skies,
Flecked with loose clouds, look sweetly from above—
The light leaves shiver when the zephyr sighs,
Glancing like changeful plumage of the dove,
As with the stir of youth, the ecstasy of love.

Hail, careless cuckoo, whose far call awakes
Some sad, sweet memories of boyhood's hours!
Hail, merry thrush, whose cheerful music makes,
From dawn till dark, enchantment in the bowers!
Hail, joyous skylark, whose aspiring wing
Soars bravely heavenward from the dewy sod,
Eager to meet the morn, so thou may'st sing,
Even at the threshold by Aurora trod,
Thy greeting to the sun, thy anthem unto God!

Hail, happy Spring, whose resurrection day,
To the prime law of steadfast nature true,
Delights the loving, makes the gloomiest gay,
Moves the low pulse of languid life anew,
Unlocks the heart, gives thought a brighter dream,
Opes a fresh fountain in the fainting soul,
Wakes us to worship of that one Supreme,
That sleepless spirit of the wondrous whole,
By whose august decree suns, systems, seasons roll.

Oh, Mother Earth! of Love and Wisdom born,
Nurse of all placid thoughts, all pure desires!
Consoler of the weary heart forlorn,
Creator of the Poet's chastest fires!
How sweet to 'scape the thraldom of the town,
Whose feverish air with sin, strife, sorrow rings,
On thy maternal breast to lay me down,
Swathed in the joys thine unsoiled beauty brings,
And catch rare glimpses thence of God's diviner things!

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"THE WORKS" OF JOHN IRONSHAFT.

BY SILVERPEN.

THE Village Doctor was dead. The snow lay thick upon his solitary grave; and the Christmas berries waved to and fro above it, in the chill December wind.

He had been buried three days, and this was now the sabbath morning. The hoar frost, like the breath of nature, hung as a curtain round the distant wold; but here, in the very heart of Staffordshire coal-pits, blast-furnaces, and forges, the vapour had cleared off, and the insatiable flames from a hundred sweltering hearths, rose up and hastened on the misty dawn. There was no one yet abroad in the narrow lanes and huddled streets except some night-feeder of the furnaces from his weary watch, or a milkman to his cowsheds, and no unshuttered windows except one, and in this upon the narrow casement panes, flickered the bright glow of an ample fire. The cottage where this social comfort seemed within was more decent looking, though scarcely larger, than the squalid tenements around. As the house joined others close upon the pathway of the narrow street, a man was seen sitting at a small, round, well-polished mahogany table, with a few well-used books, an ink-horn, some papers, and an extinguished candle before him, and already, though little more than six o'clock, shaved and dressed, a warm substantial outer coat and sunday hat lying on a chair hard by, as if a day's journey were presently before him. He was a man of giant frame and stature, iron-handed, iron-limbed, with a front that might look a despot in the face, and quail the vicious power of hierarchies and kings. He could, he would, he dared: even now, rough-handed giant as he was, he was forging a mighty weapon by ink-horn and goose-quill, to thrust into the bloated side of all-besotted power, and show the generations their might from LABOUR, and their right from NATURE. This man was fitly named John Ironshaft; and every man from forge to mine knew clear-headed, self-taught, fearless, outspoken John; for Nature had made him their king, their counsellor, their priest! He stood up foremost in an unconscious democracy of black-handed labour.

The kettle was already on the bright clean hob, for the kitchen, though small, was very clean and substantially furnished, when just as the wainscot clock struck seven, an elderly, decent woman came down the small staircase, laid the neat breakfast-table, made the coffee, and John, after pushing aside his writing-table and locking up his papers, sat down to breakfast. Though he made a hearty meal, for John was hearty every way, he sat in deep abstraction all the time, and this his housekeeper made no attempt to interrupt; but after feeding with their usual saucer of milk the little brisk wiry terrier and old black cat upon the hearth-rug, she took up her spectacles and bible. As soon however as he had finished, John put on his coat and hat, took a stout stick from the corner by the clock, whistled to his dog, and merely saying he should be back by nightfall, went on his way.

The housekeeper closed her book, and took off her spectacles, and poured out and well sugared a comforting cup of coffee.

"Well, I wonder where he's gone," she said at last,—"to see the old Doctor's grave I dares-to-say. Ah! I am sorry he's dead. His last box of pills—he gave 'em, bless his heart,—did me uncommon good."

John set forth as a man who has a long way before him; his rapid steps kept almost pace with the swiftness of his crisp-eared little dog, which nevertheless had time here and there to take small diversions in the drifts of snow, and come back hot and breathless, and with lolling tongue. By-and-by forge and mine were left far rearward, and the country began to show undulating swells, and a wide stretch of primitive forest land, then at intervals substantial homesteads, broad fallows, if not snowed over, crisp with frost; ancient halls with their ivied turrets showing clearly with the back-ground of the cold, grey, morning sky, and freshets and brooks too swift to be in bondage to the sternest winter; and so, on and on—so lost in thought, as scarcely to see one of them—John Ironshaft reached a straggling out-of-the-way village. The primitive thatched church lay in solitude just upon its outskirts, and its being not yet service-time, and as yet undisturbed, he climbed the stile, and entered the burial-ground.

The old bell for service had ding-dong-ed some time, the clerk had unlocked the doors and opened the books, and come back to the porch to look for the parson, and some

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chaw-bacons were spelling out the reading on the upright grave-stones, and blowing their numbed fingers, when John strode again towards the church.

Looking to see no one was near he walked up to the clerk—"You can keep a secret I suppose, sir," he said laconically, without other address.

"I suppose I can, spoke the clerk, somewhat nettled, and giving a lift to the collar of his black coat, "religious dooties don't corrupt the tongue I'm thinking."

"You and I might materially differ on that point, sir," answered John, "were the matter worth conversation. But as it's not, take this sovereign and see that the Doctor's grave is neatly levelled and trimmed and made fit for a gravestone. See to this, and be silent, and I shall be infinitely obliged. Good day."

Gold made the clerk respectful. "I'm obleeged, sir, as our vicar says at his tithe audit. The grave shall be attended to, and secrets kept into the bargain, sir, if needs be."

"I may try," said John. With this Spartan brevity of words he left the churchyard.

The grander people of the village were on their way to service. John loitered till they had passed, and then kept on till he reached a small detached cottage, much dilapidated and neglected; the thick scarlet-berried pyracanthus sweeping massively around it from porch to chimney tops, scarcely hiding broad rents in the mouldy thatch, and long want of paint upon the casement frames and ledges. Yet the fair-sized garden stretching on one side the house, as on the other was a yard and two or three ruinous outbuildings, separated from the village street by a low wooden paling, had been apparently long tended with care, for even with the thick snow upon it, the smooth-kept turf peeped out here and there, and the laurustinus bent to it with their tufts of blossom.

All looked so desolate that at first John stood irresolute, as if afraid to knock, or, perhaps, thinking no one was within the house; when the village postwoman came through the yard on the other side, and up the street. He knew by this that the Doctor's daughter was at home, as the woman had been to deliver a letter, her last but one, for, of course, though she had passed the door thrice before, the solitary orphan's letter or letters could not be delivered, till the squire, the parson, and innkeeper had been previously waited upon according to their several orders of gentility.

He paced up and down till he thought the letters were read, and then going further and turning round at last towards the door, he looked in at a casement, and then stopped abruptly. He was touched with pity for the unutterable desolation before him. The fire was dying out in the wide old kitchen fire-place; the poor old Doctor's last-smoked pipe lay still reared against the hob; his coat upon his empty chair; boxes and papers and medicine bottles strewn about; the eight-day clock and mahogany dining-table drawn away from the wall; and in the midst, in her poor mourning, dressed as if for church, though her bonnet lay at her feet, sat the dead man's only child. Some open letters were in her hand, but she neither looked at them nor saw John at the casement, for her head was bent down, and the heavy tears fell thick upon her sable dress.

John did not knock, but went in gently; and after speaking, sat down.

"I am sorry to find you so desolate, Miss Eleanor," he said. "I hoped good friends, kind friends, were with you in this sad time."

"I have none, John," she replied, with that bitter calmness that comes of despair.—"I have none, I have none, this hour has taught me I have none. Oh, John, how deceived was my poor old father."

"What says the Leicestershire squire, his brother?" asked John, drily.

"In one of these very letters come this morning, he advises me to sell the household goods and surgery fixtures; and if these will not pay the debts and funeral expenses, he'll find me up a pound or two, perhaps, though times are very hard."

"And what, your cousin, the rector?"

"That he can do nothing, as he has been lately painting and papering the Parsonage. And, moreover, as my father, a beggar himself, chose to give medicine and advice without pay to the poor, his religious conscience necessitates him to say that I must work, and that he will, if I like, recommend me to his neighbour, Lady Crabnose, as she wants a useful and domestic companion."

"Go on," said John, bitterly; and his words were like the iron of his frame.

"It is not worth recapitulating other insults, John, nor to speak of other sordid na-

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tures that have been here to possess and purloin, as this room will show. The sorrow of the hour is enough without. Not that I fear labour, John, but the heartlessness of the world, at this hour, sickens me and bows me to the dust."

"Not the world, but the convention of it, Miss Eleanor."

"It matters not which it is, John Ironshaft, I am utterly destitute and alone: not in the selfish sense only, but that of human sympathy." And the orphan buried her face in her hands to hide her unutterable anguish.

John waited a bit till the girl was calmer. "Now, look me in the face, Eleanor," he said in a voice that sung out each word as slow and measured as a bell, "and know I speak the truth, and that honestly. You see what a false and hollow thing this gentility is; what a vile bond upon the gone, nature has put in us. Now look at me steadily, Eleanor: in seven plain Saxon words—*Will you take me for your husband?*"

The girl looked up; the crimson blood had mantled to her hair.

"Do not think, Nell," John went on as bravely as before, "that by this I wish to take advantage of your situation. In prosperity I should have asked this plain question, only in prouder words. Now, I come to you in your hour of desolation, with all a man's sympathy and tenderness, to ask, *if you can* set aside this hollow convention that tramples on your father's grave, and insults his child, to take this strong arm to labour for and defend you—this heart to love you tenderly as you deserve?"

"The dear old man, John, always said your heart was as noble as your mind."

"We'll let that pass, Nell, though it was he who first roused a sluggish intellect and iron will. But with regard to what I offer, do not, because I come to you in this hour, think it, plain foreman of a Staffordshire forge as I am, a cheap thing. I would not at this minute make it to a duchess, nor to any other living woman than yourself, for I am as proud as a god of my might of labour. Nor for you as a toy, small delicate creature as you are, do I ask this, but that I believe you would soften my hard nature, lovingly assist my stern and unalterable right of will and independence, keep around me that frugality and decency which are necessary to a man like me, and by your better education, comprehend much of me that many cannot; and, what might be best, Nell, never let a principle of mine waver or be quailed by other. For these I will make no promises; they would be as bribes.—Say, therefore, plain yes or no."

"John," and the girl's voice faltered very much—"with relations such as belong to me, there was a time when I should have taken this offer as an insult, and treated it with scorn. But not now, John; not either, think, because I am poor and desolate, but because I can comprehend how noble and how truly great you are. Take my hand, John Ironshaft, *I am thine.*" She held forth her right hand, but covered her face with the other.

John rose and came steadily across the floor; he covered the little hand so much with his broad grasp that it was lost to view, and every fibre in his iron frame shook.—"Thank you, Nell, thank you; you are a brave little woman, as I believed you. And this shall be our only covenant, Nell, though I could embrace you with my whole soul, but not till you are mine. No thought, at such a moment, shall do the old man's spirit an injustice. And now about the marriage."

"Oh, John, a long while hence."

"Next Sunday, Nell." She started and looked up into his face.

"Next Sunday, or not at all. You have no protector, you are alone, you're desolate; you have debts about you, you have relations whose very natures will force them to come to wound and to insult. Can this be and I know it? Nor will your grief be less touching for having a participator; nor will your father lie less peacefully in his grave for his child's protection."

"But what will people say?"

"What they like; I shall be as scornful as careless; as the coming time will teach us to be, whenever we do or have done justice. Now you'll be ready by half-past seven o'clock next Sunday morning, and I shall come with license for this church. Tell the people coming, that the debts will be paid this day week: and now make yourself happy. Take these two sovereigns for your present need, for which I'll take your father's old Greek Lexicon; and with this you can receive them honourably, Nell. Now I shall go and break the matter to the good old Nicholses, who perhaps will let us share their Sunday dinner. And in your expectations, Nell, look for no more than a plain working man's home, and you'll not be disappointed."

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He knew the girl's noble nature too well to make her reiterate a promise. He pressed her hand again, and the money into it, took the poor tattered Lexicon from a little hanging shelf beside the fire-place, and whistling to his dog departed.

The church service was begun and ended: the sun stole out upon the wintry noon; afternoon had come, and yet the neighbours found Nell upon the self-same seat John had left her.

Arrangements were made with the parish clerk that very day, who, proud of what was intrusted to him, kept the secret pretty well, it only oozing out to his wife and a choice neighbour or two; so thus kept, the village people, who knew what sort of relations the Doctor's had been, wondered who it could be that was to pay the debts, and this wonder afforded a week's gossip to the village alehouse.

The Nicholses' small homestead joined the churchyard, and thither, at the closing hour of Saturday afternoon, Nell went. They were poor but noble creatures, and knowing much about John Ironshaft, were glad that the girl, setting aside all former notions, had accepted such a man. They therefore made what preparations for the marriage their means allowed.

The snow had melted through the week, and the sun on this December morning mantled brightly over the thatched church, and made the cock upon the vane top look bright and golden, and peeped in at windows and fell warmly on the long-aged altar stones, and laid a young fresh face upon the mouldering velvet cushion on the pulpit ledge, and broadened out the hem of every angel's garment on the oriel panes, and coming straight from thence, widened forth into golden pathways to the graves of the forgotten dead, and glancing on the holly hedge-row peeped down beneath, and made still more green, bright tufts of moss housed daintily from winter, and going yet onward to the solitary grave showed there the new-wrought head-stone, and lastly, on from thence stayed like a welcoming host beside the homestead garden-gate, and only climbed from thence upon the cottage thatch, to lie like a happy thought around the window of the bride.

John was through that garden-gate betimes, and soon came back again with the little trembling creature, still in her mourning garments, and with her head bent down, weeping bitterly. For more than sorrow for her father was it? If it was, and she did John Ironshaft injustice by the merest fraction, for ever did it pass away when, John touching her hand, she looked and beheld the head-stone and the new-turfed grave. For ever did the last relic of false pride depart; and, kneeling down upon the turf, she asked a blessing on this true and noble man. Then she rose and took John's arm, firmly, proudly, and looking up into his face with a deep meaning promise in her eyes, though words uttered it not, went briskly onward with him to the church, the sun going before and broadening out a path to the very altar-stone.

It being only a black-handed forgeman that took a wife, the parson did not hurry over his breakfast or Sunday's newspaper, but getting on his cassock proceeded to work somewhere about half-past ten o'clock. Looking upon the girl as an evil doer for thus mingling the funeral and marriage meats together, his words were very curt and wiry, which noticing, the clerk copied as near as possible. But John did not care a bit; his "yes" rang out like a stroke from his own forge hammer, and Nell's was as true, though not so stern and loud. It being thus late, the news by this time had spread about the village like wildfire, and people had come into their pews, and chaw-bacons gaped in at the windows, and some stood in groups in the churchyard, and whispered and said "Pride had had a fall," and that it had been said both up at Parsonage and Hall, that the "Doctor's Latin and Greek and beggary had come to something in the daughter." But not a whit cared John; he had got Nell, and he marched into the vestry like a seaking in battle, and signed the book.

"Good day, my girl," said the parson, when this was done; "I'm sorry for you!" and lifting up his cassock, he was about to leave.

"Stop, sir," spoke John. "Do you pity,—you who are the minister of One who taught the great doctrines of love and humility to man and woman? Do you pity because an honest man starts up to protect a forsaken woman? Do you pity because I shield a truthful nature from the arrogance of pride and wealth? Do you pity one hitherto scorned by you? Do you pity because honest labour will give honest bread? Do you pity because I lift up the desolate living from the desolate dead? If so, pity on, and see for once a woman true to nature—not to mere coat-colour, or height of

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dwelling-house. Millions perish in disease and celibacy for want of this same truth. But not so in the time to come. Man to woman, right to labour, truth to truth, God to God—*these are the signs.*" And thus saying, John Ironshaft, almost carrying his little wife, departed.

There was a magnificent goose, and a great plum-pudding, and a damson tart, and a prime custard, all piping hot, on the table, as the Church-bell went one. Divers gossips had been in through the morning to peep and pry, and retail divers kindly inuendoes fresh from the Hall, but these were nothing to that which came with the goose. That sacred bird was hardly on the table when a horse was heard to enter the yard, some one alighted, and walking in unceremoniously, showed it to be the "tender cousin," who had recommended poverty to Lady Crabnose. Having already lunched at the Hall, he looked with contempt at the sacred bird, and then sat down.

"I'm not going to stop," he said, as Nell approached him; "I am only come to tell you, girl, of my unutterable pity for your low taste, for your black ingratitude, for your disregard of human ties, and to tell you that every genteel relation of your father's has washed hands of you. And, to let you know it as a punishment, Lady Crabnose had obligingly accepted your services. Yes, eight pounds a-year, tea and sugar, and only your lady, two parrots, three cats, and one dog, to attend to, and ——"

"Eleanor Ironshaft," spoke John, very coolly, "this is your wedding day, and the goose is getting cold, love; sit down."

The gentlemanly cousin was irritated, he turned upon his heel, but stopped at the door, "There, recollect, I'll not even pay one of your father's debts;" and with this indignant burst of eloquence he left.

The mean and bragging heart meant to pay them not, Nell knew; she turned her brimming eyes upon her husband, and found comfort there.

Joy, softened down by sorrow for the dead, and deeper for the very calm this sorrow brought, came as the day declined. After a pleasant tea beside the blazing fire, Nell, carefully wrapped up by John, set forth with him, on her way to his house. On the very threshold of the homestead, as they bid the Nicholses good-bye, John said again, "Only for a plain home, Nell;" but the Nicholses smiled, saying they were sure she would be happy.

It was seven o'clock, and the night bright and frosty. A walk of eight or nine miles seemed not long, with a road as smooth and as hard as a bowling-green, the holly hedges casting tall shadows, like green alcoves, upon the sheeny, silver-lighted roadway, and the woodlands closing it in sometimes, and making it like a forest path. At length only a hollow lay between them and the wold, when John, instead of going on, turned down a deep hedged lane.

"A nearer way to our home, John, I suppose?" said Nell; "and see, there's a dancing light,—a forge hearth, do you call it?"

"It is a hearth," added John, and that was all. As they got nearer, Nell could see that it was the light in the window of a substantial cottage, deep set in a country garden, with a small croft and orchard, and the woodlands bending round it. To Nell's surprise, John pushed aside the garden-gate, then the stout cottage door, and showed a well-furnished kitchen, a glowing fire, a small round supper-table, neatly set, the dear old cat from home, her father's pet, basking on the hearth-rug, his chair, his favourite clock, and many other things. John saw the speaking face upraised to his, and said—

"Thy home, Nell, truly thine. The best I have for thee; but within it, we may be happy."

"Much, much greater than I expected, John, thank you. Dearest, thank you;" and Nell clung about him, weeping with dear joy.

A peasant woman, from a cottage at some little distance, having superintended the fire, and set the supper table—for the good old housekeeper had returned across the wold some hours before—now retired, and John, taking off Nell's cloak and bonnet, opened a door within this kitchen, and the little, trembling, astonished creature saw before her a small parlour, very trimly decked; her father's few and treasured books, in a small quaint recess beside the summer lattice, his old thumbed instrument-case, his gloves, his spectacles, upon a little work-table; her plants upon the window-seat, and her own old bow-pot of rich scented lavender and summer leaves, upon a little iron bracket John had wrought with swarthy hand.

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"Oh John," spoke the little wife, whilst John's swart arm like a tendril crept round the little neck, "you have indeed won. You know my veneration and my love for one old man, and your acknowledgment of this, binds us by the dearest marriage that earth knows."

"I knew this, Nell, swart savage as I am. More truthfully, and more divinely, than books, great Nature teaches, and in the roar and swelter of the forge-blast, a mighty music can be heard, as much shaping itself to tenderness, as expressing the sternest will that justice, in *these* unjust times, doth wait for. But now to supper, little bride; and after it, the greatest secret of my life."

"Once more, John, let me thank you. Nor do I, nor can I think, John, this marriage of ours a desecration of the dead."

"He that said that knows nothing of that which he preaches; only of a mere rule of words, taught him by college superiors, not of the great life spiritual, which interpretates itself to every true man. According to such, it is religion to turn forth an orphan in the winter season, to plunder, to claim rights, to set apart by rule the marriage and the funeral meats; but irreligion to protect the defenceless, to rear a home, to make a festival like nature, of morning sun and sky after the lapse of her night stars, and through our regard to the living spiritually preserve the dead. But a change is coming; and Time is calling forth its prophets and its teachers."

After the pleasant supper was over, Nell, like a true little housewife as she was, cleared away, looking into the various small closets and conveniences as she did so, and turning round to John every two minutes to ask some question, or tell some new surprise; and after this she snuffed the candle, and brought John his pipe. As soon as this was fairly alight, John went up stairs, and bringing down a small sooty-looking box, placed it on the table. It was fastened by a rude hasp and padlock, which John unlocked, and raising the lid, showed Nell some dozen quires of foolscap paper, closely written over. It was not very delicate manuscript; some paper was white, and some was blue, and on the earlier written portion, where every letter was as straight and as tall as a pothook, large black thumb-marks lay about like islands.

"Thee must not look too nicely on this, little wife," spoke John; "the black matters not, if behind it be a true thought. But much of this was written on the hearth, in the swelter of the night heat, when every ten minutes the furnace-maw had to be fed. This before, of course, I was either overlooker or foreman. Ay, here it is, This very fourth leaf was the one your father found me upon the night we made acquaintance. God bless his noble heart, Nell; for many a night after that he came and cheered me on, and pointed the way, and helped to tame down my wild and savage nature; till by and by it became a habit with him, sweet little wife, to say, when asking for this box, 'Now, John, the great thoughts from behind the bellows,' and so on, till leaf to leaf was added, and he growing confidential, began to talk of you."

"Of me?" asked Nell.

"Of you, sweet wife. Of your tenderness, and truth, and nature. Of how you were just fitted to soften down such a stalwart savage, but that you having 'genteel notions,' —and he always laughed hugely here, Nell,—he did not like to pain you by opposing them, nor broach any subject that in the end might take you from his side."

"Why not tell me this before, John?"

"No, Nell, it comes kindlier now, when your choice of me has been made under other circumstances. Before, this wish expressed through me might have looked as a bribe. Now it is otherwise. Nor of this even would I speak;" and John laid his hand upon the box, "though it would have pleaded much for me, sweet wife, perhaps."

"It would, indeed, John; and shown me what is quite the truth, that *I*, not you, are honoured by this matter."

"Tut, Nell, not a bit of that; a man can't tell whether his own sparks are destined to fly high or not, though it is something when he forges iron words, and has the courage to put them forth like the handwriting on the wall."

"And you have, John, I know."

"You're right, pretty wife, though I fear me this *gingerbread eye* has yet to go on awhile with its pap-boat and spoon; but we'll see. As soon as our honeymoon is over, little bride, you shall put a couple of clean shirts into my pocket, and, like Parson Adams, I'll set forth to London, with such metal as lies within here!"

* * * * * * *

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The first day of February, 1830, after two days' weary perambulation between Temple-bar and Bishopsgate-street, John Ironshaft, on the third morning after his arrival in London, set forth to Mr. Proof's, the great West-end publisher, with ungloved swart hands, a fustian coat, hobnailed shoes, a blackthorn stick, and his "CODE OF NATURAL JUSTICE," tied in a bandana pocket-handkerchief. City publishers had looked askance upon *metal from the forge*, but they had told John that Mr. Proof would publish anything; so to this Mecænas he set forth. Finding his way with difficulty, it was midday before the Staffordshire forgeman arrived in the fashionable street wherein the great bookseller dwelt. Six or seven carriages were drawn up before the door, and as many footmen lounged round the area rails, or in the vestibule of the house. Passing these, John was about to enter a sort of office, wherein were stationed two or three clerks, when he was pounced upon by an adroit flunkey, and ushered into a sort of wide hall, from which led a broad stone staircase. Without taking heed of the questions addressed to him, this said gentleman of plain blue-coat livery disappeared, not, however, without having well surveyed coat, stick, boots, hands, and bandana handkerchief, leaving the author to walk, or sit, or stand, as best suited his humour. As John was not of the irritable genus of authors, except when fairly roused, he sat down on one of the long benches, and calmly waited the leisure of the great king of literature. But very curious carriages rolled up and drove away; gentlemen, with highly polished boots, and glossy hats and coats, went up and down this staircase as if on easy business; and more than all, ladies, old and young, flouted by in rich silk and satin, and were always ushered down again to the very last step by an excessively smiling gentleman, who as alertly disappeared; the clocks went on, and still John Ironshaft sat there unheeded. At last, pretty fairly roused, he mounted the staircase and rapped lustily at the first door. This was opened by a decent-looking man with a pen behind his ear, to whom John stated his business and the delay, and who very civilly begged the swart forgeman to step into his office. Just as John was about to do so, a neighbouring door opened, and the before-mentioned polite gentleman came forth, bowing out a tall, bonny, but very richly-dressed lady of forty or thereabouts.

"Yes, yes," spoke the polite gentleman, quite loud enough for John to hear, "your last novel went off extremely well. As your ladyship truly observes, the aristocratic pen can alone give the graceful touch of finish. The 'herd' are too gross, too rough, have too much *abrutissement*. *Chacun a son gout*," and the polite gentleman here shrugged his shoulders immensely.

"And the, the ....." simpered her ladyship.

"Most certainly," continued the polite gentleman, "your ladyship's 'Coquette Betrothed' shall not be later than the 20th; and Mr. Proof positively says May, for your 'Fate of a Fan.' Good day. Allow me, allow me." And her ladyship passed on in Lyons satin and Genoa velvet.

Verily, verily man of iron, both of labour and of soul, you had said "Age of gingerbread and pap-spoons!" and you might have added, of national debt, paper-money, funds, pension-list, and flashy novels into the bargain. The latter, like mushrooms, could only be nourished by a hot-bed like the first.

"Now, will you step this way?" and the civil official ushered the swart giant into the very presence of Mr. Proof himself, who, respectable and grave, sat writing at a library table. He looked at the velveteen coat, the bandana handkerchief, the ungloved hands, and then said, "Well my man."

John began to untie the bundle, and meanwhile to state his business.

"Indeed! ah! Well! I never look at MSS. in the first instance. You should have left yours in the office."

But John drew a chair, sat down, and went to business about the book with imperturbable gravity, to which business Mr. Proof listened in perfect silence, for some minutes, with closed eyes and nodding head, and then rung a small bell upon the table, at which an adjoining door opened, and the polite gentleman entered.

"Mr. Snapp," spoke Mr. Proof, coolly, "just hear what this person wants. I can't understand him, and I have an important business letter in hand, to Mr. Beaufort Montague, a third edition of his 'Warlike Knight' being immediately required."

"Step this way," spoke Mr. Snapp, to John, peremptorily, and *without* a bow. "Such business as you have can be settled by me."

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"It can't," said John, "for I don't carry gingerbread;" and so, re-tying his bundle with the same imperturbable gravity, he put on his hat, and walked coolly to the door. Here he turned, and looked hard at Mr. Proof.

"The times are coming, sir, when man to man will speak civilly, whatever may be the colour of his hands or coat. Ay, and a book be read, without being written on hot-pressed paper, or without care whether a carriage or handkerchief brings it. Good day." And John was gone.

The second night after this, John's long walk was ended, and he turned into the hedge-girt lane wherein his cottage lay. Nell's listening ear recognised, in a minute, his iron tramp, and there, upon the threshold, she stood to receive him.

"Now," said John, heartily, after his first huge hug was over, put by this box, little wife, and let me have some supper and a pipe. It is, as I told you, Nell, an age of gingerbread; nevertheless, one wherein much good work can be done, as you shall see!"

* * * * * * *

Time has rolled on unceasingly as the furnace-maw gapes and hungers, as the belching flames are bright, or black, or lurid, or like the burning bush, or still more sacred pillar—as unceasingly as the molten flood pours forth into angular rigidity—as unceasingly as the roar keeps on, as the anvils ring, as the pits give forth, as the roadway and the tramway are full of life—as unceasingly as labour is developing the grandeur of its resources and the spirituality of its laws; so that it is now full forty years, on this bright June day, since the "Warlike Knight" reached its third edition. *That* has perished with its myriad ephemeral brethren. Not a figment is left of them; not a pinch of their mushroom dust! whilst all that *was* of nature is still young, divine, and infinite in its teachings of human love and human brotherhood! And the time is come and coming for the true Exhaltation of the Pen in its great democratic and political relations. Oh, glorious time! Thank God for it! Thank God for it!

Across this wold, now still more covered with huge furnaces and forges, troops of well-clad working men, waggons, gigs, and carriages, all pour onward to one huge building of Cyclopean labour, by its twenty lurid throats, and yet large enough withal to receive a gathered multitude. There are amongst this multitude, warpers and weavers, dyers and dressers, from Glasgow, Paisley, Leeds, Manchester; iron-workers, plate-workers, burnishers, designers, from Sheffield, Birmingham; dalemen, pitmen, woodmen, from Deanforest; merchants, traders, shopkeepers, gentry, clergy, really ennobled men of privileged aristocracy; and, greatest yet of all, the great immeasurable priesthood of the popular mind, here with the rest, to do service before the great altar, and say ALL HAIL to Genius and Democracy, as mighty and as infinite as the Cyclopean blast that taught it, and revealed itself unto itself by *Nature teaching the grandeur of Nature!*

It is the whim of the man, John Ironshaft, to receive this deputation of his countless worshippers in the very roar of this swart power itself, that all may know what he was, what he is, and the mightiness of the power he has ever worshipped!

In this building, some hundred feet long, and very many broad, the floor sanded, and on one side the sweltering furnaces (though on this great day of festival comparatively idle) a platform is raised; and on this, when the multitude are fairly wedged round, space scarcely left for many enthusiastic speakers, is seen John Ironshaft, giant-limbed, but grey-haired, and somewhat decrepit, from his untiring labour of body and mind,—for he has done God's work with both, and that manfully; for, though possessor of where he stands, and of streets of houses, he has been, more or less, a swart worker to the present hour, and but a leader in the great army that nobly and daily serves by the essential and primæval condition of nature. Yes; though possessor of this honourable substance, he has not set himself apart as a capitalist, but has distributed it through high and well-paid wages—through untiring service in Parliament and Democratic Leagues—through patriotism to his country; not asking per centage for his thousand here, nor security for the thousand there—through lectures, through schools, through better-regulated dwellings—through being a brother to his brother men; and yet best, and yet truest, through genuine service by an iron pen; and by and through these things developing two of the great truths of the "Coming Reformation:" That the individual constitutes his country, and can have no true interests apart from it; and that politics can be no more separated from a genuine literature than truth from truth. *Therefore, the highest order of intellect is necessarily the priesthood, missioned to teach the sublime and ever-advancing doctrines of onward Time!*

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After some speaking, the multitude listening eagerly, and John Ironshaft standing forth with seven young and stalwart men—the sons of that small Nell—a group of working men came forward, and reverently uncovering something they bring, show neither gold nor silver, but four or five folio volumes, magnificently bound in vellum, the cover edges decorated with filagree of light bronze work. Some one, *priest himself*, then opens the cover of one volume, and all behold, magnificently printed on the fly-leaf, "The Works of John Ironshaft, the Priest of the New Age, and the Humanities of Nature. Printed and Presented by the Working Classes of his Country."

John takes the volume, and, giant-nerved even as he is, in this his seventieth year, his voice falters like a sobbing child's.

"This festival was, as I had hoped, men and brothers, more dedicated to the honour of our new and most magnificent democratic literature, than personally to me as one of its assistant servants; otherwise I should have declined the apparent egotism of receiving such a gift before such an assembly. But, thanking you heartily for this touching and almost sublime evidence of your personal devotion to me, I thank you more for your recognition of great principles—for this strong evidence that I have spoken truth, and you have received it as such. As I have often told you in our Taxation and Universal Suffrage Leagues, there was a day when the merest ephemeral trash, so it applauded or disseminated conventional or aristocratical opinions, was eagerly received. Few or none of the giant brood of truths were allowed to heave themselves up from the depths of the People; and mostly, when condescendingly addressed, it was no more than to pander to their grossest tastes and worst ignorance. That day is passed; and literature, once debased *to* us, is, and will be, exalted *by* us. We shall absorb the aristocratic elements, and receive all into that grand sovereignty of democracy which refuses no truth. We are beginning, and we shall ultimately hear most marvellous and original music, from the roar of the furnace, from the flying of the shuttle, from the stroke of the hammer and the spade and the axe; we shall know that from darkness the divinest lights have to shine."

"John Ironshaft, in you we see this spiritual light," a hundred voices cry.

"No, no; a man may do good work, my friends, without being a prophet. All I want to persuade you is, of the wonderful poetry that lies hidden in the common human heart, and how, like the molten stream before your sight this moment, it may be moulded at will—by bad teachers and bad political institutions into evil—by fearless prophets, who count the signs of the Time, into all the grandeur and progress that Time requires. Thus, without being, as I have said, this prophet, I have now through fifty years of my life endeavoured to speak and act as a *man*. The roar you hear, taught me the absoluteness of this manhood; I heard it ask for justice; I heard it delicately whisper truth; I heard it say things of human brotherhood and mercy made active; I heard it say, Political Injustice exists, and they that hear my voice poured from the Soul of Labour must convert this into Justice. Thus I have worked against taxation, gold monopoly, and for suffrage and advanced education. And I thank God I have worked. I thank God I have worked with swart hand and giant arm. I thank God that what now lies here magnificent in vellum, was bred behind those bellows in soot and darkness. From such darkness let diviner light than mine yet shine. And yet, forgive me here for being egotistical; this darkness might have never shone true light, but for one that became mine—the mother of these sons. She it was that softened my rude nature, and led me to the service I have done; and even does still, though the summer flowers wave over her, my friends, and in winter time the holly leaves....."

The world knows the love-story that we know; and many a pilgrimage has been made, this very summer's morn, to the lonely grave and the first home of that noble love. Many here look down to button hole in coat and waistcoat at the touching sign there carried, of a true woman, and a noble man, whose history has become the world's. John Ironshaft knows this, and sees this. More touching than all the rest is the strong evidence that he lives in the popular heart! He or she who lives there has some hope of immortality!

There is much to say, but John can say no more. Others now come forward and speak of his great life, its acts, and service; and one concludes his speech thus, with a quotation from a pen that has spread truth throughout the world: "Not out of those, on whose systems of education have exhausted their culture, comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new; but out of unhandselled savage nature, out of terrible Druids and Berserkirs, came at last Alfred and Shakspeare."

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John Ironshaft is as grand as Alfred was; and time has yet to show whether nature was in him as great as Shakspeare. but at least we here learn that the time is come for the EXALTATION OF THE PEN.

SELECTIONS FOR THE SEASON.

APRIL.

THE month of April is proverbial for its fickleness; for its intermingling showers and flitting gleams of sunshine; for all species of weather in one day; for a wild mixture of clear and cloudy skies, greenness and nakedness, flying hail and abounding blossoms. But, to the lover of Nature, it is not the less characterized by the *spirit of expectation* with which it imbues the mind. We are irresistibly led to *look forward;* to anticipate, with a delightful enthusiasm, the progress of the season. It is one of the excellent laws of Providence, that our minds shall be insensibly moulded to a sympathy with that season which is passing, and to become deprived, in a certain degree, of the power of recalling the images of those which are gone by; whence we reap the double advantage of not being disgusted with the deadness of the wintry landscape from a comparison with the hilarity of Spring; and when Spring itself appears, it comes with a freshness of beauty which charms us, at once, with novelty, and a recognition of old delights. Symptoms of Spring now crowd thickly upon us. However regular may be our walks, we are daily surprised at the rapid march of vegetation; at the sudden increase of freshness, greenness, and beauty; one old friend after another starts up before us in the shape of a flower. The violets, which came out in March in little delicate groups, now spread in myriads along hedge-rows, and fill secluded lanes with fragrance. The pilewort, or lesser celandine, too, is now truly beautiful, opening thousands and tens of thousands of splendidly gilt and starry flowers along banks, and at the feet of sheltered thickets; so that whoever sees them in their perfection, will cease to wonder at the admiration which Wordsworth has poured out upon them in two or three separate pieces of poetry. Anemonies blush and tremble in copses and pastures, the wild cherry enlivens the woods, and in some parts of the kingdom, the vernal crocus presents a most beautiful appearance, covering many acres of meadow, as in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, with its bloom, rivalling whatever has been sung of the fields of Enna; showing at a distance like a perfect flood of lilac, and tempting every merry little heart, and many graver ones also, to go out and gather.

The blossom of fruit-trees presents a splendid scene, in the early part of the month, gardens and orchards being covered with a snowy profusion of plum-bloom; and the blackthorn and wild plum wreath their sprays with such pure and clustering flowers, that they gleam in hedges and the shadowy depth of woods, as if their boughs radiated with sunshine. In the latter part of the month, the sweet and blushing blossoms of apples, and of the wilding, fill up the succession, harmonizing delightfully with the tender green of the expanding leaves, and continuing through part of May, recalling sweet and early recollections.

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But perhaps the most delightful of all the features of this month, are the return of migratory birds, and the commencement of building their nests. Not only the swallow tribe, the cuckoo, and the nightingale, whose arrival is noticed by everybody, but scores of other old acquaintances suddenly salute you in your walks, with their well-remembered aspects and notes. There is something truly delightful to the naturalist in the beauty of birds'-nests, and the endless variety of colours, spots, and hieroglyphic scrolls on their eggs,—the picturesque places in which they are fixed, from the lapwing's on the naked fallow field, to that of the eagle in its lofty and inaccessible eyry; in the different degrees of art displayed—from the rude raft of a few sticks made by the wood-pigeon, to the exquisite little dome of the golden-crested wren, or the long-tailed titmouse, a perfect cone stuck between two branches of a tree, having a small hole in one side for entrance,—the interior lined with the most downy feathers, enriched with sixteen or seventeen eggs, like small oval pearls, and the exterior most tastefully decorated with a profusion of spangles of silvery licken upon dark green moss. Boys are perfectly absorbed by their admiration of these attractive little objects: every field and wood is traversed, every bush explored; no tree is too high, no rock too dangerous to climb; sticks, split at the end, are thrust into every hollow hole, to twist out the hidden nest; and we ourselves reccollect being held by the heels over an old coal-pit sixty yards deep, to reach one built in a hollow two or three feet below the surface of the ground.

To this pleasing description of the appearances of Nature in April, we add two or three poetical tributes to our beautiful and interesting visitors.—

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of Spring?
"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

We have swept o'er cities in song renowned—
Silent they lie, with the deserts round!
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled
All dark with the warrior blood of old,
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof tree, or Monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet hall,
And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops spilt—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built."

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Oh! joyous birds! it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

"A change we have found there, and many a change!
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care;
And the place is hushed where the children played—
Nought looks the same save the nest we made."

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed—
So shall *we* reach our bright home at last!

New Monthly.

INVOCATION TO THE CUCKOO.

Oh Pursuivant and Herald of the Spring!
Whether thou still dost dwell
In some rose-laurelled dell
Of that charmed island, whose magician king
Bade all its rocks and caves,
Woods, winds, and waves,
Thrill to the dulcet chant of Ariel,
Until he broke the spell
And cast his wand into the shuddering sea—
Oh hither, hither fleet
Upon the south wind sweet,
And soothe us with thy vernal melody.

Or whether to the redolent Azores,
Amid whose tufted sheaves
The Floral goddess weaves
Her garland, breathing on the glades and shores
Intoxicating air,
Truant! thou dost repair:
Or lingerest still in that meridian nest,
Where myriad piping throats
Rival the warbler's notes,

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The saffron namesake of those islands blest,
Oh hither, hither wing
Thy flight, and to our longing woodlands sing.

On in those sea girt gardens dost thou dwell,
Of plantain, cocoa, palm,
And that red tree, whose balm
Fumed in the holocausts of Israel;
Beneath banana shades,
Guava, and fig-tree glades,
Painting thy plumage in the sapphirine hue
Thrown from the heron blue,
Or rays of the prismatic parroquet,—
Oh let the perfumed breeze
From those Hesperides
Waft thee once more our eager ears to greet!

For lo! the young leaves flutter in the south,
As if they tried their wings,
While the bee's trumpet brings
News of each bud that pouts its honied mouth,
Blue-bells, yellow-cups, jonquils,
Lilies wild, and daffodils,
Gladden our meads in intertangled wreath:
The sun enamoured lies
Watching the violets' eyes
On every bank, and drinks their luscious breath;
With open lips the thorn
Proclaims that May is born,
And dar'st thou, bird of Spring, that summons scorn?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! oh welcome, welcome notes!
Fields, woods, and waves rejoice
In that recovered voice,
As on the gentle wind its fluty music floats!

New Monthly.

THE CUCKOO.

The pleasant Summer time is come,
I hear the sweet *cuckoo*,
The corn is growing green and long,
The lamb bleats by the ewe;
The grasshopper sings for the sun,
The cricket sings for heat,
But when you hear the cuckoo's song,
Be sure the season's sweet.

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The throstle sings not till the light,
The lark not till the dawn,
The linnet when the pear-trees bud,
And woman sings for man;
They sing but to be heard or seen
In bower or budding bough,
So sings my meek and modest bird,
The grey unseen cuckoo.

London Magazine.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY JOHN EVANS.

THE NATURE AND MEANING OF POETRY.

PROBABLY, of all the things upon this earth, which have called forth a variety of opinions and ideas, nothing has contributed so largely to the formation of contrary notions and speculations, as that which relates to the true nature and positive definition of poetry. I have not the slightest doubt but, that if you were to question a thousand different individuals, as to what is poetry, or what are its component parts, they would, one after the other, return you a thousand different answers. And this diversity is no more numerous than strange; for while it is essentially centred in one object, it scarcely, if ever, fails to recognize some kind of a spirit—some sort of an inspiration, which by some concealed agency is regarded as the poetical. One has an idea that a certain number of lines, with a certain number of feet, and a little gingle at the end of every other line, constitute poetry; another supposes nothing poetical unless burdened with a superabundance of tragic and pathetic interjections; and a third finds it in some woeful ditty of love and murder; a fourth discovers it in nothing but metaphors and figures; a fifth declares it nothing more than the best of words put in the best of order; a sixth argues it as nothing beyond the representation of the show of things, and not the reality: and so one might enumerate from now until dooms-day, the wide diversity which exists in our opinions of poetry. Now the opinions which I here quote are all right and are all wrong. I say they are all right, because I believe there to exist, in the breast of every man, woman, or child, a certain standard of poetry, or a certain apprehension of its elements, which I think we are not justified in supposing to be opposed to the true spirit of the poetical. And again, I say they are all wrong, seeing that each one, in itself, is not a just and fair view of the matter in question, for confining its idea to one narrow position, it is necessarily open to a multitude of fallacies and objections. Versification, for instance, some are apt to believe, constitutes poetry; but this is an absurd delusion completely, because however important an adjunct it may be to some poetical purposes, still there is as much difference between grammar and rhetoric as between the art of making verses and that of inventing poetry. Now for my own part, I have just one idea upon poetry;—my idea of poetry is this—that it is the emanation of an intensity of feeling, produced by some object either seen or imagined. It matters little as to the versification; whether the feet be the most lively iambic or the most pathetic trochaic, for the feelings must be called into action, their spirit must be thoroughly infused into the piece, otherwise it retains little or nothing of the poetical. Now in arguing upon these grounds, I find, according to *my* idea, that the pure essence of poetry is as fully developed in certain passages of prose, as it is in a certain number of lines, regulated by a certain number of syllables. I find, in reading the books of Samuel, Job, and Isaiah, passages as replete with this intensity of feeling as is contained in the most productions of William Wordsworth or James Montgomery. And again, I find it existing with as much vitality in some of the prose relations of Dickens or Scott, as in the sublimest outpourings of Shelly, or the most exquisite melody of Byron, Goldsmith, Moore, or Burns. But while this intensity of feeling composes the one great

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essence of poetry, there is yet another desideratum which calls forth the assistance of an important auxiliary. I allude to the art of expressing those feelings in just and appropriate language—the clothing of those ideas in a beautiful attire—consonant with the nature and force of the emotions engendered in the breast. I have not the smallest doubt but that there are thousands of individuals in this world who feel as deeply and think as profoundly as ever did the great and noble spirits of Milton, Shakespeare, Homer, or Dante.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But then these lack the great essentials to which I have alluded, namely, giving expression to their thoughts and feelings in a garb which shall be congenial with their intensity of emotion and depth of thought. Poetry, then, I think, may be regarded first, as the offspring of intense emotion, and next, as the representation of that emotion in due and appropriate colours.

THE READING OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

That the light-reading of our working-classes should be of the highest moral character and tendency, must be obvious. The comparatively uneducated mind *must* receive something to incite it onward and upward. The purely mental being *must* be awakened as well as the fancy; the soul *must* know and feel as well as soar; and if any class in this country needs more purity of tone and sentiment in their reading than another, it is the working-class. A work of fiction in the hands of an ill-formed mind may do much in mouldering its character, in disposing its actions, and directing its energies: how important, then, is it that such an instrument should be of the highest moral tone, how necessary that it should act as a wholesome and refreshing stimulant! I am by no means desirous to interfere between any individual and his reading; but I warmly protest against anything which shall degenerate, retard, and enthral the mind. The popular function of the press is to bestow light, not to shroud in darkness, to elevate and improve, not to deteriorate and debase.

LOVE OF HOME.

It is the desertion of home which produces a vast amount of those failings and petty iniquities which we see beset the young men of the present generation. They desert a natural and peaceful course of life in the pursuits of unnatural and frequently poisonous gratifications. It is the desertion of home which contaminates our youths, and which ultimately produces bad husbands, bad fathers, bad citizens, and, maybe, gives a bad tone to the passions and ideas of forthcoming generations. Did our youths more properly appreciate their duties in relation to their homes—did they exercise more of the natural and assume less of the unnatural—did they think more and feel more of the emotions and felicities of a quiet and peaceful home—what a benign revolution would it bring about in English society! what a pure, healthy tone would it give to the coming generations! and what temptations or malicious designs could then probe or shake its solid foundations? Let our young men love their homes, let them fully comprehend the pure joy which it infuses, and there is forthwith acquired one of the greatest points in moral and social progress.

THE VICTIMS OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Call back that long and dreary line of criminals who were executed in the reign of the Third George—pick out the multitudes who were butchered, not for murder, but for arson, forgery, coining, and burglary; and tell me by whose decree, by whose all-mighty enactment, by whose divine authority, by what high and infallible judgment, have these been deprived of the blood of life, and numbered with the dead? Why, in whose

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name have you butchered these? It is said,—"Thou shalt do NO murder!" What, in the name of Truth, is all this butchery on the gallows but Murder? I care not whether it be legal or otherwise, whether it be effected under the auspices of the most learned judicial authority or committed by the knife of the midnight assassin, whether it be consummated on a scaffold before thousands of spectators or be perpetrated in some secluded spot where none but the eye of the Almighty rests, still it is what it is—Murder.

THE EFFECTS OF LIGHT READING.

A many of the pernicious effects said to be engendered by the practice of novel-reading, are, I am led to think, in a large degree, brought about by the readers themselves. A multitude of light readers read merely for the sake of passing amusement, and however excellent the intentions of an author in enforcing a moral or indicating a virtuous principle, it is a hundred chances to one whether his moralities are not entirely rejected, or cursorily skimmed over without a thought of their object or an idea of their utility. The fact of the matter is, that the generality of our light readers have so puny a standard, so narrow an idea of the true nature of works of imagination, that they have no more a notion of truths being embodied in a fiction than they have of Queen Victoria walking bare-footed to Jerusalem. Hence they prepare their minds to receive fiction—not truth; to feast on novelties—not verities; to *swallow* indiscriminately—not to *extract* charily; to heat the imagination—not to cultivate the heart; and thus, by their own immediate agency, render that which was intended as a salutary stimulant into a baneful and destructive corrosive. However light a work may be, it is worthy of something beyond a mere cursory perusal. Doubtless there are exceptions, but we hold there to be no work, that is really readable, which does not recommend itself to our *thoughts* as well as our *fancies*. The mind can just as well prepare itself to receive verities in a fiction as facts in a history; and, if it will not, where it is afforded an opportunity,—if it will reject truth because it is garbed in the light and bewitching form of fiction, the fault lies not with the writer, but wholly and solely with the reader.

THE SOURCE OF GENIUS.

If genius be divine, and I contend for its divinity, then must its source partake of the same God-like origin. Whatever is spiritual must of necessity be spiritually engendered. If we deny the divine origin of genius, then must we dispute its existence altogether. If the soul be infused with a spiritual vitality, then must that vitality have been originated by the ordinations of a supreme being. In genius, as in every thing else, do we recognise the origin, progress, and consummation of Almighty inspiration. If He who calls death into life—if He whose mandates robe hill and dale and mountain-side with all the varied beauties and excellencies of vegetable existence—if He from whom originates all the dainty verdure of Spring, all the noontide glories of Summer, all the mellow grandeur of Autumn, and all the dark sublimity of Winter—if He who rides in every storm, whose voice is echoed in every breeze, whose presence is acknowledged in every season and every system—if this power be not the one great source of the soul's inspiration—if this divine greatness be not the origin of the soul's vitality developed in the actions of genius, by what other instrument has it been summoned into life? There is something in the nature and bearing of Truth, that, however true a truism, men will often cavil with it and question its probity. However logical your deductions, or however forcible your proofs, there is a scepticism always ready either to entangle the course of the one, or obscure the clearness of the other. Hence genius, though in every movement it may indicate divine origin, still is its origin by the deity, frequently questioned and not uncommonly denied altogether. Your materialist recognises no creative hand in the nature and dispositions of genius, because he disavows the immortality of the soul; and he who disavows the divinity of the soul, must, of consequence, disavow divine power and its operations in every point of view.

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SONNETS.

BY JOHN EVANS.

Where now the dream to Happiness allied;
The youthful dream with splendid phantoms fraught?
Why breathes not Fancy on the stream of thought,
To urge, with glittering flow, its languid tide,
And bid gay bubbles down its current glide?
Where now the glow Imagination caught,
When treach'rous Hope, Joy's cobweb texture wrought,
And in her rainbow hues the tissue dyed?
The vision melts—its lustrous shadows fade—
Fancy's bright pinion droops—benumb'd with care,
Hope hides beneath the dim sepulchral shade,
And leaves the mind to freeze in cold Despair;
Her web of bliss at Sorrow's touch decay'd,
And all its radiant hues dissolv'd in air.

Think'st thou, oh youth! the pensive elder said,
That age is deaf to Mis'ry's pleading sigh;
That in my breast the softer feelings die,
Because, at thy distress, no tears, I shed?
Misdeem not thus: when thou, like me, hast sped
Through Life's dark vale; and when around thee fly
Misfortune's shafts—when bursts each tender tie,
And Memory lives to mourn Enjoyment dead:
Thou wilt, like me, a grave composure keep,
Whene'er Affliction's plaintive groans arise;
With fellow-suff'rers often sympathise,
But feel, while bleeds thy heart, thou canst not weep.
Would I had tears for thee; for they who moan
For others woes, awhile forget their own.

Manchester.

LIFE AND GENIUS OF VIRGIL.

BY JOHN WHATT RANSON.

CHAPTER IV.

Virgil considered as an Epic Poet.

AUGUSTUS, having prevailed over his rival Anthony, took upon himself the exclusive government of Rome. The Romans were, as the readers of their history know, a people naturally jealous of their freedom and reputation; and it was to reconcile them to the government of Augustus, that the Æneid of Virgil was written; or rather, that was the grand object of the poem.

We have already considered Virgil, as a pastoral and didactic poet, we are now to consider his Epic poem—the Æneid.

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An epic poem, is a poetical recital of an event. That event must be *one great*—and *interesting*. Unity, is the great beauty of epic poetry. Virgil commences the Æneid, with the departure of Æneas from Troy, and in the whole of the twelve books of the poem, we never lose sight of the hero, and we are never allowed to forget, that for Italy he is bound; every incident bears upon the accomplishment of this one great purpose.

It must be a great action. To the Romans, there could be nothing greater than the founding of Rome, which from a few wretched cabins surrounded by a mud wall, became the mistress of nations, sitting a queen upon her seven hills.

It must be interesting. A Roman could not but have rejoiced in the good fortune, or sympathized in the misfortune of Æneas. Aristotle, has very beautifully remarked. "If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into misfortunes, it rouses our pity, but not our terror, because we do not fear that such will be our case, who do not resemble the sufferer—but if we see a man of virtue, mixt with infirmities, fall into misfortune, it not only raises our pity, but our terror, because we are afraid that the same misfortune may happen to ourselves, who partake of his infirmities and perfections." Such a person is Æneas, and the trial of his filial piety, cannot fail to interest the reader.

I would however remark, that unity of action is not to be understood as excluding episodes, and by the word episode, Aristotle meant, the pushing of the fable into all the circumstances of the action. Thus for instance, Æneas narrates the destruction of Troy to Dido, in an episode, (*Book* 2,) which might be altogether taken from the poem, and yet it would be perfect, nevertheless, the reader after the perusal of the narrative feels himself interested in the hero, and entertains for him a greater degree of reverence than before. His love of country, his piety, and his filial love, are all most strikingly and favourably brought before us. We see him as an hero, a son, a husband and a father—we see him, and we admire him.

It has been the practice to compare Homer with Virgil—in my opinion such practices are absurd; for taking up Homer's Iliad, we find ourselves transported back to a time when mankind were only half-civilized; but taking up the Ænied, we are at once struck with the high degree of correct taste we find in every page. The heroes of Homer often indulge in violent abuse, and their contentions are often about subjects that are frivolous in themselves, which Virgil's heroes never do.

Virgil introduces us to Æneas in the midst of a storm at sea, which is brought about by the malice of Juno, who is plotting his destruction, she being favorable to the rival power of Carthage. Thus the poet interests us in his hero, who is tossed about in a mighty tempest at the instigation of the Queen of Heaven, in order that he may not found the City of Rome, which was to rival and finally overthrow her favored city Carthage, which had been founded, even whilst Æneas was a wanderer.

Eolus, at her request, lets loose the raging winds upon the sea, who, "as in firm battalions, rush forth at every vent, and scour over the land in giddy whirls. They lash the ocean furiously, and at once, east and south, and stormy south-west, plough up the whole deep from its lowest depths, and roll vast billows on the shores. The cries of the seamen succeed, and the breaking of the cordage. In a trice, clouds snatch the heavens and day from the eyes of the Trojans; sable night sits brooding on the ocean; thunder rolls from pole to pole; the sky glares with oft repeated flashes, and all nature threatens them immediate death." (*Liber* I.—*literal.*)

"Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes invokes relief;"
And "thrice and four times happy those," he cried,
"That under Ilian walls, before their parents died!
Achilles bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could not I by thy strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain?
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear."

Dryden's Translation.

"Thus while he mourns in vain, a tempest, roaring from the north, strikes across his sails, and heaves the billows to the stars. The oars are shattered; then the prow inclines,

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and exposes the sides of the vessel to the raging waves, which now swell up, one after another, into broken over-hanging mountains. These hang trembling on the towering surge, to those the wide yawning deep discloses the earth between two waves; and the whirling waters rage with the sand." *(Literal)*.

Neptune, observing the ocean to be in great uproar, raising himself above his watery realms; sees the fleet of Æneas, scattered over the ocean, buffeted both by wind and waves. He dismisses the winds with an angry message to their master.—

" ——— and, while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness and restored the day,
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands;
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;
Then heaves them off the shoals—where'er he guides
His finny courses and in triumph rides,
The wave unruffles, and the sea subsides.
As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling vollies fly
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise and lend a listening ear:
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood:
So when the father of the flood appears
And o'er the sea his sovereign trident rears,
Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their scatter'd oars,
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores."

Dryden's Translation.

Thus Æneas, is cast on the Carthagenian coast: and whilst they are laid upon the grassy shore, resting their weary limbs, Jove, looking o'er the wide earth, casts his eyes on the tempest toss'd mariners, and whilst revolving their cares and sufferings in his mind, he is addressed by Venus—the reputed mother of Æneas. She reminds him, in tears, of his promise, that her son should be the founder of a great and honorable City, " who should be master of the seas, and rule the nations with absolute sway." " Almighty father," she says, " why is thy purpose changed? I, indeed, was solacing myself, else unhappy, with thy gracious promise under Troy's fall and sad catastrophe, and with the adverse fates balancing fates more fortunate." She reminds him, that Antenor, had escaped from the fate of Troy, penetrated to the innermost realms of Liburnia, pierced to the Illyrian gulf and passed the horrid Timavus, founded a city and set up the arms of Troy; whilst, their offspring are driven hither and thither far from the Italian shores, and that, only to satisfy individual malice.

Jove, smiling upon her, repeats his former promises, and shows her the future glory of Rome.

" Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean and whose fame the skies
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils,
Our heaven, the just rewards of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine,
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then,* dire debates and impious wars shall cease,
And then stern rage be softened into peace:

* That is, in Augustus's Reign.

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Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars; within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;
High on a trophy raised of useless arms
He sits and threats the world with vain alarms."

It may not be out of place to remark, that during the reign of Augustus, Christ was born, amidst the universal expectation of nations. The oracles having foretold that the child was to be born; Augustus refused to accept the title of Divine; or to receive the homage of his countrymen as such, and the gates of the temple of Janus were closed for the third time in the history of Rome. That city being at peace with all the world. It is to this circumstance that Virgil so beautifully alludes, when he delicately hints that the Emperor who had conquered the world and was at peace with all nations, must be highly favored of the gods.

Æneas being driven to the Carthagenian shore, Jove sends a messenger to subdue the fierceness of the Carthagenians, and to dispose both Dido and her subjects to give a favorable reception to the illustrious strangers, so that they may be enabled to recruit their strength and put their tempest shattered ships into trim. In the meantime Venus appears in disguise to her son and encourages him with cheering words. But fearful of the insinuating manners of Dido and the deadly malice of Juno, she sends her son Cupid, to kindle the fires of love in the breast of the Queen, a task which he performs with withering effect. Thus ends the first book, which introduces the narrative, discloses the powers that are enlisted for and against the accomplishment of the design; their relations, motives, and characters.

The second book is an episode, and contains a narrative of the betrayal and destruction of Troy. Æneas is the narrator, and the story is told at the earnest solicitation of Dido. This book is, without exception, the best in the poem, and will bear comparison with any narrative ancient and modern. Dido engages the attention of Æneas to such a degree, that he makes but little effort to get away from her hospitable shore. Jove displeased at this supineness, dispatches Mercury to bid him set sail.

The poet tells us, that Mercury found him "founding towers, and raising new structures; at his side he wore a sword sparkling like stars, with gems of yellowish jasper, and a robe which glowed with Tyrian purple hung waving from his shoulders; presents which wealthy Dido had given him, and whose hands had interwoven the various coloured stuff with threads of gold."

Let Dryden tell the rest:—

"Thus with winged words, the god began,
Resuming his own shape—"Degenerate man!
Thou woman's property! what makes thee here,
These foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear,
Forgetful of thine own? All powerful Jove,
Who sways the world below and heaven above,
Has sent me down with this severe command:—
"What means this lingering in the Lybian land?
If glory cannot move a mind so mean
Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
The promised crown let young Ascanius wear,
To whom the Ausonian sceptre and the state
Of Rome's imperial name, is owed by Fate."
So spake the god, and speaking took his flight,
Involved in clouds; and vanished out of sight."

Alarmed at the message, Æneas secretly gets his fleet ready to sail, so that he may steal away without leave taking; but Dido penetrates the design and upbraiding him with his conduct, overwhelms him with the intensity of her indignation and resentment,

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but cannot turn him from his purpose of putting the fleet into order. Mercury again appears to him in the night, and bids him depart in the morning; which command he obeys, and Dido unable to bear the intensity of her passion puts an end to her existence.

Juno, thus baffled in her projects, instigates Turnus to oppose Æneas, when the latter arrives in Italy. Thus endeavouring to defeat the object of the Trojan, and to impede the action of the poem— the founding of Rome; but upon a concession being made by Jupiter, namely, that the Trojan name shall be lost in the Latin, Juno foregoes her anger, and the hero of the poem is crowned with success.

The great failing of the Æneid, is the want of character, in this respect, the poem is lost when compared with the Iliad, which is all character and action. Achates, Cloanthes and Gyas, as well as the rest of the Trojans who accompany Æneas to Italy, are mere shadows, being in no way made known to the reader by their actions or sentiments. They neither enlist our affections nor awaken our sympathies. Æneas, himself, although described as brave and pious, is not a perfect character. His conduct to Dido, is marked throughout by a want of candour, and when she discovers his intention to steal away, there is an hardness of heart and want of sympathy, to say nothing of gratitude for the innumerable benefits he had received from her, that enlists our sympathies against him. "Had the Fates left me free," he says to her, "to conduct my life by my own directions, and ease my cares by means of my own choosing; my first regard had been shown to Troy, and the dear relics of my country."

There are other defects in the poem, but we must bear in remembrance, that the last six books are imperfect, never having received the finishing touch of the poet; and for that reason, he ordered the whole poem to be burnt. But this cannot be allowed to plead in behalf of the falling off in the poem. The wars of the Latins are weak, when compared with the beautiful narratives of the destruction of Troy, the intrigue with Dido and the descent of Æneas into hell. Beside, this falling off in the poem, there is a still greater fault, even, in the conducting of the story, for the reader is tempted to take part with Turnus against the hero of the epic. Turnus, a brave and virtuous youth is in love with Lavinia; they are near relations; his suit receives the approbation and encouragement of her mother; the maid expresses no desire to avoid the match, and the nation is delighted with the prospect of such an alliance. Things are in this favourable state, when a stranger arrives, who claims a right to found a city in Italy; he makes war on the inhabitants; slays Lavinia's lover and is the occasion of her mother's death. Such an arrangement, I think, is unfortunate, and disposes us to view the hero of the poem unfavourably. Had he freed her from some odious rival, who was alike, disagreeable to herself and her countrymen, it had been different.

Though there be defects in the general *modus* of the poem, yet Virgil is entitled to all the praise he has obtained, possessing as he does, those beauties which have won the admiration of succeeding ages, and amid the varied resolutions of taste, have commanded the attention of the intelligent, and placed their author upon a footing of equality with Homer.

Virgil's great talent lay in description, and his distinguishing excellency is tenderness. Abstraction and identification are the two great properties of a poet, and Virgil possessed them both. He felt every circumstance of the scenes which he describes, and thus writing from the heart—he reaches the heart. Poetry of the head is worse than useless for it vitiates the taste.

Homer was more original than Virgil and oftener reaches the sublime; but if Virgil never rises so high, he never falls below a certain degree of epic dignity, and is therefore more regular. The principal pathetic scene in Homer, is the parting of Hector and Andromache; but Virgil has many such. The second book of the Æneid is a masterpiece and presents a series of beautiful scenes. Virgil's seems to have put forth all his varied powers to render the book worthy of his name, for the horrors of a city sacked and burnt, are beautifully intermingled with the tender and pathetic. The narration takes place at the request of Dido, and Virgil, by that power which true genius alone possesses, makes us to understand the greatness of the calamity, in the very onset of the narrative. Æneas, exclaims,—

"My soul hath shrunk back with grief."

At what? at the bare thoughts of his country's misfortunes. And again when he comes to that part of his narrative in which he informs Dido of his flight from Troy,

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he says, "I *spread* a garment and a tawny hide of a lion over my broad shoulders and submissive neck, and *stoop* to the burden, the little Julius *is* linked in my right hand and *trips* after his father with *unequal steps:* my spouse comes up behind." Observe! he does not say the little Julius *was* linked in my hand, no! but it *is*. Tempest lost as he had been and surrounded as he then was by a beauteous queen and her court and though then blest with ease and plenty, he forgot all. He is bodily present in that royal mansion, but his mind is amongst the ruins of Troy. The tawny hide is on his shoulder and the little Julius is linked in his hand.

It is this power of presenting the scene as if it were before the eyes of his readers, and powerfully enlisting their sympathies in behalf of his hero, that constitutes the great charm of descriptive poetry. We have said, that Virgil excelled in tenderness, and the pathetic parts of his epic, are those, that, have always been most admired. For an example of tenderness, take the description of the death of the aged monarch Priam, as narrated in the second book, and translated by Dryden:—

"Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire,
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace and his ent'ring foes,
On every side inevitable woes—
His arms disused invest his limbs, decay'd,
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid,
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain,
Loaded not arm'd, he creeps along the plain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
Uncover'd but by heaven, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass'd round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain,
Driven like a flock of doves along the sky
Their images they hug, and to their altar's fly.
The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
"What rage," she cried, "has seized my husband's mind?
What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aids! were Hector here,
Even Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear,
With us one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common Fate with us be join'd:"
She said, and with a last salute embraced
The poor old man, and by the laurel placed.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for shelter runs.
Through swords and fires, amazed and hurt, he flies,
Through empty courts and open galleries
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews,
The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parent's eyes:
Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to Nature's law.
And shaking more with anger than with age,
"The gods," said he, requite thy brutal rage!
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be just—
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son's death to infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his—not he—thy vaunted sire

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Thus used my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloody carcass of my Hector sold:
Pity'd the woes a parent underwent
And sent me back in safety to my tent."
This said, his feeble hand the jav'lin threw,
Which fluttering seem'd to loiter as it flew,
Just, and but hardly, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
Then Pyrrhus, thus: "Go thou from me to Fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!"—With that he dragg'd the trembling Sire,
Sliddering through clotter'd blood and holy mire,
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had made,)
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid,
His right hand held his bloody falchion bare:
His left he twisted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a speedy thrust, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing from the wound
And sanguine streams distain'd the holy ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shared our common fate,
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state—
He who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd,
Whom Monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd,
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
A headless carcass and a nameless thing."

Such passages as these are scattered through every book of the Æneid. The episodes of Pallas and Evander, of Lauses and Menzentius and of Nisus and Euryalus, might (did space, permit) be quoted, as examples of the beautiful and pathetic. There is nothing either in ancient or modern literature that surpasses the sixth book in all that is grand and majestic. The subject is great and noble—the descent of Æneas into hell—and the language, and scenery are awfully grand, and in keeping with the solemn subject of the episode.

The poem, I have said, was never finished, but Augustus was so anxious to know what would be the result, that he commanded Virgil to read part of it before him, long before he had completed it, as we now have it. Virgil, very reluctantly complied with the command, and knowing the Octavia, who had lately lost her son Marcellus, would be present, he choose the sixth book, in which the hero is conducted to the shades below and introduced to his father, who instructs him in the mysteries of transmigration, and shows him the glorious race of heroes that should spring from him. To the narration, his illustrious auditors listened with marked attention, until he came to that beautiful passage, in which he laments the death of Marcellus. The poet for some time keeps the name out of sight; but when he exclaimed—

"Tu Marcellus eris.—"

Octavia, overcome with surprise, fainted away; but on her recovery, so great was her pleasure at the prospect of her son being thus rendered immortal, that she gave Virgil, as a present, upwards of £2000.

Dryden, thus translates the passage,—

"Æneas here beheld of form divine,
A godlike youth in glittering armour shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face,
He saw, and wondering, ask'd his airy guide,
What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's side?

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" His son or one of his illustrious name!
How like the former and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him around;
All gaze, and all admire and raise a shouting sound:
But hovering mists around his brow are spread:
And night with sable clouds involves his head.
" Seek not to know (the ghost reply'd with tears)
The sorrows of my sons in future years
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth and snatch'd away.
The gods too high, had raised the Roman state
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian field?
How fierce a flame his blazing pile shall yield!
What funeral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
The Trojan honour and the Roman boast,
Admired when living and adored when lost!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe unpunish'd, in the fighting field
Shall dare thee foot to foot, with sword and shield,
Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
Oh! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus should arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:
Let me with funeral flowers his body strow—
The gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow."

In conclusion, I would remark, that to Homer belongs the greatest honour, as a creative genius. His style is simple and animated: his poetry is easy, bold and sublime, exhibiting great negligence, being the effects of the age in which he lived. He was a creator—not an improver. Virgil, is in his taste and style, chaste and correct, possessing all the grandeur of Roman stateliness; and if he never attains to the sublimity which Homer often reaches, he never falls below the dignity of the epic. Homer dazzles the reader; and his strength lies in his power over the fancy; whilst, Virgil's is in the pathetic.

Virgil, after having brought the rough copy of the Æneid to a conclusion, travelling into Greece, purposing to devote three years to the finishing and completing of the poem. Having arrived at Athens, he met with Augustus, returning victorious from the east. The Emperor requested the poet's company back to Rome, a request with which he deemed it proper to comply; but being desirous of seeing as many of the antiquities of Greece as possible, he visited Megara, where he was taken seriously ill, which was aggravated by the agitation attending on a sea voyage. This illness was fatal, and the poet died at Brandusium, on the 22nd of September, not having completed his 52nd year.

In person he was tall, of a dark swarthy complexion, and of a delicate constitution. In habits, he was retired, melancholy and thoughtful, and so correct was he in his manners, that in a corrupt age, he was chaste, frugal, and modest. The benevolence of his character was such that his contemporaries, although they abused and envied each other, united in doing him honour; and it is said that once on entering the theatre, the whole audience stood up out of respect. Such was Virgil, one of the greatest genius of the intellectual world—a man whose name is an household word.

Kingston-upon-Hull, Yorkshire.

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ON THE SIMPLICITY OF SCIENCE.

THERE is not a more mistaken notion, than that very popular one, that the difficulties which stand between the scientific student and the object of his studies are so numerous, and so formidable, that nothing but money can enable the student to overcome them. Such an assertion is not borne out by facts; for it is well known to every man of erudition, that the sublimity of science is its simplicity. The laws of nature are few and simple, and easy to be understood, for the same laws which govern the planets, also govern the minutest atom of matter, even such of them as are imperceptible to the human eye, and the motions of the heavenly bodies round the centre of their various systems, is influenced by the same laws that cause the apple to fall from the tree upon which it grew, and a sling to move round in a circle preparatory to ejecting the stone.

With a few bottles, flasks, and glasses, all of which may be bought for a couple of shillings; Dr. Priestly laid the foundation of modern chemistry, by his wonderful yet simple discovery of Crystalization, and a very copious knowledge of the Chemical science, may be obtained with apparatus not more costly. Oxygen, Hydrogen, Nitrogen, and many more of the simple substances may be prepared with such apparatus, and their properties shown. I speak not as a *theorist* but as an *experimentalist.*

With a few pieces of wood all of which an ingenious man may make himself, with the exception perhaps of a screw, you may at your leisure become acquainted with the properties of the mechanical forces. A writer in a popular work, says, very truly, that "cotton spinning, and manufacturing machinery in general, are merely varieties of the inventions of Androides, and the *toy-makers.* A central power, with axles, wheels, cogs, ketches, ratches, straps, lines, levers, screws, &c., &c., variously combined, to reverse, direct, take up, drop, increase, and decrease motion, constitute the wonders of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Warwickshire."

But there is a science which puts the student to no expense, and requires no great exertion of mind, yet affords to the mechanic a pleasant, innocent and cheap recreation after the labours of the day, and that science is Botany. It is not less useful than the rest of the sciences, witness its great utility in medicine, and the value of herbs, plants and trees, as well as their produce, as articles of commerce. It also boasts of one of the strongest recommendations to your notice, namely, that a knowledge of the science may be obtained without stealing a single hour from the more important duties of life; and the pursuit of it leaves no recollections behind it, but such as are pure, instilling into the mind a love of the beautiful.

A general knowledge of Botany may be obtained in those moments when the mind is wearied with other studies, and would furnish pleasure and delight to the pale-faced, and ill-requited children of labour, when finding no charms in the town, they lounge into the green lanes and pleasant foot-paths of "Old England," there to hold communion with their own souls. Alas! that those foot-paths should be added one by one to the countless acres of the land-owner; thus robbing the poor of one of the few pleasant mementoes of childhood, which come like pleasant dreams o'er the mind, or the richly-scented gales from Araby to the sea-worn mariner.

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To the Botanist the book of nature is ever open, and in every walk he finds something new, every field, leaf, or flower is to him a new chapter, and he is often led to exclaim:—

"How awful is the thought
Of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought
In the silent, dark profound;
How each thing upward tends,
By necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends
On the shooting of a seed."

It renders his walks excursions of pleasure, and causes those hours to glide away with pure delight, which would be otherwise devoted to miscalled pleasures, or at the best lounged away without either profit or delight.

Nothing contributes more to call into action the most favorable combination of bodily and mental exertion. What greater pleasure, let me ask, could God have bestowed upon man, than one unalloyed with any base mixture? The following beautiful lines on "The Use of Flowers," by Mrs. Mary Howitt, are so much to my purpose that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting them:—

THE USE OF FLOWERS.—BY MARY HOWITT.

"God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The mighty dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow-light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whenever his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him."

Shepherds' Home, Hull. J. W. R.

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IS THERE NO GOD?

"No God—no God!" the simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound.
"No God!" astonished echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist lore.
The solemn forest lifts its head
The Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet on its crystal urn
Doth leap to grave His name;
High sounds the deep and vengeful sea
Along his billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

Mrs. Sigourney.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTIONS.

1.—PROPOSED BY JOSEPH ROTHEREY, EAST ARDSLEY.

A gentleman a garden had
Nine score yards long and seven score broad,
A walk of equal width all round
He made, that took up one third the ground;
Ye skilful in geometry,
Tell us how wide the walk must be.—

2.—PROPOSED BY J. OLDROYD, EAST ARDSLEY.

A person has a field that's square,
Whose sides nine hundred feet,
In which a donkey lean oft finds
A snug and warm retreat.
Now at the corner of the field
A tether's fix'd suppose;
And then the other end tied fast
To Mr. Donkey's nose.
The length that tether ought to be
I wish you men to show
So that his donkeyship may graze
Just two thirds the field you know.

☞ *Answers to these Questions will be inserted in our next.*

ANNIVERSARY.

The Anniversary of the Shepherds' on the Rock Lodge, Pendleton, Manchester District, was held at the house of Brother Howarth, Thatched House Tavern, on Saturday, February 24th, 1849, when 32 Brothers and Friends sat down to an excellent Dinner; after the cloth was drawn the Chair was taken by P. M. Chappel, who, in an appropriate speech, stated the benefits to be derived from our Order in Society; after which harmony commenced, and was kept up with great spirit until Eleven o'clock, when the company broke up highly gratified with their evening's entertainment.

LODGE OPENED LAST QUARTER.

524 Shepherd's View of Prosperity; William Wallworth, Wind Mill Inn, Pendlebury, Lancashire, Bolton District.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. 17. Vol. III.] JULY, 1849. [Price 4d.

TO OUR READERS, AND THE ORDER GENERALLY.

With the present number our Magazine enters into the fifth year of its existence; and we take another opportunity, with our old hope and faith, but with a little reasoning and remonstrance, to have a few more words with those who *are* our readers, and those who *should be*. We again congratulate the members of the Brotherhood on their gradual, but steady increase, on their progress and consolidation. According to the last Annual Report, the Order now embraces, in round numbers, 330 Lodges and 14000 Members. Seeing this, and rejoicing in it, it is still matter of astonishment to us that the circulation of the Magazine *is so* small:—seven hundred copies, and scarcely that, among fourteen thousand members, an average of little more than two copies to every Lodge, or one copy to every twenty members. May we beg to ask, respectfully, How is this? Are we to infer from this discouraging fact a thoughtless and leaden apathy on the part of our brother Shepherds, the lack of a taste for reading, or the want of means wherewith to purchase the Magazine? It can scarcely be the latter, for the subscription for a year has only been eighteen-pence, and for the future will be only sixteen-pence, a trifle which the poorest working man, with a love of books, and a will to obtain them, may very easily spare. We will not insult them by supposing that their taste for reading is deficient and uncultivated. We incline to the former inference, and believe that it is nothing more nor less than sheer indifference, on the part of their officers by not recommending, and on themselves by not seeking the Magazine. Yet why it should be so we are at a loss to

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account. It is a publication which they themselves have established and sanctioned; it bears their own name, and its pages are ever open to their complaints, their suggestions, and their contributions of any kind; if they are appropriate in language, and not below mediocrity in talent. Yet so inattentive has been the Order generally to the assumed character and wants of the Magazine, that, with a very few pleasing exceptions, the papers have been either extracted from other journals, or written by the Editor and his personal friends: individuals who know nothing of the Society but its name. Now this is not as it should be; and we earnestly, but respectfully, urge our brother Shepherds to endeavour to remove forthwith this cause of complaint and discouragement. Let the officers make a strong and friendly effort, and let the members co-operate with them, to extend the circulation of *their own* Magazine; to contribute to its pages, thereby creating an interest in it for themselves—and in every way within the scope of their power, try to make it worthy of the name it bears. Let every Lodge within the unity do its best to take *six copies*—a moderate number—and they will greatly increase its circulation, and make it a source of profit to the Order. By doing this, something like two thousand copies would be required, instead of seven hundred—a miserable number for a Society that threatens ere long to over-top many a kindred Institution. This would be more gratifying to the Editor, better for the printer, more beneficial to the Funds of the Order, and infinitely more fruitful, intellectually and morally, to the great body of the members themselves. Only make this a labour of love, and a point of duty, and the thing is done; all parties will be satisfied, and all parties equal partakers of the good resulting therefrom.

We think we may now venture, without being charged with egotism, to allude to our past labours and endeavours. If any intelligent reader will take the trouble to refer back to each number of the Magazine from the commencement, he will find that we have made good, as far as our means and appliances would permit, the promise given in our opening address. We have both written and selected with a pure and elevated purpose. We have pandered to no depraved taste; we have fostered no pernicious excitement, wounded no sensitive heart, shocked no delicate mind; but with tolerance and forbearance, we have done our best to conciliate, to entertain, and improve all who have done us the favour to read us; and it would give us unqualified satisfaction

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to find that our efforts have been, and will be appreciated, by a larger sympathy of the Order, and a wider circulation of the Magazine which that Order has kindly entrusted to our individual conduct and care. The original papers in the Magazine have not been of the *highest* character in composition and mode of treatment, but they have been much above the average in merit of weekly publications that circulate by tens of thousands. We have ourselves contributed poems which would have been willingly admitted, and paid for, by many of the Metropolitan Journals. We state this as a fact, fearless of contradiction. It contains, also, prose articles (not our own) which would not have disgraced any of the great Monthlies and Quarterlies. Give us, then, some cheer and encouragement, brother Shepherds, and under your smiles and auspices, we will—God permitting—go on improving and rejoicing, catering for the pleasure, and labouring for the profit, of our readers and ourselves. By way of winding up these necessary but, perhaps, incoherent remarks, we will extract from books a few precious scraps on the subject of reading and self-instruction, and we trust they will stimulate many a mind, hitherto listless and indifferent, to the acquisition of knowledge, and consequently of unfailing solace and enjoyment.

William Howitt beautifully writes :—

"When the business of the day is over, how many men does the evening hour find comfortably seated in their easy chairs, reading to themselves, or to some fair friend, or happy group! In how many pleasant homes, while the ladies are seated at their morning's employments or amusements, or whatever they may please to call them, does some glad creature read aloud, in a voice full of music, and marked by the sweetest emotion of a young pure heart, a lay of our mighty poets, or a story of one of our most cunning interweavers of the truth of nature with the splendour of fiction, or follow the wonderful recitals of our travellers, naturalists, and philosophical spirits, into every region of earth or mind! We will venture to say, that at no period were there ever more books read by that part of our population, most qualified to draw delight and good from reading; and when we enter mechanics' libraries, and see them filled with simple, quiet, earnest men, and find such men now sitting on stiles in the country, deeply sunk into the very marrow and spirit of a well-handled volume, where he used to meet them in riotous reckless mischief, we are proud and happy to look forward to that wide and formerly waste field, over which literature is extending its triumphs, and to see the beneficial consequences that will follow to the whole community."

Another writer observes :—

"The lightest works of fiction, if written with a moral aim, tend to universal exaltation; and let us not ungratefully forget what vast amount of benefit these attractive

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productions induce, by fostering a love of purer recreations than the young would otherwise cultivate, and by withdrawing the mind from habits of questionable or decidedly pernicious influence, to the sacred precints of domestic affection. Every one creates for himself a home,—if reality denies one, he seeks it in the ideal; and as the last sign of utter depravity is the capacity to imagine good, so a strong hand to lead back the wanderer is to apply representations founded on probabilities, to beguile from vice by picturing virtue more attractive. The labour, therefore, employed by the writers of fiction, derives no unworthy meed in the augmented tenacity with which they lead us to cling to the hearth of early-loved associations; so that in the lulls of our after being—the intervals of the tempests of life—enthusiasm of feeling is cherished, and the pathway of the affections kept open by the myriad reminiscences connected with some favorite tale perused in that circle—'home'—before the young heart had become touched by worldly selfishness. Who among us shall outgrow the memory of fresh hopes, glad impulses, and eager interests that kindled within us when we first read 'Robinson Crusoe,' and who shall glance back on those precious emotions without a mother's image, a father's voice, and the 'old familiar faces' coming thick upon us with their refining and sacred influences."

Hear the noble and learned utilitarian, Jeremy Bentham:—

"It frequently happens, when our own mind is unable to furnish ideas of pleasure with which to drive out the impressions of pain, these ideas may be found in the writings of others, and these writings will probably have a more potent interest when utterance is given to them. To a mind rich in the stores of literature and philosophy, some thought appropriate to the calming of sorrow, or the brightening of joy, will scarcely fail to present itself, clothed in the attractive language of some favorite writer; and when emphatic expression is given to it, its power may be considerably increased. Poetry often lends itself to this benignant purpose; and where sound and sense, truth and harmony, benevolence and eloquence are allied, happy indeed are their elevating influences."

Such are a few examples setting forth the necessity, the desirableness, of reading good books; the enjoyment that may be gathered therefrom, and the solace they are ever ready to confer on minds that are rightly attuned and capable of receiving and retaining their glorious impressions. We could furnish such passages *ad libitum*, but limited space forbids. Should we be spared to greet you after the next Annual Meeting at Bolton, in the year 1850—the middle of this wonderful century—we trust that it will be with exultation that our readers in the Order have reached two thousand, at least; a number which is below our hope, and not beyond our faith. In the meantime we wish them God speed, and beg that they will pardon our few remarks for the sake of the motives that prompted them—that of the good of the Society, and the satisfaction of ourselves.

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MY FATHER'S FARM.

Respectfully inscribed to John Lindsay, Esq.

METHINKS I see my father's farm,
In whose sweet fields I used to stray;
Then, light of heart, and lithe of arm,
I found in nature every charm,
In life one summer's day.

I see it, and unbidden tears
'Twere pain to quell suffuse my eyes;
To that calm spot my earliest years,
Many my pleasures, few my fears,
Were bound by holiest ties.

A moody, meditative boy,
A young enthusiast, free to rove,
I found in everything a joy,
In everything some sweet employ,
Something to learn and love.

In summer's freedom, winter's thrall,
In calm or tempest, shade or shine,
In russet robe, or snowy pall,
All nature's garbs, I loved them all,
And deemed each change divine.

I knew each old and stalwart tree,
Each savage glen, each sylvan nook,
Each wild wood murmuring poesy,
Each bird about it flitting free,
Each music-making brook.

Each rustic gate and rugged stile,
Each lonely cairn and crumbling wall,
Each fairy haunt, each storied pile,
Each silvery lake and slumbering isle,
Each wildering waterfall.

To me each peasant girl that came
Forth from her cottage on the moor,
Seemed lovelier far than daintiest dame,
Though clothed with splendour, crowned with fame—
That stepped o'er palace floor.

To me each peasant *man* that trod
With sturdy foot the yielding soil,
Seemed worthy of his native sod,
A free, brave image of his God,
A lord of honest toil.

Alas! that dear departed time
Of irksome toil, but pleasant play,
Of gladsome song, romantic rhyme,
Of dawning thought, of dream sublime—
Has softly slid away.

And now amid the human waves,
Heaving and clashing everywhere,
I strive with Trade's untiring slaves,
Whose spirit ever gives and craves,
And ask and give my share.

Man must not lie on sunny leas,
Counting the daisies on the sward;
Duties well done must purchase ease.
Love, labour, virtue, truth, 'tis these
Must bring life's best reward.

But still some intermittent hours
May come, apart from cares and schemes,
When I may thrid my native bowers,
Walk 'mong my native heather-flowers,
Drink at my native streams.

Sweet hours! when I may dare to seek
The old familiar dwelling-place,
Sit by my father's ingle-cheek,
Hear my fond mother gently speak,
And see my sister's face.

Blest hours! when I may break away
From sweat of brain, or toil of arm,
Roam sunny strath, and blooming brae,
And spend a joyous holiday
Around my father's farm.

J. C. PRINCE.

ON A STONE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

LOOKING about us during a walk to see what subject we could write upon, that should be familiar to every body, and afford as striking a specimen as we could give, of the

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entertainment to be found in the commonest objects, our eyes lighted upon a stone. It was a common pebble, a flint, such as a little boy kicks before him as he goes, by way of making haste with a message, and saving his new shoes.

"A stone!" cries a reader, "a flint!" the very symbol of a miser! What can be got out of that?"

The question is well put; but a little reflection on the part of our interrogator would soon rescue the poor stone from the comparison. Strike him at any rate, and you will get something out of him:—warm his heart, and out come the genial sparks that shall gladden your hearth, and put hot dishes on your table. This is not miser's work. A French poet has described the process, well known to the maid-servant, when she stoops, with a flushing face, over the tinder-box on a cold morning, and rejoices to see the first laugh of the fire. A sexton, in the poem we allude to, is striking a light in a church:—

"The prudent sexton, studious to reveal
Dark holes, here takes from out his pouch a steel.
Then strikes upon a flint. In many a spark
Forth leaps the sprightly fire against the dark;
The tinder feels the lightening hit,
The match provokes it, and a candle's lit."

We shall not stop to pursue this fiery point into all its consequences, to shew what a world of beauty or of formidable power is contained in that single property of our friend flint, what fires, what lights, what conflagrations, what myriads of *clicks* of triggers—awful sounds before battle, when instead of letting his flint do its proper good-natured work of cooking his supper, and warming his wife and himself over their cottage-fire, the poor fellow is made to kill and be killed by other poor fellows, whose brains are strewed about the place for want of knowing better.

But to return to the natural, quiet condition of our friend, and what he can do for us in a peaceful way, and so as to please meditation;—what think you of him as the musician of the brooks? as the unpretending player on those watery pipes and flageolets; during the hot noon, or the silence of the night? Without the pebble the brook would want its prettiest murmur. And then, in reminding you of these murmurs, he reminds you of the poets,—

"A noise as of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."—*Coleridge.*

Yes, the brook singeth, but it would not sing so well,—it would not have that tone and ring in its music, without the stone.

"Then gan the shepherd gather into one
His straggling goats, and drove them to a ford,
Whose cerule streams, rumbling in pebble stone,
Crept under moss as green as any gourd,"—*Spenser's Knat.*

Spenser's *Knat*, observe; he wrote a whole poem upon a Knat, and a most beautiful one too, not that this great poet wanted or was unequal to great subjects, such as all the world think great, but because he thought no care, and no fetching out of beauty and wonder, ill bestowed upon the smallest marvellous object of God's workmanship. The Knat, in his poem, is the creature that he really is, full of elegance and vivacity, airy, trumpeted, and plumed, and dancing in the sunbeams—not the contempt of some thoughtless understanding, which sees in it nothing but an insect coming to vex its skin. The eye of the poet, or other informed man, is at once telescope and microscope, able to traverse the great heavens, and to do justice to the least thing they have created.

But to our brook and pebbles. How one pleasant thing reminds us of another. A pebble reminded us of the brooks, and the brooks of the poets, and the poets remind us of the beauty and comprehensiveness of their words; and poets' words are miniature creations, as curious, after their degree, as the insects and the brooks themselves.

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So much for the agreeable sounds of which the sight of a common stone may remind us. We shall come to grander echoes bye-and-bye. Let us see, meanwhile, how pleasant the sight itself may be rendered. Mr. Wordsworth shall do it for us in his exquisite little poem on the fair maiden who died by the river Dove. It is where he compares his modest, artless, and sequestered beauty with

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye;
Fair as the star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Is not that beautiful? Can any thing express a lovelier loneliness than the violet half hidden by the mossy stone—the delicate blue-eyed flower against the country green. And then the loving imagination of this fine poet, exalting the object of his earthly worship to her divine birth-place and future abode, suddenly raises his eyes to the firmament, and sees her there the solitary star of his heaven.

But stone does not want even moss to render him interesting. Here is another stone, and another solitary evening star, as beautifully introduced as the others, but for a different purpose. It is in the opening words of Keat's Hyperion, where he describes the dethroned monarch of the Gods, sitting in his lonely exile:—

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and Eve's one star,
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone."

Quiet as a stone! Nothing certainly can be more quiet than that. Nor a syllable or sight will stone utter, though you watch and bear him company for a whole week on the most desolate moor in Cumberland. Thus silent, thus unmoved, thus insensible to whatever circumstances might be taking place, or spectators might think of him, was the soul-stunned old patriarch of the gods. We may picture to ourselves a large, or a small stone, as we please—Stone-henge, or a pebble. The simplicity and grandeur of truth do not care which. The silence is the thing—its intensity, its unalterableness.

Our friend pebble is here in grand company, and you may think him unduly bettered by it. But see what Shakspere will do for him in his hardest shape and in no finer company than a peasant's:—

"Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

Sleeping on hard stone would have been words strong enough for a common poet; or perhaps he would have said "resting," or "profoundly reposing;" or that he could have made his "bed of the bare floor;" and the last saying would not have been the worst; but Shakspere must have the very strongest words and really profoundest expressions, and he finds them in the homeliest and most primitive. He does not mince the matter, but goes to the root of both sleep and stone—can *snore* upon the *flint*. We see the fellow hard at it—*bent* upon it—deeply drinking of the forgetful draught.

Green, a minor poet, author of the "Spleen," an effusion full of wit and good sense, gives pleasant advice to the sick who want exercise, and who are frightened with hypochondria:

"Fling but a stone, the giant dies."

And this reminds us of a pleasant story connected with the flinging of stones, in one of the Italian novels. Two waggish painters persuade a simple brother of theirs, that there is a plant which renders the finder of it invisible, and they all set out to look for it. They pretend suddenly to miss him, as if he had gone away; and to his great joy, while throwing stones in his absence, give him great knocks in the ribs, and horrible bruises, he hugging himself all the while at these manifest proofs of his success, and the little suspicion they have of it. It is amusing to picture him to one's fancy growing happier as the blows grow worse, rubbing his sore knuckles with delight, and hardly able to ejaculate a triumphant Hah! at some excessive thump in the back.

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But setting aside the wonders of the poets and the novelists, Pebble, in his own person, and by his own family alliances, includes wonders far beyond the most wonderful things they have imagined. Wrongly is Flint compared with the miser. You cannot, to be sure, skin him, but you can melt him, aye, make him absolutely flow into a liquid;—flow too far use and beauty; and become light unto your eyes, goblets to your table, and a mirror to your beloved. Bring two friends of his about him, called Potash and Soda, and Flint runs into melting tenderness, and is no longer Flint; he is Glass. You look through him, you drink out of him; he furnishes you beautiful and transparent shutters against the rain and cold; you shave by him; protect pictures with him, and books, and watches; are assisted by him in a thousand curious philosophies; are helped over the sea by him; and he makes your cathedral windows divine; and enables your mistress to wear your portrait in her bosom.

But we must hasten to close our article, and bring his more precious riches down in a shower surpassing the rainbow. Stone is the humble relation, nay, the stocle and parent of the *Precious Stone!* Ruby, Emerald, and Sapphire are of his family!—of the family of the Flints—and is Flint more in them than any thing else. That the habitations and secret bosoms of the precious *metals* are stone, is also true; but it is little compared with this. Precious stone, for the most part, is stone itself—is flint—with some wonderful circumstances of addition, nobody knows what; but without the flint, the preciousness would not be. Here is wealth and honour for the poor Pebble! Look at him, and think what splendours issue from his loins:

> "Fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Iacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
> As one of them, indifferently rated,
> Might serve in peril of calamity,
> To ransom great kings from captivity."—*Marlow.*

"Sparkling diamonds" are not properly in our list of pebbles, for diamond, the most brilliant mystery of all, is a *charcoal.*

What now remains for stone, thus filling the coffers of wealth, glorifying the crowns of sultans, and adding beams to beauty itself? One thing greater than all. The oldest and stoniest of stone is granite, and granite (as far as we know) is the chief material of the earth itself—the bones of the world—the substance of our *star.*

Honoured therefore be thou, thou small pebble lying in the lane; and whenever any one looks at thee, may he think of the beautiful and noble world he lives in, and all of which it is capable.

A "NOW."

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Now the rosy (and lazy) fingered aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks everything out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plots with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upwards of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's door watches the coaches as they go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now the labourers look well resting *in their*

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white shirts at the door of rural ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the roadside are thick with dust, and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, and is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishings for "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning conversation by saying the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to shiver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box really does something. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths, and people make presents of flowers, and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounger recreates his head with applications of perfumed water, out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounger who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buckskins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockeys, walking in great coats, to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old-clothes-man drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street, and bakers look vicious, and cooks are aggravated, and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of us like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with knats, and boys make their sleeping companion start up with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated, and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transported; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant-maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

Seldom does it fall to the lot of mortals fully to realise their expectations; crosses unexpected, and disappointments unforseen, more frequently chequer our every-day life, and serve as a lesson whereby we are taught not to expect or build our hopes upon happiness in this life. Let us not be too sanguine, for, in the course of our lives, we may have many a bitter cup to drain, and he who has been most buoyant, or less thoughtful than others, doubly feels its bitterness.

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SUMMER RAIN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

OPEN the window, and let the air
Freshly blow upon face and hair,
And fill the room, as it fills the night,
With the breath of the rain's sweet might.
Hark! the burden, swift and prone!
And how the odorous limes are blown!
Stormy Love's abroad, and keeps
Hopeful coil for silver sleeps.

Not a blink shall burn to night
In my chamber, of sordid light;
Nought will I have, not a window-pane,
Twixt me and the air and the great good rain,
Which ever shall sing me sharp lullabies;
And God's own darkness shall close mine eyes;
And I will sleep with all things blest
In the pure earth-shadow of natural rest!

CASEM'S SLIPPERS.

THERE once lived in Bagdad a merchant, named Abu-Casem, who was quite notorious for his covetousness. Notwithstanding his great wealth, his clothes were all in rags and tatters. His turban was composed of a large cloth, whose colours were no longer distinguishable; but, above all his other articles of dress, his slippers attracted everybody's attention. The soles of them were armed with huge nails; the upper leather was composed of as many pieces as a beggar's cloak; for, during the ten years they had been slippers, the cleverest cobblers of Bagdad had used all their skill in fastening the shreds together. Of necessity, therefore, they had become so weighty, that when people wanted to describe anything very heavy, they compared it to Casem's slippers.

As this merchant was one day walking through the great bazaar of the city, a considerable stock of glass was offered to him as a great bargain, and he very gladly agreed to purchase it. Some days afterwards, he heard that an unfortunate dealer in precious balms was reduced to sell only rose-water as a last resource. He turned this poor man's misery to account, bought all his rose-water for half its value, and was consequently in the best of humours.

It is the custom of Oriental merchants, when they have made a successful bargain, to give a feast of rejoicing; but this our niggard would not do. He thought it more profitable to bestow a little extra indulgence upon himself; and therefore he went to the bath, a luxury to which he had not for a long time treated himself. Whilst he was taking off his clothes, one of his friends (so at least, he called him, but such niggards seldom have a friend) said to him, that it was quite time for him to leave off his slippers, which had made him quite a bye-word in the city, and buy a new pair. "I have been thinking of it for some time," answered Casem, "but, when I look at them, they are not so very bad, but that they may do a little more service." Speaking thus, he undressed, and went into the bath.

Whilst he was there, the Cadi of Bagdad entered, and because Casem was ready before the Judge, he went out first. He dressed, but sought in vain for his slippers. Another pair stood where his own ought to have been, and our careful man soon persuaded himself that the friend who had given him such good advice while he was

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undressing, had made him a present of these new ones. He put them on with much satisfaction, and left the baths with the intention of thanking his friend for them.

But, unhappily, the slippers belonged to the Cadi; and when he had finished bathing, his slaves sought in vain for them; they could only find in their stead a miserable pair, which were immediately recognised as Casem's. The porter soon ran after him, and brought him back to the Cadi, as detected in a theft. The judge, provoked at the unblushing avarice of the old miser, immediately sent him to prison; and, in order to avoid the open shame due to a thief, he had to pay richly: the law condemned him to give the worth of a hundred pair of slippers if he would escape with a whole skin.

As soon as he was safe out of the gaol, he revenged himself on the cause of his trouble. In his rage, he threw the slippers into the Tigris, which flowed beneath his window, so that he might never set eyes upon them again; but it was to be otherwise. A few days afterwards, some fishermen, on drawing up their net, found it unusually heavy; they thought they had gained a treasure; but, alas! nothing was there but Casem's slippers, the nails of which had torn the net so much, that it would take whole days to mend it.

Full of indignation against Casem and his slippers, they threw in at his window, which was just then open; and as, unluckily, all the flasks of beautiful rose-water which he had bought were neatly ranged beneath the window, those heavy iron foes fell upon them, the bottles were broken, and all the rose-water spilt upon the floor.

Casem's horror, when he entered his apartment, may be better imagined than described, "Detestible slippers!" he exclaimed, tearing his beard, "you shall not do me any further mischief." He took a spade, and ran with them into his garden, where he hastily dug a hole to bury his slippers; when, unhappily, one of his neighbours, who had long meditated some mischief against him, happened to look through his window, and saw him hard at work, digging this hole. Without delay, he ran to the Governor of the city, and told him, as a secret, that Casem had found a great treasure in his garden. This was quite enough to rouse the Governor's cupidity; and it was all in vain that our miser declared he had not found anything, but had only buried his old slippers. In vain he dug them up again, and brought them forth in presence of the Judge; the Governor had made up his mind to have money, and Casem was obliged to purchase his release with a large sum.

In utter despair, he left the Governor's, carrying his expensive slippers in his hand, while in his heart he wished them far away. "Why," said he, "should I thus carry them in my hand to my own disgrace?" So he threw them into an aqueduct not far from the Governor's palace. "Now," said he, "I shall hear no more of you; you have cost me money enough—away with you from my sight!" But, alas! the slippers stuck fast in the mud of the aqueduct. This was enough; in a few hours the stream was stopped, the water overflowed; the watermen ran together, for the Governor's cellars were inundated, and for all this trouble and misfortune Casem's slippers were answerable! The watermen soon discovered the unlucky cause of the mischief, and as quickly made it known. The owner of the slippers was taken into custody, and as this appeared to be a vicious revenge upon the Governor, he was sentenced to atone for it by paying a larger fine than either of the foregoing ones. But the Governor gave the slippers carefully back to him.

"What now shall I do with you, ye accursed slippers?" said poor Casem. "I have given you over to the elements, and they have returned you, to cause me each time a greater loss; there remains but one means—now I will burn you.

But, continued he, shaking them, "you are so soaked with mud and water, that I must first lay you to dry in the sun, but I will take good care you do not come into my house again." With these words he went up to the flat roof of the house, and laid them under the vertical rays of the sun. Yet had not misfortune tried all her powers against him; indeed, her latest stroke was to be the hardest of all. A neighbour's pet monkey saw the slippers, jumped from his master's roof on to Casem's, seized upon and dragged them about. While he thus played with them, the unlucky slippers fell down and alighted on the head of a woman who was standing in the street below. Her husband brought his grievance before the Judge, and Casem had to atone for

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this more heavily than for aught before, for his innocent slippers had nearly killed one of his fellow-creatures. "Just Judge," said Casem, with an earnestness which made even the Cadi smile, "I will endure and pay all and everything to which you have condemned me, only I ask your protection against these implacable enemies, which have been the agents of all my trouble and distress to this hour—I mean these miserable slippers. They have brought me to poverty, disgrace, aye, even to the peril of my life; and who knows what else may follow? Be just, oh noble Cadi, and make a determination that all misfortunes which can be clearly ascribed to the evil spirit which haunts these slippers, may be visited upon them, and not upon me."

The Judge could not deny Casem's request: he kept those disturbers of public and private peace in his own possession, thinking he could give no better lesson to the miser than this which he had now learnt at so much expense, namely, that it is better to buy a new pair of slippers when the old ones are worn out.

A SUMMER'S EVENING SHOWER.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

It was a Summer's eventide,
Soft, sweet, and silent, warm and bright,
And all the glorious landscape wide,
The lowly thorn, the tree of pride,
The grass-blades marshall'd side by side—
Wore, thicker than the cope of night,
Innumerable drops of light:
Shed from a passing cloud and dun,
That journeyed towards the sinking sun
On the upper wind's unruffled wing,
And blushed as it drew near the presence of its king.

That brilliant baptism, cool and brief,
Flung from the font of summer skies,
Came with a fresh and full relief
To all the countless shapes and dyes
That spring from earth's prolific veins,
And banquet on the genial rains.
For all the languid leaves and flowers,
In tangled brakes and cultured bowers,
By woodside walks and mossy wells,—
The foxglove's pyramid of bells,
The fair and many-folded rose,
Reclining in a proud repose,
The wall flowers mass of cloudy fire,
The limber bine and blooming briar,
The clover filled with honey-dew,
Things of familiar form and hue—
Sent such a gush of incense up
From bell and boss, from crown and cup,
As seemed to burden all the air
With Nature's breath of silent prayer,
And give that joyous draught of rain
In sublimated sweets back to the skies again!

The necessary qualities for society are—politeness, exempt from falsehood; frankness, without rudeness; complaisance, freed from flattery; and, above all, a heart naturally inclined to benevolence.

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"O, I'TS ONLY A TRIFLE!"

"SERVANT:—Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a fuss. A chamber
is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?
SENI:—(with gravity.) My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,
Nothing! but yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time."—*Coleridge's Wallenstein.*

TRUE old man! there is nothing insignificant in nature, and it is impossible for any thinking man to look back either on his own experience, or the recorded experience of others, without being satisfied of this truth. Reflection, will teach a willing and retentive mind, that in the minutest circumstances of our lives, each event is linked, nay, interlaced with the preceding and succeeding one, and that years of woe and unavailing regret have been the portion of too many, who neglecting the "*little things*," have allowed the weak, and to them the insignificant, links of the moral and intellectual chain to be broken.

Who cannot discover amid the intracies of human events, what an intimate and beautiful connection is maintained, and how it often happens, that the great arises from the minute? The insignificant gives birth to the mighty!

This reflection, is to me, a proof—an unalterable argument, that the world and we its transient occupants, are under the providential government of an Almighty and most beneficent Creator.

There is nothing insignificant! The sails are unfurled, the anchor is being weighed, and friends are about to take their last farewell of the emigrant friends. The bark is for America. The king's proclamation furls the sails and drops the half-weighed anchor. The progress of the vessel is stopped, and the emigrants whose hearth songs might have startled the echoes in the back-woods of America, whilst clearing away the forest, were the authors of a mighty revolution, which cost that king his head, and the nation years of trouble and sorrow.

Behold a youth carelessly sauntering along, and as he passes through a narrow gateway, one stops his further progress by extending a walking stick across his path. He is confronted with the greatest man of his age, who inquires of the idle saunterer, "how may a man attain to virtue and honour?" The youth confessed his inability to answer the question. Follow me, said Socrates, and from that hour Xenophon became his pupil, and it is to that seemingly trfling incident, that he owes his fame as a philosopher and an historian.

Through the streets a youth with dilated eye and flushed cheek is staggering along, and around his brow still hangs the bacchanal sign—an ivy wreath. What leads him through your portico? Is it chance, or a desire to get out of the way of the hooting boys? does he seek to rest himself there? That portico is the entrance to the school of Parmenides, the philosopher, and that drunken youth is Empedocles, whose excesses caused ceaseless sorrows to his friends. But out of that room he comes, as the dead man from the tomb of the prophet—intellectually and morally dead, he is revived, to rival the fame of his master and shed a lustre over his last days, that banished the disgrace of his early life; as a glorious sunset compensates for a rainy morning.

The hisses and clamour of his countrymen are ringing in the ears of Demosthenese; as he departs from the *bema* with a bursting heart and a crimson brow: all his visions and dreams of ambition seemingly dashed to the ground for ever. Wending his way home, covered with confusion and shame, he *accidentally* meets Satyrus who speaks kindly to the dissappointed orator, and cheering him with future prospects of glory, takes him home and teaches him the art of eloquence. When Demosthenese next ascends the *bema*, it is to lead the reason captive, and to realise all his youthful hopes.

Well might his countrymen engrave this inscription on his statue!—

"Had thine arm been as powerful as thy sword,
Greece ne'er had serv'd a Macedonian lord!"

The king of Israel disguised himself and went out to battle, and might have returned

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in safety had not a certain man drawn his bow *at a venture*, the arrow from which struck the king in his breast, and he died. The archer was unknown, and the arrow had from him no mission.

"When the ball
Has left the cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead instrument!
It lives, a spirit passes into it,
The avenging furies seize possession of it,
And with sure malice guide it the worst way."

Our own Alfred might have been a king and have descended to his tomb no more respected than the rest of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, had not his curiosity been aroused by the inspection of the rich illuminations in an old Saxon manuscript. He admired it and learned to read, hence he became, in a dark age, the accomplished patron of literature, art, and science. A benefactor, whose deeds will never die, and whose memory will always command respect. He gave such an impulse to learning, hence to civilization, that we are perfectly justified in saying that no monarch for centuries after his death either had the inclination or the ability to do the like.

The useful arts and sciences are indebted to *seeming* accidents for many of the brightest discoveries. But it is not given to all to see in the accident or trifle a great or useful fact. Thousands have seen an apple fall from a tree, and but one saw in that simple fact the agency of a wise, simple, and unchangeable law, which not only governs the minutest atom of matter, but even the sun, moon, stars, and planets. Thousands had seen a chandelier swinging to and fro, and but one was found that saw in that simple trifle a great truth, and from his observations invented the pendulum, an invention which enables us to measure time with accuracy. Thousands had seen the inflammable pit damp and had witnessed the awful devastation caused by its explosions; the same facts were before their eyes that were before Davy's, and yet, he was the only one who saw the remedy and adopted it.

This power of perception—is GENIUS. It is that faculty of the mind which has enabled man to plough the trackless deep in opposition to both wind and tide, and to tell, by sun, moon, or star, his position with respect to the place he came from and to which he is going. It is that faculty of the mind which enabled Watt and Arkwright to bridle steam and render it useful to the community, so that by its aid we are enabled to produce with ease and elegance, that which was once a work of great labour and cost.

James of Scotland had to borrow a pair of silk stockings of the Earl of Mar, when he entertained the French Ambassador, and Henry the Eight thought that the possession of two cotton chemise, a sign of extravagance in Anna Boleyn. What would our servant girls say to that?

Truly there is nothing little or trifling in reality, and we ought not to treat any thought, word, action, or fact as such. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

"My Son, there's nothing insignificant,
Nothing! but yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time."

Banks of the Humber.

HOME.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilirate—those soft intervals of unbended amusement in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles or embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictious benevolence.

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THE SEA STORM.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

From a giant rock by the restless sea,
Where the wild waves bound with joy,
I look o'er the brine with a weary gaze,
In search of my pilgrim boy,
Who rides on the breast of the weltering wave
In quest of the whistling whale,
When the wind pipes loud, and the bloated cloud
Is rent by the driving gale:
Yet he calmly looks, with a cheerful face,
On the ocean's mighty form,
When the waves leap high, and an angry sky
Proclaimeth a coming storm.

The rude winds rush o'er the heaving tide,
And the white-wing'd seagull lies
On the foamy down of his liquid couch,
Secure, though a tempest rise;
His wild scream falls, as he circles round,
On the wandering mariner's ear,
Then he dips once more in the rout and roar,
And is off in his glad career:
For the land, for the land he swiftly makes,
When the white squall fills the west,
And the waters bound with a boding sound
On the deep sea's troubled breast.

The weltering waste as it angrier grew
From a still increasing wind,
Rolled wave on wave with redoubled wrath.
Yet the mariner stood resigned,
Though the proud ship rose upon her stern,
Then plunged before the blast
In the liquid gulf, and struggled on
Bereft of her helm and mast,
Tumbled and tossed in the valleys deep
'Mid the grandeur of storm and strife,
Rent by opposing rock and wave,
In their maddening fury rife.

'Tis yet but a storm: see the tempest rush,
And the hissing waters rise,
And the lightening leap from the riven cloud
In the wild distorted skies.
The rattling cordage yields beneath
Fierce elemental strife,
Shatters the mast, shivers the sail,
And a burning thirst for life
Is marked upon each anxious brow,
With consternation wild;
Yet hope's inspiring spirit floats
O'er my pilgrim ocean child.

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The forked lightenings' withering power
With fury strikes the yards,
And the tattered canvas fluttering wide
The buoyant bark retards;
Still she o'ertops the towering waves,
Then plunges in ravines deep,
And reappears, a thing forlorn,
As the frantic whirlwinds sweep;
And o'er the uplifted waters high
The storm-king laughs outright
From his aerial throne in the stormy zone,
'Mid the howl of the ocean's might.
Yet one holds in the palm of His hand
The maddening wave and gale,
With a breath of His mighty power can still
The voice of the ocean's wail;
From the bursting clouds comes forth a sound
To calm its ruffled brow:—
She's safe, the shattered bark is safe!
God interposes now!

ESSAY ON THE CRUSADES.

BY JOHN EVANS.

In glancing over the recorded passages of the past—in turning your attention to all the great and little events that have agitated, from time to time, this mundane sphere—it would be a matter of difficulty to discover an end more important in its character—more bold and original in its developments, or more thoroughly overwhelming in its effects, than the all eventful end of the crusades. Under whatever aspect it presents itself—good or bad, right or wrong—it is still the same bustling scene of action—the same warm and impetuous flood of enterprise—the same imposing exhibition of fire and energy—that bursts upon your imagination and renders captive your deepest attention and warmest interest. The picture is well nigh too vast and diversified to bring within the narrow range of human conception. Such a spectacle of high historic interest, never was, and, most probably, never will be presented to human gaze. It is there you find an enthusiasm, unlimited, untiring, and undaunted, embodying all the fervor of religion, all the blazon and poetry of chivalry, all the terrors and calamities of war, all the pomp and regal splendor of Kings, all the dominion of priests, all the wild and rude superstition of the Latin, all the pride and rich luxuriance of the Mahomedon, all the boldness and freshness of youth, all the sagacity and clearness of age, all manners, all climes, all men, enlisted in one common cause, and fighting under one common banner. Hence it were a hopeless task even to indicate the most prominent features of the Crusades. Nor either, I apprehend, does their character, in one point of view, bear any close affinity to the question at issue. In order, however, to give some slight idea of the grounds upon which they were founded, and the auspices under which they were commenced, it may not be improper to quote a passage from the celebrated speech of Pope Urban at the council of Clermont. Ascending the pulpit, he is said to have addressed an enormous congregation of clergy of every order, and laymen of every clime, expounding to them the scheme, in which he wished to engage their thoughts, their prayers, and their labors. "Remember" he said, "the saying of God—" 'Narrow is the way which leadeth to life.' Place before your imagination, if you should be made captive, torments and chains, nay every possible suffering that can be inflicted. Expect even horrible punishments, that so, if it be necessary, you may redeem your souls at the expense of your bodies. Do you fear death, you men of courage? Know you not that for men to live is wretchedness, and to die is gain? Death sets free from its cumbrous prison the human soul, which then takes flight for

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mansions fitted for its virtues; death accelerates their country to the good; death cuts short the wickedness of the ungodly. By means of death, the soul set free, is either soothed with joyful hope, or is punished without further apprehension of worse. On, and still on, he spoke in the same strain, swaying the whole assembly with his fervour till the mass of congregated human beings began to heave to and fro beneath him like the waves of the sea. At length, it is said, as turning from the difficulties of the enterprise, he engaged them to undertake it, the pent-up emotions of the crowd burst forth, and cries of "*Deus vult!*" "*Deus* id vult!" "God wills it," "God wills it!" rose simultaneously from all parts of the square.

Here then arose the one absorbing thought and cry of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The Crusades! the Crusades! echoed from shore to shore, from hill and dale, from castle-turret and peasant-cot. The movement was, in a manner, simultaneous and universal, for no sooner had the council of Clermont risen, than all the Western world proclaimed itself in readiness to rescue Jerusalem.

Leaving the seven campaigns to all successes and failures that met their progress, proceed we now to the main object of our enquiry. That such an era in history was attended with results of some description, is perfectly apparent. A continued agitation of Europe for the space of two centuries, must have given an impulse one way or the other—either for better or worse. The entirety or oneness of purpose, moreover, that distinguished the Crusades, proves, to some extent, that an important result must have attended their enterprise. Men in those days, even as in our own, were not banded together in agitating a cause without producing a result. Though they might fight for an end, and thought that end might not be important in itself, still the means employed in its attainment, and the currents flowing from that attainment, might be, and actually were, conducive to something far more important than the object attained. Hence, I apprehend, we may safely affirm, that results of an important character followed the Crusades; and, in a word, I conceive those results to have been beneficial to mankind. And here, by way of parenthesis, allow me to observe that I take no cognizance of the character of the Crusades in themselves; they may have been unjust, intemperate, savage, fanatical, and even diabolical, and I do not seek to palliate any of the thousand and one errors and cruelties that are identified with their operations. I take them in their tendencies, and savage, intemperate, and fanatical though they be, still I believe we shall find their results equally benign and beneficial. In order to maintain the view I take of this question, I find that the salutary results of the Crusades may be founded upon three grounds—

1st:—That they formed an epoch in civilization—a crisis in history, that gave a more determined direction to human thought and enterprise.

2ndly:—That they conduced to the social amelioration of Europe.

3rdly:—That they created an enfranchisement of opinion and expansion of ideas.

First—That they formed an epoch in civilization—a crisis in history, that gave a more determined direction to human thought and enterprise. The extremely crude state of European civilization up to the eleventh century, needs little or no comment. The comparatively chaotic state in which the first elements of civilization were then imbedded, is proved by every historian in every land. He who can form any conception of the chaos that prevailed ere the Almighty summoned light upon earth, may probably posses some idea of the state of society in this crude condition. Its first step was one of rough formation, of origin and vitality. It possessed life—it moved—but nothing beyond it. Now this was precisely the condition of Civilization up to the eleventh century. Its movements were characterised by no determined direction to any positive end or purpose. It was rough and unhewn. How then has civilization found a passage from this condition, or how has it arrived at its present position? Simply and solely by events; for even as the revolutions of the seasons control and guide the existence and phenomenon of the vegetable Kingdom—even as the changes of the pale luminary above directs the flux and reflux of the sea, so have the eventful revolutions of the past ordered and disposed the affairs and position of mankind. I apprehend, then, that the Crusades formed the great eventful revolution that drew out of this rough formation some settled and determined line of action, that awakened it to a sense

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of its position, that rallied it out of a contracted sphere of comparitive listlessness to something energetic and expansive. Should not this argument prove a sufficiently cogent reason for the transformation indicated, let us bring forward the evidence of one whose authority upon this matter certainly bears some weight. I mean Dr. Robertson, in his *View of the Progress of Society in Europe*. "The disorders in the feudal system," he says, "together with the corruption of taste and manners consequent upon these, which had gone on increasing during a long course of years, seemed to have attained their utmost point of excess towards the close of the eleventh century. From that era we may date the return of government and manners in a contrary direction, and can trace a succession of causes and events which contributed, some with a nearer and more conspicuous, others with a more remote and less perceptible influence, to abolish confusion and barbarism, and to introduce order, regularity, and refinement." Here then was a clear and apparent effect of the events of the 11th century. Here was an impulse afforded to the attainment of some definite end; and we see that impulse embraced, and the end, ultimately, attained. The history of Civilization, in almost every country, is pregnant with these eventful revolutions of society, and we shall find it a complicated matter to decide upon any other standing-posts than these of the movements these countries have made in the march of social or intellectual progress. Even in modern civilization, events have contributed, in no ordinary measure, to its consummation. Are we not all agreed that the multitudinous revolutions that have agitated Europe at one period and another, have secured a more healthful tone to society? Are there any of us so unreasonable as to affirm that the events of the Reformation, the English Revolution, or the French Revolution, were not eminent and important stages of civilization? Have not these, in their day and generation, conduced to some salutary end, annihilated some gross injustice, defeated some arbitrary design? The pen of every impartial historian answers—Yea! Here, then, events have contributed to the work of civilization; and hence by the most simple line of logical skill, by the simplest facts and historical records, by the most trifling analogy, do we arrive at the conclusion, that the events of the Crusades were conducive to the end and the position we have indicated. Again, the universality of the Holy Wars seem to manifest, to a pretty considerable extent, that a more determined direction to human thought and enterprise was animating the human breast. Such an universality of feeling and purpose—such a single unity of design had never been witnessed. "All Europe" to quote the eloquent language of M. Guizot, "together took part in them; they were the first European occurrence. Previous to the Crusades, Europe had never been moved by an identical sentiment, nor had acted in one and the same cause; there was in fact no Europe. The French formed the bulk of the first army of the Crusades, but there were also Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and Englishmen. This was not all; in the same manner as the Crusades were an European event, so were they in each country a national event. In each nation all classes of society were animated with the same conviction, obeyed the same idea, and abandoned themselves to the same enthusiastic impulse. Kings, lords, priests, burghers, husbandmen, all took the same interest and the same share in the Crusades. And from this, I argue, we can trace what I have already indicated. Nothing, I maintain, could have more strongly evidenced a determined spirit of action than this unity of purpose that distinguished the Crusades. Any scheme, whatever it may have for its object, when supported by this universality of opinion and enterprise, must give a determined character to the thoughts and actions of those engaged. Here must be something certain—positive—unequivocal in their actions, otherwise their sympathies could never unite to the extent described. The great event, then, of the Crusades, formed an epoch in history that gave a more determined direction to human thought and enterprise. It called forth a burst of activity that set the machinery of civilization in something like regular movements—it was a trial of native strength—an experiment on a rude and chaotic state of society—it called a moving into an acting power—a fact that we cannot regard as other than an era of civilization, and as tending to a more decisive spirit of thought and enterprise.

I now turn to my second proposition—That the Crusades conduced to the social amelioration of Europe. In support of this position, we must first direct our atten-

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tion to the nature and influences of the feudal system, then to the effects of the Crusades upon that system, and next to the results of its extinction. Let us, in order to possess some insight into the real character and influences of the feudal age, quote a passage or two from the pen of one who is at all times worthy of our best attention and confidence. "The feudal government," says Sir James Macintosh, "had degenerated into a system of oppression. The usurpation of the nobles had become unbounded and intolerable; they had reduced the great body of the people into a state of actual servitude; the condition of those dignified with the name of freemen, was after little preferable to that of the other. Nor was such oppression the portion of those alone who dwelt in the country, and were employed in cultivating the estate of their master. Cities and villages found it necessary to hold of some great lord, on whom they might depend for protection, and become no less subject to his arbitrary jurisdiction. The inhabitants were deprived of those rights, which in social life, are deemed most natural and inalienable. They could not dispose of the effects which their own industry had acquired, either by a will or any deed executed, during their life. They had no right to appoint guardians for their children during their minority, and they were even not permitted to marry without purchasing the consent of the lord upon whom they depended. Services of various kinds, no less disgraceful than oppressive, were exacted from them without mercy or moderation. The spirit of industry in some cities was checked by absurd regulations, in others by unreasonable exactions; nor would the narrow and oppressive maxims of a military aristocracy have permitted it ever to rise to any degree of height or vigour." To expatiate on the degraded position here portrayed, is entirely unnecessary, Who does not know, or, at all events, who has not heard, of the operations of the feudal system, and does not believe them to have been opposed to all the laws of justice and all the dictates of reason? Without stopping, then, to examine the baneful effects of such a system, let us mark how the Crusades operated upon it when they became the order of Europe. We are all, I presume, agreed in the fact that it was anterior to the Crusades that we find the small fiefs, the small feudal formations, spread over the face of Europe, and the only conclusion at which we can arrive is that the Holy Wars contributed to their extinction. History affords every testimony to the general truth and correctness of this conclusion, and though the feudal system, in its worst aspect, might have existed in some instances, even as some of its characteristics are to be found now, still in those countries most engaged in the Crusades, shall we find the system drooping most into decay. Mr. Mills, however, takes a different view of the case, for he informs us in his *History of the Crusades*, that "It cannot be shown that the condition of the people was ameliorated, or that the tyranny of the aristocracy was broken by the Holy Wars." I think that I may safely assert that Mr. Mills viewed the matter through a somewhat distorted media, and fancy it may be proved so. We all know that our aristocracy has a particular *penchant* for the support of its dignity, and some of us are sinful enough to denounce it as expensive, unnecessary, and absurd. Be this, however, as it may, we find the aristocracy of the eleventh and twelfth centuries fully as jealous of their dignity, if not more so, as their successors in the nineteenth. Now to take a part in the Crusades was certainly an expensive piece of business, and to take a lead in the van, was a matter that entailed no inconsiderable outlay. I, of course, do not mean to assert that every fief-holder was anxious to join the general movement, but it is pretty clear that the great majority were identified with it, and that in no ordinary degree. In order, then, to support this dignity, a great expense must have been entailed. I view the check this incident gave to to the feudal system in two ways, first that the fief-holders to support their dignity were almost generally reduced to the somewhat undignified necessity of parting with their possessions, and in the next, even if not brought to this pass, were materially deprived of their power and influence at home by their absence abroad. In defraying these expenses they had no other alternative but to sell their possessions, for so far as the imposition of taxes for war-purposes was concerned, the genius of that age had something of the *Cobdenite* about it, for it was entirely averse to their imposition, and its people were wholly unaccustomed to meet them. The parting, then, with these possessions, reduced the influence of the feudal system to a considerable extent. In fact there was every incentive held to the barons and fief-holders to join the popular movement, inasmuch as the expedition furnished expecta-

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tions of territory and influence that would render them something even more remunera-tive than the possession of their ancient rights and domains. Again, the possession so bartered often reverted, through one medium and another, into the hands of the regal authority, and hence the more legitimate influence of royalty advanced, while the grasping, arbitrary, and unjust influence of the aristocracy was stemmed and reduced. Every monarch who had facilities to annex to his kingdom fresh territories was of course anxious to do so, for two very palpable reasons,—first because it was to his advantage to reduce the power of the barons and the nobles, and next because it was probable that he should join the Crusades himself. Once more, we may add, that when men become banded in one common cause—when they find themselves companied in the attainment of a certain end, whatever their difference in title or station, they are pretty certain to feel their sympathies with each other more powerfully awakened, and the petty conventionalisms that at one period had held them at a distance, entirely revoked. This was precisely the case with the nobles and vassals engaged in the Crusades,—and hence a more sociable spirit arose between the fief-holders and their dependents: a spirit of familiarity was engendered—an association of feelings and ideas was awakened, which, while it made a considerable onslaught on the power and influence of the fief-holders, contributed to raise the position of those beneath them to something like its just rights and prerogatives. Here, then, we learn how an unjust system was checked—how a social anomaly was rectified, and how, through the agency of that revolution, the power so unjustly exercised, was thrown into a more legitimate channel. Finally, and briefly, we come to the operations of this extinction. I am fully persuaded that the course of events I have now indicated were the primary means of creating large towns; for by the very extinction of the small fiefs and petty domains, it naturally follows that the bodies so scattered, must, ultimately, have concentrated in the formation of large towns and boroughs. And here I must join issue with one more assertion of Mr. Mills. "The great political circumstance of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries," he says, "and which was important above all others to civil liberty, was the appearance of the free and corporate towns. But the Crusades neither produced their establishment nor affected their history." From what I have already shown, this, I apprehend, to be opposed to all reason, and certainly, from what I have seen of history, is opposed to all fact. But in order to trace this issue through its proper channel, let us briefly note how the Crusades operated in a commercial point of view. I am of opinion that the Crusades gave to maritime commerce the strongest impulse it had ever received. Italy, at all events, is proved to have secured immense advantages from them in the way of commerce, for many valuable branches which were wholely and solely centred in Constantinople, were, upon its seizure by the Crusaders, transferred to Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, and it was then that Italy crowded every port with her gallies and every market with her merchandise. Mr. Gibbon has very pompously observed that "The lives and labours of millions which were buried in the East would have been more profitably applied in the improvement of their native country." I do not deny this, but I am fully impressed that the impetus given to commerce by those lives and labours, served an end fully as important as the one indicated by the celebrated historian, and that the rise they gave to maritime pursuits upon an extensive scale produced results far more salutary, in a general point of view, than had they remained under the narrow discipline of the fief-holders at-home. Hence the commerce introduced between the East and the West became an important feature; one that seemed to give the nations suffering under the feudal yoke, a desire to release themselves from its trammels and assume a more independent position. I believe we shall find this operating in the Italian states first, then in France, Germany, Spain, England and Scotland, and most of the feudal Kingdoms. Here then, *prima facia*, arose the large towns and free and corporative boroughs. Herein we find that assertion of independence which has always been so necessary to the existence of liberty; and here follows,—first by the annihilation of the power of the aristocracy, then by the enthronement of royalty, then by the dispersion of petty domains, then by the associations of the vassal and the lord, then by the introduction of extensive maritime commerce, and lastly by the adoption of the charter of community, the primary social advantages that Europe secured from the Crusades.

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The context of my third and last ground of enquiry now presents itself—that they created an enfranchisement of opinion and expansion of ideas. And here we must call in the aid of Mr. Mills, who appears in this instance to relinquish some of his quaint prejudices. That the Crusades engendered a spirit of chivalry he pretty clearly intimates. "The world," he says, "was more chivalric at the close of the crusades, than at the commencement." Now this admission certainly gives an expansion to the ideas of society, that had rarely been developed before. There are none of us so unreasonable as to suppose that chivalry has not borne its part in the civilization of mankind. We all have, in a greater or less degree, some sympathy with it, and we shall find there to be a charm in the expression—"the days of chivalry" that is felt and acknowledged by the sternest stoic or the most snarling cynic. The fancy dissipates a cloud of selfish and ignoble passions, and transporting itself into those remote ages which it gilds with the virtues of honour and courtesy, beholds the stately and polite cavalier, plated in all the pomp and habiliments of War, and bearing in this crested helm some sacred talisman of devotion and honour. We dwell with impassioned interest, with warm enthusiasm, on the "fierce wars and faithful loves" which enriched the songs of our early poets, and losing nothing of our veneration for the regular beauties of classical lore, we can admire the rich and luxurious ornaments that the creative imagination of romance has thrown around the disinterestedness and gallantry, the dignity and pathos of chivalry. Tasso and Petrarch, Chaucer and Spenser breathed the fragrance of enchanted regions, and Milton, invariably so stern and sublime, did not disdain to hear the Muses sing of "Knights and gentle deeds." But this in parenthesis. I may present Chivalry in glowing colours, but I believe it is worthy of such, seeing that, I apprehend; it tended to the elevation of taste and manners. The gallantry of our own days, apart from the fopperies and conventionalisms that too often beset it, owes its birth to this dignified and disinterested spirit of chivalry; and hence the Crusades gave a direct impulse to society which undoubtedly secured a more advanced state of manners and civility. But this is one of the minor and least perceptible influences; let us briefly advert to those of a more prominent and imposing character. The expansion of ideas produced by the intercourse between the Eastern and Western world appears to me palpable enough, for, as M. Guizot very justly observes—"It is a mere commonplace to say that the mind of travellers is set free, and that the custom of comparing different nations, manners, and opinions, expands the ideas, and clears the judgment from ancient prejudices." I think there are none of us will disagree in this, nor either do I suppose many will deny my assertion when I affirm that the like influences operated upon the minds of the Crusades. But I find Mr. Gibbon, in his *Decline and Fall*, entertains a somewhat contrary opinion. "If we compare" he says "at the end of the Crusades, the Latins of Europe with the Greeks and Arabians, their respective degrees of knowledge, industry, and art, our rude ancestors must be content with a third rank in the scale of nations. Their successive improvement and present superiority may be ascribed to an active and imitative spirit, unknown to their more polished rivals." By this logic our great historian would have us to infer that it was not so much the polish of the Eastern world that conduced to the superiority of the Western, as the immediate exercise of the latter's energy and activity. But this is a very narrow view of the case, and in reviewing the history of the period, we shall find it so. The wealth and refinement that was exhibited by the Moslems, is proved to have exercised its influences upon the adventures of the west. In coming in contract with the Greeks and Musselmans, they certainly came in contact with a state of society more advanced than their own. In their passage to Jerusalem, they must have met with a refinement in Greece, Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, and then in Constantinople, that could not but exercise a salutary influence upon their ideas and opinions. They did not—they could not—wile away their time in these states without becoming observant of, and influenced by, their advancement in the elegance of art and refinement of manners. "It was not possible" observes Dr. Robertson, "for Crusaders to travel through so many countries, and to observe their various customs and institutions, without acquiring information and improvement. Their views enlarged; their prejudices wore off; new ideas crowded into their minds; and they must have been sensible, on many occasions, of the rusticity of their own manners, compared with those of a more polished people." This we

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shall find corroborated by the earliest Latin historians down to our own Macintosh, Lingard, Guizot, and Remusat. Here then, reasonably and incontrovertibly, arose an enfranchisement of opinion and expansion of ideas. I might enumerate a number more of equally important events that conduced to this end, but I take the one or two I have mentioned to be sufficiently cogent to justify the views I entertain. With the influence of chivalry on the one hand, and the exercise of observation and intercourse on the other, arose a developement of mental freedom and expansion of ideas—a refinement of taste and polish of manners—and a spirit of generous intercourse between the two great worlds that had scarcely found the least existence at any prior date.

Here I close all further arguments to prove the beneficial effects of the Crusades. I have shown, or endeavoured to do so, how the world arose from a state of comparative inactivity to one of determined action and enterprise, and how by *that* it constituted an epoch in civilization; how the feudal system decayed, how the power of the aristocracy was curbed, how the legitimate influence of the crown was restored, how maritime commerce extended, how independence was secured, and how by *that* the social condition was ameliorated, and a standard of right and justice erected; how chivalry and heroism was manifested, how polish and refinement was observed, how intercourse and familiarity extended, how one society improved upon another, and how by *that* arose an enfranchisement of opinion and expansion of ideas. Were it possible to present every current that flowed from this fruitful source, we might show a succession of benefits even, perhaps, more important than those already described. I might point to you how commerce extended, how the privileges of community were instituted, how the marks of servitude were abolished, how liberty became an essential part of constitutional justice, how the power of the barons became less potent, how the power of the people became more influential, how a spirit of industry was revived, how population increased, how wealth and independence displaced poverty and oppression, how a better administration of justice was introduced, how cities rose from plains and trenches, how political power was exacted, how the husbandman became the lord of his own garner, how all vile distinctions of serfdom were annihilated, and how a greater portion of mankind in Europe, who formerly held no purely political existence, and who were employed merely as the instruments of others, became useful citizens, and contributed to the force and riches of the society which adopted them as its members.

FREEWILL LODGE. STALYBRIDGE DISTRICT.

In Memory of JOSEPH SYKES, *who Departed this Life March 10th*, 1849. *Aged 64 Years.*

NONE can retard the approaching hand of fate,
Nor stretch their span beyond the appointed date!
We're here to day, to-morrow snatch'd away,
And doomed to mingle with the silent clay.
Yet when a worthy relative departs,
Deep sorrow seizes on surviving hearts;
All wish that something may be done to save
A Friend's dear mem'ry from the silent grave.
E'en now her harp the muse desponding strikes,
And mourns the good, the late lamented *Sykes!*
A foe to wrangling and to strife was he,—
For should his Friends or comp'ny disagree,
'Twas his at once with a melodious song
To calm and silence the contentious throng.

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Thus *Sykes* could e'er the discontented please,
And turn their souls to harmony and peace.
But now he's gone to that celestial shore,
Where dire misfortunes can assail no more;
No natural ailment closed his vital date,
But unforseen was his untimely fate.
A boat-horse smitten by its driver, sprung,
And the deceased without a warning, flung
Against a stump that sorely bruised his side,—
And thus his frame disordered that he died.
Death seem'd at first his victim to forego,
But soon returned and dealt the fatal blow,—
Midst weeping friends his guileless soul removed
To share that peace and harmony he loved.
Three sons, two daughters has he left behind,
And his loved consort of a virtuous mind;
The Friendly Shepherds (for himself was one,)
His Funeral graced with snow-white aprons on:
They moved beneath a greater Shepherd's eye,
Who viewed well pleased their progress from on high;
Their solemn music as they march'd along
Breathed deep sensations through the listening throng.
With decent rites in Bethel's* sacred ground,
Now *Sykes* is laid till the last trumpet's sound
Shall call him hence most glorious to behold,
To join that great eternal Shepherd's fold.

J. JONES.

* New Connexion Chapel, Grosvenor-street, Stalybridge.

SMALL ACTS OF KINDNESS.

We frequently, indeed too frequently, see people who, having performed one or two magnanimous deeds, walk forth in virtue of these, with cold uplifted faces, shedding no warmth on the poor companions of their path, but rather freezing them with their icy goodness. They think to discharge their whole debt of benevolence to mankind at a single stroke, and cannot perceive that kind looks are worth more to the heart than houses or lands, and soothing tones, than many garments.

If a person of this nature put you to school or take you to his house to bring up, he expects your love and gratitude for ever, to arise upon so great a foundation. It is true you owe him much, but unless he bestow on you small kindnesses as well, and day by day, sympathy in little troubles, love and gratitude are not the medium in which the debt will be paid. You will instead feel it a weighty load of obligation, and wish

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either that you had not been so obliged, or that your benefactor were one whom you could love heartily as you desire. And because you do not shew great fondness, he will set you down as an ingrate, forgetting that no price can purchase one atom of affection, that it is given, freely.

The people whom we love, are not those who put us to school, or take us to live in their houses, if they stop short at those great benefits, but those who sympathise with us in little matters and great ones alike, who speak gentle words when we want soothing, who give us rest when we are weary, who look up and smile when we enter the room, who speak in our behalf when others oppress us, who raise us in our own opinion when we have been brow-beaten and are thinking what poor weak fools we are, and are despising ourselves,—and who forgive us over and over again. These are the people we love, though they never gave us wealth or education, or did one thing for us that the world would call a benefit; and the world accordingly looks sneeringly, and with uplifted eyebrows asks, "Why, what do they *do* for you?" Do! they make the light of our life, they lessen our cares, they raise our desires for noble performances and sacrifices, they bring out whatever is good in our nature, and *these* benefactors we repay with love and gratitude.

It cannot be here decided or discussed, *why* men should be less given to shew small acts of kindness than women, but certainly we find it to be so, generally: there are, however, some bright exceptions to the rule, some really *gentlemen* in whom strength is united to mildness and consideration for the wants and weaknesses of others. These characters are as beautiful as they are rare, and nothing can exceed the reverence in which they are held, and the love with which they are encompassed.

Few people can look round their circle of friends and acquaintances, without finding at least one woman who is a perfect household goddess of small kindnesses; quiet, unobtrusive, patient, she watches your countenance and gestures, and possessing the power of divination, fills up what was incomplete in your arrangements before you have time to discover the cause of the annoyance you felt but could not remedy. She is not an officious bungler, but knows instinctively the right time as well as the right manner in which to serve you. She surrounds you with gentle cares and thoughts, and you live in peace and harmony under her magic influence. She is one whom nature has richly endowed with this graceful gift, and would not fulfil the laws of her being without performing these services; but it would be well for all, and particularly for those who are not so happily constituted, to strive to *acquire* a habit of consideration for others in small things, to stoop from the heights of magnanimity to the genial atmosphere of lowliness; it would materially add to their own happiness, as well as to that of the recipients of their unwonted graciousness. A harsh word, an impatient gesture, a lowering look, have in them a sting which cannot be extracted from a sensitive heart for longer time than the possessor of it would care to acknowledge, and though it would not be well to enter into a defence of a state of extreme sensibility to slight tokens, yet we know that it exists in many of those who surround us, and should rule our conduct towards them not by what they *ought* to be (seeing no one is perfect,) but what they *are*. On the other hand, how does the brightness of a kind look send us forth to our duties with firmness and gladness of heart, and how does the gentle tone linger in our ear,

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whispering encouragement and comfort through many long hours of irksome and uncongenial occupation! Some are cold and careless in their manner, not from want of kindness of heart, but from want of knowing the effect produced upon those who come in contact with them: these are probably people who have not much sensitiveness, and who fall into the common error of judging others by themselves, or into that error nearly as common—perfect thoughtlessness. It is surely worth while to make a study of the various characters that surround us, if but for the purpose of ascertaining how our own operates upon them, though that is but one of a numberless host of advantages derived from the close observation of our kind in the infinite varieties, combinations, and eccentricities, which are presented to our view even in the circle in which we move in every-day life. "To be good is to be happy" is an old-established axiom, and which when read inverted,—"To be happy is to be good" seems equally forcible in its truth: surely it behoves us, such being the case, to help our fellow-creatures on to goodness by small cares tending to promote their happiness—to relieve the mind from dull oppressions, and set it free to follow its good impulses. We are too little apt to think how much we influence the life of those around us—how a single word or action may affect their whole future existence. Taking this view of ourselves, as beings so deeply responsible, it becomes a high duty, not to be lightly put on one side, to watch the effect of our manners and conduct, and to regulate them so as to produce good impressions.

Small acts of kindness are within every one's reach; we need not money or talents to enable us to perform them; only a very little thought, and a very little trouble, and these may produce, we know not what great happiness—what great deeds!

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

From the hill that overlooks my humble home, the lover of the picturesque may behold a scene that has delighted the scholar and charmed the poet—nay, that has even stayed the footsteps of the village hind, and drawn an expression of surprise and admiration from the heart of him, to whom the delights of scholarship and the charms of poetry were never known.

The far off hill of Aukbro', clad in its livery of green, and the plantings of sandy Whilton close the prospect to the left, and hide from view the meeting of the Ouse, the Trent and the Humber. The latter winds its way through a beautifully cultivated marshland, which lies before the hill, whilst on the opposite bank, the wolds of Yorkshire, so far-famed for their scenery, rise in majesty and beauty. The gently swelling hills, the deep indented valleys, the pointed spire of the village church, the noble mansion, the tradesman's villa, the humble cottage, the sheltered farmstead and the more conspicuous mill, with the richly blended colours of the dark masses of trees, the waving corn, the green herbage and the rich brown fallow, with the numerous vessels and steamers passing to and fro, make up a scene worthy of the old river, "that keeps the Scythian's name." But it is not to the Yorkshire shore, that the beauties of nature are confined, for the eye may wander from the dark heights of woody Aukbro' down a rich grazing valley, dotted with hamlets but dimly seen through the clumps in which they nestle, until it reaches the Lincolnshire alps, whose bases are washed by the waters of the Ankholm, and rests for awhile upon the picturesque village of South Ferriby, which overlooks the Humber, the valley of the Ankholm, the rich marshland before us, and the uplands behind us; the wolds of Yorkshire, the port of Hull and the flats of Lincolnshire, until it is reluctantly recalled to the long extended and pleasant

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village of Wintringham, where we write. And were all a blank, but the church, the rectory and these three fields, that lie between the brow of the hill and the village church, there is contained within that brief space matter sufficient for a thousand Homilies.

Within this field once stood the lordly mansion of Lord Marmion, champion of England, and here, though not a stone remains, you may trace by the upheaved earth, the mound, the keep, the inner, and outer wall. Here in almost regal splendour the proud and haughty chiefs of that family for years held sway. The brow of this hill has been trod by the feet of beauty and knightly valour, often hath it re-echoed the Io's of those warlike chieftains and their retainers when returning from their triumphant forages; or, the lamentations of the bereaved ones, whose loss was too light to mar the general joy; but which the world could not replace. From the narrow bounds of this field fire and destruction hath been carried into the hamlets, towns and cities, of Sunny France; as well, as to the humble shanty and mountain girt fortresses of hardy Scotland. And never did the mandate go out that Wintringham was the meeting place, but defeat and destruction awaited England's foes.

Where is the castle now? Where is all that regal splendour and the fame thereof? Echo, answers, "Where?" The name and title are extinct, and, but for "the bard of the North," they would have been forgotton, save by some old bookworm, who might now and then meet with it in the musty archives of distant days. The village hind is ignorant of the character of the mound, and to him the achievements of Marmion is a dead letter—he never gives a thought to the fame of one, who *was* lord of Fotheringay, Tamworth Tower and town, as well as of Wintringham and Tanfield castles. The village school-boy drives his wickets in and tries his skill where lords and ladies once trod, without knowing; or caring about it, and the milkmaid sings her humble song, where once the tinkling harp and silver voice of the gay and the gallant were only heard. What need of a better homily on the vanity of human grandeur than this?

Let us turn to the old rectory-house. Every room is sacred to genius. Here lived Adams of Wintringham, whose "private thoughts" and sermons have made him known to the world as a pious and earnest christian, who faithfully performed the duties of his office, when the practice of the reading desk and the pulpit were almost every where at variance. His words of piety and charity are religiously handed down from father to son, and he is still called *the* rector.

This too was the school-room of Kirke White, whose early life aroused expectations, which his premature and lamented death blasted. We saw the blossom, but to see the fruit was denied us. Like many an embryo insect, he nourished the death-dealing foe in his own breast. His letters are full of the praises of the beautiful scenery and rural walks about the village, and here too, many of his latest poems were written and corrected.

To many a fireside and happy domestic circle Marmion carried death and destruction. His office was to mar the fair face of nature, and render the lovely an heap of ruins; dissolving the dearest ties of nature. The office of the rector and the poet, *was*, and *is*, to speak peace to the troubled soul and consolation to the afflicted. They enable us to see even mercy in our afflictions, as darkness reveals to us stars we never saw in the glare of the sunshine. The appearance of Marmion was the signal of flight, prostration seized the weak and fear the strong. Neither his presence nor his works brought consolation to the weary or hope to the afflicted; but they added to the anguish and darkness which brooded over the unfortunate and plunged even the happy into the gulph of despair. How different the mission of the rector and the poet, whose dwelling overlooks the site of Marmion's once regal mansion. In the valley and on the mountains of Scotland, where the one was feared the others are beloved and welcomed. They come as welcome guests in every season, to every hearth. They cheer the weak, encourage the diffident, console the poor, admonish the rich and are to the weary and heavy laden as a gleam of sunshine in a damp shade.

Behold! the mission of the sword and the pen. Meditate on it, for it is worthy of thy serious consideration. "Mihi rectius esse videtur, ingenii, quam virium opibus gloriam quærere,"—"nam divitiarum et formæ gloria fluxa atque fragilis est: virtus clara æternaque habetur."—*Sallust.*

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POEMS FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER,

BY JOHN TATE.

THE author of this little volume of poetic promise has had few opportunities of cultivating his mind and the Muses, yet here is abundant evidence that he has made the most of them, and that his limited leisure has been well and pleasantly, if not *profitably* employed. His poems are characterized by great sweetness and sensibility, a lively fancy, and correct taste. We dispense with the privilege of the critic, and are content to point out and appropriate beauties, rather than sneer at slight blemishes. Mr. Tate still occupies a place "behind the Counter" in the town of Ashton-under-Lyne, and fulfils the duties of a respectable station, without being led *astray* by the innocent yet dangerous blandishments of the Muse. Our space forbids us making copious extracts at present, but we shall return to the volume again. We make choice of the following poem for its tender simplicity.

ROBERT BURNS.

How oft in some sequested cot,
By all the busy world forgot,
  Young Genius plumes his wings:
There, taught by nature to aspire,
He tunes the sweet harmonious lyre,
  And strikes the golden strings.

Amid the rustic scenes of home,
The gentle dreams of love will come,
  Like music o'er the soul:
And there the humble, happy swain
Will make the poet's glowing strain
  Like heavenly music roll.

'Tis not the rich alone who share
The Muse's love and watchful care;
  The poor sometimes have given
That light, whose beams can cheer the heart,
Therein the happiest thoughts impart,
  And lift the soul to heaven.

Oh, Burns! such was thy glorious lot,—
Born in a little humble cot,
  Midst rural scenes to dwell;
There did the muse of poesy
Watch thy young steps, till over thee
  Her sacred mantle fell.

In rustic garments there arrayed,
Thy noble spirit was displayed
  In all its brightest rays:

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Fann'd by the gentle flame of love,
Thy song was plaintive as the dove,
Or wild as comet's blaze.

The crimson daisy caught thine eye,—
The lark aspiring to the sky
Called forth thy early song,
Till nobler themes o'er thee did roll,
And woke the grandeur of thy soul,
The music of thy tongue.

Oh! Scotia's Bard, for ever dear,—
Long as mankind can shed a tear,
One shall be shed for thee;
The glory of thy mighty mind
Will stream like light of heaven behind,
To all eternity.

Thou, too, hast felt the ills of life,
And won, amid a sea of strife,
An everlasting name;
The Caledonian maid will rove
Along the banks of Ayr, and love
To weave thy wreath of fame.

Thou canst not die while daisies spring,
Or summer birds rejoice on wing,
In shady wood or vale;
Each tender note that breathes aloud
Shall echo to thy faithful song,
And tell love's gentle tale.

Thy form is mingling with the earth,
Thy fearless voice is hushed in death,
Thy feeling heart is cold;
But thou wilt from the tomb arise,
And soar beyond yon glittering skies,
To touch thy harp of gold.

FREEWILL LODGE. STALYBRIDGE DISTRICT.

DIED March 10th, 1849, P.M. JOSEPH SYKES, of the Freewill Lodge. He was interred on Sunday, the 18th, at the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, *Stalybridge*, when upwards of two hundred Brethren of the Order followed his remains to the grave.

☞ The Officers and Brothers of the above Lodge beg leave to return their most sincere thanks to the Members of the various Lodges who attended the Funeral of the late much lamented Bro. JOSEPH SYKES.

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ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ORDER,

AT SCARBOROUGH.

THE Nineteenth Annual Meeting of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds was held in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Scarborough, on Easter Monday and Tuesday, April 9th and 10th, 1849. The business commenced at nine o'clock in the morning. The Cor. Sec. of the Order called over the Names of Districts and Delegates,—all were present, except Huddersfield, Holme, Bacup, Haslingdon, Tideswell, Loveclough, Moseley, and Exning, who sent sufficient apologies according to law. Rochdale, Ossett, and Stalybridge Districts were fined according to law for not having sufficient Delegates. Fifty-nine Delegates attended the Meeting. There were present, P.C. James Knott, P.M. John Williamson, P.M. James Lees, P.M. Benjamin Holgate, P.M. Henry Gee, P.M. John Frith, and P.M. Edwin Brooks, *Ashton District;* P.M. Galloway, *Oldham;* P. Pro. C. James Smith, *Rochdale;* Pro. C. S. Daniel Scott, P.M. G. Furnis, P.M. D. Firth, and P.M. J. Carter, *Ossett;* P.M. W. Heywood, and P.M. Fielding, *Heptonstall;* P.M. Benjamin Clayton, and P.M. Thomas Sutcliffe, *Halifax;* Pro. Cor. S. William Thornton, and P. Pro. C. Ward, *Leeds;* P.M. Nehemiah Catlow, *Colne;* P.M. Nathaniel Gaunt, and P.M. Joseph Lister, *Bramley;* Pro. Cor. S. William Taylor, P.M. James Sales, and P.M. Richard Williams Dawson, *Pontefract;* P.M. Joseph Leighton, P.M. Thomas Wright, P.M. George Hellen, and Pro. Cor. S. Joseph Jaques, *Wakefield;* P.M. Jonathan Crossland, *Kirkburton;* P. Pro. Cor. S. James Scott, *Bury;* P.D.C. James Middleton, *New Mills;* P.M. William Longster, *Malton;* Pro. Cor. S. John Pearson, *Selby;* Pro. Cor. S. John Stainforth, *Hull;* P.M. George Rodgers, P.M. Emanuel Wilson, and Pro. Cor. S. Stephenson, *Langtoft;* Pro. Cor. John Haigh, *South Kirby;* P.M. James Bottomley, and Pro. Cor. S. Edward Hague, *Stalybridge;* P.M. John Johnson, *Bishop Auckland;* P.M. John Holmes, and P.M. George Hudson, *Yeadon;* Pro. Cor. S. John Smith, *Driffield;* P.M. James Overfield, *Wetwang;* Pro. Cor. S. John Walker, *Pickering;* Pro. Cor. S. Edward Henderson, *Levisham;* P.M. George Grainger, *Robin Hood's Bay;* P. Pro. C. James Suttle, P.M. Thomas Smith, Pro. Cor. S. George Wainwright, and P.M. William Martin, *Bolton;* P. Pro. C. Henry Whitehead, *Manchester;* Pro. Cor. S. William Grassam, and P.M. Daniel Booth, *Great Grimsby;* P.M. Wilson, *Chorley.*

The first business of the Meeting was to appoint a Chairman, according to law. James Smith, P.P.C.S., *Rochdale,* and William Taylor, P. Cor. Sec., *Pontefract,* were proposed and seconded as fit and proper persons to occupy the Chair during the Meeting. The two propositions were put to the vote by the Cor. Sec., when James Smith, P.P.C.S., *Rochdale,* was declared duly elected Chairman of the Meeting by a large majority. Also, Daniel Scott, P. Cor. Sec. was proposed, seconded, and carried that he takes the minutes of the Meeting.

The Chairman took his situation, and delivered the following address:—Worthy Officers and Brothers,—As the Delegates present are very anxious to commence business, I shall not trouble you with a long speech on this occasion, but having been elected to preside over such an intelli-

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gent body of men as this Meeting is composed of, it makes me feel that you might have selected one more qualified to fulfil the duties of this important office; but be that as it may, I will endeavour to the best of my power and abilities to do justice to every officer and brother composing this Meeting, on all questions that may be brought before us, and all I ask of you in return is, that you will strictly adhere to the law, which says, that no Delegate shall address the Meeting more than twice upon one question, without leave from the Chair; only the mover, who has the power to reply before coming to a division. And by acting on the above, I am of opinion, that we shall come to the most just and amicable conclusions upon the very important business that will be brought before us. With these few remarks, I declare this Meeting duly opened for all business that can legally be brought before it.

The next business of the Meeting was to appoint suitable persons to examine the Cor. Sec.'s Books, viz.:—JOHN WILLIAMSON, P.M., *Ashton*; JOHN STAINFORTH, P.C.S., *Hull*; EDWARD HAIGH, Cor. Sec., *Stalybridge*; JOHN HAIGH, Cor. Sec., *South Kirby*; WILLIAM TAYLOR, P. Cor. Sec., *Pontefract*; William Martin, P.D.C.S., *Bolton District*; and EMANUEL WILSON, P.C.S., *Langtofts District*. Res.—The above Committee have examined the Accounts, and found them perfectly correct.

EMANUEL WILSON, CHAIRMAN.
WILLIAM TAYLOR, COR. SEC.

The remainder of the day was occupied in examining the estimates for Printing, and cases of Appeal, until six o'clock in the evening, when the Meeting was closed for dinner, which was provided by the worthy host and hostess of the Shepherds' Arms Inn, and which was set out in the Hall. After partaking of the same, and spending the evening in the most comfortable manner, the Delegates retired to their respective lodgings.

On Tuesday, April 10th, the business of the Order was again resumed at the Odd Fellows Hall, when several appeal cases were again brought before the Meeting. Also, a distressing case of Bro. JAMES STOTT, of Joseph and Benjamin Lodge, *Heptonstall*, when it was resolved—that a petition be sent round the Order in the Annual Reports.

The Propositions contained in the December Quarterly Reports were then brought forward and ably discussed.

The most important Propositions were from the Pontefract and Manchester Districts, which occupied the Meeting a considerable time, when the Manchester Proposition was carried by a majority, viz.:—that the A.M. be presided over by the C.S. and D.C.S. of the Order, and that they be remunerated for their services and attendance out of the General Fund of the Order. All the other Propositions brought forward were gone through to the satisfaction of all present. Bro. WILLIAM HALL, Cor. Sec., was duly re-elected Cor. Sec. of the Order for the next twelve months. Votes of thanks were proposed, seconded, and carried, unanimously, to the Chairman, Bro. D. Scott, Bro. Emanuel Wilson, the host and hostess, the Bro. of Langtoft District in providing such a comfortable place to hold the Meeting, and to William Hall, Cor. Sec. of the Order. The Meeting closed about seven o'clock in the evening.

The next Annual Meeting is to be held at Bolton, in Lancashire.

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OPENING OF THE JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE LODGE.

MANCHESTER DISTRICT.

ON the 7th of May, the officers of the above District met at the house of Mr. George Halliwell, Woodman's Hut, Pump-street, *Salford*, to add another Lodge to the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds. The new Lodge was numerously attended by the Members of the Order from various parts of the District. After the usual form of opening new Lodges, and the makings were gone through, the Lodge was closed, and Bro. CROSSLEY, the W.M., was unanimously called to the chair, and Bro. DUCKWORTH, the D.M., to the vice. Some enquiry having been made with reference to the absence of our respected Friend, viz., MR. J. C. PRINCE, from whom they had taken the name of their Lodge. The Pro. Cor. Sec. rose and read Mr. Prince's apology, which was (under the circumstances mentioned in the apology) received with every mark of satisfaction. The worthy Chairman then addressed a few words to Members and Friends present, and said "that he was fully sensible of the high honour they had that night conferred upon him in choosing him as the *first* President of the John Critchley Prince Lodge, yet he was sorry that they had not chosen a more competent person than himself, as he was fully aware that he could not do that justice to the office he held, that others perhaps might do, but as they had reposed that confidence in him, he would use every available means in his power to render himself worthy of holding the trust they had placed in him. (Hear. Hear.) He deeply regretted that circumstances had prevented Mr. Prince from attending on that night. Mr. Prince in his letter to the Pro. Cor. Sec. said, 'he was sensible of the honour that we were conferring upon him, and that he was not deserving of *such* a distinction.' But he did not consider that they were conferring either honour or distinction upon him, for it was the reverse. It was an honour and a distinction for them to be allowed to call their Lodge after such a *name*,—a name that was known and honoured throughout England." He concluded by giving the health of Mr. John C. Prince, which *was* drunk with the honours of the Order.

ELIAS QUELTERS, P.D.C.S., having been called upon for a recitation, gave Mr. Prince's "Epistle to a Brother Poet," in good taste.

Bro. FLETCHER, from Bolton District, then sung "My Country and my Queen," in excellent style.

P.C.S. P. CHAPPEL, in a very neat and able speech laid down the benefits held out to parties wishing to join our Order. And concluded by wishing that the Lodge might rise in the estimation of the world, as the *man* whose name they called themselves after had done.

Bro. DUCKWORTH on being called for a recitation, gave "The Gentle Shepherd," in a very effective manner, which was well received.

The harmony of the evening was kept up to a late hour, during which, songs, toasts, and recitations were given by Bros. D. HOLINGSWORTH, LEARY, HILL, QUELTERS, EATON, &C.

After a vote of thanks was given to the worthy chairman and vice-chairman, the company separated, highly gratified with their evening's entertainment.

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Mathematics.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST.

Solved by the Proposer.

1.—Here 9 score yards = 180 × 140 = 25200 and ⅔ of it = 16800; then 16800 × 4 = 67200 × 402 = 68800; then √68800 = 262.3 nearly; then 262.3—40 = 222.3 ÷ 2 = 111.15; then 140—111.15 = 28.85 ÷ 2 = 14.425.

2.—Here 9002 = 810000 × 2 = 1620000 ÷ 3 = 540000 ÷ .7854 = √687535 = 829 ±.

Solved by Joseph Fozard, Batley.

1.—180 yards × 140 yards = 25200 yards & ⅓ of that = 8400 yards, the area of the walk. The remaining ⅔ will be 16800 yards, the area of the garden when the walk is taken off. Then 2√16800 = 129,6 the side of the square of the garden if the length and breadth were equal, but the length requires to be 40 yards longer than the breadth. Therefore take 20 yards from the breadth and put it to the length, and there will be left 20 yards by 207 yards, or 400 yards left, and the length and breadth will stand thus:—

129,6 × 20 = 149,6 and 129,6—20 = 109,6 respectively; then 149,6 × 109,6 = $\frac{400}{259,2}$ = 1,55 what was left.

which put to the length and breadth thus: 149,6 × 1,55 = 151,15 the length of garden, and 109,6 × 1,55 = 111,15 the breadth; then 180 the length of the whole. Take 151,15 = $\frac{28,85}{2}$ = 14,425. the walk both sides.

Then 140 the breadth. Take 111,15 = $\frac{28,85}{2}$ = 14,425. the walk both ends.

2.—Here 900 feet × 900 feet = 810000 feet, and ⅔ of that, 540000 feet, the area of the ground the ass should graze, which will form a quadrant, whose area is 540000 feet × 4 gives 2160000, the area of the whole circle. Therefore having the area of the circle 2160000 to find the diameter.

(*Then by Euclid.*)

As 1 : 1,2732 : : 2160000 : $2\sqrt{2750112}$ = 1657,1 the diameter of the whole circle.

The ½ will be 828,55 feet, the length of the card required.

NEW QUESTION.

Proposed by James Oldroyd, Bread Baker Lane, near Wakefield.

A gentleman had a scalene triangular field. From the angle A to the centre of its opposite side measures 30 chains. From the angle B to the centre of its opposite side measures 40 chains. And from the angle C to the centre of its opposite side measures 50 chains. What will the whole cost reaping at the rate of 12s. 6d. per acre? And what does the three angles contain, respectively, in degrees and parts?

PRINTED BY BRO. JAMES WATTS, HECKMONDWIKE.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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SHEPHERDS' LIBRARIES.

Shortly after the commencement of the Magazine, we urged, we believe, the practicability and desirableness of establishing Shepherds' Libraries and Reading-rooms, either by individual Lodges, or Districts of moderate extent. We have great pleasure and satisfaction in referring to the only instance of which we are aware of an attempt to carry out such laudable object, at least in connexion with the Order of Ancient Shepherds. Should there be other instances, we shall be happy to hear of them, and record them.

In 1847, the Members of the Zionite Lodge of Ancient Shepherds, Stalybridge, came to the praiseworthy determination to lay the foundation of a Library in connexion with themselves. In order to make a beginning they, with a foresight and self-denial that did them infinite credit, resolved upon sacrificing their Anniversary Dinner, and laying out the probable cost in the purchase of instructive books, as a nucleus for their future Library. This they did unanimously and cheerfully, and with an untiring energy which calls for unqualified praise. Making known their purpose, several gentlemen, large manufacturers of the place, promptly made them handsome donations of books, and they now possess upwards of two hundred volumes of good standard works. They are going on prosperously; we wish them entire success, and a full measure of that pure enjoyment which a taste for reading, and other intellectual pursuits, will so abundantly afford.

Now here is an example worthy of immediate imitation by every Lodge or District in the Order. An Anniversary Dinner, when not

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abused, is a good thing in its way, but a well chosen Library is infinitely better, more lasting, more purifying in its pleasures, a comparative safeguard against sensual indulgence, humanizing the heart, elevating the mind, surrounding us with an atmosphere of peace, making us more thinking, soberer, and, consequently, *freer* men. Such are the natural effects of frequent intercourse with good and great minds, the seed of whose greatness and goodness is disseminated and made fruitful by their gigantic ally the wonder-working Press. Hark what the amiable and scholarly Essayist, Leigh Hunt, says of this great human Regenerator, this many-tongued promoter and preserver of human intelligence and freedom :—

"During a wonderful period of the world, the kings of the earth leagued together to destroy all opposition; to root out if they could, the very thoughts of mankind. Inquisition was made for blood. The ears of the grovelling lay in wait for every murmur. On a sudden, during this great hour of danger, there arose in a hundred parts of the world, a cry, to which the cry of the Blatant Beast was a whisper. It proceeded from the wonderful multiplication of an extraordinary creature, which had already turned the cheeks of the tyrants pale. It groaned and it grew loud; it spoke with a thousand tongues; it grew fervidly on the ear, like the noise of millions of wheels. And the sound of millions of wheels was in it, together with other marvellous and awful noises. There was the sharpening of swords, the braying of trumpets, the neighing of war-horses, the laughter of solemn voices, the rushing by of lights, the movement of impatient feet, a tread as if the world were coming. And ever and anon there were pauses with 'a still small voice,' which made a trembling in the night time. But still the glowing sound of the wheels renewed itself; gathering early towards the morning. And when you came up to one of these creatures, you saw, with fear and reverence, its mighty conformation, being like wheels indeed, and a great vapour. And ever and anon the vapour boiled, and the wheels went rolling, and the creature threw out of its mouth visible words, that fell into the air by millions, and spoke to the uttermost parts of the earth. And the nations (for it was a loving though fearful creature) fed upon its words like the air they breathed: and the monarchs paused, *for they knew their masters*. This is printing by Steam!"

"Friends—Brothers—Fellow-workmen! Let us all be one mind in

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this; (writes R. H. Horne) that while we seek to obtain a just, an adequate reward for the sweat of the brow, we are not to forget that we have intellects to cultivate as well as earth to till and machines to tend—understandings to fabricate and discipline, and imaginations to fill with visions of beauty and of strength, as well as hands to hew wood and draw water. Let the workmen of all countries look at the stupendous edificies that adorn their cities—whether St. Peter's at Rome or St. Paul's in London—our colossal manufactories, our railroads, and a thousand other mighty triumphs—and let them feel, Our hands built all these things, which other and higher minds saw in dreams before us. Let us, then reverence their 'visions and their faculties divine,' but say to ourselves, we have also souls to ascend, hearts of large scope, and minds for higher acts than any political institutions have yet taken into their considerations. Thus does each dream and work, and work and dream, according to his own nature, and the world becomes wiser and better with its years, by the labours of its best thinkers and doers."

Brother Shepherds, endeavour by all means in your power to become *thinkers* as well as *doers*, for the two together are far from being incompatible. Try to emulate the modest but manly efforts of your Brethren alluded to at Stalybridge. You have the humble but successful example before you, go and do likewise: and afford us the pleasurable opportunity of recording your attempts, and encouraging your proceedings, in the pages of your own Magazine.

THE RESCUE.

A REAL INCIDENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

In a dim court, shut inward from a street,
Where lounging vice, and toiling misery meet,
Where squalid forms, and cunning faces, stray
Idly about the live-long summer day,
Creeping to crime as wanes the evening light,
Till brawl and revel rouse the middle night,—
A fair girl stands, amid a babbling crowd
Of shameless women, reckless, rude, and loud,
Whose tongues run riot on some evil theme,
Whose restless eyes with wanton passions gleam,
Whose mien and manner shock the modest mind,
Whose very words profane the passing wind,

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And tell how fallen from virtue and from grace
Are they, poor outcasts of an erring race.
I watch the maid, and in her pensive eyes
Read thoughts that thrill me with a sad surmise;
I see her quake with sorrow or regret;
I see her cheek with recent weeping wet;
The hues of health and innocence appear
Fresh on her youthful face. What doth she here?
In raiment seemly, and in aspect mild,
A stranger comes, to cheer the drooping child,
Scatters the crowd, and, taught to teach and feel,
Questions the damsel with a kindly zeal,
To which she answers with an artless truth
That adds a charm to her unguarded youth.
"Believe me, stranger, though my steps have strayed,
I am not *lost*, yet bewildered and dismayed;
Three days agone I left our cottage door,
My once sweet home—a home for me no more—
Because, since Death's inevitable hand
Beckoned my mother to the better land,
My father, once our pattern and our pride,
Has turned from peaceful rectitude aside,
And a dread shadow sits upon his soul,
The frantic spirit of the baneful bowl.
His lips, whereon hung moving words and mild,
Are now with curses and the cup defiled;
His eyes, once eloquent with gentle fire,
Burn with the craving of a low desire:
His heart, erewhile with worthiest feelings glad,
Is warped and withered, turbulent or sad,
And that small homested where my sisters grew
Like flowers entwining, where my brothers too
Gambol'd together, 'neath a mother's gaze
Of sweet solicitude, of silent praise,—
That little spot has now become the lair
Of guilt and grief, disorder and despair,
Of waste and want, of solitude or din,
Remorse and tears, and still-recurrent-sin.
Pain-worn at length, grown weary of the strife,
The taint, the torment of this later life,
Forlorn I came to this tumultuous town,
Through its vast mazes wandered up and down,
In the vain quest of refuge, labour, bread,
Or meanest pillow for my aching head,
Till here I stumbled upon dangerous ground,
Verge of a gulf appalling and profound!
Last night, entoiled within that squalid den,
'Mong wanton women, and lascivious men,

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I passed in fear the laggard hours away,
And looked with longing for the dawn of day.
With lavish care, and words in kindly guise,
With glowing lures, with rainbow-coloured lies,
They strove to make me that lost thing whose name
Is linked with sorrow, turpitude, and shame;
And hopeless, helpless, friendless and alone,
My courage flying, and my quiet flown,
No warning voice, no shield nor shelter near,
I *might* have fallen,—but God has sent you here!"
"His be the praise," the pitying stranger cried,
Be him thy stay, thy counsellor, thy guide;
I, a poor servant of his sovereign will,
Would help to snatch thee from impending ill,
Would rescue from disaster and disgrace,
The fearful chances of this dangerous place."
"Thanks, from my heart!" exclaimed the grateful maid,
While the quick joy o'er all her features played,
"Those gentle precepts which my mother taught
For the clear guidance of each dawning thought,
And the blest quiet of those Sabbath days
Which tuned my soul to peace, my tongue to praise,
Brood in my memory; and I would not scare,
Would heaven permit—the bright things nestling there.
Give me a lowly home, apart from strife,
'Mid the sweet elements of blameless life,
Bread for my labour, knowledge for my pains,
Cheerful religion—'bove all earthly gains.
A faith in all the wondrous Word reveals
A power to soothe when misery appeals,
And I will go where good men's feet have trod,
Honour the giver, and adore my God!"
"Come," said the stranger, whose consoling eye
Beamed with the triumph of humanity,
"Come, I will lead thee unto hearts that glow
With pure compassion for all human woe,
Who strive with sin, and love to make it less.
Who yearn to teach, to succour, and to bless;
There, if thy better genius rule the while,
And God vouchsafe the favour of his smile,
Thou may'st expand in godliness and grace,
Peace in thy heart, and pleasure in thy face,
And so look back to this remembered day
As a new portal to the better way."
True to her nature, unto virtue true,
Begirt with guardian friends, the maiden grew,
Grew into glorious womanhood, a thing
That seemed o'ershadowed by an angel's wing.

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Not for herself her labours and her love.
Nor the deep prayer-thoughts hourly winged above,
Not for herself *alone*, but humankind,
And the dear home-ties she had left behind.
Refined in speech, in mental vigour strong.
Tender and quiet, bashful in the throng.
In spirit pure, in moral purpose high,
With all her feelings mirrored in her eye,
Growing in goodness as she grew and grace,—
Again she sought the old familiar place,
Stepped o'er the threshold like a shape of light,
Her bosom bounding, and her aspect bright,
Flew to the parent breast, so long estranged,
While her quick glance around the dwelling ranged,
With words bedipt in truth's celestial fire
Appealed, nor vainly, to the man, the sire,
Bound him anew beneath love's sweet control,
Drave out the Demon from his sinking soul,
Until, his eyes with free tears gushing o'er,
He kissed her cheek, and vowed to sin no more!
Thus a kind word, with a resistless charm,
Drew a pure woman from impending harm;
Thus a good deed, so promptly, wisely done,
Back unto peace an erring mortal won;
The Law of Kindness hath a noble sway,
Which hardest hearts instinctively obey;
Let us enforce the gentle, genial power,
And so snatch pleasure from each passing hour.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JANE SHORE.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

JANE SHORE, was born in or about the year 1446; but of her parents we do not even know their names, yet it would appear that they were highly respectable; for Sir Thomas More, says, "She was worshipfully befriended, honestly brought up and very well married, saving somewhat too soon; her husband was an honest citizen, young and goodly out of good substance." He also adds, that she was a citizen of London, and Stow also bears testimony to the same. She was married to one Shore, a citizen of London, about the year 1463; he was a goldsmith and resided in Lombard-Street. The goldsmiths of that day were the most opulent of the citizens of London, and Royalty itself, was often under the necessity of borrowing money of them. It has struck me, that Edward might be under the necessity of borrowing money of Shore, and thus have become acquainted with his unfortunate and illfated wife, but this is a mere conjecture; yet there

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can be but little doubt that he was a person well known and esteemed in the city. In an old ballad which I have now before me, he is called Mathew Shore; but in a letter written by Richard III, to the Bishop of Lincoln, she is styled "the late wife of William Shore," from which it would seem that his name really was William and not Mathew, and moreover, that he was dead at the time this document was written, viz., in 1485—6.

Her alliance with Shore, seems to have been brought about by her parents, who were perhaps desirous, of securing for their daughter a respectable and wealthy husband; but whether or not, it was by no means an happy alliance. Sir Thomas More, says, "For as much as they were coupled ere she was well ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed, which was unhappily the thing that the more readily made her incline unto the King's appetite, when he required her," and Thomas Churchyard, who wrote about thirty years after her death, also says, that her marriage was one of her parent's contracting.

How she became acquainted with the king is not known. The popular account is embodied in the following verses, from an old ballad, entitled, "The Woefull Lamentation of Jane Shore, a Goldsmith's wife in London, and some time King Edward IV, his Concubine &c.

"If fair-Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrows to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beauty bright
Was loved dear of Lord an knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for want of gaine,
A husband for me did obtain:
And I their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forced to wed against my wille.

To Mathew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdly spent,
Which makes my soule for to lament.

In Lombard Street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witnesse welle;
Where many a gallant did beholde,
My beauty in a shop of golde.

I spread my plumes, as wanton's doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe;
Because chaste love I did not finde,
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name at court did ring,
Into the eares of Englande's King,
Who came and lik'd and love requir'd
But I made coye what he desir'd.

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Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose friendship I esteemed deare,
Did say. "It was a gallant thing,
To be beloved of a King."

By her persuasions I was led
For to defile my marriage bed,
And wrong my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married years before.

In heart and mind I did rejoice,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
And therefore did my state resigne,
To be King Edward's concubine."

This is the popular and legendary account and it is for the reader to judge between it and the suggestion, that Edward became acquainted with her through visiting her husband to loan money of him.

The year 1470, was to Edward an eventful year, for Warwick surnamed the King-maker, having taken offence at him, gathered together his retainers and adherents, and drove him from the throne, raising Henry VI. to it; but Edward having recruited his strength gave battle to Warwick and slew him, deposed Henry and ascended the throne again. It was after his reascension to the throne—I think—that Jane finally left her husband's house, and took up her residence in the palace:—

"It was a trying moment that which found him standing alone besides his desolate hearth,
Where all his household goods lay shiver'd around him."

It was then:

"He entered in his house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home, and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome."

Sir Thomas More says, that "when the King had abused her, anon her husband, as he was an honest man and not presuming to touch a King's concubine left her up to him altogether." And like a stricken deer, he separated himself and from his companions, and those who had known him, when life was young and hope was high and seeking for relief in a distant land he found an early grave. The old ballad from which I have already quoted, alludes to Shore's self-banishment in the two following verses:—

"His bed though wronged by a King,
His heart with deadly griefe did sting;
From England then he goes away,
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impared by my wanton shame:
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reap the pleasures of his right."

It will be seen that the poet calls Edward, "a prince of peerless

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might," and truly does he call him so; for if his reign was not distinguished by the enactment of wise and beneficial laws, it was rendered illustrious by military achievements. Edward was an hero in war, having won nine pitch battles, in all of which he fought personally. Moreover he was both gallant and beautiful. Philip de Comines, who personally knew the King, says of him; "That King Edward was not a man of any great foresight or management; but of an invincible courage, and the most beautiful prince my eyes ever beheld.—His thoughts were wholly employed upon Ladies, Hunting, and Dressing. In his Summer-hunting his custom was to have tents set up for the Ladies, where he treated them afterwards in a splendid and magnificent manner, and indeed his humour and person was as well turned for love intrigues as any Prince I ever saw in my life; for he was young, and the most beautiful man of his time."

This was written in the year 1470, when Edward was in his 29th year, and Jane Shore about 24 years of age; but the latter date is wholly conjectural.

There is little to be wondered at, that the Goldsmith's poor frail wife, being dazzled with regal splendour, and tempted by "royalty, the love of gay apparel, ease, pleasure, and other wanton wealth," stepped aside from the beaten path of duty, and like Constance de Beverley:—

> "——Forfeited, to be his slave,
> All here, and all beyond the grave."

For, alas! it is a melancholy thing, however hard it may so sound,

> "That women like moths, are ever caught by glare,
> And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair."

In a note to Drayton's poetical epistle from Jane Shore to her royal master, the following description is given of her person:—"Her stature was mean (low,) her hair of a dark jet, her face round and full, her eyes grey, delicate harmony being between each part's proportion and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerful and like to her condition." Sir Thomas Moore, says:—"There was nothing of her body that you would have changed, unless you would have wished her somewhat higher." It is moreover said of her, that, "Her courtly behaviour, facetious conversation, and ready wit, were more attractive than her person." Indeed "the King, himself, would say that he had three concubines, which in three divers properties excelled. One the merriest, another the wittiest, and the third the holiest harlot in his realm, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it were to his bed. The other two were somewhat greater personages, and nevertheless of their humility content to be nameless, to forbear the praise of their properties. But the merriest was this Shore's wife in whom the King, therefore, took especial pleasure, for many he had, but her he loved." And however censurable her conduct towards her husband was, her conduct at court, and more especially, the manner in which she used the power she had over the King, are deserving of great praise, for it was used for the best of purposes—Mercy and Peace.

"She was merry in company, ready and quick of answer, neither

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mute nor full of babble, sometimes taunting without displeasure, and not without disport; in whom King Edward took especial pleasure, whose favour, to say the truth, for sin it were to belie the devil, she never abused to any man's hurt but many a man's comfort and relief; when the King took displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind; when men were out of favour, she would bring them in his grace; for many that highly offended she obtained pardon. Of great forfeitures she gat them remittance. And finally, in many weighty suits she stood many men in great stead; either for none or for very small rewards, and those rather gay than rich; either for that she was content with the deed itself, well done; or that she delighted to be sued unto; and to shew what she was able to do with the King; or for that wanton women and wealthy be not always covetous." The same writer also tells us, that, "she delighted men not so much in her beauty as in her pleasant behaviour, for a proper wit she had and could read well and write," which was what but few persons in those days could do.

I.

The poets did not forget to mention these good qualities of "gentle Mrs. Shore." Thomas Churchyard who died in 1604 makes Jane to speak thus of herself:—

"The nightingale for all his merry voice,
Nor yet the larke that still delights to sing,
Did ever make, the hearers so rejoice
As I with words, have made this worthy King:
I never jarde, in tune was every string,
I tempred so, my tongue to please his eare,
That what I said was current every where.

II.

I joynde my talke, my jestures and my grace
In witty frames, that long might last and stand,
So that I brought, the King in such a case,
That to his death, I was his cheifest hand,
I govern'd him, that ruled all this land:
I bare the sworde, though he did weare the crowne
I strake the stroke, that threw the mighty downe.

III.

If justice sayd, that judgment was but death,
With my sweet wordes I could the King perswade,
And make him pause, and take therein a breath,
Till I with suite, my suator's peace had made;
I knewe what way, to use him in his trade,
I had the arte, to make the Lyon mecke,
There was no poynt, wherein I was to seeke.

IV.

If I did frowne, who then did looke awrye?
If I did smile, who would not laugh outright?
If I but spake, who durst my words denye?
If I persude, who would forsake the flight?

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I meane, my powre was known to every wight,
On such a height, good hap had built my bower,
As though my sweet, should neere have turn'd to soure.

V.

To purchase prayse, and win the people's zeale,
Yea rather bent, of kinde to do some good,
I ever did upholde the common weale,
I had delight, to save the guiltless blood:
Each sutor's cause, when that I understode,
I did prefer, as it had been mine owne
And holpe them up, that might have been orethrowne.

VI.

My powre was prest, to right the poor man's wrong,
My hands were free, to give where neede required,
To watch for grace, I never thought it long,
To do men good, I neede not bee desyrd,
Nor yet with gifts, my heart was never hyred,
But when the ball, was at my foote to guyde,
I playde to those, that Fortune did abyde."

The writer of "The Woefull Lamentations of Jane Shore," makes her to speak in nearly the same terms.

"That time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of greate sorte;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore
To helplesse people that were poore;
I still redrest the orphan's crye,
And sav'd their lives condemned to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
I succour'd babes of tender yeares;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes for all my paine."

Alas! illfated beauty, where was the love that thy good offices gat thee? Thou had great need of them, but found them not. That "regal splendour, the hope of gay apparel, ease, pleasure, and other wanton wealths," that had tempted her from the rigid, but pleasant path of duty: and which she had enjoyed for about twelve years, was dissolved like "the early dew," by the death of her "royal lover," which took place in the year 1482, and was occasioned by excessive pleasures and indulgences, which had left him, a miserable wreck of what he had been—a dropsy finished the ravages, by consigning him to the "gloomy tomb," "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Beautiful, very beautiful, is the habitual intercourse between age and infancy. The affection of those advanced in life for the children of their offspring is generally marked by an intensity of love, even beyond that of the nearest parents. The aged have more ideas in common with the young than the gay, and busy, and ambitious, can conceive.

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LINLITHGOW PALACE.*

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

Oh, fair Linlithgow! there thy palace stands,
Proud in its ruins, noble in decay,
And, as in vision, I behold those bands
Who trod thy halls in times long past away:
Princes, and lovely dame, and gallant knight,
Again come thronging to my mental sight.

Well might the royal lady of Lorraine
Look on thy walls with an admiring glance,
And truly say that eye might seek in vain
For ought so kingly in the realms of France:
Even as thou art, thou rear'st thy lofty head,
And state and glory seem around thee spread.

Thy beauteous lake is placid as of old,
The lapse of years hath wrought no changes there;
It sleeps before me, with its waters cold
Gilt by the sun, unstirr'd by passing air,
Like something pure, by holy spirit blest,
Where not one trace of human change could rest.

Oh, human change!—oh, worldly strife and hate!
At those dread words my memory recalls
One who was doom'd to an untimely fate,
Who first saw light within those palace walls;
One who was form'd in hall and bower to shine,
The hapless daughter of a princely line.

Thou ill-starr'd monarch! Scotland's fairest flower!
Nor wit, nor grace, nor beauty thee could save;
The blood of kings, nature's most lavish dower—
Nought could preserve thee from a bloody grave.
On England's maiden queen a stain doth lie,
That thou, by her decree, did'st headless die.

* The Palace of Linlithgow was the birth-place of Mary, Queen of Scots, and combines that fine taste and true magnificence which distinguish all the Scottish Palaces, erected by the House of Stuart. It was an observation of Mary of Lorraine, Queen of James V., that the King of France had not a palace comparable with that of Linlithgow. It stands upon the margin of a beautiful lake, which, on the east, washes the base of a gently sloping hill. The aut hor beheld the Palace on a delightful summer afternoon, when the grey ruins, contrasted with the golden radiance of the lake and the bright green verdure surrounding it, made the scene one of a most romantic and enchanting character.

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Palace, farewell! thou should'st be as thou art,
A stately, desolate, and mournful pile;
A thing to raise sad memories in the heart,
And cause mankind in bitterness to smile,
To think how vain are pride and power below,
To save from pain, and strife, and death, and woe.

Harpurley, near Manchester.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY JOHN EVANS.

TRUE HEROISM.

WHETHER other men are or not, I must confess myself perfectly satiated with all this heroism—all this glorious valour—all this mighty greatness that has been associated with war and warriors. True Heroism can never have been associated with the majority of such as these. I am willing to admit the claims of some—I am willing to allow that the circumstances of the age in which they figured might be the means of developing their heroism in a view other than pleasing to our gaze—but at the same time, heroism, in the true acceptation of the word, cannot be identified with the mere slaughter of human life, or the annihilation of human peace, comfort, and prosperity. Such we can never consistently call heroism—for all its ministrations are certainly more conducive to the woe of mankind than to its weal. True heroism suffers in the cause of humanity—enlists itself in the work of amelioration—glories in the services it renders the poor, the miserable, and oppressed. To the starving, it is ever ready to make ample supply; to the comfortless, it is ever open with cheerful consolation; to the naked and dying, it is ever a warm and faithful friend. In all time, under all circumstances—in the gloom of death and the depths of despair—in the walks of poverty and the turmoils of sin—in vice and iniquity—in every species of human despair and desolation—true heroism alone reveals its just and most excellent qualities. The brother tending the one who has been his bitterest foe through life, is a true hero; the poor girl plying her needle from early at morn till late at night to support an impoverished family, is a true heroine; the one who denies his own claims to make way for others, is a true hero: the long-suffering in the cause of human goodness are all true heroes—all who bear human pangs and misfortunes are true heroes—all who fight for the cause of human happiness through perils and persecutions, are true heroes. True heroism consists in this alone: this self-denial, this strong fortitude, this returning good for evil, this exertion to raise up the dejected and oppressed, this long and lasting combat with the trials and crosses of our earthly existence. The poor servant-girl saving every farthing of her income in order to minister to the comfort of a sick father, is a true heroine. The poor ballet-girl who is dancing her life away at the rate of twelve or fifteen shillings a-week, in order to support a dependent family of younger brothers and sisters, is a true heroine. Your Hampdens, Howards, and Kossuths, are all heroes; your Frys, McDonalds, and Deans, are all heroines; but their heroism is not a whit the more devoted to their cause, than the heroism of the poor sempstress who stitches night and morning to sustain an invalid parent, or to educate and maintain an orphan brother and sister. This is the sort of heroism I want to see enshrined—this is the devotedness alone worthy of the high honour that have been bestowed upon our Wellingtons, Marlboroughs, and Napiers. The day must and will come when the superior claims of such as these shall be acknowledged. The day must come when the genuine heroism to which I advert,

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must find its due share of eulogium and honour—when the lowly and humble heroes of domestic life—the calm and quiet workers in the vineyard of their Master shall receive their just reward.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

WHEN I speak of Love of Country, I do not mean the love of laws, the love of political institutions, the love of nation for the nation's sake; this may be very well in some respects, and may be productive of no common amount of good. But my love of country is a love for the green fields, for the rural country, for the beautiful foliage, for the blessed light from heaven unobstructed by aught of man's handiwork, for meandering streams, for quiet glades, for noisy waterfalls, for warbling minstrels, for the whole host of light and beauty that seem to have sprung from God's right hand, and that most truly reflects the impress of his creative majesty. The man who cannot join in such a love as this is worse than an idiot. I cannot see how any man could be insensible to such sensations as the sight of Nature in its most attractive garb is calculated to produce. My own love of country has often been an antidote for the severest pain—a panacea for the deepest suffering. I thank God for infusing in me a love of country. There is nothing to my mind more conducive to the health of the soul—more tending to the placidity of mind, than this love of and participation in the beauties of the country. I know, in the minds of some the love of town will preponderate; but let the mind seek repose—let it want placidity, ease, unburdening, and general exemption from the cares and turmoil of the world, then will there be a yearning for the quietude and simplicity—the soothing influence of a country life. It is astonishing with what a yearning we long for the country if assailed by sickness or debility. And yet the principle is correct. The country affords a thousand beautiful soothing influences that no other medicine can convey to the distressed mind or sickened constitution.

WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

I NEVER take up Wordsworth till I want him. This may appear strange, but it is no less so than true. Wordsworth is one, in fact, whom you never can appreciate properly till you do require him. In some moods we have read his "*Excursion*" without experiencing anything beyond the perusal of a lot of prose, whose nature and import appeared perfectly incomprehensible. At times, however, the reverse has been the case. In the hour of extreme morbid sensitiveness—in the time of gloomy forboding and general depression of temperament—then have his pages been unto me a healing balm and genial antidote, annihilating every care and removing every burden. What a grand accomplishment it is to write poetry capable of the like of this; of serving man with a food that shall soothe his very care, and administer to a calm and gentle tone of mind. We know little of Wordsworth's poetry till we read it as an antidote. Then it is that its freshness and purity—its depth of feeling and sublimity of thought—its calm, deep, and powerful utterance, bursts upon you, and reveals itself according to its true value. No poet, either past or present, exercises the like influence to the like extent. Those deep sensations—those calm yet powerful influences that almost every word the poet utters convey, are scarcely to be experienced in our communion with any other. Wordsworth's poetry is all soul. It breathes nothing else but the true inspiration of the soul; and few are the minds, in the least depressed or discomfited, that will not acknowledge its powerful influence.

SHOULD THE PRESS BE TOTALLY FREE?

I APPREHEND that I shall advocate few if any evil results, in the advocacy of the entire freedom of the press. As the press exists now, subject at times to the inefficient operation of the law of libel, it is not, nor can it ever be, entirely free. This is a chain that might be removed with the utmost safety to society, both individually and collectively. The press always has been, and continues to be, a medium of the completest benefit to all classes of society, and while it continues to exercise all the salutary influences of

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which we know it to be capable, we consider it to be an insult to its power and judgment, in thus binding it by any law or rendering it subject to any man's dictum. We know, in past times, that the true power of the press has been subservient to many mean and ignominious purposes—that it has frequently been the medium of the most scurrilous scandal and abuse; but that is no reason to say that it is so now—that the same evil tendencies that followed the writings of Wilkes and Churchill, are produced by our present race of authors and newspaper scribes. Our press, in common with everything else, emphatically advanced, and the position it now maintains, demands that it should be freed from anything that may shackle its career. I know that the frequent abuse of the liberty of the press in America is often urged as an argument against its freedom in England. But this is no reason, simply because the very nature and temperament of the Americans is just in the height of its pleasure by dealing in petty abuse and libelling their neighbours. The good sense of the English—their thorough distaste for anything approaching scandal—their complete aversion for everything partaking of scurrility and low abuse, besides the ability manifested by those who conduct the press, should be a sufficient argument for its entire freedom.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRAMA.

THE narrow ascetic notions that have been entertained of the drama from the Puritans downwards, have never been founded upon any just views or impartial line of enquiry. It seems to be inherent in some men to denounce the drama, though with what amount of reason, I have never been able to discover. Their mere denunciation of the drama upon the ground that our prejudices will not allow us to admire it, is neither just or reasonable. The drama, where it has been properly and legitimately represented, has always been the means of enforcing high moral lessons, and infusing into the breast emotions of the highest order and character. I do not think any man, woman, or child, can witness the performance of Shakespeare without undergoing emotions of this description. I maintain that such delineations are eminently calculated to make a greater impression upon the mind and heart than the perusal of a dozen volumes treating of morals or theology. The lessons presented on the stage are more forcibly expressed—more powerfully embodied—and more emphatically presented to the gaze. They are, moreover, more calculated to impress themselves upon the memory. No one seeing a play, forgets it so soon. The fact is there—the clear, apparent, and comprehensive truth is presented, and it would be strange indeed were it unattended with any effects upon the spectator. The great amount of sympathy enlisted by the delineations of the Thespian farce, can never be without their results, and let our ascetics rail against them as much as they will, still I maintain that in nine cases out of ten there are incontrovertible proofs of those results being highly elevating and moralizing. I know that in certain quarters, the true nature and vocation of the drama is lost; but this is only the exception. The drama, now-a-days, is presented on the boards of well nigh every provincial theatre, with an appropriateness and respectability, that can scarcely fail rendering it worthy of every class of society. The genius of Shakespeare is more powerfully developed—our modern play-wrights are more legitimate in their productions—our actors are better educated, better versed in the beauties they express—everything, in fact, proves that the drama in its present operations, should exercise a salutary influence.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A THEME constantly threatening to be exhausted, but yet as exhaustless as ever. When will woman's love cease to be the theme of the poet? Never. It still continues in its wonted beauty—in its pristine lustre—in its noon-day glory and benignity. What shall we say in praise of woman's love? Nothing, save a repetition of the thousand warm and glowing sentiments that have gone before. In all times, under all circumstances, beneath all changes, in mother, sister, or lover, we still find it the same warm devotedness of heart, soul, mind, and body. If God ever granted a boon to his creatures, it was woman's love. It still stands to us—it still manifests its wonted

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beneficence; it is still lasting and incorrupt. Woman's love is all heart—all devotedness; it never trembles in the fulfilling of its purpose—it is always heroic and grand. These are no idle or visionary notions—they are every-day facts—presented in every sphere of life from the palace to the hut. Woman's love shines throughout all life—it never fades—it is ever constant, and though subject to the severest trials, though bending beneath the completest misery and suffering, will be found maintaining the same high position, and exercising the same benignant influences.

OMNIPRESENCE AND PRAYER.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

"And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father I thank thee that thou hast heard me."
JOHN, CHAP. XI. VERSE 41.

Is God from all our sympathy apart,
Waxing indifferent to the voice of prayer,
When the out-pouring of a broken heart
Streams up to heaven? Say, Is God not there?

When stars come forth in all their glorious hues,
As fresh, as beautiful, and yet as fair,
As on creation's morn, when silvery dews
First fructified the earth. Is God not there?

When rising whirlwinds sweep the desert sands,
O'er boundless tracts, swift through the burning air,
Blighting the beauty of the fertile lands,
Green and luxuriant. Is God not there?

When the dark form of some aspiring peak,
Looms in the fiery vest of vivid glare,
Which leapeth mountain, valley, sea, and lake,
Rejoicing in its strength. Is God not there?

When calm success the mad career of storm,
And clasps the lap of purifying Air,
So late the theatre of every form
Of awful grandeur. Say, is God not there?

When the damp and cold invidious grave
Gave up the clammy corse of Lazarus, where
He our best anchor, hope, and solace gave,
His meed of filial thanks. Was God not there?

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Yes, God is every where, in every form,
In every gentle breeze, in every storm,
In every heaving wave on ocean's breast,
In every wind that beards the mountain crest,
In every beauty of the starry dome,
In every social tie of every home.
In all our hopes, in all our fears we find,
This wonder-working power on every mind,
Imbued with christian love. But should despair
Its victim reach, a calm and fervent prayer
Will meet a sure response, for God is there.
Almighty God, are prayers of no avail,
With Thee who wakes the mighty ocean's wail,
Whose vastness, goodness, beauty, love, and power,
Are seen and felt in every tender flower,
In every stream, in every thing that lives,
Whose every breath a new creation gives!
For He who rules the night and sunny days,
Can answer Prayer a thousand different ways;
I feel it now in this imperfect line,
For God has heard and calmly answered mine.

Ashton-under-lyne.

GLORIOUS WAR!

FROM THE MANCHESTER TIMES.

The spirit now starting forth in almost every corner of Europe, to preach down the glory of War, is one of the most encouraging indications of that higher state of civilization to which many of us believe the world is advancing. Even Kings are beginning to discover that the luxury of power can be much better maintained by the respect of the people, than by their blood—and kings are the very last to mark the little vane on the housetops, and to perceive thereby "which way the wind blows." They are a near-sighted race, and when they do borrow spectacles, too often get them for the occasion, from individuals by whom they are surrounded, whose interest, or supposed interest, is to prevent them seeing through a correct medium. With the exception of dull, thick-blooded Austria, who sits brooding over the anticipated crowd which she hourly expects to hear thundering at her gate—when a general outspeaking there is through the various courts of Germany. Peace appears at a premium, and pipe-clay and gunpowder at a very considerable discount. Kings are tired of "playing at giants," and have lost their taste for human sacrifice. They will be satisfied in future with smaller "baked meats," descend even to lollipops and confectionaries, if only permitted peacefully to call their house their own, and keep the key thereof in the Royal pockets. This granted, the people may print newspapers, and dine in public, and do other strange things of a similar nature, which four-and-twenty hours ago would have cost them their heads, or the incarceration of a life. Descending from kings to the people, we find a still greater change in the character of war-worship. The trim sergeant, with his red coat and white

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trowsers, his three yellow stripes of honour, his sword glittering in the sun's rays, his cap with plume of cock feathers, struts through the town, his half-dozen followers listlessly brandishing their canes, whilst "the ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum" beat and scream out the once fascinating ditty of "The girl I left behind me;" but it wont do—the mechanic and the weaver have discovered that "stripes of honour" are nothing but yellow tape, that the sword is not the emblem of justice or mercy, but of slaughter and bloodshed. Now and then a stray blockhead may be caught—but look at him! what a poor, ignorant, bewildered scare-crow! and how miserably disappointed he evidently feels already, as he tries ineffectually to gain in his march the regular time and tap of the drum; and finds, alas! that his ribbons bring him the jeers instead of the admiration of the bystanders. Thus he has sold himself for a shilling—into the most debasing, demoralizing, soul-crushing, unredeemable slavery; his courage begins to ooze out of his finger's ends before he has bitten the end of a cartridge, or taken a ramrod in his hands. Such is truly the picture we have recently witnessed in this very city—a picture that will be traced upon a larger canvas as education and Christianity become more real, more universal in their influences. We hear people who never give a moment's reflection to the subject—or indeed to any subject—we hear such talking about the natural pugnacity of man—that he is a fighting animal, that so long as there are human passions, so long must war be a leading feature of our history. We might as well say that so long as man possesses fingers he must steal, or so long as he wears clogs he must kick. Surely the dignity of our nature does not require the cannon's voice in its vindication, nor the cannon ball for its "knock-down argument!" If men are beginning to be ashamed of private murder under the name of duelling, have become already ashamed of racks and thumb-screws, human roastings, and such like necessary public examples—if even hanging men up by the neck like dogs is not considered of so much importance to the good of the community, nor so much in accordance with the gracious and gentle spirit of our holy religion—if all these antique blessings are vanishing away into the records of the past, the gaunt and grisly ghosts of ignorance and feudal despotism—and if the world, as these ugly shadows flit away, looks brighter, and purer, and the nations seem to grasp each other by the hand with warmer, truer sympathies, then surely we may believe that there lies within the heart a germ of beauty as yet undeveloped, but which the future shall behold as the symbol of that holy prophecy "on earth peace—good will towards men."

Providence has placed around Great Britain a magic circle, beyond which the minions of War may not pass—

> "This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars;
> This other Eden, demi-paradise;
> This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
> Against infection, and the hand of war;
> This happy breed of men, this little world;
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happy lands;
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

Why in the name of common sense, as well as common feeling, should she turn her thoughts to war? May not Providence have placed her in this envious position that she might become an example to the world in the arts of peace and industry, and the comforts and blessings derivable therefrom? Yes! but Aristocracy thought itself wiser than Providence some fifty years ago, and we have the effects of such wisdom in the incubus of debt—as weary a load as Sinbad's "Old Man of the Sea." Thanks, however, to our isolated position, the horrors of war are only known to us indirectly, through the visitation of the tax-gatherer, the poverty of our cottage homes; and so we still find occasionally flippant men talking about war as though it were no greater affliction than a bad cough or a twinge of the tooth-ache. It is so many hundred years since war—the facts of war were seen and felt amongst us, that we cannot for a moment realize to ourselves the grim monster, revelling in our homes, and mowing down life as we cut down the grass of the field. It is as well, therefore, sometimes to take a walk over the

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scenes of slaughter, as we find them recorded in the pages of men who have been witnesses of, and actors in, the great work of blood.

It is for committing these revolting desolating horrors, that warriors are honoured and rewarded—held up to the youth of the country, and about whom men talk as if inspired—calling for a third bottle of wine. It is to be in readiness for the repetition of such horrors that our representatives in Parliament vote away annually eighteen millions of our hard-earned wages. The money we scrape together by never-ceasing application—by the wear and tear of life—is squandered away in the purchase of steel and gunpowder, red cloth and yellow tape, feathers and foolery—"fire, famine, and slaughter." It might be better employed in the purposes of home comforts; in the education of our children; in teaching them that the Almighty did not send human beings into this beautiful world to become the instruments of kingly butchery; nor to sacrifice precious life—the noblest work of God—to the whim of licentious and intriguing courts. These are the old remains, still clinging to us, of a barbarous age—an age of useless excesses. It is time we were at man's estate, and made use of man's noblest privilege—morality and reason.

"The embatted corn is lovelier far than war's embattled hordes,
One plough in labour's honest hand is worth ten thousand swords,
The engine's steam pulse, fitly plied, hath nobler conquests made
Than all the congregated serfs of its abhorrent trade.

More courage in the miner's heart than captain ever knew,
More promise in the peasant's frock than coats of scarlet hue,
More honour in the craftsman's cap, and in the student's gown,
More glory in the pastor's robe, than all its vain renown!"

J. C. PRINCE.

LINES ON THE MONUMENTAL BUST OF SHAKSPERE IN STRATFORD CHURCH.

His was the master-spirit;—at his spells
The heart gave up its secrets: like the mount
Of Horeb, smitten by the Prophet's rod,
Its hidden springs gushed forth. Time, that grey rock
On whose bleak sides the fame of meaner bards
Is dashed to ruin, was the pedestal
On which his Genius rose; and, rooted there,
Stands like a mighty statue reared so high
Above the clouds and changes of the world
That Heaven's unshorn and unimpeded beams
Have round its awful brows a glory shed
Immortal as their own. Like those fair birds
Of glittering plumage whose heaven-pointing pinions
Beam light on that dim world they leave behind,
And while they spurn, adorn it;* so his spirit,

* In some parts of America, it is said, there are birds which, when on the wing, and at night, emit so surprising a brightness, that it is no mean substitute for the light of day. Among the whimsical speculations of Fontenelle, is one, that in the Planet Mars, the want of a Moon may be compensated by a multiplicity of these luminous æronauts.

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His "dainty spirit," while it soared above
This dull, gross compound, scattered as it flew
Treasures of light and loveliness.

..... And these
Were "gentle SHAKSPERE's" features; this the eye
Whence Earth's least earthly mind looked out, and flashed
Amazement on the nations; this the brow
Where lofty thought majestically brooded,
Seated as on a throne; and these the lips
That warbled music stolen from heaven's own choir
When Seraph-harps rang sweetest. But I tempt
A theme too high, and mount like Icarus,
On wings that melt before the blaze they worship.
Alas! my hand is weak, my lyre is wild!
Else should the eye, whose wondering gaze is fixed
Upon this *breathing bust*, awaken strains
Lofty as those the glance of Phœbus struck
From Memnon's ruined statue; the rapt soul
Should breathe in numbers, and in dulcet notes
"Discourse most eloquent music."

H. NEELE.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

UNDER this imposing title we daily see advertised cheap music, and under this title may also be classed certain concerts, wherein the astonished listener can hear, new as imported, the thundering avalanche, the Alpine storm, the squeaking of mice, affrays of banditti, and oral wonders from pole to pole. Cheap music we have no wish to depreciate, though *en passant*, we should whisper that the dear and good people yclept the million might just as well have real good music in a cheap form as the wonderfully harmonized uproar so called. No, the cheaper music can be given to our artizans and hard-working brethren the better, so that it be of a kind to raise the taste. Our object is not to depreciate the low price of the extant music so be-praised and so be-advertised, but to offer cheaper music than any of it; yes, music without price—to invite you, dear readers, to come and partake of it free, under no canopy but the leaves and the blue sky, and in no grander hall than the fields, with their carpets pied with daisies and buttercups, and their mossy seats fresh and fragrant with primroses and violets. It is no dress concert, with paraphernalia of kid gloves and ribbons; you need order no coaches for your wife and daughters, nor creep stealthily out of the house in the morning lest the youngest and fairest should beg her dear darling papa just to buy her this or that pretty toy to make her "like other girls." No, we ask you one and all, million

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and middle class too, only to step out into the lanes and the fields to our concert. There you will have the cheapest and most original music, the most heart-soothing and spirit-cheering. We are told much of what people *see* in nature, to the unfair neglect of what they *hear*. We are of opinion that the ear may draw as varied and refined delight from the tones that haunt our air-hung globe as the eye can from its sights, but of the former there is much less said and sung; and so, with our usual love of justice, we take up our editorial wand in behalf of the music of nature, and call to our aid some good spirits and true of our acquaintance, who are *wisely of our own way of thinking*. We shall now leave one of our friends to speak for us whose language is more eloquent than our own aspires to be, though we do speak from our very heart. It is Cowper, the gentle and unhappy, who thus speaks out of his solitude:—

"Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilirate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature.—Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull ths spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live long night."

If we speak next of the grander sounds only to be heard in countries over seas, and remote, gentle reader, it is not for the purpose of tantalizing you, but that we may not leave unsung, for the motives of justice before mentioned, any of the notes that go to swell the grand diapason in which our world continually moves.

"Far along,
From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

We having fixed our concert-room in the fields, or lanes, or woods adjacent to your own dwellings, or within a moderate walk or drive, cannot ask you to listen to the melodies which issue from under the ice, like the wailing and singing of imprisoned water-nymphs, when great northern rivers, with mighty throes, break the crust which bound down their ca-

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reering waves; or tell you to hearken to the Campanero, the tolling of whose bell may be heard for miles in the American solitudes; but there are at our very doors sounds well worth the hearing.

"Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol more;
He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill:
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues."

Nor are the occasional discords which are deemed necessary for the perfection of harmony wanting in or out-door concert:

"Not these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud;
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there please highly for their sake."

There are the advantages, too, of ease and freedom combined in our wild concert, as he who partakes of its pleasures can wander where he lists, and change not only the scene, but with it the style of the accompanying melody; he may saunter

"Downward to the shore,
Where the bowed waters meet him and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs."

Or he may wander

"Through the grass,"

where

"The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass."

And should the drowsy god o'ertake him, he may soon find himself in the enviable position described by Spencer:

"And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone."

Should he be of a misanthropical turn of mind, he may speed to the solitary rock,

"On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,

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Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowle."

Or to some habitation like that,

"Where all night long the dogs did bark and howle
About the house at sent of stranger guest;
And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle
Loud shrieking, him afflicted to the very sowle."

We can scarcely take a step into the country without hearing some beautiful voice—the gush of springs, the fall of fountains, the sighing of the wind through the leaves and grass, the numerous tongues of insects, humming bees, droning beetles, and the gnat's shrill clarion, leaving unmentioned the birds, who "chaunt aloud their cheerfull harmonee." The very insects shame us who are so silent and ungrateful; though surrounded by bounty and goodness, we scarcely deign to say, "How beautiful!" whilst all nature besides is sending up one universal hymn of praise.

We maintain that it would be well for every one to go forth to hear this music, so seldom heard. You can listen to it under the free heaven, not stifled by distillations and perfumes, but under the sweet hedge-rows; not distracted by crowds of vain people, who, alas! too frequently go to concerts to see and not to hear; but surrounded only by the denizens of the woods and hills, you can lie on the grass and there listen to all the sounds from which artificial music was imitated, and with this advantage over scientific music, that you may think your own thoughts the while. If you are sad, all nature seems to sympathize with you; if you are glad, it rejoices, and you go home a better and a wiser man, soothed in spirit and refreshed in body.

We shall end our lucubrations with an extract from "The Deserted Village," the beauty of which we would fain hope may indemnify our dear reader for any tediousness of our own:—

"Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose:
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingled notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung;
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made."

Laughter.—No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether and irreclaimably bad; how much lies in laughter—the cypher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper,—in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards, or at best produce some whiffling husky cachinnation as if they were laughing through wool. Of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and stratagem.

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HOW A LADY BECAME A FREEMASON.

THE Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female who was ever initiated in the ancient and honourable mystery of Freemasonry. How she obtained this honour we shall lay before our readers, having received the only genuine information from the best sources.

Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, held a warrant, and occasionally Lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting, and it is said that never were the Masonic duties more rigidly performed than by the Brethren of 150, the number of their warrant.

It appears that previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of Masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a Lodge-room, but whether the young lady was there by design or accident, we cannot confidently state. This room at the time was undergoing some alteration; amongst other things the wall was considerably reduced in one part, for the purpose of making a saloon. The young lady having heard the voices of the Freemasons, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all, to see this mystery so long and so secretly locked up from public view, she had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and witnessed the ceremony through the two first steps.

Curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and those who understand this passage, well know what the feeling of any person must be who could unlawfully behold that ceremony; let them then judge what were the feelings of a young girl under such extraordinary circumstances. There was no mode of escape except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized, and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, she had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way, and with light but trembling step glided on unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and gently opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and surly *Tiler*, with his long sword unsheathed.

A shriek that pierced through the apartment alarmed the members of the Lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, in the first paroxysm of their rage it is said her death was resolved on, but from the moving and earnest appeal of her younger brother, her life was spared on condition of her going through the two steps of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft, a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of Masonry.

Miss St. Leger was directly descended from Sir Robert de St. Leger, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and was of that high repute that he with his own hand supported that Prince when he first went out of his ship to land in Sussex. Miss St. Leger was cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, Governor of St. Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger Stakes.

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Miss St. Leger married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, a member of a highly honourable and ancient family, long celebrated for their hospitality and other virtues. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatres of Dublin or Cork, for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, she walked at the head of the Freemasons with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage-box. The house was always crowded on those occasions. The portrait of this estimable woman is in the Lodge-room of almost every Lodge in Ireland.

SALMAGUNDI.

A DARING FEAT.

Directly opposite the Winter Palace, and one of the most conspicuous objects on the whole line of the Neva, is the citadel or old fortress, and, in reality, the foundation of the city. I looked long and intently on the golden spire of its church, shooting towards the sky and glittering in the sun. This spire, which rises tapering till it seems almost to fade away into nothing, is surmounted by a large globe, on which stands an angel supporting a cross. This angel, being made of corruptible stuff, once manifested symptoms of decay, and fears were entertained that he would soon be numbered with the fallen. Government became perplexed how to repair it, for to raise a scaffolding to such a height would cost more than the angel was worth. Among the crowd which daily assembled to gaze at it from below was a roofer of houses, who, after a long and silent examination, went to the government and offered to repair it without any scaffolding or assistance of any kind. His offer was accepted; and on the day appointed for the attempt, provided with nothing but a coil of cords, he ascended inside to the highest window, and, looking for a moment at the crowd below and at the spire tapering away above him, stood up on the outer ledge of the window. The spire was covered with sheets of gilded copper, which, to beholders from below, presented only a smooth surface of burnished gold; but the sheets were roughly laid, and fastened by large nails, which projected from the sides of the spire. He cut two pieces of cord, and tied loops at each end of both, fastened the upper loops over two projecting nails, and stood with his feet in the lower; then, clinching the fingers of one hand over the rough edges of the sheets of copper, raised himself till he could hitch one of the loops on a higher nail with the other hand; he did the same for the other loop, and so on he raised one leg after the other, and at length ascended, nail by nail, and stirrup by stirrup, till he clasped his arms around the spire directly under the ball. Here it seemed impossible to go any farther, for the ball was ten or twelve feet in circumference, with a smooth and glittering surface, and no projecting nails, and the angel was above the ball, as completely out of sight as if it were in the habitation of its prototypes. But the daring roofer was not disheartened. Raising himself in his stirrups, he encircled the spire with a cord, which he tied round his waist; and, so supported, leaned gradually back until the soles of his feet were braced against the spire, and his body fixed almost horizontally in the air. In this position he threw a cord over the top of the ball, and threw it so coolly and skilfully that at the first attempt it fell down on the other side, just as he wanted it; then he drew himself up to his original position, and, by means of his cord, climbed over the smooth sides of the globe, and in a few moments, amid thunders of applause from the crowd below, which at that great height sounded only like a faint murmur, he stood by the side of the angel. After attaching a cord to it he descended, and the next day carried up with him a ladder of ropes, and effected the necessary repairs.—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*

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WAR.

WAR, pestilence, and famine, by the common consent of mankind, are the three great calamities which can befal our species; and War, as the most direful, justly stands foremost and in front. Pestilence and Famine, no doubt for wise, although inscrutable purposes, are inflictions of Providence, to which it is our duty, therefore, to bow with obedience, humble submission, and resignation. Their duration is not long, and their ravages are limited. They bring, indeed, great affliction, while they last, but society soon recovers from the effects. War is the voluntary work of our own hands, and whatever reproaches it may deserve should be directed to ourselves. When it breaks out its duration is indefinite and unknown—its vicissitudes are hidden from our view. In the sacrifice of human life, and in the waste of human treasure, in its losses and in its burdens, it affects both belligerent nations, and its sad effects of mangled bodies, of death, and of desolation, endure long after its thunders are hushed in peace. War unhinges society, disturbs its peaceful and regular industry, and scatters poisonous seeds of disease and immorality, which continue to germinate and diffuse their baneful influence long after it has ceased. Dazzling by its glitter, pomp, and pageantry, it begets a spirit of wild adventure and romantic enterprize, and often disqualifies those who embark in it, after their return from the bloody fields of battle, from engaging in the industrious and peaceful vocations of life.—*From a speech by Henry Clay on the Mexican war, at a meeting in Lexington, Kentucky.*

THOMAS A BECKET.

THOMAS à BECKET may have inherited a romantic turn of mind from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, a flourishing citizen, had been in his youth a soldier in the crusades; and being taken prisoner, became slave to an Emir, or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a personage who became more attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady with her loving heart followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language,—London and Gilbert; and by repeating the former she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman, and went from street to street pronouncing "Gilbert!" A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking of course a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—Gilbert! Gilbert!—She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who had won her heart in slavery was living in good condition. The crowd drew the family to his window; his servant recognised her; and Gilbert Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed his far-come princess,with her solitary fond word.—*Leigh Hunt's Indicator.*

VALUE OF EXAMPLE.

THE poor woman who, with a scanty wardrobe, is ever neat and clean in her person, amid various and trying duties; is patient, gentle, and affectionate in her domestic relations; with small funds is economical and judicious in her household management—as presenting every day a practical exposition of some of the least lessons in life—may be a greater benefactor of her kind than the woman of fortune, though she may scatter a tithe of a large fortune in alms. The poor man, whose regularity and propriety of conduct co-operate with such a woman, and shews his fellow-workmen or townsmen what temperance, industry, manly tenderness, and superiority to low and sensual temptation can effect in endearing a home, which, like the green spot that the traveller finds in the desert, is bright even amid the gloom of poverty, and sweet even amid all the surrounding bitterness—such a man does good as well as the most eloquent speaker that ever spoke, and the most eloquent writer that ever wrote. If there were a few patriarchs of the people, women as well as men (if I may be excused for admitting the former to a patriarchy,) their influence would soon be sensibly felt.—*Mrs. Lenan Grimstone.*

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POETS.

Poets are a joyous race!
O'er the laughing earth they go.
Shedding charms o'er many a place
Nature never favour'd so;
Still to each divinest spot
Led by some auspicious star,
Scattering flowers where flowers are not,
Making lovelier those that are.

Poets are a mournful race!
O'er the weary earth they go,
Darkening many a sunny place
Nature never darken'd so;
Still to each sepulchral spot
Call'd by spectral lips afar,
Fancying tombs where tombs are not,
Making gloomier those which are.

Poets are a gifted race!
If their gifts aright they knew;
Fallen splendour, perish'd grace,
Their enchantments can renew:
They have power o'er day and night;
Life, with all its joys and cares—
Earth, with all its bloom and blight—
Tears and transports—all are theirs!

Poets are a wayward race!
Loneliest still when least alone,
They can find in every place
Joys and sorrows of their own:
Grieved or glad by fitful starts,
Pangs they feel that no one shares,
And a joy can fill their hearts
That can fill no hearts but theirs.

Poets are a mighty race!
They can reach to times unborn;
They can brand the vile and base
With undying hate and scorn;
They can ward detraction's blow;
They oblivion's tide can stem;
And the good and brave must owe
Immortality to them! ——J. G. Grant.

SAM SLICK'S DEFINITION OF PATRIOTISM.

Do you think you could tell now, or any other British minister that ever stood in shoe-leather, from the days of old Captain Noah of the Ark whaler downwards, how many kinds of patriots there are in the colonies? Well, there are jist five. Rebel patriots, mahogany patriots, spooney patriots, place patriots, and rael genuine patriots. Now, to govern a colony, a man ought to know these critturs at first sight, for they are as different from each other as a hoss is from a jackass, or a hawk from a handsaw. *A rebel patriot* is a gentleman that talks better than he fights, hante got much property in a gineral way, and hopes to grab a little in the universal scramble. He starts on his own hook, looks to his rifle for his support, and shoots his own game. If he got his due he would get a gallus for his reward. *A mahogany patriot* is a crittur that rides like a beggar a horse-back; you'll know him by his gait. As soon as he begins to get on a

bit in the world, he is envious of all them that's above him, and if he can't get his legs under the mahogany of his betters, is for takin' his betters' mahogany away from them. To skin his pride over and salve his vanity, he says he is excluded on account of his politics and patriotism, a martyr to his vartue. The chap mistakes impedence for independence, and abuse for manliness: he is jist about a little the dirtiest and nastiest bird of the whole flock of patriots. This feller should be sarved out in his own way: he should stand in the pillory and be pelted with rotten eggs. *A spooney patriot* is a well-meanin', silly Billy, who thinks the world can be reduced to squares like a draftboard, and governed by systems; who talks about reforms, codifyin', progression, schoolmasters abroad, liberality, responsibility, and a pack of party catchwords that he did not know the meaning of. This chap is a fool, and ought to go to the infarmary. *A place patriot* is a rogue: he panders to popular prejudice, appeals to the passions of the mob, and tries to set them agin' their richer neighbours, and attempts to ride on their shoulders into the Government, and to secure place will sacrifice everything that is valuable, and good, and respectable. He is a philosopher in his religion, and a rascal in his philosophy. He is wilful, and acts against conviction. This man is the loudest and most dangerous of all, and should go to the workhouse. *The true patriot* is one who is neither a sycophant to the Government nor a tyrant to the people, but one who will manfully oppose either when they are wrong, who regards what's right, as minister said to me, and not what is popular; who supports existin' institutions as a whole, but is willin' to mend or repair any part that is defective.

THE GOLD-SEEKERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE Gambusinos are the gold-seekers of the New World, a class who, in number and importance, divide society with the "Vaqueros"—the cattle dealers, into two almost equal sections. Too poor to become possessors of mines; without capital for enterprise on a larger scale, they form bands of wandering discoverers, traversing the least known districts of the Sonora, and spending years of life in the wildest recesses of the Rocky Mountains. Associating together, generally, from circumstances purely accidental, they form little communities, subject to distinct laws; and however turbulent and rebellious under ordinary control, beneath the sway of the self-chosen leaders they are reputed to be submissive and obedient. Their skill is, as may be judged, rude as their habits. They rarely carry their researches to any depth beneath the surface; some general rules are all their guidance, and they are easily acquired. They are all familiar with the fact, that the streams which descend from the Rocky Mountains, either towards the Atlantic or Pacific, carry in their autumnal floods vast masses of earth, which form deposits in the plains; and these deposits are often charged with precious ores, and sometimes contain great pieces of pure gold. They know, besides, that the quartz rock is the usual bed where the precious metals are found; and that these rocks form spurs from the large mountains, easily known, because they are never clothed by vegetation, and called in their phraseology "Crestones." A sharp, short stroke of the "barreta," the iron-shod staff of the Gambusino, soon shivers the rock where treasure is suspected; and the fragments being submitted to the action of a strong fire, the existence of gold is at once tested. Often the mere stroke of the barreta will display the shining lustre of the metal without more to do. Such is, for the most part, the extent of their skill. There are, of course, gradations even here; and some will distinguish themselves above their fellows in the detection of profitable sources and rich "crestones," while others rarely rise above the rank of mere "washers"—men employed to sift the sands and deposits of the rivers in which the chief product is gold dust. Such, then, is the life of a "Gambusino." In this pursuit he traverses the vast continent of South America, from east to west, crossing torrents, scaling cliffs, descending precipices, braving hunger, thirst, heat, and snow, encountering hostile Indians, and the not less terrible bands of rival adventurers, contesting for existence with the wild animals of the Desert, and generally at last paying with his life the price of his daring intrepidity! Few, indeed, are ever seen as old men among their native villages—nearly all have found their last rest beneath the scorching sand of the prairie.—*Con. Cregan, No. VIII.*

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GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The most extensive *manual* structure is undoubtedly the great Chinese wall. It is 24 feet high, and 10 feet wide, and reaches to the extent of from 2000 to 2400 miles, over mountains, precipices, and rivers, up to the sea on one side, and the inaccessible mountains of Thibet on the other. The Chinese truly call it one of *their* wonders of the world—as the stones used for its construction, if placed one beside the other, would suffice to encompass the whole circumference of the globe. The entire history of this construction is wrapt in similar obscurity with that of the Pyramids of Egypt.

RUTH.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened:—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou should'st but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

SLANDER.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL.

"——— Slander,
Whose whisper o'er the earth's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot."——*Shakspere's Hamlet, act* IV., *scene* 1*st.*

"He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander, is a fool."
Solomon's Proverbs, chap. X., *verse* 18*th.*

One would almost imagine, from the pains many take to injure the reputation of their neighbours, that they derive pleasure from such a dishonest and dishonourable mode of procedure.

Slander, like the foul crime of incendiarism, requires no talent in the perpetrator, but may be committed by any one whose intellect is deranged, or whose heart is depraved to the core. Like incendiarism also, it is a deed of deepest injustice, the dangerous result of which is incalculable. The innocent, the feeble, the inoffensive, and the unprotected, not unfrequently fall a prey to its devouring flames.

It is an insatiable vulture, feeding on human hearts, and continually gorging on the vitals of humanity; whilst every one pats it on the back,

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and pets it, and in every way encourages it, instead of destroying it, and trampling it under-foot.

It is a ravenous boar, whom none have the courage to give chase to—a snake in the grass which no none dares to kill.

It is a skulking thief, hid in some dark and lonely place, waiting only for a fitting opportunity to deprive the first unsuspecting individuals who may fall in its way, of their honour and fair fame.

It is a vile traitor, betraying all those who may have foolishly placed confidence in its perfidious bosom,—disclosing every secret with which it has been entrusted, and, with many misrepresentations, proclaiming them to the world.

It is an ungovernable rebel, and a savage outlaw, stubbornly refusing the least submission to any law of God or man.

It is a liar, a suborner, and a perjurer, whose every word may be received, as a foul, malicious lie.

It is a cold-blooded, icy-hearted murderer, whose dagger is already drawn from its scabbard, to be sheathed only in the heart of its victim, and whose heavy bludgeon is continually held aloft, to deal the long premeditated blows upon the devoted heads of the feeble and the unprotected.

It is the "apple of discord," which has so long kept the big babies of the world in a state of perpetual jealousy and feuds.

Like cowardly assasinations by the hand of some Venetian bravo, the attack of the slanderer is generally made in the dark and behind backs; so that the injured cannot defend themselves from the invidious attacks made upon them.

No heart, however pure its motives; no taste, however refined; no mind, however enlightened and ennobled, can shield itself from the poisoned arrows of this wrinkled hag.

Her cup of poison is ever mixed; her bowl is ever filled with the deadly draught; but woe unto them that drink thereof!

They who will meanly endeavour, by false accusations and dirty insinuations, to stab the character of individuals, with whom they are, to all intents and purposes, totally unacquainted, are not to be trusted in any of the relations of life; but should, in all cases, be looked upon with the utmost contempt.

He that will deprive another of his good name, without a cause, would not hesitate to take away the life of a fellow-creature; and she who would destroy the peace of a family, or an individual, would prepare the poisonous draught for any one whose talents and virtues may stand between the villain and the villain's purpose.

Neither are they who listen, with marked attention, to every calumny which the busy tongue of Slander may trump up and propagate, one whit less culpable than the degenerate wretch who told it. Had Slander no thirsty ears to drink it in, there would be found no itching tongue to tell—no croaking voice to give it utterance. In man it is base, ungenerous, and partaking of the nature of a fiend; but in woman, whose very characteristic should be mildness, honesty, and love, how disgusting and loathsome it doth appear.—"Touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing!"

Stokesley.

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ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

[We have great pleasure in giving the following brief extract from a Lecture lately given by Mr. Peter Lyne, of the Bolton District, on the above subject. Our Brothers of Bolton appear to be proceeding with great and praiseworthy spirit, and may well furnish an example to their less zealous brethren in other Districts, Mr. Lyne's Lecture is characterised by marked good sense, and considerable command of good language. We urge him to persevere, and cordially wish him and his coadjutors of Bolton every success.——E. S. M.]

It is an established maxim that every Shepherd has his duties as well as his rights. The destiny of the human family so far as can be gleaned from the revelations of Moral Philosophy, is to administer to each other's wants—to yield a balm for each other's sorrows, and to impart life and activity to each other's joy.

Man was not made to keep himself entirely within the folds of morbid selfishness—a wisher after no one's comfort but his own—and a niggard in his contributions towards the felicity of others. There is as clear a defined line of duty for every Shepherd, as there is of right—and he only merits the latter just in proportion as he pursues the former. One of the greatest duties of each and every Shepherd is to protect and shield, as far as lies in his power, the woman he has taken to be his helpmate, and whom he has pledged himself to love and to cherish; and it is no less his duty to cover with the shadow of his wings those children which are the fruits of his marriage, and which are, by the dearest ties of nature, rendered the objects of his paternal care.

The laws of this country, as well as many other countries, have made woman nearly totally dependent upon man throughout life. She regards him as her natural protector, and bases all her calculations of prosperity upon his successes in trade, and other undertakings. The wives of the great majority of Shepherds are peculiarly in this position. Our members consist principally of working men, and the labour of a working man is the principal thing upon which his wife depends to enable her to bring up her children in a proper manner, to keep adversity from the door, and to make her cottage blessed by the little comforts and conveniences of the labouring man's life. But when death comes and changes the scene, by removing her husband from the stage of life, what is her condition? She is at once deprived of the means to keep down starvation—being left without sufficient provision to maintain herself and her fatherless offspring—want appears upon her threshold,—then stalks into the cottage—sits brooding by the cheerless fireside—until, at length, she is driven to apply to the parish officials for a paltry pittance, or otherwise consigned to suffer the miseries of a union workhouse. This, in some cases, is not the most painful result—and, painful as it is to relate, yet, it is nevertheless true, that many a wretched widow, with spirit too proud to stoop to the degradation of a pauper, has, without any consideration, sought to escape such fate by breaking the laws of the country; and trespassing upon the property of her neighbours.

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Mathematics.

SOLUTION TO OUR LAST.

Solved by the Proposer.

It is a well known property of triangles, that twice the square of a line drawn from any angle to the centre of its opposite side, together with half the square of the said side, is equal to the square of the other two sides.

Then $30 \times 30 = 900 \times 2 = 1800$
Again $40 \times 40 = 1600 \times 2 = 3200$
Again $50 \times 50 = 2500 \times 2 = 5000$

Now suppose the side opposite A to B $4400 + 2 = 2200 + 1800 = 4000$ for the next two sides. Then suppose the square of the side opposite B $4000 + 2 = 2000 + 3200 = 5200$ for the next two sides. And $5200 - 4400 = 800 \times 2 = 1600 + 3 = 533\frac{1}{3}$ And $4000 - 533\frac{1}{3} = 3466\frac{2}{3}$. Then the side opposite B, if the side opposite A be correct. Then $533\frac{1}{3} + 2 = 266\frac{2}{3} + 5000 = 5266\frac{2}{3}$. And $4400 + 3466\frac{2}{3} = 7866\frac{2}{3} - 5266\frac{2}{3} = 2600 \times 4 = 10400 + 9 = 1155\frac{5}{9}$. And $4400 - 1155\frac{5}{9} = 3244\frac{4}{9}$ for the true square of the side opposite A. Then $3466\frac{2}{3} - 1155\frac{5}{9} = 2311\frac{1}{9}$ for the true square opposite to B. And $3244\frac{4}{9} + 2 = 1622\frac{2}{9} + 1800 = 3422\frac{2}{9} - 2311\frac{1}{9} = 1111\frac{1}{9}$ for the true square of side opposite C.

Then $\sqrt{3244\frac{4}{9}} = 56{,}961$
$\sqrt{2311\frac{1}{9}} = 48{,}074$
$\sqrt{1111\frac{1}{9}} = 33{,}333$

And $56{,}961 + 48{,}074 + 33{,}333 = 138{,}368 + 2 = 69{,}184 - 56{,}961 = 12{,}223$ for the first remainder. And $69{,}184 - 48{,}074 = 21{,}110$ second remainder. Again $69{,}184 - 33{,}333 = 35{,}851$ for the third and last remainder.

Then the logarithm of 12,223 is 1,0870712
—— 21,111 is 1,3244882
—— 35,851 is 1,5544892
—— 69,184 is 1,8400057 And added together $= 5{,}8060543 \div 2 = 2{,}9030271$ the area of the field. And the logarithm of 12s.,5 is $1{,}0969100 + 2{,}903271 = 3{,}9999371 - 1{,}0000000 = 2{,}9999371 = £49\ 19s.\ 10\frac{1}{2}d.$ the cost of reaping the field.

Then the logarithm of the area is $2{,}903027 + 0{,}301030 = 3{,}204057 - 1{,}755570 = 1{,}448487 + 10{,}000000 = 11{,}448487 - 168174 = 9{,}766613 = 35$ degrees, 47 minutes. Then $11{,}448487 - 1{,}522835 = 9{,}25652 = 57$ degrees, 25 minutes. Again 180—35 degrees.. 47 minutes + 57 degrees, 25 minutes = 86 degrees..48 minutes.

Therefore the cost of reaping the field is £49 19s. $10\frac{1}{2}$d. The angle A is 86 degrees, 48 minutes. The angle B 57 degrees, 25 minutes. And the angle C 35 degrees, 47 minutes.

NEW QUESTION.

Proposed by James Oldroyd, Bread Baker Lane, near Wakefield.

A and B discoursing about their wealth. A said to B, I have a circular estate, if it were encompassed with a golden belt, whose value is £2 3s. 6d. per yard, the enclosed would purchase the same at the rate of £13 per acre. And B replied, I have a round piece of land, whereon I can draw a circle on a quadrant thereof half the diameter of yours. From this data I determine their respective property,—and you are requested to ascertain the same.

PRINTED BY BRO. JAMES WATTS, HECKMONDWIKE.

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THE

LOYAL ANCIENT

SHEPHERDS'

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY A MEMBER OF THE ORDER.

VOL. III.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE:
PRINTED FOR THE ORDER BY JOHN WILLIAMSON, STAMFORD-STREET.
MDCCCLII.

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PREFACE.

SEVEN years have nearly elapsed since the *Shepherds' Magazine* was ushered into existence, during which time it has experienced difficulties which have required more than ordinary exertion to surmount. Its ebbs and flows have been occasioned by the circumstances of the times, and partly by other causes, over which those who have been connected with its management have had no control.

In laying the THIRD VOLUME before our readers, we have the satisfaction of stating that there is now a steady increase in its circulation, for which we take no credit to ourselves. Cheap food, a growing taste for literature amongst our brethren, and the fact of its having become more a *Shepherds' Magazine*, are the only reasons which can be assigned for the change. We are bound to confess that a want of original matter, has compelled us, much against our will, to draw largely from other sources, for we would rather quench our thirst at the fountain of originality.

We have reason to believe that these difficulties will be obviated in our next volume, for we have received the full assurance of some of our old literary friends of their endeavour to assist us in rendering our little Quarterly worthy of a more extended circulation.

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We tender our thanks to our readers, and to our correspondents, both in and out of the Order, and should they continue to favour us with their contributions, we venture to predict that our Periodical will live to a good old age.

THE EDITOR.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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Sabbath in the Country.

How sweet and refreshing are my recollections of the country! The remembrance of a Sabbath there is just flitting through my mind, and I would fain arrest it for a while, for the sake of the peaceful feeling it re-awakens within me. I had a few days ramble amidst varied and romantic scenery, surrounded by all sorts of attractive and natural objects. One morning as I descended into a beautiful valley, I was glad to hear the early church bell ringing, to welcome that day of rest, which occurs after those six, which are devoted to secular employments and manual labour. Some works of necessity yet claimed the attention of the farm-servant; the ox and the ass must be loosed from the stall, and the lanes and the village green were busy with cattle being led away to watering.

In all respects, save these and the like, there is a peculiar stillness in the country on a Sunday; it is unlike the other days, when "man goeth forth to his work and to his labour till the evening." The fields, which yesterday were busy with persons engaged in those various occupations which fill up the seasons, one by one, are now deserted and quiet, until the time arrives when they go up to the parish church, where their forefathers worshipped, and then those meadows and fields, through which lay the pleasant paths which conduct them to God's house, are trod by the old and the young, and they are seen approaching in all directions—"young men and maidens, old men and children."

"The peasant poor to worship wending,
With a blithe obeisance bending,
Greet the stranger as they pass."

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But, hark! the cheerful chime of the bells reminds all that the time approaches for divine service,—

"Think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angel's music, therefore come not late."

Little groups assemble in the church-yard, some engaged in discussing the weather, hazarding opinions of a change, or of a continuance of the same bright sunbeams which make glad this day of rest. Others are reading the epitaphs on the head-stones, which, by a pleasing and pious uniformity, all face to the east; and if children ask us why they do so, it is sufficient for us to tell them, and for them to know, that it has been the custom so to place the dead, facing to the east, in allusion to Him who is the resurrection and the life, and as the body of the departed reposes, awaiting the sound of the last trump, it is meet that even in his grave, thither he still directs his slumbering eye, in quiet expectation of wakening to behold in the same direction the second coming of his Lord.

But the bells cease their chime, and the last loiterers in the church-yard enter the temple gates. All irreverence is checked in him in whom it might be otherwise unsubdued, by the scriptures, which meet his eye as he crosses the threshold:—

"There is none other but the house of God,
This is the gate of Heaven.
We will go into His tabernacle,
And fall on our knees before His footstool;
For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all Gods."

And as the priest commences to read one or more of those sentences of the scriptures which are appointed, all rise from their seats, and assume a reverent attitude while the exhortation is read, which reminds them of their duty now they are assembled together in God's house, and calls on them with bended knee to join in the confessions with which so appropriately this worship commences.

The afternoon arrives, and again "the church-going bell" sends out its cheerful sounds over the valleys and woodlands. He who has been accustomed to spend his Sundays in the city, will miss the various tones of a hundred bells, by which the different parishioners of a crowded neighbourhood are called to their respective churches. Here the bells of one church only greet his ear, save when the wind brings a faint sound from

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those of an adjoining parish. The church-yard path is again trod by many of the morning worshippers, or by those whose duties then prevented their attendance.

After the service is concluded, the mournful tolling of the heaviest bell announces that a parishioner is about to be borne to his long home; and soon the slow and measured tread of footsteps of men is heard, who are carrying to his burial some deceased neighbour, in plain yet decent show of grief, a touching contrast to the nodding plumes and ill-assumed gravity of the hired mutes and attendants, which mock the sable pageantry of a funeral procession through the streets of a city. When they reach the gates of the church-yard, the corpse is met by the clergyman, who bids the mourners to weep not as those without hope, by reciting the cheering words of scripture which are appointed for the occasion. The body of the departed is then borne into that building in which he was "received into Christ's holy church" by baptism, and where he received the solemn rite of confirmation, where he was united to the faithful partner of his joys and of his sorrows, and where he had so often partaken of the holy communion: meet it is, therefore, that his body should be interred beneath the shade of those sacred walls.

After the conclusion of that part of the funeral service which is appointed to be read in the church, the procession is again formed, and proceeds to the grave, where—

> "Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
> Yet none have saluted, and none have replied."

and here the body of the departed is committed to the ground,—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

All those who stand around the grave were either friends or relatives of the deceased, by all of whom his death is more or less regretted. Here, again, is a contrast to the *business-like* funerals *performed* in a city!

"Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and

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gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene!"

To resume the past tense; as the evening approached, I took my way through the fields by which the village is skirted, even as the evangelist records of our Saviour, that he went through the corn fields on a Sabbath-day. Seating myself beneath a wide-spread beech, I took Walton's Lives from my pocket, and held converse with those good men who, like himself felt that

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sundays Heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope."

The hum of bees, the lowing of the kine, the bleating of sheep, and the harmonious and joyful concert of birds, blended with the pleasant murmur of the brook, which rolled peacefully near my feet, and the sighing of the wind among the branches over my head, disposed me to read with peculiar pleasure the pleasant pages of Isaac Walton. As I closed my book, and bent my steps towards my lodging, those lines of Herbert presented themselves with peculiar force to my mind:—

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

THE ROSE OF CAYPHA.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the sweet shades of Caypha there bloometh a flower,
By a fountain whose music pervadeth the bower:
'Tis the grace of the garden, the glory that gives
An aspect of heaven to the spot where it lives.

Through palm trees the sun sends his loveliest smile;
The winds as they waft it grow richer the while;
On its leaves are the love-drops of honey-dew shed,
And the nightingale breathes his best song o'er its head.

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Its eyes, which for tenderness shame the gazelle,
Have the soft fitful light of the pearl-bearing shell;
Like a lotos that leans on the undulant tide,
The charms of its balmy breast heave and subside.

So divine is its fragrance that floats on the wind,
That the chieftain, who flies from a foeman behind,
Checks his steed to inhale it, again to depart
With new strength in his sinews, new hope in his heart.

The blast of the Simoon may scatter away
Common odours that cling to the garments of day,
But *this*, where it enters, remains to imbue
The spirit with sweetness, and holiness too.

Sweet maiden! with shadowy tresses that flow
In wavelets of jet from the arch of thy brow,
Let me breathe in thine ear, in this eloquent hour,
The musical name of this exquisite flower.

Thou blushest, thou droopest, thine eye-lids drop down
Like the pinions of Even, when sunlight is flown;
Oh! the beat of thy bosom enraptures my sight,
And thy sighs make enamoured the breezes of night.

Forgive me, Zoana! for thou art the Rose,
Whose beauty hath broken my pride and repose;
Oh, let me transplant thee! that fondly I may
Watch over thy loveliness day after day!

I'll cherish and cheer thee, my Peri, my dove!
With the dews of affection, the sunshine of love!
And the barrenest spot where thy presence may be
Will be blooming as Paradise, dearest, with thee!

A VISIT TO THE WHITWORTH DOCTORS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHITWORTH is a little village of Lancashire, about three miles from Rochdale. In this village, I suppose half a century ago or more, resided John Taylor, a farrier, and most likely, originally a blacksmith. This man, who possessed a strong, rough, but sagacious character, was eminently successful in practice upon horses. It is probable that, seeing the beneficial result of his pharmaceutical and surgical operations on horses, like Warburton, he began to imagine that they would succeed on "humans as well." It is certain, however, that their efficacy was tried, and with such consequences that his neighbours began to have a great opinion of his skill, and not only to put themselves under his hands, but to sound his fame abroad in the country. His patients increased to such a degree that "the humans" soon became more numerous than the brutes. John Taylor did not on this account, however, despise and abandon the brutes; on the contrary, he continued to practice on "horses and humans as well" during his life; and it

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is said that, to the last, he gave the preferance to, and had the greater pride in, the veterinary department of his business. Long after his death, it will be seen, as we proceed, that stocks for securing horses while any operation was performed on them, were standing before the door of the house, and may be standing there now, for aught I know—but they were, at the time of my visit there, not merely standing but in use. John Taylor's fame soon became pre-eminent for the cure of cancers, for setting broken bones, and straightening twisted and contracted limbs. For these and numberless other causes, people of all ranks flocked to him from all parts of England. He seems to have been a curious compound of rude independence and good nature. Whoever went to him, gentle or simple, lord or labourer, were treated just in one way. John was no respecter of persons, but he seemed to have strong feelings of the rights of man, and an unbendable sense of justice. It was with him, first come first served; as every one entered his dressing-room, or surgery, or call it what you will, he took his place, and was attended to in his turn, and no sooner. If he came in his carriage or on his bare-feet, it was all one—he would get no preferance, and suffer no neglect. If any one, presuming upon his wealth and rank, attempted to claim prior attention, he was sure to get a rebuff that satisfied him on that head; and, if he chose to take affront and go away, why, so he might—John Taylor would neither seek to conciliate him, nor care about it.

Dr. Radcliffe, of free-spoken notoriety, who told William III. that he would not have his two legs for his three kingdoms, or Abernethy of our day, could not be more rude and unceremonious in their manners than John Taylor. He charged all alike, rich and poor; and such a charge!—hear it, O ye doctors!—eighteen-pence a week for medicine and attendance! It was plain he did not want to make a fortune; and yet, even at this rate, such was the immense numbers who flocked to him, he did make a fortune. The rich, it is true, who received benefit from him, often made him handsome presents; but, if they made these before they left, they got no better attention than they would have done without—for it was his principle to do all that his art could for every one; and, if the poor never paid him, as many never did, he never asked them for it; they staid as long as they pleased, and they went when they pleased. They had lodgings in the cottages of the village, and I believe it was owing to the need of lodgings that the village itself sprung up. There was a subscription box to help such of the poor as could not support themselves; and when John Taylor heard of any cases of great need amongst them, he would carry round the box himself amongst the most affluent of his patients, and contribute liberally too. It is no wonder that such numbers hastened to the Whitworth Doctor. The medical men of the neighbourhood, of course, exerted all their influence against John Taylor's extraordinary reputation, and carefully trumpeted about all the cases in which they could learn that he had been unsuccessful; and, no doubt, there were plenty of these, especially as almost every patient who went to him had been under the hands of a regular practitioner till his faith had failed; and a great proportion of them were such as had been dismissed from hospitals and infirmaries as incurable. But John Taylor cared for none of these things. It was his daily delight to deride the skill of the medical men of the country; and, sure enough, he had always before him plenty of instances of signal failure on their part. "Ay," he used to say, as he sat dressing his patients, and looking round on perhaps such a group of cripples and invalids as no infirmary in England contained, "the doctors call me a quack, and a horse-doctor; but who has been doctoring you, I wonder? What makes all you come to Whitworth, eh? if you have good doctors at home? I should like to know that. Can any one tell me that?" And then he would laugh, and tell them what had passed between himself and some of the neighbouring doctors. "A famous doctor of Manchester," said he, on one occasion—and naming a leading physician—"met me the other day as I was going along the street. 'Well, John Taylor,' said he, 'you go on killing as usual, I suppose. 'Ay,' replied I, to humour the man, 'but at somewhat a cheaper rate than thou does.'"

That John did some signal cures there can be no question. It is probable that his clear, strong head, and a native turn for surgery, gave a precise knowledge of what his drugs and applications could effect, and that his boldness carried him through what

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more scientific hands dared not have undertaken. I knew a lady well who had been given up by the ablest surgeons of her neighbourhood as incurable. Her complaint was a cancer in the breast. Though living a hundred miles from Whitworth, she resolved as a last resource, to go to John Taylor. When John had examined the breast, he looked at her, and said—

"What art *thou* come here for, woman ?"

The lady, who was a woman of a dauntless heart, replied, "To be cured, to be sure."

"Cured !" said John in a stern voice; "not all the doctors in England can cure thee: thou may go home again, and *dee !*"

"I tell you, John Taylor," replied the lady, "I shall do no such thing. I am come here to see whether you are as much cleverer than other men, as you are represented. Try your hand, John Taylor, on me. You think I am afraid of being hurt, but you are mistaken; I can bear what you can inflict; and I say, try your hand—let it be kill or cure. I can but die at last."

"Thou art a brave lass," replied John, in evident surprise. "Then I will try—and GOD prosper us both !"

The lady remained there six months, and, during that period, she suffered as much as it is perhaps possible for a human creature to bear; but she came home a sound woman, and lived thirty years afterwards. I have often sat when a boy, and heard her tell what passed at Whitworth. Dr. John, as he was called, had then two sons, grown up, who assisted him, George and James. George was married, and Mrs. George acted as the compounder of his medicines; and the lady, who seemed herself to catch the spirit of the place, used to help her. The principal remedies used were, a diet drink to purify the blood; an active caustic, called by the appropriate name of "Keen," with which they eradicated cancers; a spirituous liniment, called "Whitworth Redbottle;" a black salve; a snuff, of wondrous virtues, for the head; and blisters. All these, Mrs. George and the lady found abundant occupation in preparing, and in the most primitive manner. They used to boil a whole kettle of ingredients for the black salve; then mop the floor, and fling the salve out upon it while it was wet; after which they cut it into portions, and rolled into little sticks. They made diet drink by gallons; and made pills by the thousand.

Dr. John was not only sought by patients of high rank at Whitworth, but he was, on several occasions, sent for to them to considerable distances. One of these journeys was to Cheltenham, to attend a lady of high rank—a duchess—where arriving, and finding her surrounded by a great number of people, he ordered all out but the husband and maid; and, ascertaining that the complaint was an abscess, with her permission he opened it, and gave her instant relief. This raised such an opinion of his skill, that George III., who was there with his family, afterwards sent for him to the Princess Elizabeth, who had a complaint in the head which resisted all the skill of the royal physicians. John Taylor gave the princess some of his famous snuff, and eventually relieved her. Of some characteristic passages which occurred then, we shall speak anon.

When I visited Whitworth, old John Taylor was dead, and his son James, and the two sons of George, (then dead too,) were the doctors. I remember James as a stout man, in a blue coat, about fifty years of age, having much the appearance of a respectable farrier. The elder of the two nephews appeared a fine active young man of three or four-and-twenty; the other, a youth of two or three years younger.

I well remember approaching Whitworth from Rochdale. The way lay along a very miry, winding road, which it would not have been easy to traverse on foot but for a raised footpath with one single row of flag-stones. The country round was of the wildest description; desolate moors and moorland hills, with scattered fields of the most neglected aspect, with banks with a flag-stone here and there raised on the top of them, and a few bramble-bushes for fences. Winding round a brown moorland hill, I came to a sort of opening in the side of it, up which continued the causeway of single flag-stones. In this cove or opening of the hill, I found the village—a group of grey-stone houses, above which swelled away a great heathy hill, almost deserving the name of mountain, and, as soon I learned, called "Brown Wardle." The poor patients, such

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as lodged beyond the precincts of the village, were just coming away from the dressing-room; and never did I see such a sight on any other occasion. It appeared to me that the allegory of the "Mountain of Miseries" was here become a reality, and was pouring out all its evils in a bodily and human shape. A crew of the poorest and most emaciated creatures came hobbling along, some on crutches, and some on sticks, with shrunken forms and ghostly countenances, bearing in them all the signs of physical suffering. What rendered their wretched aspect still more wretched was, that most of them were clad in that coarse grey cloth in which the parish authorities now generally array paupers. We found the village an assemblage of poor cottages, such as the houses of the Lancashire weavers generally are, and the inhabitants living chiefly on dry oat-cake, milk, and potatoes. Such a thing as fresh meat, we are told, was rarely seen there except at the doctor's and the inn, or in lodging-houses where patients of some property were. The only barber in the village was a woman. Luckily we found the inn a tolerably good village public-house; and, more luckily still, we found two or three highly-respectable and intelligent people staying in it; part of whom were patients, and one a wealthy old gentleman of Leeds, who was in the habit of coming and spending some weeks there annually, from the grateful pleasure of having been there cured of a most formidable disease, which had baffled the most able surgeons of his own town. The inn was at the top of the glen, close under the foot of Brown Wardle; the doctor's house on the same side of the village, but lower down. Having established ourselves in our quarters, we soon issued forth to reconnoitre the place and see the Doctors. Of all the "Nooks of the World," never was I in such a nook as this. All about the village were wretched invalids walking, some with patched faces, some with an arm or a leg bound fast to a board—I suppose in order to straighten them; some with splints on their arms, shewing that they had been broken; others moving slowly along like spectres, in the lowest state of physical exhaustion; and others inwardly groaning as they passed, evidently from the torture they were undergoing from the *keen*. Dante might have there learned new forms of torture for his "Inferno." The Doctors' house was sufficiently pointed out by its larger size, and by the wooden machine standing in the street before it, for fixing immovably horse patients when under their hands. On entering the dressing-room, a scene still more singular than that without presented itself. In the village there were, at that time, more than a hundred patients. In this room there were at least fifty, waiting to be dressed or examined. They were all arranged in a row round the room, and in one corner sat James Taylor, with his surgical apparatus—such apparatus as, I suppose, was never seen in any other surgery. It was, in plain truth, the old shoe-box of the blacksmith—such as, I presume, most of my readers have seen; an oblong, small box, with an iron handle, in the shape of a bow, rising over the middle of it, to carry it by—the very box, no doubt, which had served on many occasion of shoeing a horse before doctoring became John Taylor's trade. In this box were a few bottles and pots of their invaluable remedies—"keen," green salve, redbottle, some blisters and plasters ready spread, a large wooden skewer or two, and some hurds. The patients came in succession before the Doctor, and he rapidly examined and dismissed them. Some he sent to Mrs. George for medicaments; to others he handed out a plaster or quantity of head-snuff; others came with a blister ready risen; on seeing which he took a skewer, wrapped some hurds round it, and with that desperate weapon flirted the blister straight off at once, gave the raw place a good rubbing with the hurds, and, handing the writhing patient a plaster, told him to go and put that on, and come again in the afternoon, when the same process would be repeated. Some were dressed with the "keen," who, in the agony of it, darted out of the place full speed; and some with rheumatic contractions in the arms or hands were sent to rub the hand-rail of the stairs for half-an-hour. The whole scene was most singular; but nothing was so remarkable as the stoical endurance of pain by the patients. I suppose it was seeing how lightly pain was treated by the Doctor, that every one felt himself bound, before so many witnesses, to betray no effeminacy; but certainly endurance which, under ordinary circumstances never would have been dreamed of, there was general. That very morning I saw a stout blacksmith present himself. His arm had been broken, and had been set crookedly by his surgeon. James Taylor told him to

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sit down in a chair in the centre of the room, and, signing a strong man to go behind and put his arms round the patient, and hold him fast in the chair, he ordered another man to take him by the hand and pull out the ailing arm with all his might. He then laid his hand on the ill-set fracture, and, with a sudden pressure, crack went the bone; splints were at hand, and it was set again in a space of time that appeared but as a moment. There, thought I, that man has had enough for one day; yet in the afternoon I met this blacksmith walking about the village with his arm in a sling, and quietly whistling, as if at perfect ease.

The young George was the one who took the department of bone-setting, and he went all round the country, often to very great distances, for that purpose. He had a capital horse, and rode anywhere to set a bone, at the simple charge of one shilling a-mile, operation included! A gentleman who had been there some time, told me that he saw this George have the arm of a strong man strapped to the iron palisades on the garden wall, and two strong fellows pulling at the man, while he himself took a run-jump, and struck the man on the arm, in order to break again an ill-set fracture, which was, however, too firmly knit to give way to any gentle means; and that, fearful as the operation appeared, the man's arm was soon reset and did well.

To complete the picture of this singular place, we must see, while these things are going on, numbers of patients walking about, having all the appearance of violent colds in their heads, the effect of taking the head snuff; now and then a horse coming up to be doctored, which the Doctor would walk out to, leaving all his "humans" to wait his return within. The younger James, however, appeared, whilst I was there, to take the horse department. I saw him order a horse to be put into the stocks one morning, with his head fixed fast aloft, and, coming out of the house with a red-hot iron, he bored, very deliberately, five or six holes with it under the horse's jaws, and as coolly then said—

"Take him away, and keep him from any other horses; the disease is contagious, and he'll never be any better."

"If he will never be any better," I asked, "why put the poor creature to that torment?"

"Ah," said James, "but how did I know that till I had tried how far the disease had gone?"

This James might often be seen walking about before the house, with an old hat slung before him by a cord over his shoulders. In this hat he had a large lump of some compound, which he worked into pills as he went about. The hat was fairly saturated through and through with the drug, and appeared to have been used for that purpose for years. When he had made a hat-full of pills, he went and turned them into a box, took another lump of compound, and again commenced his walk and his pill-making.

These curious, primitive people, by this time were become very wealthy. The place, and a great deal of land around it, belonged to them. They kept a pack of hounds, and were very fond of hunting; and often would the Doctor leave the dressing-room without a word, mount his horse, and be off after the hounds before the patients were aware of his intentions. No doubt, it must have been a great relief to him, to get out of the fetid air, and from amongst the miseries of the dressing-room, and enjoy the freshness of the moors and the excitement of the chase; for, callous as the Doctors seemed outwardly, and blunt in their behaviour, there was no want of humanity in them. James used to sit as he dressed his patients, endeavouring to amuse them with all the local stories he could recollect. He often entertained them too with anecdotes of his father, Dr. John; of which we may give an instance or two.

A gentleman of great wealth came to Whitworth. He drove up to the inn in his carriage, and with a very splendid equipage. He soon sent down a very smart and powdered servant, requesting John Taylor to wait on him. "Wait on him!—wait on him!" exclaimed John, in apparent astonishment. "Tell the man I wait on nobody—those who come here must wait on me, he must come to the dressing-room like the rest, and take his turn." This answer was so offensive that the gentleman, though suffering excruciating pain from a complaint pronounced by his own medical men to be hopeless, was, like Naaman, when the prophet told him to go and dip in Jordan, so indignant

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that he ordered his carriage out, and told the coachman to drive home again. His servants, however, prevailed on him, as it was of so much consequence to himself, to humour this Lancashire bear, as they called him. He did so, and when he entered the dressing-room,—"Thou lazy dog," said Dr. John, "what hast thou come here for? If it was not worth thy while coming from the inn, it was not worth coming all the rest of the way, I think." The gentleman smothered his indignation, and John eventually sent him home a sound man.

At another time, a nobleman brought his lady to Whitworth. She could not walk, and was carried into the private dressing room. John inquired what was the matter, and was told that she had been startled by a sudden fright; had fallen; and from that time had never been able to put one foot to the ground. John Taylor told her to try to walk. The lady, smiling, answered, that if she could have walked she need not have come to him. Nothing would satisfy John, however, but that she must try to walk. So, being raised up by her husband, and leaning on him, she made the attempt. As she stood in great pain, John went behind her, and gave her a sudden push with his knee. The lady gave a scream, and a start, and fell into her husband's arms. The nobleman, very indignant at the insult he supposed put upon his wife, asked the Doctor very fiercely what he meant. "Why," said John, "I mean to see what good that has done her. Let her try to walk again now." The nobleman was very angry, and the lady very much alarmed and agitated; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the Doctor could get them to listen any farther to him. "Why if you are fools, ye are fools," said John. "Let the woman, I say, try to walk again." They were at length prevailed on to consent, when, to the astonishment of the lady, she found the power of her limb in a great measure restored, and was able to get across the room, leaning on her husband. The nobleman was now as full of amazement as he was before of wrath. "In the name of wonder," said he, "how came you to hit on that scheme?" "Why," replied the Doctor, "the woman's hip was out. It was put out in a fright, you said, and I thought a fright was just as likely to jump it in again. There it is, you see. She must keep it well bandaged for a while, then all will be safe. But you may go home to-day if you like." Of course, the joy of both husband and wife was not small. The nobleman, in his gratitude, pressed upon John a purse of gold; but he refused to take more than his regular fee; the nobleman threw the purse on the table and left it.

James related this story of himself. He was in Staffordshire, near Lichfield, and, it becoming known, he was sent for to a gentleman who was in bed. When he got into his room, he found him surrounded with abundance of bottles of physic. He immediately rung the bell, and ordered the servants to throw all those into the yard; and to get up their master, and let him sit down to dinner with him. They all exclaimed, that was impossible, that their master had not been out of bed for some months. "Never mind," said James; "get us some dinner here; and bring your master a glass of brandy and water. What he is dying of is want of nourishment." With much persuasion the gentleman was got up; drank the brandy and water, and took some food. Next day, he felt a great deal better. James had him down stairs to dinner; and, in a very few days, had him out with him on horseback, and after the hounds.

James used to relate his father's visit to the Royal Family, to prescribe for the Princess Elizabeth, with much gusto. The complaint of the Princess was a continued pain and stupor in the head. Of course, John Taylor immediately ordered her to take his snuff. This snuff was made of the powdered leaves of the Assarabecca, (*Asarum Europæum,*) which has the property of purging the head, and of which plenty was grown in the garden at Whitworth. John, having given his order, and delivered the snuff, looked about him, and, seeing the Princesses all there, he clapped the Queen familiarly on the back, and said—"Well, thou art a farrently woman (good-looking) to be the mother of such a set of straight-backed lasses."

Charlotte took this unusual familiarity with a very good grace, smiling, and replying—"Yes, Mr. Taylor, and was once as straight-backed a lass as any of them."

John had not, however, retired from the presence of royalty very long, when he was sent for again in great haste. "Well, and what is the matter now?" asked he on entering.

"Oh! the Princess is taken with such a continual sneezing, that we are quite alarmed."

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"Is that all?" said John; "then let the girl sneeze; that is the very thing that will do her good."

John is said to have had the honour of completely relieving the Princess of her complaint. We must, however, give one more characteristic anecdote of him before we withdraw him from the court. One morning, as he sat chatting with the Queen and Princesses, a draper's man brought in, by order, a number of pieces of Irish linen for the Queen's inspection. On looking it over, none was found to be so fine as was desired. The man was ordered to bring some much finer. He, of course, assured her Majesty that every effort should be used to meet her wishes, but that he was doubtful whether any finer really was made. "Oh, dear, yes!" exclaimed both Queen and Princesses, "much finer than this, we are confident."

The man bowed and retired. When he was gone, John Taylor, who sat closely observing all that passed, said—"Now, do you expect the man will bring you any finer?"

"Oh! certainly!"

"Well," said John, "I don't."

"You don't? Why, Mr. Taylor, what makes you think so?"

"Because," replied John, "I don't believe there ever was finer made than one piece among these. But I can tell you what the man *will* do. He'll go home and rest a while, and then he will come back with the finest piece of cloth, and put a good deal higher price upon it, and then it will do."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Queen Charlotte. "I am a better judge of linen than you give me credit for, Mr. Taylor. Besides, the man dare not do such a thing—he would at once lose our patronage—he dare not do such a thing."

"Well," said John, "we shall see."

"Well, now," said the Queen, "we will see. You shall remain here till the man returns, and be convinced."

He did so. The man, after a while, came back with a single piece. He assured her Majesty that they had sent all over the city, and had had the good fortune to discover this piece—certainly the most extraordinarily fine piece of linen which he had ever beheld. The Queen and Princesses, on examining it, at once joined in expressions of admiration of it. "That *was* fine, indeed! That *was* much superior to the finest of the former pieces!"

As soon as the man had withdrawn—"There," said the Queen, turning triumphantly to John Taylor, "what do you think now, Mr. Taylor? You will admit, I think, that you were mistaken."

"That may soon be settled," said John. "If that be the fine piece which the man had here before, there is the marks of my thumb on it; for I never saw finer linen than that in my life, and, expecting what the man must do, I privately wet my thumb, and rubbed it in the chimney, before I took hold of the piece."

There was an instant eager examination of the piece, and there, sure enough, was John Taylor's mark.

The country people in the neighbourhood had such an opinion of Dr. John's ability, that they believed nothing was too difficult for him. James often told this story. A country fellow appeared one day before the house with a couple of wretched old horses, and asked to speak with the Doctor. John Taylor went out to him; and, on seeing the man's cattle, supposed he was come to sell them for the hounds. What then was his surprise, when the fellow gravely told him that he got his living by carting coals with these two horses; that they were now nearly worn out; that he was too poor to buy fresh ones; so he would be much obliged if he would take them, and make him one *preatty* good 'un out of them. If he could not do that, he was a ruined man.

"One preatty good 'un!" said John, looking very grimly at the horses; "why, fellow, what preatty good 'un can be made out of two such bare-boned old dodtits as those, thinkest thou? But, however, take them and turn them into the close by the barn there, and come again in a fortnight. I must try what I can do for thee."

With many thanks, the man made his bow, and took his leave. Duly at the end of the fortnight, to the day, the man appeared, and asked the Doctor if he had done the job for him. John Taylor called a man, and told him to go and bring the horse that he made the other day. Accordingly, the horse was brought from the neighbouring croft,

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and the fellow, looking him all over with the air of a judge, declared that the horse was certainly better than both of the old 'uns put together; "but," said he, "Doctor, you've made one mistake, and a great 'un."

"What's that?" asked the Doctor.

"Why," said the fellow, "it is a wall-eyed 'un; and, of all things, I canna abide a wall-eyed 'un."

"Get away, thou fool!" said Doctor John, "thou should ha' told me that before. It can't be altered now." So the man, walked his beast off the ground, never for a moment doubting but it was compounded of the two old ones, or thinking it at all wonderful that Dr. John had done such a thing. The Doctor had plenty of horses on the moor, reserved for his hounds; and out of these he had picked the best.

One of the peculiar features of the place was in the strange things which wealthy people, who had received benefits from the Doctors, had sent them as presents,—gewgaws, and things the things most unlikely to be valued by such men, and which showed more gratitude than judgment in the senders. I was astonished one day to find, in a horse-trough, in a lane, a quantity of fine gold fish. On asking the Doctor why they were put there, he replied—"Some silly people had sent them, and he did not know what to do with them. He thought they were as well there as anywhere." Another present, of silver-pheasant fowls, found a better reception. George had them up at barn above the village, and took great delight in them; and truly they were a most splendid flock of fowls indeed.

But we must draw to a close. Great changes time has made amongst the Whitworth Doctors, as well as amongst other people, since that day. Old John had a sister married to a great manufacturer, of the name of Madon, at Bacup. A friend of mine once went with James there, to see his sister, and met with a most hospitable reception. He there saw an old woman of 105 years of age. She had lived in the Madon family 90 years, and nursed four generations of them. She had then a young child in her arms, and related to my friend the history of the family into which she had entered at the age of 15. Her wages were then six-pence a-week, which were afterwards raised to one-penny a-day. She appeared at this advanced time of life still very cheerful, being allowed to do just as much or as little as she pleased, but still attending to the nursery, and retaining it as her peculiar task to clean an old-fashioned grate which no one else could keep bright enough for her. She had a daughter of her own, about 70, whom she jocularly called the old woman.

But not only has time swept away this patriarchal old nurse, but Dr. John, and Dr. James, and Mrs. George, and one of the younger ones too. I have heard something of the two young men going out shooting, and one accidentally shooting the other; of the younger branches going to study and taking their medical degrees at the University; that one or more still remains at Whitworth; one practices largely, much in the old style, at Oldfield Lane, Manchester; and one is settled at Todmorden. The newspapers, in giving an account of the riots at Todmorden the other day, stated that the house of James Taylor, Esq., a magistrate, and one of the family of the famous Whitworth Doctors, had been entered by the rioters, and his family paintings cut to pieces. Can this be the James of the days of my visit to Whitworth—the slim youth of the old pill-manufacturing hat! If so, it is probable that the portraits of Drs. John, and James, and George, of Mrs. George, are gone to destruction, beyond the art of their successors, or all the powers of "keen," redbottle, or black-plaster, to restore them. The rascally rogues of Todmorden rioters. A cotton mill might have been rebuilt; but who shall return to the world the likeness of honest John Taylor, who made nobles to come to him as common men; who clapped the Queen of England on the back; and made, for a believing countryman, one "preatty" good horse of two bad ones? The loss is irreparable; and, perhaps, even this slight reminiscence may be the most palpable record of him remaining.

FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.—When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

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THE OLD AND NEW YEAR'S SONG.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

The last song of the old year
Should be a solemn lay,
A requiem for an old friend
For ever passed away,
A sound of lamentation,
For the sorrow he has known,
And the blighted hopes he clung to,
Till life itself was flown.
Oh! the world is old and weary,
And many a tear will flow
In remembrance of the old year,
That will soon be—long ago.

The first song of the new year
Should be a joyous song,
A greeting for a new friend,
Whom we hope to cling to long;
A song of consolation,
Of promise and of joy,
Of faith placed in the future,
That the past could not destroy;
For the earth is young as ever,
There are children on it now,
And to them the flowers are given,
And the fruit upon the bough.

The last song of the old year
Should be a doleful strain,
When we think upon the blood shed
Like water in his reign;
The mighty who have fallen—
The high laid prostrate now;
Alas! the old year's dying
With shame upon his brow!
Oh! the world is old and weary,
And many a tear will flow
In remembrance of the old year,
That will soon be long ago.

The first song of the new year
Should sound upon the blast
With trumpet voice "Forgiveness
For the wicked old year past."

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The bright and blessed new year
Shall wipe away his stains,—
For there's much of truth and beauty
In this wide world still remains.
And the world is young as ever,
There are children in it now,
And to them the flowers are given,
And the fruit upon the bough.

MEMOIR OF P.C.S. GEORGE SMITH.

During our connexion with the Magazine, we have all along been desirous of presenting to our readers brief memoirs of old, and in any way deserving, members of the Order. Our intentions have been, however, frustrated through want of the required information and material. Without data we can do nothing. We request them to furnish us with fitting subjects, many of which, we are sure, may be found in every District of the Society. In the meantime we need make no apology in introducing a Biographical Sketch of our worthy brother, and talented correspondent, George Smith.

The subject of our Memoir first saw the light in the romantic Parish of Saddleworth, on the 2nd of March, 1794. When he was about seven years of age, his father, James Smith, who was a woollen clothier in that district, was compelled by unavoidable circumstances to remove his family to Stalybridge. After a time, the boy George, strongly attached by early impressions to his native mountains, became very restless and unhappy, and a few years having elapsed, arrangements were made with an elder brother, a respectable manufacturer, for his return, to learn his father's trade of a woollen clothier. He now set about, with energy very praiseworthy at his age, to educate himself in reading, writing, and arithmetic; read every book that came in his way, especially poetry, biography, travels, and romance; but Shakspere became his idol, which was no wonder, and accompanied him in all his mountain rambles.

When he arrived at the age of seventeen, he lost his father, and his mother became the object of his peculiar and affectionate care. He found it necessary now, by new exertions, to increase his income, and turned his attentions to the neighbouring cotton districts. Here he laboured for some time as an operative at Ashton-under-Lyne, and married the daughter of an innkeeper, but his mother remained with him up to the hour of her death. In the year 1825 he quitted the drudgery of the spinning-mule, and became a confidential servant in a large manufacturing establishment, where he still remains, after a period of twenty-five years.

In 1831 he was made a member of the Loyal Abraham Lodge of the Ancient Shepherds. In the following year he was appointed Secretary, which situation he held for some time. He was then elected to the office of W.M. of the Lodge, made himself useful in the general affairs of the

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District; in 1842 attained to the office of C.S. of the Order; and in 1843 presided at the Annual Meeting of the Order, at Bury, in Lancashire.

In 1843 he entered into arrangements with Mr. T. A. Philips for the publication of the *Shepherd's Journal*, of which Mr. William Leebridge and himself were conjoint Editors. In July appeared the first number, wherein Mr. Smith commenced a History of the Rise and Progress of Shepherdry; but when the second number was in type, Mr. Philips was declared a bankrupt, and the Journal ceased to exist.

In March, 1841, death deprived him of his wife, who left him with nine children, the youngest of whom was but a few days old. This melancholy event gave him a severe shock, from which he has not thoroughly recovered. His three sons, being of a bold adventurous turn of mind, left him while young for America. Two of them had not attained their eighteenth year. The other, some years older, has since returned to his native country. The youngest of these three brothers, who is yet only twenty-two years of age, has travelled, and seen much of the world. He has not only crossed the Atlantic, and visited many of the States, but he has rounded Cape Horn, and traversed the South Pacific Ocean, where he at present holds a situation in the American Navy.

The Biography of an individual who has passed the greatest portion of his life in the monotonous employments connected with Cotton Manufactures, must obviously present few features of various and exciting interest; but a man who has lived well and usefully in the humble sphere in which Providence has placed him, is deserving of our respect. We can truthfully aver that Mr. Smith *has* done so, and were it not from a fear of his unwillingness to have particulars prominently mentioned, we could give abundant proofs.

We *may* venture to add that Mr. Smith is a lover of Literature, and makes it conducive to the enjoyment of his leisure hours. He is not only a participator in the pleasures that others writing produce, but he is himself a producer; and there are performances of his, which his modesty prevents seeing the light, of considerable talent and industry. Mr. Smith is still a member of the Order, one of the Magazine Committee, a frequent contributer to our pages, and a willing worker in all that relates to the good of the Society.

We will, by way of appendix, mention a few matters concerning Mr. Smith's grandfather, who was in many respects a very remarkable man. "He was descended from an ancient family, in the parish of Ashton-under-Lyne. His father being a farmer and stonemason, intended his son John for the same business, and gave him only a common school education. He was put to the chisel and mallet, but began to manifest a restlessness, and a propensity to improve himself in the art of sculpture. Finding himself deficient in the requisites which constitute a first-rate artist, he applied himself to the study of architectural drawing, mathematics, and geometry, and though comparatively self-taught, he astonished some of the greatest men of the day. He soon became acquainted with a few eminent men, among them Mr. Brindley, the celebrated engineer, whose friendship only terminated with death.

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"The Duke of Bridgewater became his patron and friend, and he was closely connected with Brindley in the construction of the Great Bridgewater Canal. Some specimens of his genius as a Sculptor may be seen in Hatherton Park, near Leigh, in south Lancashire. Another of his undertakings was St. Mary's Church, and Spire, Manchester, which is the admiration of the best judges of architecture. Such a man could not long remain unnoticed. He was called to London, where he designed and executed several public works; the last of which was a spire of uncommon altitude. Being determined to be present at the laying of the top stone, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated to the ground. Thus terminated the life of one of the most promising men of his day; who, had he been spared a few years longer, would, in all probability, have been ranked among the illustrious men of his country."

INVOCATION TO THOUGHT.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

Come in thy dearest guise,
From inmost fountains of my busy brain;
Come, with bright flowers in thy luxuriant train,
Of rich poetic dyes.

Come not with harsh design,
Nor deep and dark mysterious things rehearse;
Come dressed in costume of melodious verse,
And I am wholly thine.

Oh! conjure up the past,
And let the moments of my youthful hours
Flit through my mind; and gift me with such powers
As calm the soul at last.

Fresh from the *lost one's* tomb,
To the dark depths of sylvan solitudes,
Where nothing save the rushing wind intrudes,
I go in silent gloom.

Oh! soft conjugal ties!
How close ye bind me to departed worth!
My heart clings sadly to that hallowed earth
Where my dear partner lies.

Fair was her form and bright
Whose true resemblance comes to memory back;
Pure as the dews that shed on morning's track
The essence of the night.

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Away thou warlike sign!
Thou banner drooping o'er the solemn aisle,
Why should thy presence desecrate the pile
Sacred to peace divine.

Oh! paint the quiet scene
Where lovely streams still roll their silvery tide,
Where I would live in calm romantic pride,
And die in faith serene.

Ashton-under-Lyne.

THE STRATAGEM; OR, AN ELIGIBLE MATCH.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY JOHN EVANS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"Well, upon my word, Mrs. Coston, our Amy is the most provoking girl alive. Do all you will to farther her interest in the world, and exercise your ingenuity as much as you can to render her a service, still she seems as insensible to your good wishes as a child unborn, I am really out of all patience with her."

"Nonsense, my dear Mrs. Lorimer: do not be so very hasty in forming your judgments. Amy doubtless has some singular whims, and probably may possess some good reasons for them; but whether or not I cannot but believe Amy to be a good warm-hearted girl, and completely incapable of anything approaching to ingratitude. But what makes you so particularly severe upon her this morning?"

"Why you partly know, Mrs. Coston. I need not tell you that I have given my hearty approval to the advances made to Amy by your son Raymond. I considered, and I am disposed to think you agree with me, that a match between Raymond and my niece would be a particularly eligible one, and conduce to their mutual happiness and advantage. Upon this I was decided, otherwise I should not have put myself out of the way to the extent I have to render them mutually agreeable, I promised my poor departed sister upon her death-bed, to see to the future comfort and prosperity of her child, and it is with this upon my mind that I am so warmly interested in seeing Amy comfortably and respectably settled. But with all my wishes, Amy seems determined to thwart me in my movements, and every time I urge her to pay more attention to Raymond's addresses the more cold and insensible she seems to my motives. Now is not all this extremely perplexing?"

"To some extent I admit it is;" was the somewhat quiet rejoinder of Mrs. Coston. "But perhaps in consulting your own feelings, Mrs. Lorimer, you may have failed in consulting Amy's. Remember that her's, to a great extent, are fully as important as your own, and that by conducing to your own happiness and peace of mind, you may very materially mar and destroy her's. So far as I am concerned, I should be well-pleased to see Amy my daughter-in-law, but not upon compulsory ground. If I can exercise my voice in it, Raymond never becomes the husband of Amy without her free consent. I believe Amy loves some one else far more than she could ever love Raymond."

"How, what's that you say?" warmly exclaimed Mrs. Lorimer.

"I say that I believe Amy loves another; and further that it is Sidney Langdale."

"Tush, nonsense. However came you to talk so silly? That poor crow, forsooth; well, upon my word you make me laugh at the bare idea of the thing. Whatever makes you think of such a feeling existing between Amy and Langdale?"

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Lorimer" somewhat pettishly replied Mrs. Coston," since you treat the matter with so much levity, I do not think it worth my while to advance any reasons for supporting my opinion. Certainly, I may be wrong in my speculations, but my impressions will not be so easily removed."

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And here ended the colloquy; Mrs. Lorimer fully convinced that her niece's interest was entirely centred in the project she had in view, and Mrs. Coston firm of belief that Amy loved another.

If truth can be told, probably the opinions of Mrs. Coston were founded upon the best grounds; as will hereafter be shown. The two ladies we have introduced to the reader, were both widows of about the same age, but not exactly of the same temperament. They lived in a retired part of a country-town in the south of England, and maintained a tolerable reputation for being well-to-do in the world. The one had a smart pretty niece of some nineteen or twenty summers, and the other a son who had probably seen about five and twenty years. They had each their family connexions of high respectability, and their circle of friends and acquaintances was at once extremely select and genteel. Mrs. Lorimer, at the death of her sister some few years prior to our tale, had left to her charge her winning little niece, Amy Carlton, with a tolerable good provision for her maintenance. In order to secure her what she considered a proper position in society, Mrs. Lorimer, some time before her charge had attained anything like years, began to concern herself in securing Amy a proper and eligible partner for life. It was a very lengthy period before she could come to any decision, although when she did fix her eye upon one, she was all warmth and enthusiasm in his behalf. Raymond Coston was the favoured suitor, and unless Amy wished to incur the eternal displeasure of her aunt, she must consider herself betrothed to the one of her aunt's choice. For about nine months previous to the outset of our story, Raymond had, after a fashion, paid his addresses to Amy. The fashion in question was that those addresses had been decidedly tamely received, although never absolutely negatived; and that Raymond was about as far from the consummation of his wishes at the expiration of this time, as he was at the beginning.

So stood matters between Raymond Coston and Amy Carlton. Amy, in her heart, was decidedly opposed to the advances of Raymond, but in order to conciliate her aunt, and in further hope that Raymond would become harassed and fatigued with the prosecution of his addresses, she allowed him to pursue his course. In the mean time, however, a warmer association of feeling had found birth between Amy and a young clerk in the town. Much below her own station in point of wealth was Sidney Langdale, but yet the girl loved and adored him. She knew no other joy than in his society, and even when perplexed and harassed by the worldly negotiations of her aunt, she would rejoice to think that a time might arrive when he whom her heart had selected would be found fully as eligible for her hand as the one who was so warmly recommended by her worldly and calculating aunt. Amy was of a warm romantic temperament, and never cared a jot for pelf or position as long as she found something approaching honest worth and intelligence. She was, at times somewhat wild and visionary in her notions, but withal possessed a good heart and finely developed mind. She was a somewhat pretty girl, certainly not strikingly exquisite either in figure or face, but possessed a nice little mouth, and a large melting pair of blue eyes, and a well-developed open forehead, and a round little face with a pair of tolerably rosy cheeks. Such was Amy Carlton. Langdale was of about the same temperament, although probably a little more warm and enthusiastic. He was of a respectable but reduced family, and though educated in ease and luxury, had been obliged to engage himself as a clerk in a wholesale establishment in the town in question. By mere chance, he had privately met with Amy some six months before the commencement of our tale. Whether it was love at first, second, or third sight, we cannot say, but certain it is they loved each other, although to the time of which we write no revelation of feeling had taken place upon either side. Langdale knew the position of Amy in reference to Raymond, and that conduced to his remaining silent in manifesting his feelings, although he felt—he knew that Amy loved him. Thus they stood; Mrs. Lorimer determined upon consummating an eligible match where hearts were at severance and dispositions following in an entirely different channel to the object of her wishes; Raymond still pushing his addresses upon Amy, aided by the exertions and encouragements of the aunt; Amy and Langdale meeting, loving, and, in a manner, scarcely knowing the course they were pursuing.

But if any one was determined to gain their ends, it was Mrs. Lorimer. Fully intent upon her work, a few mornings after she proceeded to an old friend, a lawyer, to ask his

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advice upon the matter. After listening to her statements, the man of law advised her to endeavour to dispel from the mind of the girl this love she entertained for Langdale. "This might easily be effected" he said, "for I know his employer very well, and can doubtless get him removed to another concern of theirs at some distance from here. By this means alone, must we work out the ends you have in view. If you believe your niece's happiness lies in the match you propose, of course you are doing nothing but justice to your own feelings and her comfort by accelerating its progress." The old lady nodded assent, and expressed herself perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

CHAPTER SECOND.

It was the still, serene, and witching hour of a summer's evening. The scene was a pleasant rural lane in the outskirts of the town. Two figures were just perceptible in the path, and as the moon's ray fell upon their features, it revealed Amy Carlton and Sidney Langdale.

"And is it true, Mr. Langdale" somewhat sorrowfully enquired Amy, "that you are going to leave us?" "Unless my dear Miss Carlton, I leave the concern altogether, I fear it is. Our senior partner called me into the counting-house this evening, and informed me that as my services would be much better employed at their other concern, it was his wish that I should be engaged there, and proceed to my destination next week. Of course, I was much taken aback at this announcement, and as the concern has treated me with considerable kindness since I have been in their employ, I agreed to follow the course indicated." A sigh escaped the lips of Langdale as he finished. "But, my dear Miss Carlton," he continued, "I trust,"—and he paused,—"I do trust that Fate will not be quite so hard with us as to prevent a correspondence?"

There was something struggling in the breasts of both Amy and Langdale that seemed to choke their utterance. However warm or impetuous the passion of love in the human breast, it is always timid in its first expression. No one knows how to enunciate a great and noble feeling of the heart in due terms; it baffles words, defies language, and disarms the whole faculty of speech. So felt Amy—so thought Langdale. They stood like two mute statues, feeling, knowing, thinking, yet completely incapable of expressing either one or the other. But struggles of this sort cannot last long, and in whatever form they may present themselves, it is quite certain they will ultimately express themselves. And so Langdale most warmly clasped the hand of Amy, and from that he did, probably, with even greater warmth, shew the emotions of his devoted heart, and breaking down all former reserve, entered his whole spirit into the adoration of the girl beside him. And she was not slow to receive and appreciate the outpourings of his passion, for it was nothing but a reflex of her own sentiments and emotions.

From that moment up to the hour of parting, a thousand fond expressions of love and hope were passed between Amy and Langdale. Amy told Langdale the whole matter referring to Coston, and how she longed to free herself from his persecuting addresses. This served to raise the ire of Langdale, although the warm assurances of Amy to the effect that the coldness of manners she would for the future manifest towards him, would probably stem the progress of his adversary, cooled his warm impetuosity, and only gave him fresh confidence in the fond girl at his side.

"Do you, however, my dear girl," said Langdale, just before they parted, "think that you shall have sufficient courage to withstand all the blandishments that wealth and ease are calculated to exercise? I know the inferiority of my present position with that held by your persecuting suitor, I know the multiplicity of charms that wealth and station offer to any one upon whom the world fixes its attention, and I feel assured that the untiring solicitude of your aunt for the consummation of her wishes, will not allow you to enjoy much peace or comfort while you are beneath her roof. Can you, dare you, sacrifice all for such an humble being as him who stands before you?"

"I can and will;" warmly exclaimed the girl, "and if you for one moment doubt my determination, I would that you should abandon me at once!" And little Amy wept profusely.

"Nay, Amy, my dear fond girl, never for one moment suppose that my trust in you is unbounded. I only gave expression to a thought which is perfectly natural for to

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conceive under the circumstances with which you will have to contend. Let me conjure you to believe me fully relying upon your truth and courage. I know I feel well assured" warmly concluded Langdale, "that your good heart and decision of purpose will never be cooled or checked by any circumstances—will they, my dear?"

"Never!" rejoined Amy, as she warmly clasped Langdale's arm, and admiringly cast her eyes upon his features.

We shall not stop to acquaint the reader with all that passed between Amy and Langdale ere they parted. That they asserted and re-asserted the strongest vows, uttered the warmest sentiments of love and long-continued faithfulness, may be easily imagined. They parted, as all true hearts would part under the same circumstances, looking with all the fondest and most hopeful visions to a future haven of happiness and bliss, trusting, hoping, assured that their day of sunshine would yet reveal itself out of the dim and misty horizon that was now before their eyes.

CHAPTER THIRD.

"Oh fie, Amy, I'm really more astonished and chagrined than ever to think that after this young man has been removed from the town for his vicious ways and unbearable misconduct—to think that after all your friends have advised you so kindly and reasonably—and to think that after all I have urged upon you as the last words of your poor dead mother, that you, even *you*, Amy Carlton, should be found so stubborn and obdurate as to hold a private correspondence with one whom you know is totally unworthy of any of our connexions. Oh! fie, Amy."

"Indeed, aunt, I am"—

"Indeed, miss, I am awed, thunderstruck, perfectly overcome by your audacious conduct. If ever domestic treason was enacted, it is this."

"Now, aunt, do be so good"—

"Will you listen to what I have to say, or do you intend to turn me out of my own house, and proclaim yourself entire mistress over my words and actions as well as your own? I tell you, Amy, in plain terms that this secret work of yours shall end; do you hear me?"

"If Mrs. Lorimer possessed what is called a womanly spirit, her niece, though quiet at the onset, only required a little rallying to prove that she possessed one too. Raising her head and fixing her eyes upon her aunt, she somewhat loudly rejoined. "What you say, aunt, may be very true, but allow me to say that I have, and will have, a right to judge my own actions and the actions of others. The misconduct you impute to Mr. Langdale is false. I say distinctly it is false, and unless I have better reasons for the truth of what you say than you have now furnished me, this 'work' of mine, as you call it, shall never end."

With this outburst, little Amy, who was quite overwhelmed, gave vent to a flood of tears, at which she hastily retreated from her aunt's presence. The latter was completely taken aback by such a rejoinder, she looked aghast, and the next minute was found by a domestic in a strong fainting fit.

By dint of certain restoratives, Mrs. Lorimer was soon brought to a state of consciousness, so far that she was able to cogitate very minutely on the scene that had just taken place. "We'll see, my little lady," mused the somewhat crest-fallen aunt, "who'll be the conqueror in this matter. *I* am determined that it shall be as I will it, whatever may be the consequence. And, very apposite, here comes one who will certainly aid me."

At this moment a lean and somewhat cadaverous figure presented itself before Mrs. Lorimer. The party in question was none other than Raymond Coston. There was nothing in his face or manners strikingly winning or attractive, nevertheless he carried a tolerably genteel deportment, and was, in some respects, a quiet sort of a man that many portionless girls would look upon with no unenvious eye. To Mrs. Lorimer's taste, he was the very *beau ideal* of everything that her niece could desire, seeing that he was valued at a round thousand per annum in all the tea-gossipping circles she frequented, and moreover, was of that mild, quiet, and unassuming deportment that all the "sex" consider indicative of a good husband.

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At her bidding, Coston sat beside Mrs. Lorimer. She soon told her tale, and in it, of course, represented her niece to be a very simple and wayward girl, led astray every minute by the vile infections of Sidney Langdale. "I know, Mr. Coston," concluded the politic aunt, "you have a lively interest in my niece, and I know you will not see this correspondence allowed, which is alike prejudicial to the success of your advances, and the happiness of my home. I beg, I entreat of you, to stop it. Would that my dear dead sister were here to guide the footsteps of her erring child. I have tried long enough to secure Amy's peace and comfort, but all my efforts are completely baulked and set aside. But I shall not be so quiet and submissive as I have been. I am determined something shall be done to save her from the head-long course to ruin which she has selected. Listen, Mr. Coston, these letters must be arrested in their progress. She must think him unfaithful, and she must have other signs than any that we can furnish that he is so. This young man is a vile seducer, and we are only engaged in a righteous cause in stemming his intercourse with Amy. Therefore, I purpose, withholding every communication that comes from him. Let this be done, and she is safe, for if we can only engender in her mind, the least distrust of his truth and faithfulness, we shall bring her to something like a sense of her position. Let the correspondence be checked for a month or six weeks, and then a gossipping report be spread that this Langdale has fled with some girl, it don't matter whom, let this be whispered in Amy's ear, and I venture to affirm that you will not lead an unwilling bride to the altar. Now what do you think of my plan?"

"You are an excellent general," replied Mr. Coston, who was quite willing to embark in any scheme that might secure him the hand of Amy. Here was no question but what Coston loved Amy as fondly as any man, and that it was his strongest wish to make Amy his wife, and further as there was a handsome dowry to boot, he was not slow in acceding to the wisdom of Mrs. Lorimer's plans. In concocting an eligible match, in consummating a scheme where worldly appearance is the main end in view, the parties concerned are not apt to manifest much reluctance in breaking down a few of those recognized laws that guide us to truth and virtue. So long as the end is attained, the means by which it is attained, whether right or wrong, are of trivial importance. So thought and felt Mrs. Lorimer as she proposed her scheme to Coston, and so thought Coston in giving his hearty coincidence to its wisdom and policy. "And now," mused Mrs. Lorimer, when Coston had left her, "I have at length a good instrument in hand to carry my point; time will tell whether I gain or not. However, I am determined to carry out my resolution if ever any one did it in this world."

Five or six weeks had elapsed, and Amy, poor little Amy, sat in her chamber alone, looking the very picture of grief and desolation. That the plans of her aunt had succeeded, were obvious. Something evidently preyed upon her mind, for she semed agitated in mind and sorely affected in heart. "And yet," she said to herself, "I can scarcely believe him capable of such neglect. I have written him again and again, and yet not received the least notification of the receipt of my letters; he must have received them—then why not answer them?" A cloud passed across her otherwise sunny face, and she started up. "Does he treat me with contempt?" she cried to herself. As she was about to give way to another fit of musing, her thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of a business-like little lady stepping into her room. She was a sharp-visaged, *thin*, skin-and-bone sort of a character that would lead one naturally enough to class her among the *genus* of "old maids." She had a sharp way of talking, and she was no sooner in Amy's apartment, than she went to business with her wonted *garrulity*.

"Good morning, my dear Miss Carlton. Oh whatever will this world come to? Here's news—Langdale—Sidney Langdale, you know who I mean, has run off with some girl out of the town to which his employers sent him some time since. Now would you believe such a thing?"

Amy changed colour—Miss Merrick, for such was her present companion's name, did not fail to notice it. She had evidently undertaken the business of communicating this intelligence, and though professedly pretending to know nothing of the effect it might have upon Amy, was quietly taking cognizance of every sensation it seemed to

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produce upon her. If the truth is to be told, Amy was certainly affected, but summoning courage enough to speak, she replied—

"Is this story authenticated, Miss Merrick, by some one upon whom we can depend?"

"Oh, bless you, all the town knows it; it's on everybody's lips. There's not the slightest doubt of its accuracy."

In half an hour's gossip, Miss Merrick made her story a perfectly plausible one in the ear of Amy. There was a smoothness in her tale that told with harrowing truthfulness upon the poor girl's bewildered senses, and long after Miss Merrick had taken her departure, she sat an object of perfect misery and affliction. "To think," at length she muttered, "that he should treat me thus, is beyond all endurance. Here is a confirmation indeed of my suspicions. After all the sacrifices of peace and happiness I have made in my home, or that I would prove true to the very letters of my vows, after all my devotedness of heart and soul to his love, to find myself thus neglected, despised, and deceived, is what I could never for a moment suspect. But let it end. I will prove myself above such a poor mean imposter, who has thus dared to trifle with my affections. My aunt is in the right after all, and, simpleton that I am, I have neglected her good advice too long. But Sidney Langdale"—a gush of tears stopped the completion of her sentence, and she sank listless on the chair.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Another month saw Amy Carlton the wife of Raymond Coston. Mrs. Lorimer had played her card, with the most successful tact, and how much she congratulated herself upon the consummation of an eligible match, we leave the reader to imagine. The deed was done, and if the circles in whom Mrs. Lorimer principally figured are to be taken as worthy sources of information, it had been done with perfect satisfaction on all sides. It may be easily concluded how Amy had been led to her union with Coston. Finding that the tale Miss Merrick had presented her, was confirmed by all her friends, and being still unnoticed by Langdale, she came to the resolve we have first recorded.

But withal, Amy was not a happy wife. Certainly her husband was a most kind and affectionate man, and never in the least was found lacking the fondest endearment for the partner of his life. But he differed too much in temperament to Amy to render himself perfectly agreeable in all those little every-day transactions incidental to the married state. He was quiet, calm, sedate; she, on the other hand, was somewhat warm, mercurial, and romantic; and so they differed, and though from differing they did not disagree, still there existed a want of harmony between them to render the young wife the peace and happiness she required.

Things went on in this way for some time, Amy's love for Coston, growing into a certain degree of cold respect and frigid affection that ill-agreed with the speculations of her aunt. Coston never felt this, for he was one of those quiet simple-minded sort of men who are ready to submit to the dictates of anything they may conceive superior to their own judgment and opinions. And in the midst of all this, fleeting visions of Sidney Langdale presented themselves to Amy's mind. She could not drown that early love, though it had been gall to her mind for many a weary hour and day. Amy was giving way to one of these retrospective musings one morning, when a letter was laid upon her table. At one glance she knew the hand-writing. Her first impulse was to burn it, but her curiosity prompted her to open it, and read its contents. She read it, and it ran thus—

"I shall not trouble you with any expressions of surprise at your actions. The principles by which you were guided to such a course are doubtless best known to your own heart. I should not have addressed you, had I not been most foully maligned and misrepresented, and known that you have been the object of the most consummate deception. In simple words, a villanous stratagem has been concocted against ourselves, in which my letters have been intercepted by your aunt and husband, and the whole tale which I have just heard, related since I arrived here, was an additional sin against my character and your happiness. To comment upon such conduct is unnecessary. Fate has willed it so, and we remain asunder, as I presume we ever shall remain. From

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my heart, I pity you. To love you will ever be my creed, and so I remain yours, in the fervency of an affection that will never die. S. L."

The spirit of Amy was roused. Her husband appeared at the moment. With a proud eye, she turned upon him and shewed him the letter. "Read that," she warmly exclaimed, "and give me the satisfaction it demands." Coston coloured deeply as he glanced his eye over Langdale's note. He was confused, and his tongue seemed to cleave to his mouth, for not a syllable escaped his lips. "Do you, then" passionately cried Amy, "admit the truth of this note?" Still Coston stood speechless. There was a pause, distracting alike to Coston and his wife.

In another minute Amy had left the room unimpeded by her husband. In a few more minutes she had left the house. Hurrying on, she came to the abode of her aunt; she paused a moment, but the next was again pursuing her path. She left the town that day, and with a few jewels in her possession was in a few hours at a considerable distance from the scene of the incidents recorded.

Some months elapsed before Amy revealed her place of living, but even then she stoutly refused to return to her home. At the urgent solicitations of some friends, however, she ultimately consented to return to her native town. When she returned, her whole demeanour was thoroughly changed. An insidious disease was evidently fast hurrying her to the grave. She was a broken-hearted girl.

Poor Amy! few were the days allotted to her earthly span. She died—a victim to the tawdry show and empty appearances of an ELIGIBLE MATCH!

A WORD IN SEASON.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THEY have a superstition in the East,
That Allah, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper;
Holding that any scrap which bears that name,
In any characters, its front impressed on,
Shall help the finder through the purging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly they make a mighty fuss
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves; for they are not, like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation;
And always stooping in the miry ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So I have known a country on the earth,
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth,
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters;
And yet, where they who should have oped the door
Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent The Book, in struggles for the binding.

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The gentlest man among these pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces:
Their best high churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places.
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse,
(They curse all other men, and curse each other,)
Walks through the world, not very much the worse,—
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

A LITTLE QUEEN ELIZABETH!

She is I ween a very Queen, in every graceful feature,
As also in her humble heart, her trusting loving nature;
A sweeter child I never saw, so full of playful mirth,
She fills with joy the little band, around the cheerful hearth!

Her fair face has a smile for all, th' of the humblest grade,
As well as relatives and friends, she loves the servant-maid;
Whom others scorn as lowly born, and treat with proud reserve,
Her young heart glows with love for those, they view as born to serve.

'There's a good time coming boys' she'll sing, in such a joyous tone,
Oh, if her merry voice were hush'd, that household would be lone;
In after years may Lizzie be, as beautiful and mild—
As gentle and affectionate, as when a little child!

May the great God who looks on us, who all our actions knows,
Guide her young heart to choose that part, which humble Mary chose;
Or high or low, in weal or woe, whate'er her lot may be,
May pride ne'er mar, nor dim the star, which now so bright we see;
But may her life with joy be rife, and when the time doth come,
When she must go from scenes below, may Heaven be her home!

JANE.

Stalybridge.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF BOLTON.

The Annual Meeting of the Order having been fixed to be held at Bolton, for the present year, the following cursory sketch of the place will not be out of place.

The borough comprises the Townships of Great and Little Bolton, which are divided by the river Croal. It is 197 miles from London, 11 from Manchester, 6 from Bury, 11 from Chorley, 13 from Blackburn, 10 from Wigan, and 18 from Ashton-under-Lyne: and is accessible from nearly every part of the country by railway.

Bolton, though it cannot boast of its fine rivers, its craggy cliffs, its

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smooth and level sands, its mineral waters, nor its perpendicular rock, yet it is a place of considerable note and antiquity.

Passing over various descents, it became possessed by Sir Thomas Pilkington, who, for adhering to the cause of Richard III., was beheaded in the first year of the reign of Henry VII., and his estates given over to Thomas Lord Stanley, who was then created Earl of Derby.

During the reign of Charles I., this town witnessed more of the horrors of civil war than any other place in Lancashire. Till the 28th of May, 1644, it was well fortified, and maintained a garrison in the parliamentary interest. The town at this period was taken by storm, with a noble and determined spirit by the Earl of Derby, who, at the head of 200 Lancashire men, principally his own tenants, entered the town, himself the first man.

In 1651, the Earl was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, when a reverse in the fortunes of war was the means of conducting him as a criminal to Bolton, where he was decapitated upon the scaffold erected on the spot where the fish-market is now held. The following day his remains were conveyed to Ormskirk, and there interred in the family vault with his renowned ancestors.

From the Restoration to the time of the Civil War, Bolton enjoyed almost uninterrupted quietness.

It was not long after this, that Bolton took to itself a share in the important inventions and improvements which distinguish the manufactures of this country, and has, within the last sixty years, claimed a high degree of commercial prosperity and consequence. This town was the residence of Sir Richard Arkwright, a man, whose name will be handed down to future generations. It was here that he laid the foundation of his future celebrity and fortune.

It was in this parish, at a retired spot called "Hall-i'th'-wood," that the inventions of Crompton were engendered and matured, and the adaptation of his valuable machine, the "spinning-mule," fully perfected, and duly appreciated.

The chemical method of whitening cotton cloth, was first brought to perfection within a mile of this town.

The public improvements that have been made in Bolton within a very moderate space of time are extensive. The streets are efficiently lighted with gas; and the inhabitants are plentifully supplied with water, which is conveyed through pipes from a distance of five miles, and at a very reasonable charge to such of the inhabitants who choose to have it in their houses; those who are too poor to pay for this valuable necessary of health and cleanliness, have also a privilege of being supplied gratis from fountains which are erected for that purpose in various parts of the borough.

Bolton contains 53 cotton mills, and one linen mill, with a steam-power of 2,200 horse, employing 8,262 hands; 21 brass and iron foundries, with a steam-power of 590 horse, employing 2,449 hands; 8 bleaching crofts, with a steam-power of 628 horse, employing 1035 hands; 5 coal mines, with a steam-power of 85 horse, employing 179 hands; one paper mill, and one gas works, with a steam-power of 124 horse, employing 133 hands.

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The parish of Bolton, according to the returns of 1841, contains 73,898 inhabitants. The Reform Bill conferred upon it the elective franchise, with a right of sending two members to parliament. The town was incorporated in 1838, and has now its mayor, alderman, and common council-men.

In addition to many day schools that have lately been erected, there is also a free grammar school, mechanics' institution, etc., with numerous benevolent institutions. The places of worship amount to 27 in number, which include 6 churches and one chapel belonging to the establishment; 3 wesleyan, and a fourth is in the course of erection; 1 presbyterian; 3 independents; 1 wesleyan association; 2 catholic; 1 wesleyan refugees; 2 primitive methodists; 1 independent methodists; 2 baptists; 1 new jerusalem; 1 unitarian; and a friends' meeting-house.

The public edifices consist of the town-hall, temperance-hall, the exchange, dispensary, the baths, etc.

As Sharple's Museum of Curiosities in Nature and Art, is also a place of considerable attraction, in which is to be seen animals and birds of various kinds, full length portraits in wax of Buonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Daniel O'Connell, Sir R. Peel, Sir R. Sale, Abdar Khan son of Dost Mahommed, Sir W. M'Naughton, the late rajah of Patalia who was hung on a tree by the British for treachery during the late war with the Sikhs, the wife of the late rajah of Patalia, General Tom Thumb, the American man in miniature, the Queen, Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, Christian Brocksteadth, a dwarf in a suit of his own cloth, Scott who lived to the age of 120 years, Betty Eccles who was executed at Kirkdale for the murder of her own children at Bolton, Thomas Sten who murdered Alice Nolan at Salford, for which he was executed at Kirkdale, George Evans who was executed at the same time as Sten for the murder of Jane Millan at Manchester, James Bloomfield Rush,—this model which so nearly approaches nature, is the representation of the murderer as he appeared in the condemned cell at Norwich Castle, and the clothes in which the figure is dressed is the suit made for him to attend the concert referred to at the trial. There is also just added a likeness of Gleeson Wilson, who was executed at Kirkdale for the barbarous and inhuman murders at Liverpool. In addition to the above, there are also groups of moving figures, natural curiosities, models of various kinds, stuffed animals, oil paintings, pencil drawings, views, prints, etc.; medical galvanic apparatus, specimens of ornamental work in terna cotta, specimens of wood turning, and an unlimited number of other curiosities too numerous to notice. The large room under the Museum is a concert room of considerable attraction to the working classes, where large numbers resort after their daily toil. On the top of the building is a promenade, from which, on a fine day, the whole of the town and country round for about ten miles, may be seen with the naked eye.

We are too apt in religious matters to call the man who goes beyond us in belief a fanatic, and he who comes short of our creed an infidel; not reflecting, that He who is the light and the truth sees not with our eyes, and judges not with our judgment.

The man who is most slow in promising is most sure to keep his word.

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NO WAR—NO WAR.

No War—no war—what mutter ye, ye nations?
What, are the old mad words upon your tongues once more?
Oh let the ghastly past whose years were desolations
Shriek peace into your souls, for which ye groaned of yore!
So shall your cry go up, as when with lamentations,
And moans and prostrate prayers ye shrieked,—no war,—no war

Peace—peace—oh peace—oh sum ye up the treasures
The warless years heap up—the blessed years increase,
Knowledge—rights for all—for all new hopes, new pleasures—
Hark, the far years whisper, woe from earth shall cease,—
Golden times to man a bloodless future measures:
Tearless spins the laughing earth—peace—peace—oh peace.

Greenwich. W C. BENNETT.

AN ADDRESS TO ANCIENT SHEPHERDS.

Respected Brethren of the Ancient Order of Shepherds:—

I feel it my duty to address a few remarks to you on the merits of Shepherdry, and I humbly and earnestly invite your kind attention to what they are, as they will have a tendency upon the members of both lodge and district, and the order in general. In the first place, I refer to the non-attendance of the members at their lodges on the respective lodge-nights. This is one great evil, and as I can but just advert to it, I earnestly hope that every member will see it to be his duty and interest to attend and assist in conducting the affairs of his lodge: but, I fear this short remark will not meet with that attention it deserves, therefore, I beg to submit to you a few ideas on the subject, which may tend to exhibit some of the evils resulting from the non-attendance of members at their lodges, and the benefits which would flow from a different course of conduct.

To carry on the affairs of our lodges, districts, and the order at large, in its present form, a large amount of trust must be committed to a few of its members, and a large amount of trouble incurred by others: this is necessary for the accounts of the lodge districts, as the money must be received and taken care of, the sick must be relieved and visited, care must be taken that no improper or ineligible person becomes a member, and a variety of other duties have to be performed. To accomplish this object, there must be a certain number of officers appointed both in lodge districts and the order, and these alone of all the members of the order are required by law to attend especially at their respective lodge-nights at a fixed hour, or they will be fined the same as if they did not attend at all, therefore they must be punctual in attendance. These officers thus appointed to take charge of the general business and management of the lodge affairs, must be considered as its servants, the administrators of its laws, the executors of its will, and the guardians and distributors of its funds,—these are their legal and intended functions. But when the majority of the members of the lodge are indifferent about its welfare, as to neglect to attend its meetings, the officers frequently form a majority of the members present, and thus they become the ruling power, from servants they become masters, from being the dispensers of its funds under the authority of the members of the lodge, they become as it were their own authority; and this is one great evil arising from the non-attendance of members at their lodge-nights. When a man undertakes to perform a piece of work for another man, or for a number of men, he will be likely to do it well, to exercise his ingenuity, in order that he may give satisfaction, if he is certain that his employer or employers will examine his workmanship, and reward him accordingly; so we may infer, that when the officers of either lodge, district, or the order, are aware that their services are properly appreciated by a body of members as active and anxious for its well-being as themselves, they will strain every faculty and use their utmost exertion to deserve the kind attention of their brethren, and receive their kind commendations in action, rather than in words—well done good and faithful

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shepherds. In such a lodge, its duty will be faithfully discharged, its officers will be punctual in attendance, the accounts will be faithfully kept, the funds strictly devoted to their legitimate purposes, and the knowledge of the trustworthiness of their officers will give confidence to the members; peace, harmony, and brotherly concord will preside; and the prospects of the lodges will be bright, so far as human exertions can make them.

But how different are one's feelings when contemplating a lodge whose members attend it irregularly, and who from indolence or other causes, seem to be almost indifferent about its success. In such a lodge, there appears neither energy nor life; the active spirit that stimulates other lodges to extend their order, and fix it upon a secure basis, has no existence here; it drags along the mere abortion of a lodge. How irksome it is for a few officers to meet together for the good and welfare of its members; and then when those drop in that are not regular in attendance at their lodges, but perhaps many of them come once in a year, some once in half-a-year, others once a quarter,—these are the members who sow discord and contention in our lodges, and strife and bad feeling amongst the brotherhood of the order in general. And these are kind returns that those officers and brothers who are so good as to give their time, talent, and mind, fully expecting that it will be profitable to lodge districts and the order.

Let those answer who have frequently been placed in this position; and yet such is the position in which the officers of badly attended lodges are placed,—a position in which there is no wonder that the officers of such a lodge under the chilling indifference of its members, become lukewarm, neglecting the performance of their respective duties, and like members generally, attend badly: sometimes they cannot open, because there is a key, or the Sec. or his books are wanting, and the contributions cannot be taken: mistakes and errors creep into the lodge accounts, members are suffered to run in arrears without being suspended at the proper time, and other evils equally mischievous arise, resulting from these causes, and which tend to create bad feeling. The members become dissatisfied with their officers, yet unwilling to do the work themselves, and they allow these evils to continue, until the lodge, sinking in its number of members, funds, and respectability; the funds can no longer hold together, and its members who ought to have been providing the means of support for themselves, when age should render them still more liable to the attacks of sickness; and when too late, they find that the neglect of their duty has left them to their own resources.

It may be objected, that every badly attended lodge is not in this condition. True, all lodges are not so, but there are a great number of such lodges that are; and when it is not the case, the exception proceeds from the firm determination of the officers, more than any good originating from the members themselves. Thus, you see, by this negligence of the members in not attending their lodge, is the way to produce the like disposition in the officers.

But, generally, amongst those who are selected to fulfil the offices, are the most earnest, active, and disinterested of our order; and when a lodge possesses a sufficient number of such to fulfil all its offices, it possesses a safeguard against the inert influence of the rest of its members, in intelligence, in spirit, in earnestness of purpose of its object. This is the character and spirit of our officers in general, while it is the brightest ornament of our loyal and ancient order. It is also the surest support of our badly attended lodges.

How important it is, therefore, that the members should help the officers in the work they have to do, cheer them in their exertions, and support them in their high-principled and unselfish attempts to alleviate the sufferings of our afflicted brethren, and give strength and stability to our most Ancient and Loyal Order of Shepherds; that we may be like Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, and David, of old,—GOOD AND FAITHFUL SHEPHERDS.

I remain, yours, in the bonds of brotherly union,

J. C. THREAPLETON, P.P.C.S.,
Of YEADON DISTRICT,
And P.M. of the PEACEFUL HARBOUR LODGE, HORSFORTH.

(To be continued.)

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THE LOYAL ORDER OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS.

On Monday, October 15th, 1849, a festival was held in connection with the Bolton district of this Order, with the object of establishing a Widow and Orphans' Fund. A tea party and ball had been fixed upon to take place, and arrangements entered into for carrying them out at the Baths Assembly-rooms. The scheme was somewhat novel, from the facts that those participating in the festival were nearly all working people, and the day appointed was a regular working day. The price of tickets was very moderate, and they sold well prior to the tea party taking place. More than 600 persons availed themselves of the opportunity of an evening's enjoyment—a circumstance that seems to arise in no small degree from the shortening of the hours of factory labour, many of the persons who bought tickets being factory operatives, who had the chance of completing their daily toil before partaking in the amusements. Another fact strikes the mind of an observer—namely, the coincidence that the Baths were established to promote the benefit of the artizan by offering him the privileges of healthy ablution; and, in addition to partaking of such wholesome advantages, he can share in the facilities afforded by the large room, erected as well for the more opulent individual as for himself.

Public dinners and balls have been held at the Baths Assembly-rooms before, but on Monday was the first occasion of a tea party taking place there; and the experiment made goes to prove that the premises are as eminently fitted for a tea party as for a dinner, a ball, or a concert. Four ranges of tables, running parallel, the whole length of the large room, were provided, except that a cross passage was allowed in the centre; and a separate table, somewhat elevated, and at which the chairman and a number of friends sat, stood in the recess on the northern side. Though we are not certain that this was the most suitable point in the room for speakers, the above arrangements were well calculated to conduce to the comfort and convenience of the guests when at tea. The large tables were placed very compactly. In fact, not an inch of space seemed to be lost. From 450 to 500 persons were seated about half-past six o'clock, and proceeded to partake of the "cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

A number of dispensations and elegant paintings and engravings adorned the walls of the spacious apartment; one of the most appropriate of these productions of art being a copy of the picture of "Benevolence," placed above the chairman's seat. The brilliancy of the scene, however, was in the extensive display along the tables, of smiling faces, cheerful countenances, and respectably-clad persons. Peter Ainsworth, Esq., of Smithills Hall, occupied the chair, and was accompanied on the platform by Mr. Councillor Entwisle, Mr. H. M. Richardson, solicitor, Mr. Watson, surgeon, Mr. I. Barrow, and a number of the committee. A quadrille band was stationed in the orchestra during tea, and contributed to enlivenment by sending forth their strains. The clatter of cups and saucers continued till nearly eight o'clock, when it ceased, and the company proceeded to enjoy themselves by toasts, &c.

The Chairman, in proposing the health of her Majesty, observed that though they had not wine wherewith to drink toasts, they had drank some excellent tea, and he hoped they had all kind and generous hearts to wish well to the toasts which would be proposed. In giving the health of our Sovereign, he was sure the company would agree with him that she was deserving of their respect, not only for her high qualities as the Queen of these realms, but for her domestic virtues as wife and mother.—The toast, which was received with much cheering, was followed by the National Anthem.

The Chairman then gave in succession "Prince Albert, Albert Prince of Wales, and the Royal Family," The Queen Dowager and the rest of the Royal Family," and "The Army and Navy."

In proposing the next toast, the Chairman said it was connected in some degree with the business of the meeting. When lately presiding at the meeting of an Oddfellows' society at the Bridge Inn, he was very much struck with the remark of an honourable friend now present, who said he was not a member with them, but belonged to another order which had similar objects in view to theirs; but that it mattered not what

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was the name of a society if its members sought to promote the public welfare, by carrying out the principle of providing for the sick and distressed. He (the Chairman) was there to shew them that he regarded not the name by which such institutions as the present were called, while they upheld those principles which were calculated to do so much good among their fellow creatures (cheers.) They were all dependent one on another, whatever their station in life might be; and it was a great happiness to see that the working classes were determined of themselves to minister to each other's wants. He gave "The Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds; may it continue to dispense assistance to the sick and distressed."

Mr. Samuel Taylor responded, observing that the society was based upon the principle of benevolence, or a desire to good which would result in happiness to the individual who imparted it. Though for the Bolton district of Ancient Shepherds he could not claim any great age, as it had not been established much more than seven years, the members had been doing all the good they could. During the last twelve months, the society had imparted to the sick and distressed upwards of £200, in addition to which upwards of £200 had been paid to the friends of deceased members. Another feature of the Order was, to associate together and as far as possible promote good feeling and brotherly affection one towards another; and when the members assembled together, discord was driven away. He had no doubt that the result of that evening would be highly beneficial to the district, and he trusted they would go on prospering as hitherto (cheers.)

Song, by Mr. P. Staton.

The Chairman said that the meeting of that evening had been fixed upon for the purpose of establishing a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the deceased members. In most other similar societies a fund of that character had been set on foot, and found to be productive of a great amount of good. Indeed such institutions could scarcely be said to be perfect without a widow and orphans' fund. By a provision of that kind being made, a husband and father on his deathbed could have the satisfaction of knowing that his wife and children would not become dependent on the charity of other people, but that they would be provided for by the society to which he belonged; and what greater principle could be inculcated amongst the members than that of visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and doing all that was possible to alleviate their distresses? That dreadful scourge the cholera, with which it had pleased the Almighty to visit us, and which had carried off many of our acquaintances, called forcibly to mind the necessity of making some such provision as that to which he had referred; and it must be the duty of both the youthful and aged to come forward and do whatever they could (cheers.)

Mr. Peter Lyne, in responding to the toast, referred to the history of secret societies, institutions, he observed, which in modern times were much improved upon those of the feudal ages. Progress was written upon their banner, and many of them had laid aside all unnecessary mystification and childish follies; and though in its infancy, Shepherdry did not set on foot a fund for widows and orphans, it was now time that such a fund should be provided. Moral philosophy and Christianity called loudly upon them to bestir themselves on the matter in question, and it would be highly wrong to remain indifferent (cheers.)

The Chairman then gave "Kindred institutions."

The toast was responded to by Mr. Isaac Barrow, who expressed his sympathy with the object of the meeting, and suggested that at all times the contributions should be adequate to the requirements of the case.

The health of "The Lancashire Witches" was then given, and Mr. Entwisle offered a few words, remarking that a farthing a week per member would uphold a widow and orphan's fund, and that therefore it would be an easy matter.

Mr. F. Baxendale then proposed the health of the Chairman, which was warmly received; after which Mr. Entwisle gave the health of Mrs. Ainsworth.

At about a quarter before ten o'clock the tables and forms were removed from the centre of the room. Some of the forms were put in amphitheatrical form at each end, and two or three ranges were placed along the sides. The band having played the over-

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ture "Taneredi," a promenade was commenced by a considerable portion of the company, the rest having become seated for the purpose of viewing the ball. A long programme of glees, quadrilles, waltzes, &c., was afterwards gone through; and under the management of Mr. G. Redford, master of the ceremonies, the "mirthful maze" was skilfully conducted. There were on some occasions from 150 to 180 individuals dancing at the same time, and the inconvenience arising from so large a number was less than might have been expected. Every one engaged in the exercise seemed to enter most heartily into the business, and all appeared greatly to enjoy themselves. Refreshments were provided by Mr. Sharp, of the Bull's Head. The dancing was very well performed. The company, of course, continued together till an early hour in the morning.

ANNIVERSARY AT MANCHESTER.

THE First Anniversary of the "Shepherds' Home" Lodge was held at the house of Bro. John Eccleshall, on Monday, November 19th, 1849, when the whole of the members of the lodge, and a large party of friends sat down to an excellent dinner of the true old English cheer—roast beef and plum pudding, served up in excellent style by the worthy host and hostess. After the cloth was removed, the chair was taken by P.C.S. Chappell, who opened the proceedings in a neat and lengthy speech, shewing the benefits to be derived from such associations, and from Shepherdry in particular, and urging the brethren to persevere, and they would increase in numbers and wealth.

The meeting was enlivened with quips, and cranks, and wreathed smiles. Brothers Wilkinson and Bellamy, sang some good songs; Brothers Lamb and Stewart recited pieces, the latter giving Critchley Prince's "Portrait," or the "Worshipper of Nature." The chairman after each song, enlivened the meeting with appropriate toasts.

The chief business of the meeting was, presenting a handsome metal tea pot, with a suitable inscription on it, to Pro. Cor. Sec. RICHARD JONES, who has been the instructing officer of this lodge, and the members were desirous thus to shew their esteem for his kind and valuable services in that capacity. The presentation was made by the chairman, who expressed the pleasure he took in performing such a task, and urged on the members to exert themselves in a similar manner. Brother Jones responded in a hearty manner, thanking the members for their respect, and promising never to be wanting in forwarding the good cause of Shepherdry in that and other lodges, so far as his humble abilities would allow, and also expressed the pleasure he felt in the progress of the lodge, the prosperity of its funds, the health of the members, and thanking them for the able assistance they rendered him during his office.

After a vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting concluded with the Honours of the Order to the host and hostess, and a true Kentish Fire for the success of the Lodge.

ANNIVERSARY AT LOUTH.

THE First Anniversary of the "Yarborough" Lodge of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, Grimsby District, was held on Monday, August 13th, 1849, at the house of host George Clark, George Inn, Gospel Gate, Louth, where the members with their friends sat down to an excellent supper, which gave great credit to the host and hostess, and afforded complete satisfaction to the company assembled.

The chair was taken by the W.M., and the vice chair by a P.M. of the lodge. The chairman first gave the usual toast of loyalty—the Queen. He next proposed Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family. He also gave the Rise and Progress of the Order of Ancient Shepherdry, and referred to an account contained in the Shepherds' Magazine, of the Origin, Rise, and Progress of this valuable Institution, which account was listened to with great interest, and the toast was heartily given.

Several toasts concerning the order were afterwards given, and conviviality and harmony were enjoyed until a late hour, when the company separated, highly gratified in having thus celebrated the First Anniversary of Ancient Shepherdry in Louth.

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MATHEMATICS.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST.

Solved by Mr. George Lawton, Mossley Brow, near Ashton-under-Lyne.

SUPPOSE x = the diameter of the circular estate in yards. Then the equation stands thus:—

$$\frac{x.2,7854}{4840} \times 13 = x.3,1416 \times 2,175.$$

By multiplying both sides $\frac{x^2.10,2102}{4840} = x.6,8329800.$

Multiplying by 4840. $x^2\ 10,2102 = x.33071,623200.$

Dividing by x. $x.10,2102 = 33071,6232000.$

Then $x = \frac{33071,6232000}{10,2102} = 3239,07692$ the diameter of the circular estate. Then 3239,07692 x by 3,1416 x by 2,175 = 22132,547812821600 or £22132 10s. 11½d. the value of the golden belt. And $\frac{(3239,07692^2 \times ,7854)}{4840} = 1702,503676$ acres the area of the estate. Then 1702,503676 x by 13 = 22132,547788 or £22132 10s. 11½d. the value of the land, which is = to the value of the golden belt. Then according to the second part of the question, B said he had a round piece of land whereon he could draw a circle on a quadrant thereof half the diameter of A's. Now half the diameter of A's is = to 1619,53846 the diameter of a circle drawn on a quadrant. Consequently 1619,53846 would be the side of the circumscribed square. Then the $\sqrt{(1619,53846^2 \times 2)} = 2290,37324$ the diagonal of the square. Then the $\frac{(2290,37324 - 1619,53846)}{2} =$ 335,41739 and 1619,53846 + 335,41739 = 1954,95585 the radius of B's estate. Therefore $\frac{(1954,95585 \times 2)^2 \times ,7854}{4840} = 2480,7296327$ acres in B's estate.

Solved by the Proposer.

First, 4840 x 43½ = 210540. Then £13 = 260s. ÷ 4 = 65 and 210540 ÷ 65 = 3239.0769 the diameter of A's estate. Then 3239.0769 x 3239.0769 = 10491619,3136 x ,7854 = 8240117.8 ÷ 4840 = 1702,5 acres the area of A's estate. Then 3239.0769 ÷ 2 = 1619.5384 the diameter of the circle that is inscribed on the quadrant of B's estate. And 1619.5384 ÷ 2 = 809.769 its radius. Then 809.769 x 809.769 = 655726,2071 x 2 = 1311452.4142. Then $\sqrt{1311452.4142} = 1145.18 + 809.769 = 1954.947$ the radius of B's property. Then 1954,947 x 2 = 3909,898, and 3909.898 x 3909,898 = 15287302,370404 x 7854 = 12006647,281398 ÷ 4840 = 2480,712 acres the area of B's property. Therefore their respective property is as follows: A's 1702,5 acres; B's 2480,712 acres.

NEW QUESTION.

Proposed by Mr. James Oldroyd, Bread Baker Lane, near Wakefield.

Divide the number 8 into two such parts, so that if the greater be divided by the lesser, the quotient will be 8.

Divide the number 8 into two such parts, so that if the square be of the greater be divided by the lesser, the quotient will be 8.

Divide the number 8 into two such parts, so that if the greater be multiplied by the lesser, the product will be 8.

Divide the number 8 into two such parts, so that if the square of the one be multiplied by the square of the other, the product will be 8.

Divide the number 8 into two such parts, so that if the square of the lesser be subtracted from the square of the greater, the remainder will be 8.

Divide the number 8 into two such parts, so that if the square of the lesser be subtracted from the square of the greater, the square of the remainder will be 8.

BRO. JAMES WATTS, PRINTER, HECKMONDWIKE.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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POETICAL GENIUS.

Poeta nascitur, non fit, "Nature, not art, makes a poet." Is this rue? And what then is a poet. Is he a being set apart from his nfancy—endowed with feelings, propensities, capabilities, to which his ellow-creatures are strangers? Is he one who has been sent into the vorld with a mind so fashioned as to be unfitted for the common du- ies of humanity?—so constituted, that they must be miserable who ink their worldly fate with his—a mind whose moral aberrations re are called upon to pardon, because a larger portion of the spirit of God is vouchsafed to him than to others? For, what is genius but he spirit of God? He has told us that he is love; we know by his vorks that he is power and beauty; and are not these the components f poetry? Poetry is but the beauty of ideas, as distinct from the eauty of things. If, then, poetic talent be a manifestation of the pirit of God, can we for a moment allow the thought that he has, by ie gift of it, constitutionally unfitted some of his creatures for obedience o his laws, and therefore nullified to them the promise of eternal life? Ve are told that "of those to whom much is given, much will be re- uired." What is the *much* which is given to poets? It is the higher erception of moral and material beauty—the more intense feeling of ioral and material fitness—the more enthusiastic hope of moral and iaterial perfection. It is the power of awakening their less gifted ellow-creatures to a perception, equal with their own, of moral and iaterial excellence, and it is, or ought to be, the means of leading

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their aspirations to the throne of Him who is the soul of excellence. And are these the endowments which are to absolve the poet himself from moral obligations? It cannot be—we know that it cannot, but do they not confer a greater responsibility? The power of seeing moral beauty and fitness, is, or ought to be, the power of acting more in accordance with the precepts of beauty and fitness, than can be expected from those on whom a less unclouded light is bestowed. A poet therefore, should be a supereminently religious and moral character.

In speaking of poetic talent we do not in any way include rhyme: this is, and has always been, a matter dependent upon outward circumstances of locality, temperament, fashion. We could scarcely include phrase and diction. But we would define poetry to be that mode of expression, by which intensity of feeling on any subject is conveyed from one mind to another. Of course the more just—the more striking is the mode of expression, the more complete and rapid will be the communication; hence it is desirable that the poet should be able to clothe his thoughts in mellifluous language. But words are not poetry. Witness the beautiful idea of Professor Heeren. "Persepolis, rising above the deluge of years." This being a translated passage, does not depend upon phraseology for its beauty. But who does not feel its exquisitiveness, picturing the almost miraculous stability of those thread-like columns which the intemperate policy of Alexander failed to o'erthrow, and the vague, shapeless uncertainty which clouds the period to which their erection is attributed. Poetic beauty, then, may exist without musical phraseology: that it may exist despite of commonplace language. Wordsworth's "Excursion" is an instance. Place this poem beside the highly-polished, elaborately finished "Essay on Man" of Pope; is not the latter far less poetical in essence than the former? In vain do we seek in Pope the ethereal, the heavenly light, which in Wordsworth opens to our view the powers and proper aims of humankind.

"Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphynx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he

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passeth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her, Who buildeth them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he knoweth not."

Is not this poetry, and yet how quaint, almost inharmonious is the structure. It is not our ear which prompts the verdict, it is our innate feeling of truth and beauty. If thus poetic genius can exist, independent and despite of phraseology, may we not suppose it to be given (we say not in a high degree) to multitudes of those whom the world would never accuse of being poets? Our daily experience confirms this. We have heard a servant describe scenery, with a beauty of feeling, and an imagery which was true poetry, and we hear a child talk poetry to her doll. Facility of illustration is an attribute of poetic genius we have met with in a labourer, and one of the most prosaic of our friends possesses this to such a degree as to render her conversation a perfect picture—she dramatises, illustrates; yet the hint that she might be a poet would be met by a declaration of utter impossibility.

In advocating the position that poetic genius is very generally inherent in our nature, we willingly and triumphantly admit the almost unapproachable pre-eminence of those masters of song whom the world delights to honour. As, in the deteriorated race of mankind, there arises occasionally a Milo, a Maximan, or a Belzoni, to remind us that "there were giants in those days," so does, from time to time, a torrent of high poetic talent burst forth from some highly-favoured being, not to prove that the rest of his fellow-creatures are inane and un-endowed, but to show in its greatest glory the spirit which God hath given to man.

It has been said, that no man can be a true Poet who does not live in a land of mountains, but this can never again be asserted, our own poets of the present age falsify it: and we might now with ease that it was not true in earlier times. The heart of man is the same in every clime, in every age, by the "lazy Scheldt," as by the "wandering Po." Scenery, habits, necessities, will materially influence, nay, even direct genius, but they cannot create it. One apparent exception presents itself to us. The Muses never visited the Valley of the Nile. When we remember the antistry of the Egyptians, their early connexion with the inhabitants of Palestine and Syria, and their later subjugation by Persia, that

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true land of poetry and romance, we are at a loss to account for the anomaly of a great and polished people devoid of anything approaching to poetry ; for their sculpture, their paintings, their inscriptions, bear no trace of poetical feeling. Moses, the earliest of poets received his inspiration amid her stupendous halls. What then choked the seed of the most lovely plant of human intellect? Let the answer be a lesson to *us*. It was the *materialism* of her religion, and her national pursuits. With the low, the unspiritual, the material religion of the Egyptian people, poetry could not amalgamate. The magnificence and splendour of their buildings just fell below the sublime from the absence of intellectuality ; their architecture, stupendous as it was ; their pyramids untouched by the lapse of ages ;—all was prosaic.

The second part of our subject may be more shortly disposed of. We fully agree that a poet is " not made ; " but we affirm that a genius, even of a moderate grade, may be cultivated and refined into excellence. The memory of our readers will readily point to instances in which even first-rate poetic talent has sunk into degradation by the extinguishment of moral feeling ; and, could we read the hearts and minds of the bright lights of the world of poetry, we might see how the contemplation of that which is good and beautiful has fanned, as well as purified, the flame of genius. It is impossible that its fire should burn steadily or strongly when surrounded by the base atmosphere of passion or selfishness. And does not the appetite for the beautiful grow by what it feeds on? The more frequently and deeply we contemplate the face of Nature, the more intense is our admiration ; it is by raising his thoughts above the concerns of time and sense, and by endeavoring to fix them upon the works of Almighty, that a poet is educated, if not made. All real poets, from the earliest ages, have loved nature ; and we can scarcely imagine a mind incapable of being raised to something like poetry by the contemplation of a beautiful landscape. It would not be difficult to trace in a poet's works the lapse of his moral being into careless sensuality, nor to mark the gradual renovation of his muse under better influences : the poet has varied with the man. How necessary then, is it for the aspirant after poetic excellence to cultivate the virtues, as well as the talents of his nature.

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AN ARTIZAN'S SONG.

BY THE EDITOR.

I'm a brave-hearted Artizan, honest and free,
And while I'm good-natured I strive to be just;
I've a wife for my bosom, a child for my knee,
And a friend or two worthy of kindness and trust;
I've a home which tho' humble, is tranquil and neat,
With a rood of trim garden that graces the door,
And across the low wicket, believe me 'tis sweet,
To hand coin or crust to the way-faring poor.

In that home there are signs of some beauty and taste,
Not costly and splendid, for fashion and show,
Some sweet spots of picture, instructive and chaste,
And books that are marshall'd in orderly row;
Some vases, to keep my pet flowers undefiled,
And a sunny-faced clock that is constantly heard;
And music: the pleasure-toned voice of my child,
The chirp of the cricket, the song of my bird.

I am skilled in my handicraft—that of my sire—
For my thoughts with my hands in my labour combine;
And it ministers well to each lawful desire,
Doing this I respect it, and never repine;
I am strong, for I dare not encumber my health,
'Tis my backstay, my breakwater, ballast, and helm,
And while I thus cherish this blessing and wealth,
Common storms may annoy me, but cannot o'erwhelm.

The tavern may tempt, but I steadily pass,
Tho' my co-mates drop in with a smile and a jeer,
Tho' the triumph is mine, they may laugh, but alas!
Such laughter will generate sorrow, I fear;
I turn not aside, tho' inviting my view,
The partizan bluster, the demagogue bawl,
But if good men and true, have a high task to do,
I lend earnest help, be it never so small.

I'm a silent self-thinker, yet love to enjoy
The good thoughts of others, from tongue or from pen;
I expend my chief love on my dear wife and boy,
Still feeling, I trust for my whole fellow-men;
There are errors and wrongs in my country, I know,
Real tragedies busy with sickening scenes,
But if wrongs must be riven, and errors laid low,
I would rather achieve it by peacefullest means.

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Bad times may come o'er me, but good times repay
By my toil and my thrift, so I stoop not to care;
In my mirth, when I'm mirthful, I'm soberly gay,
And my sorrow, when sorrowful, is not despair;
No, Hope mid the darkness looks down as my friend,
Sweet Hope, like the lark, seeking heaven as she sings,
But to lie and gaze after her fails in the end,
We must follow, and effort will lend us the wings.

I am glad when the Sabbath steals quietly in,
Of all days the chief lustre, the 'pearl' of the seven,
A season when man seems to pause in his sin,
A time, rightly used, giving glimpses of heaven;
Then I seek with my household the temples of men,
And to God offer up my own heart-uttered prayer,
But believe me not *lost* if I go now and then
To the temple of nature, and worship Him there.

I can dig me up gold from the desert of life,
For my joys, when I will it, are many and pure,
If I injure no neighbour, engender no strife,
Nor get fretful at trifles, my peace is secure;
Thus at eve, after labour, I take up my flute,
And breathe a sweet spell 'gainst vexation and pain,
While my wife, whose dear sympathy cannot be mute,
Lends her voice to the words of some old ballad strain.

In the summer my garden, in winter my room,
Have delights which are harmless, exalted, refined,
And I oftentimes fancy I hear mid the gloom
Many voices that utter great truths to my mind;
A sublime gush of music, a story well told,
Or a poem inspired, makes my rapture run o'er,
For I feel hidden faculties stir and unfold,
And I go to my toil more refreshed than before.

Thus I walk thro' the maze of existence, erect,
And erect in my soul may I be to the last;
I would have the sweet heart-flowers, love and respect,
Flourish on to my memory when I have passed;
When my friends lay me down 'neath the turf-covered clay,
Their eyes with the tears of true sorrow impearled—
I would have them be able sincerely to say—
"He was true to his order, himself, and the world."

Do not trust a man, however polite he may be, if he be devoid of principle: such a man, sooner or later, becomes the dupe of his own heart.

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DEATH'S DOINGS.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

DEATH on his steed of shadow went forth into the night,
For he had many a solemn deed to do ere morning's light;
Many a soul to loosen from life's uneasy thrall,
And many a hopeful heart to lay beneath the shroud and pall.

Each star was blinking brightly, as if no ill were near,
As if all earthly things were calm as its own silent sphere;
The drifted clouds were floating high in the middle air,
And to the placid moonlight turned their shifting fringes fair.

Death in his awful mission kept his appointed way,
He bore with him the fiat-word which does not brook delay—
Yet stepped aside, and often, to snatch some final sigh,
Leaving behind the breaking heart, the sad surviving cry.

He reached the sickly city, dread with incessant din,
The Maelstrom of the multitudes, the crater-mouth of sin;
Strange tragedies were acting within that swarming town,
And Pestilence had beckoned him to pull the curtain down.

He knocked at palace-portals, he trod the marble floors,
And many a hasty summons breathed at humbler dwelling-doors;
He walked the weary workhouse, he pierced the crowded jail,
Where at his presence countless faces grew for ever pale.

He sought the sunless alleys, the burrow-holes of men,
The haunts of vicious revelry, the dim and noisome den;
He plunged into the cellar, he clomb the garret stair,
And fearful were the ravages his hand committed there.

To souls of doubt and darkness a Demon's form he bore,
But unto eyes that looked *beyond* an Angel's likeness wore;
He came to punish and appal, he came to cheer and save,
So different did the world *receive* the Monarch of the Grave.

INSTINCT.

AN ESSAY READ BEFORE THE DISCUSSION CLASS OF THE HULL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

BY JOHN WHATT RANSON.

FEW questions connected either with Natural History or Metaphysics have excited more attention, or given rise to more controversy than instinct. But it is not my intention to give an history, however brief, of the progress of opinion on this question; but to present to you, for your consideration, my answer to the oft disputed question, "Do Animals act with a view to consequences, from their own proper consciousness?"

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What is Instinct? Instinct is a disposition of the mind, which without instruction, experience, or deliberation, does, and does without an end in view, whatever is necessary for self-preservation, and the propagation of the kind. An action done with a view to accomplish a certain end, is a rational act, and the end to be accomplished is the motive of the action; but instinctive actions are done without any view to consequences. The operations of instinct are limited to those actions which tend to keep the species in their present position, a position which they always held. There is no advancement made, nor any tendency to such a thing in the animal world, either by experience or example. Each species has its own range, and there its power ceases. But if we trace the history of any branch of manufacture, we shall find that the works of the inventor were generally rude, and that they were successively improved by others, and only brought to perfection by time, study, and experience. In which of the species do we see any improvement, or deviation from the general practice? Each individual of the species is equally skillful from the birth, and that too, without experience or instruction. It is true they know nothing either of principles or rules, and yet, their work is perfect, and will bear the strictest examination.

Geometry is a science difficult to learn; but the bee works most geometrically without any knowledge of the science; indeed, so true are the cells of the bee—which in shape are an hexagon; that what has long been a curious problem in mathematics—namely: at what precise angle the three planes which compose the bottom of a cell, should meet in order to the greatest saving of materials and labor, has been solved for this insect from the earliest ages.

When we find that some animals do depart at times, from what we consider the general rules of nature, as if in obedience to the dictates of reason, in order to adapt their plans to some unexpected change in their circumstances: I am not astonished that some men who have written on the subject, have gone a step further, and have endeavored to solve the question, by an admission that in addition to the faculty of instinct, they do, in an inferior degree, possess reason. But this admission, far from solving the problem, only adds to the difficulty; for if we concede so much, why not all? Why not allow, that the bee constructs her cells from an accurate knowledge of Geometry? A science which has taken mankind centuries of study, instruction, and experience to perfect—if it can be said to be so yet. We must also allow that she is endowed with an accurate knowledge of causes and effects, in fact, that she is both a philosopher and a geometrician.

The young Cuckoo as soon as he is hatched, exerts all his strength to expel the young of his foster-mother, so that her attention to them, may not lessen hers to him. The young bird as soon as hatched, can eat all that the foster-mother can get for it, and more; so that if her young were to be fed also, there would be a want in the nest, the consequence of over-population.

Look at the Hen! with what care and attention she sits on her eggs, and turns them over that they may all receive their proper degree of warmth; yet she knows no difference between them and the eggs of a duck or a goose: nay, she will do the same for a piece of chalk. And I should not, I believe, be saying too much, if I said, that she knows not her own species from the young of the eggs she has hatched. Witness the trouble and anxiety she is in, when the young ducks take to the water, an element that would be death to her, and which she therefore instinctively shuns, and they as instinctively seek.

The Tom-tit will go on building her nest in the same hole, after it has been destroyed a dozen times, and it has been proved by Mr. Waterton, that birds of the most opposite disposition, and whose eggs differ in colour, will hatch one another's eggs, if they be exchanged.

The Butterfly eats but little, and that little is the nectar of flowers; yet she lays her eggs on the leaves of a cabbage, or other plant,—I believe it is a fact, that caterpillars will not feed on any other species of plant than the one on which they were hatched—when these eggs are hatched, the caterpillar finds food at once, when it passes into a chrysalis, it hangs suspended in some sheltered nook all the winter, and changes into a butterfly in the spring. This also lays her eggs on the leaves of a cabbage, taught by unerring instinct and not by instruction; for the parent died e'er the egg was a caterpillar.

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The Ichneumon, whose food also is the nectar of flowers, deposits her eggs in the body of a caterpillar, where they are hatched, feed and live. It might be thought that a caterpillar, with four or five grubs feeding in her body, would die; so it would, did they not shun the vital parts, taught by instinct, that as soon as these parts were injured their prey would die, and they perish with it.

There is an insect, the Coecus, which lays her eggs on the branch of an hawthorn, and then covers them with her body and dies. The corpse of the mother shelters the eggs from rain, snow and frost. In spring they are hatched, and after living their little day, lay their eggs, cover them with their bodies, and die, as did their parents. Who taught them to cover their eggs so? not the parent, for she died as soon as her eggs were laid.

The migration of animals, birds, fishes and insects, is one of the most interesting subjects in the study of nature. The Salmon in her journey up a river to deposit her spawn, will suffer no obstacle, that she can possibly surmount, to oppose her progress, and in order to attain her object, will spring over cataracts several feet high. There is a Salmon Leap on the Liffey, nineteen feet high. In swimming up rivers, the salmon keeps close to the bottom, for there the current is weakest, but, when she returns, she swims near the surface, to avail herself of the strength of the stream.

The Migration of the different kinds of fishes is really astonishing. "Who bids these creatures evacuate the shore," says a popular writer, "and disperse themselves into all quarters, when they become worthless and unfit for our service? Who rallies and recalls the undisciplined vagrants, as soon as they are improved into desirable food —who appoints the very scenes of our ambush to be the place of their rendezvous, so that they come like volunteers into our nets? Surely the furlough is signed, the summons issued, and the point of re-union settled by a Providence ever indulgent to mankind: ever studious to treat us with dainties, and load us with benefits."

In the Arctic regions, the barren-ground Deer, regularly migrate from the South to the North, in the latter end of May, and return late in September. The Lemming, whose residence is in the mountains of Lapland and Norway, descend from their mountain home into the plains below, in immense troops; and by their number devour up all the grain and herbage in their path, the ground over which they pass, appearing as if the surface had been burnt. Nothing can arrest them, neither fire, ravines, rivers, torrents, marshes, nor lakes alter their rout; they press on in a straight line, hence thousands of them perish. The history of the economic Field Mouse, presents a similar picture; early in the spring, they assemble in astonishing numbers. On one of these occasions, the flock was so numerous, that an observer (Pallas) waited two hours to see them pass.

Migration is much more frequent among birds, than among animals. Some are impelled to seek a home among us from the inclemency of a severer clime, as the fieldfare, the red-wing, the woodcock, the snipe, the royston crown and other birds; whilst the swallow, turtle-dove, wryneck, cuckoo, blackcap, whitethroat, whinchat, redstart, willow-wren and others, pass the summer with us, thus avoiding the heat of a more sultry clime. Connected with the migration of English visitants, there is a fact connected with the Cuckoo, that seems to have escaped the notice of most naturalists, namely, that the parent bird leaves this country before the young can fly, and in many cases before it is half-brought up, and yet the young ones leave the country when they are able, and always alone; not in flocks like other birds. Instinct is the guide of all, even from the passenger pigeons, which fly in flocks of above one thousand millions, to the young cuckoo that departs alone.

Instinct carries the brute no farther than is necessary for the well-being of the species. The ultimate result of instinct tends to nothing more than the economy of the present life; certainly not to the improvement of the existing species, or the transmission of knowledge or experience to future generations; for one generation passes away and is forgot. Another succeeds, and exhibits the same instincts, and they pass away, to be succeeded by another.

But it has been argued, that instinct is improvable by domestication. The extent of cultivated instinct is only to be known by experiment, and hitherto these experiments

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all prove, that none of these acquired habits are transmitted, or in any way approach to what we call reason.

The end of their creation is self-enjoyment and the propagation of their kind; and there can be no question, that they have all the pleasures and enjoyments of animal life, which they are capable of enjoying. No knowledge of moral obligation or responsibility is given to them when alive, and no account is required of them when they die. They pass into non-entity.

Shepherds' Home Lodge,
Groves, Hull.

"THE BIRD THAT SINGS IN OUR ALLEY."

THE neighbourhood round Smithfield Market is proverbial for its wretched condition, both as regards morals and cleanliness; but if to any one place must be conceded the misfortune of being the worst in those respects, it must be "Harp Alley," one of those densely populated regions so much talked about by the philanthropists of London. In this Alley, once upon a time, resided a drover named Johnson, a huge fellow, as barbarous as a Laplander. He had a wife addicted to gin, and as savage as a wild cat. The only issue of this well-assorted union was a sickly boy, of about ten years of age, but who did not look more than five, so stunted and emaciated was his frame. He was afflicted with a spinal disease, and had what is termed "clubbed feet." His deformity rendered him hideous in his mother's eyes; but as far as the nature of his father permitted he clung to his poor lame boy. Johnson's wife beheld the boy with a low hatred which long ago would have starved him to death, had it not been for the father, who fiercely punished every case of ill-usage that came to his knowledge. The neighbours hated the coarse, masculine mother, because they feared her heavy fists and drunken fury; and many complaints were poured into the father's ears, and he used frequently to treasure them up until his resolution was strung to what he termed the "point," by copious libations of rum.

Harp Alley is entered by a low covered way, ankle-deep with filthy moisture. There are about forty houses, and all of them are in a most dilapidated condition; some are half-unroofed, others windowless, and the whole so tottering, that were it not for several strong beams stretched across the court, the majority would meet each other in their mutual desire to tumble down. Unpaved, and reeking with the most abominable stenches it looked like what it really was, a Pandemonium, which belched its sinners upon the highways of London, and nursed the fever-fiend to go forth upon its errand to the sewered and palaced west, as well as the filthy and squalid east. In one of the dens of Harp Alley lived Johnson, his wife, and child. It was Sunday morning, about eight o'clock, and even at that early hour, both husband and wife were half drunk. Their furniture consisted of two broken chairs, a deal table, cracked in several places by the energetic thumps of the drover, a small three-legged stool, and a short truckle bed, in which the crippled boy lay asleep. On the table were a tobacco box, two broken cups, and a neckless black bottle. The natural effluvium of the apartment was overpowered by the mingled odour of rum and gin, and the perfume blown from a marvellously black pipe, stuck in the drover's jaws. To the man's indication of his sovereign pleasure that breakfast should be prepared, the woman coarsely replied that he must make it himself, she would not. An oath and a blow from Johnson, and she lay sprawling on the floor, shrieking dreadfully, and uttering the most horrible imprecations. The noise created by this quarrel awoke the boy, and huddling on his ragged clothes, he slipped from the room shoeless and hatless. In a few minutes he was in the mazes of Smithfield Market, creeping through the bars of the pens, shutting himself in one of them, to see how he would like to be in prison, and then skipping about with all the agility his lameness allowed him. While thus engaged he heard a fluttering noise in an adjoining pen, and on proceeding to the spot, he discovered a bird. It was a beautiful Canary, but half dead from either exposure or ill-treatment. After spreading out its wings, looking into

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its little eyes, and admiring it in silent ecstacy for a long time, with the most tender care he placed it in his bosom, close to his dirty and fleshless, but still warm breast. After some hesitation he turned sadly towards home, for it was a place in which his little heart had often shuddered. Upon his arrival, he found his mother stretched upon the bed, helpless, and his father gloomily devouring some large slices of bread and butter, and washing them down with a pot of beer. The boy stole silently to his little stool, and gazed up into his father's face with an eagerness which desired to be noticed and caressed. Seizing the loaf and butter, the father prepared the boy's morning meal, varying his task by throwing curiously cut pieces of bread to a large tailless dog, such as are only to be met with in the vicinity of Smithfield. To the boy's meal he added, not for the first time, a cupful of porter, and lifting him into his capacious lap, bade him eat heartily. The boy smiled his gratitude, and fell to with a keen appetite. At last he drew the bird from his bosom, and timidly held it out to be inspected, which his father did, with a very curious and interested gaze. Then he looked at the boy, and a bright thought struck him. Refilling his pipe, and putting on a greasy, capacious coat, he stuck a mysterious-looking hat upon his head, and taking the boy in his arms, sallied forth. It really was a pleasant sight to see that drover, the terror of Smithfield, with his little lame boy in his arms, stalking along with a sturdy deportment, which augured the execution of some strongly formed purpose. Proceeding at once to the shop of a dealer in every imaginable kind of goods, he selected the article he wanted, and that was a cage, yes, a cage for the bird. The purchase concluded, the pair hied home again; and in a very short time, the bird, which had been left under a bowl, was placed in its new home. Seed, sand, and water were not forgotten, and the cage was suspended from the blackened ceiling of the room. Food and warmth, in the course of an hour, caused it to hop about a little, to the great delight of the drover and his boy, who kept their attention fixed upon it until they both fell fast asleep. A week passed away, and Sunday once more came. The drover who was more than ordinarily sober, observing the fineness of the morning, and that the sun fell on his side of the court, so far as to illuminate his apartment, drove a nail into the wall outside his window, and hung the cage upon it. The boy gazed with childish ecstacy on his beautiful favorite, as it hopped from bar to bar, and gathered strength in the sunshine. The drover sat by the fireside smoking; the wife lay in bed. Puff, puff, went the drover—snore, snore went the woman; when in an instant, the former took his pipe from his mouth, and looked at the bird with mute astonishment. It was singing, and right merrily did it pour its rich notes upon Harp Alley. Had a thunderbolt fallen on that desolate region, the inhabitants would not have felt so much astonished. One by one they came to their doors, or looked from their air-holes above to discover from whence such sweet sounds came. Many a beldame countenance—many a hard shrivelled up one—many a ruffianly one, and many pale ones, looked at that bird as it warbled its rich and varied song and sent music downwards, around to every nook and corner, and high up into the air.

From the attic window of one of the loftiest houses in the Alley, protruded the face of a young but sadly fallen girl. Such sweet music fell on her withered heart like the dew which falls on the summer-burnt grass. Her position disabled her from looking down into the court; but she could hear; and pushing back her beautiful hair from her pallid brows, half pushed herself through her little window-hole, to catch every note of that, to her, strange but beautiful melody. And when the bird had ceased, she retired, and falling face downwards on her bed, sobbed for hours. Yes, even into that horrible attic did the Canary-bird send its mite of comfort, and awaken in the ruined girl a remembrance of that virtue which had once bloomed like a summer rose.

The bird sang again, and the concert was attended by a herd of the ugliest and most mischievous boys which could be found in London. The boys of the alley had spread the fame of the bird far and wide, and many and hearty were the invitations to come and hear "the bird that sings in our alley." Motley was that juvenile throng—no face clean, others distorted, the rest scarcely human, and the whole so stunted and twisted in body that the eye would have turned from them in disgust, had it not been for their uproarious delight in hearing the bird sing. Every fresh effort of the songster was hailed with shouts, waving of bits of rags, and flourishing of sticks. A triumphal "hooray" was given, and the cage being withdrawn, the squalid troop departed to forage for their

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morning's meal. In the drover's room the effect had been very striking; the wife started up from her slumbers and exclaimed, "Bless me, how pretty!" The drover looked at her approvingly, and then re-filling his pipe, seated himself at the window with the boy in his lap, and for one hour after the bird had ceased singing, there was holy quietness in the drover's dwelling. There was scarcely a movement made, so afraid were they of awaking from the dream into which they had fallen. The feeling in a modified degree lasted the whole day. No sooner had the bird been withdrawn than the neighbours flocked in to learn something about it. About very nearly the last who called to see the bird was a pale, slender, and thinly cladly woman. The drover's wife turned up her nose with indignation, but the boy said, "It is only poor Ellen; you know Ellen, mother?"

The father rose from his seat, and taking down the cage, silently placed it on the table before the girl. The poor creature looked at the bird, and as she did the hot tears half blinded her. She applied her thin lips to the bars, and the bird, as if used to the caress, placed its little beak to them. The girl then stole from the room without uttering a word. Never had there been such a Sunday in Harp Alley. There was not a single brawl during the day. The bird formed the topic of conversation in every dwelling, and if the majority of the men did not join in it, they fell asleep, and so were out of reach of mischief.

The next Sunday passed away in much the same manner; the excitement, if anything, had increased, for the bird had been kept within doors during the week; but on the third sabbath a storm came, and there was a terrible disaster.

Between the people of Harp Alley, and those of an adjoining one, a warlike feeling had for a long time prevailed; and it had become the custom to storm each other's court on a Sunday morning. On this fatal day the foe surprised Harp Alley, but the inhabitants soon rallied, and a fierce conflict ensued. Among the foremost to repel the invaders was Johnson, and his large hard fists played sad work with the enemy. The battle was getting hotter and fiercer, when piercing screams from women looking at the fight from the windows above, mingled with exclamations of "Johnson, look to the boy," caused the drover to rush through the mass with the fury of a bull. What a sight presented itself to him! There lay the boy and bird crushed to death! The boy had been observed, in his anxiety to save the bird from the stones flying about, to lean from the window, and attempt to take the cage in; but overbalancing himself, fell to the ground, dragging the cage with him. The father raised the mangled remains of his lame boy from the ground, and a groan burst from his tortured iron frame, which made the hardiest in that band of desperadoes tremble, and steal away crest-fallen and subdued. In a few days the boy and his bird were buried together in a neighbouring church-yard, and the drover, with the two friends that accompanied him, did not call at a single public-house on their return. The drover found that the only link which had bound him to the better part of man was broken. In a week afterwards both him and his wife left Harp Alley, and were never seen there again. The gleam of moral sunshine which lit up that vile court passed away with the poor lame boy and his bird, but a tradition remains to this day, that there once dwelt amongst the people a good spirit, which, when it went away, left a darkness behind, and there was sorrow for many a long day after.

J. P. H.

Let our disposition be what it may, there is a sad desolate feeling inseparable from leaving the abode in which we have dwelt for any length of time. The common inanimate household things about the room, hirelings though they be to every new tenant, have become a part and parcel of our being—there is a familiarity in the very sprigs and flowers on the walls—almost a sympathy, which only a long residence can induce; and, like the captive, who, when released from his long imprisonment, crept back, blinded by the sun's glare, to the noisome dungeon which time and misery had taught him to look upon as his house, and turn even its spiders and reptiles into household gods, we still cling to any old residence with regard, although our sojourn therein might have been chequered with sorrows and annoyances. But those very shadows have hallowed it in our remembrance.

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SHELTER UNDER AN HEDGE.

"Long have I loved what I behold:
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears and mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power."

——WORDSWORTH.

IT was in the month of June, 18—, that I and an old retired officer, met at Six o'clock in the morning, at the Cross Roads, Harrogate, intending to visit the ruins of an old Castle at some Eight miles distance. As the village clock struck, we saluted each other, and having exchanged compliments we began our journey. We had every prospect of a pleasant day before us and we pursued our way leisurely by hedgerow and planting, talking of "hair-breadth escapes by flood and field," foreign lands and their physical curiosities, as well as the manners and customs of their inhabitants. Our pace was slow, but the way seemed nothing, and time flew by with unheard wings, until the sky became overcast, throwing a gloom over the fair face of nature and blasting our prospects of a pleasant walk. Leaving the road we sought the shelter of a planting, for the rain began to descend with every prospect of a long continuance. I don't know that any circumstance that had happened to me, before or since, ever gave me greater pain or brought with it such a bitter feeling of disappointment, and the seeming indifferance of my friend by no means served to allay the one or sweeten the other, for he lay upon the mossy bank of the pond, as unconcerned, as if that had been the object of his visit. The rain came dancing down among the leaves above us faster and faster, and the pond seemed a lake of silver circles, so fast did circle succeed circle; but neither the one nor the other seemed to attract the attention of my friend, who lay musing by my side.

"I was thinking," he said at length, "that the things we esteem the least have often as many beauties to boast of, if not more, than those we esteem so highly. Look at the Groundsel! how few passers by ever think of noticing it any farther than to pluck it for a favorite bird; or, to beat it to the earth, thus wantonly destroying in a second, that which they could not make, had they to live through the countless ages of eternity.

There is something attractive and pleasing, to me at least, in its flowers; but when the seed is ripe and fit for dispersion, nothing can equal the beautiful feathers with which they are crowned, and which serve the purposes of sails to carry them to the place destined to be the scene of their beauty and decay. These beautiful silken appendages of the seed are fully developed at the exact time that the seed has received from the cushion—the bed of the calyx—in which is imbedded all the support it requires, and which it could receive from it. Arrived at this stage, the least wind separates it from the cushion and bears it away to some green lane or sunny bank, where it lies for a time, or, is rudely blown about among the grass or hedge-rows, until the buoyant appendages are destroyed, and it is left to fructify or not, according to the nature of the soil.

There is beauty every where, and we should see it, for it is all around us, if gift of perception were only given to us!

Poets and moralists delight in comparing the life of man to the flowers of the field, which to-day are blooming in beauty and to-morrow have passed away. The simile is best preserved in the *dandelion*, a flower as little noticed as the nettle, and meeting with even less respect. When the dandelion first puts forth its flower buds they lie close to the ground, but as the yet enclosed flower gathers strength, the stem gradually rises from the ground until it becomes erect and the

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flower bursts forth—a *mimic sun*. The purposes for which the flowers were created, being fulfilled, the petals begin to close, and are at length all enclosed *in* the calyx, which again falls to the ground, and after laying there for a time, the stem gradually rises again until it becomes erect, and the calyx once more bursts and displays to view the seeds and their feathered appendages—*a mimic moon*. Here we have the life of man typified—the calyx on the ground, rising until it bursts into flower, shadowing the life of man from childhood to manhood. The fading flower at length inclosed in the calyx and laying close to the ground, typifying the fall of man from strength and vigor to old age and the grave. But the simile does not end here, for as the calyx rises once more and displays to the gaze an occupant differing in every respect from the first possessor ; so man will *rise* from his resting place changed—how, we know not, and will like the feathered seeds of the dandelion be destined again to revel in beauty, or be lost for ever.

Yes ! there is beauty everywhere, and were I king, I would choose *neither* rose, lily or voilet for my crest or token-flower ; but the common nettle, a flower beaten to the earth by every school-boy, and despised alike by old and young.

Beat it to the earth, it does not die ; but springs up again from its overthrow with fresh vigor and beauty. Tread it down again and again, yet, from the dust into which it is trampled it will spring again with greater loveliness. Such should be the conduct of men and nations, never despairing, though often disappointed and depressed. Fergusson, Brindley, Franklin, and others were often disappointed yet they never despaired. They might have been lost in the mass, had they not like my token flower sprung up with fresh vigor after every overthrow.

Do not despise the nettle for its seeming want of beauty, for beauty and utility are rarely combined in the same flower."

My attention was arrested, and I looked at the seeds of the groundsel and the elegant flowers of the nettle through the captain's pocket microscope, and found in each a mine of beauty, I never thought of, especially in the stings—if I may so speak—of the nettle, and with the poison-bags at the root of the fangs, from which it is forced up through the hollow sting into the hand or whatever presses it, as by a singular process, the poison of the serpent is forced into a wound.

Whilst thus intent upon this curious piece of mechanism, the captain by the aid of his walking stick drew from the pond to the shore, what seemed to me, a small dry twig or leaf. Out came the captain's knife, and displayed to view the grub of an insect. I soon learned from the instruction of my friend, and with the aid of his microscope, that what I had mistaken for a dry twig was a small piece of reed, in which the larvæ of the insect was encased, and that, that part of its body which was inclosed in the case was soft and tender, and therefore need protection, whilst the head and shoulders that protruded to seek food, were bony and hard ; needing no protection. I should have overlooked the wonderful fact, that the little inmate of the habitation, now so rudely destroyed, had balanced his frail tenement with a stone, lest the gentle tempests of the water should dash him against anything, and so kill and injure him. Several were examined ; one had made a case of sand, and to overcome the gravity had placed a straw at each side, which rendered its removal easier ; whilst another had collected a number of shells together, and had glued them to each other, making for itself a curious habitation. These, the captain informed me were the larvæ of a four-winged fly, of the order *Trichoptera*, and that they were known by the name of " Caddis worms," and used by fishermen as baits. The bottom of the pond was covered with them, and to the unpractised eye they seemed to be, what I mistook them for, pieces of straw and twigs.

" It is astonishing," said my friend, " how wonderfully insects work. Man's reason often leads him wrong. Instinct seldom fails of accomplishing the end. The insects which spring from these larvæ, live on nought that the water holds, and yet they deposit their eggs there. The gnat, which dances so lightly in the sun-beam, passes the greater part of its life, as a larvæ, in the water. The butterfly eats but little, and that little is honey, yet she deposits her eggs on the leaf of a cabbage, and the leaf on which they are hatched affords them food ; *the ca-*

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terpillar turns to a Crysalis, which hangs suspended, during the winter, under the projection of an old wall or rail, and in summer turns to a butterfly, which without instruction or experience places her eggs upon the leaf of a cabbage. You may have sometimes seen upon the branches of an hawthorn, what appears to be small red warts, they are insect productions; being the bodies of a small insect, the coccus, (*Coccidæ*, LEACH.) which lays her eggs upon the branch and covers them with her body, which becomes glued to the spot, and forms a protection for her eggs during the inclemency of the winter. Who taught them to do so? They are taught of God, whose never-failing goodness and love, beholds with an eye of mercy his humblest creatures.

The rain which had considerably abated, now entirely ceased, and was succeeded by a burst of sunshine, which drew forth the warblers of the grove, and added fresh beauty to the flowers that adorned the hedge-rows and road-sides. Once more we began our journey, and in due course of time, arrived at the old ruins* where we spent a couple of hours very pleasantly, lunching in the hall of the Percys, seated on the floor which Hotspur trod.

The village clock struck three when we arrived at home. My disappointment had been turned to pleasure, and far before all the beauties of the old castle, was the lesson I had learnt. That there is no situation, however uninviting it may seem, but has its pleasures.

A SPRING SONG.

SWALLOW, swallow, hither wing,
Hither, swallow, bringing spring;
From the lake hath gone the teal,
Fled the widgeon from the stream,
Now no more our bursting woods
Hear the swooping merlin's scream;
Come, thou dawn of summer, come,
Hither leaves and shadows bringing,
Bladed furrows—nested eaves,—
Sweetest songs the South is singing;
Bringing violets,—bringing spring,
Hither, swallow, hither wing.

Swallow, swallow, hither wing,
Dearest playmate of the spring;
Come—the celandine no more
Dreads the gusty wrath of March,—
Golden tasselled is the birch—
Emerald fringes hath the larch;
Come, thou news of summer, come,
Trills and hedge-row twitterings bringing,
Quivering mountings of the lark,—
Shrillest songs the ousel's singing;
Snowy orchards, flight of spring,
Hither, swallow, hither wing.

W. C. BENNETT.

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

* Spofforth Castle, eight miles from Harrogate.

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THE DAISY.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Now listen! Out in the country, close to the roadside, is a country house. I am sure you have often seen it; in front there is a little flower-garden, and white palisades with the points painted green. Close by, in a ditch, amid the most beautiful grass, grew a little daisy; the sun shone on it just as bright and warm as on the splendid flowers in the garden, and so each hour it grew in strength and beauty. One morning, there it stood full blown, with its tender white glistening leaves, which encircled the little yellow sun in the middle like rays. That in the grass it was seen by no one, it never thought about—it was contented! It turned towards the warm sun, gazed upon it, and listened to the lark that was singing in the air.

The little daisy was so happy! as happy as though it had been a great holiday, and yet it was only a Monday. The children were in school, and while they sat there on their forms and learned, the little flower sat on its green stem, and also learned, from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is; and it was just as the lark uttered all this beautifully and distinctly, while the other felt it in silence. And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird that could sing and fly, but it was not dejected at being unable itself to do so. "Do I not see and hear?" thought she; "the sun shines upon me, and the breeze kisses me—oh what rich gifts do I enjoy!"

Within the palisading stood many stiff, stately flowers; the less fragrance they had, the higher they held their heads. The peonies puffed themselves up, in order to be larger than the roses; but it is not always the size that will avail anything. The tulips were of the most beautiful colours; they knew that very well, and held themselves as straight as an arrow, so that they might be seen still better. They did not deign to cast a look on the little flower without; but the flower looked at them so much the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful those are! yes the beautiful bird certainly flies down to them—them he surely visits. What happiness to have got a place so near, whence I can see all this splendour!" And just as it was thinking so, *quirrevit!* there came the lark from on high; but it did not go to the peonies or tulips; no, but down in the grass to the poor daisy, that for pure joy was so frightened that it did not even know what it should think.

The little bird hopped about in the grass and sang: "Well! how soft the grass is! and only look what a sweet little flower, with a golden heart, and with a robe of silver!" The yellow spot in the daisy looked really just like gold, and the little leaves around shone white as silver.

How happy the little daisy was no one could believe it. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up in the blue air. It was certainly a whole quarter of an hour before the daisy came to herself again. Half ashamed, and yet so glad at heart, she looked at the flowers over in the garden; they had beheld the honour and the happiness that had befallen her; they would surely comprehend her joy; but there stood the tulips as stiff as before, looking quite prim, and they were, too, quite red in the face; for they were vexed. But the peonies looked so thick-headed! Ah! it was a good thing they could not speak, otherwise the daisy would have heard a fine speech. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humour, and she was heartily sorry for it. At this moment a maiden came in the garden with a knife, sharp and polished; she went among the tulips, and cut off one after the other.

"Ah!" sighed the little daisy, "this is really terrible; now it is all over with them." Then the girl with the tulips went away. The daisy was glad that it was standing out there in the grass, and was but a poor little flower—it was quite thankful: and when the sun set, it folded its leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed the whole night of the sun, and the beautiful bird.

On the following morning, when the flower, fresh and joyful, again stretched out its white leaves, like little arms, into the light and air, she recognised the voice of the bird; but what he sung was so melancholy! Yes, the poor lark had good reason to be so; he

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had been taken prisoner, and was now sitting in a cage, close to an open window, thinking of the sun, the green corn in the fields, and of the beautiful journeyings on his wings high up in the free air. The poor bird was not cheerful; there he sat a prisoner in a narrow cage.

The little daisy would so gladly have helped him; but how to begin, yes, that was the difficulty. It forgot entirely how beautiful all around was, how warm the sun shone, how white its leaves glistened—oh! it could only think on the imprisoned bird, for whom it was incapable of doing anything.

Then suddenly there came two little boys out of the garden, and one of them had a knife in his hand, large and sharp, like that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight towards the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted. "Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark," said one of the boys, and began to cut a square all round the daisy, so that the flower stood in the very middle of it. "Pull up the flower," said one boy; and the daisy trembled for very fear; for to be pulled up, why, that was to die, and it wished to live, as it was to be put with the turf into the cage of the imprisoned lark. "No, let it stay," said the other, "it looks so pretty." And so it remained, and was put in the cage with the lark.

But the poor bird bewailed loudly its lost freedom, and fluttered against the wires of the cage. The little flower could not speak, could not say one consoling word to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole forenoon.

"There is no water," said the lark; "they are all gone out, and have forgotten me. Not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! within me is fire and ice, and the air is so heavy! Oh, I shall die; I must leave the warm sunshine, and the fresh verdure, and all the beauty that God has created!" And saying these words, he pressed his beak in the cool piece of turf to refresh himself a little; and his eye fell on the daisy, and the bird nodded to it, and kissed it, and said, "You must wither here, you poor little flower; you and the green turf here have been given me instead of the whole world, which I had without. Every little blade of grass must be to me as a green tree; every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower. Ah! you only tell me how much I have lost!"

"What can I do to comfort him," thought the daisy; but she could not move a leaf; yet the fragrance that streamed from her delicate leaves was much stronger than is usual with this flower. The bird observed this; and though he was dying of thirst, and crushed the green blade in his suffering, he did not even touch the little daisy. It was evening, and no one came as yet to bring the poor bird a drop of water: he stretched out his delicate wings, and fluttered convulsively; his song was a complaining chirp. His little head bowed down towards the daisy, and the heart of the bird broke for want and longing.

Then the flower was not able, as on the evening before, to fold its leaves together and sleep; it bowed down ill and sorrowful to the earth.

It was not until the next morning that the boys came back; and when they saw that the bird was dead, they wept many tears, and dug a pretty grave, which they decked with flowers. The dead body of the bird was put in a beautiful red paper box: he was to be buried royally—the poor bird. *While he lived and sang, they forgot him, let him sit in a cage and suffer Want; now they showed him great honour, and lamented him.*

But the bit of turf with the daisy was thrown to the dust in the street; no one thought of her, who, however, had felt most for the bird, and had wished so much to comfort him.

How to Lead a Happy Life.—The first and most essential point to lead a happy life is to banish from the mind all sordid and miserable cares for the future, and be contented for the present, treat the little misfortunes of this world with ridicule, turn a deaf ear to imaginary troubles. Do not make a fool of yourself by trying to squeeze tears through the eyes that would otherwise extend and elongate their sockets to correspond with the broad grin of the other features. Look at every body without suspicion till you have found out that he is a rogue: fancy everybody is good-natured because you are so yourself, Eat well, drink well, and sleep well; these, to a sensible mind, will come as a matter of course.—*Library of Secrets and Wrinkles.*

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THE DEATH SEEKERS.

ONE OF THE CANTERBURY TALES OF CHAUCER.

COMMUNICATED BY "THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER."

Introduction.

THE proximity of peril and imminent danger does not always dispose men to seriousness. This truth is verified by the pages of History and the experience of very many; but at no time was this truth more forcibly illustrated, than during the great Plague of London, when the bell of the Dead Cart, and the cry of "Bring out your dead," rang in the ears of the citizens, morn, noon, and night. That was a time, it would be thought, to bring most men to reflect and to awaken the better feelings of the heart; but at no time did the sound of revelry oftener salute the ear. The low jest, the sound of music, and the laughter of the dancers grew more offensively common. During the frightful, ravages of the Cholera in France, there was actually found men and women to patronize, nay, to dance a disgusting dance called the "Cholera Gallopade."* But my narrative has no connection either with the Plague in London, or the Cholera in France; but with the great Plague in Florence, and what befell Three youths, who heeded not things of good report; but gave themselves up to the allurements of vice, and found the truth of the old Proverb, "we are never more in danger than when we think ourselves least so."

The Tale.

The Three Youths, to whom my tale relates, were sat, long before the hour of prime, in their old place at the Tavern; when they heard the tinkling of a bell, such as was rung before a corpse to the grave. The eldest, calling to his little serving boy, enquired who the person was that was being carried to his last home; saying, "Go knave, make diligent enquiry and see that you bring me his name correctly."

"Sir," replied the page, "there is no need that I do so, for his name was told me, ere ye came here, two hours ago. It is an old friend of yours, and he was slain last night, as he sat over his glass, by a sly old thief called Death, who hath above a thousand slain during this pestilence, and gentles, ere ye come into his presence methinks it were but right that you should beware of such an adversary and be always ready to meet him."

"By Saint Mary," said the master, "the knave says right, for the sly old thief hath slain in a village not a mile hence, both man and beast, woman and child, and I trow his habitation is there, and that it were true wisdom to be prepared for such an enemy ere he doth one such foul dishonour."

"Hark ye!" replied the youngest, "is it such a frightful thing to meet him? I swear by the holy relic bones that I will meet him by stile and street. Hearken ye, we three are one, let us give each other our hands and swear we will be brothers, and that we will slay this false traitor, Death. Let us swear he shall be slain—he that hath so many slain, ere it be night."

So they plighted their word and honour to live and die for each other, as brothers born of one mother ought to do, and up they started in their drunken rage, taking their way to the village already mentioned, swearing as they went by many an unholy oath, that Death should die, if they might but find him. When they had gone about a mile, they came to a gate, coming through which they met an old man, who greeted them meekly, saying, "Gentles! the Lord preserve you in his sight."

To which kindly salutation, the proudest answered. "What? churl, why art thou wrapped up all but thy face? and why livest *thou* so long?"

Nothing startled by such an ungracious answer, the old man looked the questioner sternly in the face, and replied, "Because I cannot find a man, though I walk into India, neither in city or village, that would exchange his youth for my old age, therefore I must keep my age, whilst it is God's will that I lay it down. Neither will death release

* See "Willis' Pencillings by the Way."

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me, so that I am obliged to walk up and down like a restless wretch. But, sir, it is not courtsey in you thus to speak to an old man, unless he had trespassed in word or deed. You may have read in Holy Writ, 'That against an old man whose head is hoary thou shalt not arise!' Therefore I advise you, do not unto an old man what you would not have done to yourself when you are old—if you may tarry so long; and God be with you whether you walk or ride. So I bid you, farewell!"

"Nay, old churl," replied the youth, "thou departest not so; neither partest thou so lightly. By Saint John, thou spake just now of that old traitor death, that hath slain in this country so many of our friends, and here by my truth, as thou art his spy, tell me where he is, or thou shalt suffer; for by the holy mass, thou art in league with him to slay us young folk, thou false thief!"

"Now, sirs," quoth the old man, "if ye be so desirous of finding death, turn up that crooked lane, for in yon grove I left him, by my truth, under a tree, and there I know he will tarry and not hide himself for you, brave though you be. See ye that oak? under the shadow of its branches you will find him. God save you, that bought again mankind, and amend you!" Thus spake the old man and passed on. On hearing this, these three rioters ran until they came to the tree, and there, instead of death, they found, as near as they might guess, eight bushels of fine, bright gold florins. Mute with astonishment, they sat them down by the precious hoard, and gazed at each other in silence, which was first broken by the eldest.

"Brothers," said he, "take heed what I say, for my knowledge is great, though I joke and game. This treasure hath fortune given us, that we may spend our lives in mirth and jollity, and as lightly as it came, so shall it go. By the splendour of the Virgin! who thought that we should have had such luck to day? Now if this gold might be carried away, either to my house or yours, (for well I know the gold belongs to us,) then were our joy complete; but I know, and so do you, that we cannot do this by daylight, for then would men say we were thieves, and have us hung to obtain our treasure. Therefore it were best to keep it as slily and secretly as possible until night, and my advice is, that we draw lots, and that he on whom the lot falls, shall go to the town quickly and bring us wine and bread as privately as possible, and the other two shall abide by the gold to keep it in safety. Then at night it can be removed to such place, as by common consent, is thought best."

This advice was acted upon, and the lot fell on the youngest, who hasted to the town to fulfil his mission; but he had not gone far, when the eldest said to his partner: "Thou knowest well that thou and me have always been as sworn brothers. I will tell thee something that may be of profit to thee. Thou knowest that yon fellow is gone to the town and here is gold in great plenty, that is to be divided among us three, unless I can so shape it, that it be divided between us two. If so, have I not done a friend's turn to thee?"

The other replied, "I know not how that may be; for he knows that the gold is left in our charge. Say, what shall we do? and, what shall we say to him."

"Shall it be council?" asked the first, "if so, I will tell thee in few words what we shall do, and how we can bring it about very well."

"I am bound," said the other, "both by honour and truth, beyond all doubt, not to betray thee."

"Now," said the eldest, "thou knowest well that we are two, and that two are stronger than one. Listen, when he shall sit him down, thou shalt arise and make as if thou wouldst play with him, and then will I strike him in the side, and see thou that thy dagger does the same. Then, my dear friend, this gold will be ours. Then can we drink and dice to our fill."

Thus these cursed men agreed to slay their companion, towards whom that very morning they had sworn to act as brothers born of one mother.

The youngest, as he went on his way, did nought but think of the bright florins. "Ah!" said he, "if I might but have this treasure to myself, there is no man that lives under the blue sky would live so merry as me."

At last the foul fiend put it into his mind to buy poison with which he might slay his *brothers*, and as soon as he arrived at the town he went direct to an apothecary's shop, and begged to have such poison as would speedily kill rats, and a polecat, which

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had got into his farm yard, and slain his capons, for said he, "I would fain kill such thieves as rob me by night."

The apothecary answered, "Thou shalt have a poison so deadly, that there is not a creature in the world that eateth of it, if it be but the size of a grain of wheat, but it shall die, and that before thou canst walk a mile, so strong and violent is this poison."

Having got this poison, he went to a shop in the next street and bought three large bottles. Into two of which he poured the poison, and then filled them up with wine. Having done which, he returned to the grove.

What need that I say more; for as they compassed his death, so they slew him, and that immediately; upon which they sat down to drink, intending to bury the body before dusk. The wine they drunk was from the poisoned bottle, and after they had drunk—they sickened and died by their treasure. And thus they found, what they went to seek—DEATH.

NOTE.—Chaucer who flourished in the Fourteenth century, wrote a series of tales, under the title of "The Canterbury Tales." Several authors have endeavoured to give an idea of these narratives. Some have done so in prose, and others in modernized verse. I have chosen the former, and one of the least objectionable tales. So that "The Death Seekers," is as fair a specimen of Chaucer's tales as can be given in prose, with a due regard to the taste of the present day.

Groves, Hull.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT.

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.

High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is roll'd;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.

But here the titling* spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisys gleam:
And here the sun flower† of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.

To mountain winds the famish'd fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.

But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake;
And here the fire-tuft‡ hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.

Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane!

* The Hedge Sparrow. † The Dandelion. ‡ The Golden-Crested Wren.

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For, oh, I love these
This roof of sky an
These tufts, where sl
And wakes the ear

As spirits from eterni
Look down on eart
Gaze thou, and wond
A world in miniatu

A world not scorn'd
Even weakness by
But solemn in his dep
And splendid in hi

Light! not alone on
O'er storm-lov'd mo
Or widely teaching su
Thy glorious thoug

Oh, no! thou art a
To sky, and sea, an
A page on which the
Which insects unde

And here, oh, Light!
Divinely plain and
Like splinters of a ch
Thy bright small h

Yon drop-fed lake, si
Is Huron, girt with
This driplet feeds Mi
And that, Niagara's

What tidings from th
Yon line of liquid li
That down from heav
The blind foam of i

Do I not hear his thu
The roar that ne'er
'Tis mute as death!—
It roars, and ever w

What forests tall of ti
Clothe every little s
What pigmy oaks thei
O'er pigmy vallies l

With shade o'er shade
Ambitious of the sk
They feather o'er the
Of mountains mushr

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Oh, God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell!
What nations, with their kings!

I feel no shock, I hear no groan
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruin'd realms!

Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impell'd by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atoms cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him!

Lo! while he pauses, and admires
The works of Nature's might,
Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!

Oh, God of terrors! what are we?—
Poor insects, spark'd with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could smite us into nought!

But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand
Thy little ones would sleep.

DAVID'S FIRST DISSIPATION.

(From David Copperfield, No. 8.)

I BEGAN by being singularly cheerful and light-hearted; all sorts of half-forgotten things to talk about came rushing into my mind, and made me hold forth in a most unwonted manner. I laughed heartily at my own jokes, and everybody else's; called Steerforth to order for not passing the wine; made several engagements to go to Oxford; announced that I meant to have a dinner party exactly like that, once a week until further notice; and madly took so much snuff out of Grainger's box, that I was obliged to go into the pantry, and have a private fit of sneezing ten minutes long. I went on, by passing the wine faster and faster yet, and continually starting up with a cork screw to open more wine, long before any was needed. I proposed Steerforth's health. I said he was my dearest friend, the protector of my boyhood, and the companion of my prime. I said I was delighted to propose his health, owed him more obligations than I could ever repay, and held him in a higher admiration than I could ever express. I finished by saying, "I'll give you Steerforth! God bless him! Hurrah!" We gave him three times three, and another, and a good one to finish with. I broke my glass in going round the table to shake hands with him, and I said (in two words,) "Steerforthyou'retheguidingstarofmyexist ence." I went on, by finding suddenly that somebody was in the middle of a song. Markham was the singer, and he sang, "When the heart of a man is depressed with care." He said, when he had sung it, he would give us "Woman." I took objection to that, and I couldn't allow it.

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I said it was not a respectable way of proposing the toast, and I would never permit that toast to be drunk in my house otherwise than as "The ladies!" I was very high with him, mainly I think because I saw Steerforth and Grainger laughing at me, or at him, or at both of us. He said a man was not to be dictated to. I said a man *was*. He said a man was not to be insulted then. I said he was right there; *never* under my roof, where the Lares were sacred, and the laws of hospitality paramount. He said it was no derogation from a man's dignity to confess that I was a devilish good fellow. I instantly proposed his health. Some body was *smoking*. We were all smoking. *I* was smoking, and trying to suppress a rising tendency to shudder. Steerforth had made a speech about me, in the course of which I had been affected almost to tears. I returned thanks, and hoped the present company would dine with me to-morrow and the day after—each day at five o'clock, that we might enjoy the pleasures of conversation and society through a long evening. I felt called upon to propose an individual. I would give them my aunt. "Miss Betsey Trotwood, the best of her sex!"

Somebody was leaning out of my bedroom window, refreshing his forehead against the cool stone of the parapet, and feeling the air upon his face. It was myself. I was addressing myself as "Copperfield," and saying "Why did you try to smoke? You might have known you couldn't do it." Now, somebody was unsteadily contemplating his features in the looking-glass. That was I too. I was very pale in the looking-glass; my eyes had a vacant appearrance; and my hair—only my hair, nothing else—looked drunk. Somebody said to me, "Let us go to the theatre, Copperfield!" There was no bedroom before me, but again the jingling table covered with glasses; the lamp; Grainger on my right hand, Markham on my left, and Steerforth opposite—all sitting in a mist, and a long way off. The theatre? To be sure. The very, thing. Come along! But they must excuse me if I saw everybody out first, and turned the lamp off—in case of fire, Owing to some confusion in the dark, the door was gone. I was feeling for it in the window-curtains, when Steerforth laughing, took me by the arm and led me out. We went down stairs, one behind another. Near the bottom, somedody fell, and rolled down. Somebody else said it was Copperfield. I was angry at that false report, until, finding myself on my back in the passage, I began to think there might be some foundation for it.

A very foggy night, with great rings round lamps in the streets. There was an indistinct talk of its being wet. *I* considered it frosty. Steerforth dusted me under a lamp-post, and put my hat into shape, which somebody produced from somewhere in a most extraordinary manner, for I hadn't had it on before. Steerforth then said, "You are all right, Copperfield, are you not?" and I told him, "Never-herrer." A man, sitting in a pigeon hole-place, looked out of the fog, and took money from somebody, inquiring if I was one of the gentlemen paid for, and appearing rather doubtful (as I remember in the glimpse I had of him) whether, to take the money for me or not. Shortly afterwards, we were very high up in a very hot theatre, looking down in a large pit, that seemed to me to smoke; the people with whom it was crammed were so indistinct. There was a great stage too, looking very clean and smooth after the streets; and there were people upon it, talking about something or other, but not at all intelligibly. There was an abundance of bright lights, and there was music, and there were ladies down in the boxes, and I don't know what more. The whole building looked to me, as if it were learning to swim; it conducted itself in such an unaccountable manner, when I tried to steady it.

On somebody's motion, we resolved to go down stairs to the dress boxes, where the ladies were. A gentlemen lounging, full dressed, on a sofa, with an opera glass in his hand, passed before my view, and also my own figure at full length in a glass. Then I was being ushered into one of these boxes, and found myself saying something as I sat down, and people about me crying "silence!" to somebody, and ladies casting indignant glances at me, and—what! yes!—Agnes, sitting on the seat before me, in the same box, with a lady and gentleman beside her, whom I did'nt know. I see her face now, better than I did then I dare say, with its indelible look of regret and wonder turned upon me. "Agnes!" I said,

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thickly, "Lorblessmer! Agnes!" "Hush! pray!" she answered, I could not conceive why. "You disturb the company. Look at the stage!" I tried on her injunction to fix it, and to hear something of what was going on there, but quite in vain. I looked at her again by and by, and saw her shrink into a corner, and put her gloved hand to her forehead. "Agnes!" I said, "I'mafraidyou'renorwell." "Yes, yes. Do not mind me. Trotwood," she returned. "Listen! Are you going away soon?" "Amigoarawaysoo?" I repeated. "Yes." I had a stupid intention of replying that I was going to wait, to hand her down stairs. I I supposed I expressed it, somehow; for after she had looked at me attentively for a little while, she appeared to understand, and replied in a low tone: "I know you will do as I ask you, if I tell you I am very earnest in it Go away now, Trotwood, for my sake, and ask your friends to take you home." She had so far improved me, for the time, that though I was angry with her, I felt ashamed, and with a short "goori" (which I intended for "good night!") got up and went away.

They followed, and I stepped at once out of the box door into my bedroom, where only Steerforth was with me helping me to undress, and where I was by turns telling him that Agnes was my sister, and adjuring him to bring the corkscrew, that I might open another bottle of wine. How somebody, lying in my bed, lay saying and doing all this over again, at cross purposes, in a feverish dream all night—the bed a rocking sea that was never still! How, as that somebody slowly settled down into myself, did I begin to parch, and feel as if my outer covering of skin were a hard board; my tongue the bottom of an empty kettle, with length of service, and burning up over a slow fire; the palm of my hands, hot plates of metal which no ice could cool! But the agony of mind, the remorse, and shame I felt, when I became conscious next day! My horror of having committed a thousand offences I had forgotton, and which nothing could ever expatiate—my recollection of that indelible look which Agnes had given me—the torturing impossibility of communicating with her, not knowing, beast that I was, how she came to be in London, or where she stayed—my disgust of the very sight of the room where the revel had been held—my racking head—the smell of smoke, the sight of glasses, the impossibility of going out, or even getting up! Oh, what a day it was!

WILD FLOWERS.

Beautiful children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather,—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashion'd all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image you, as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed, as in a queenly diadem;
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As lights, erewhile into the world came,—
I love ye all!

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Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fann'd, in your loveliness, by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The Evening Star grows dim and fades away,
And Morning comes and goes, and then the Day
Within the arms of Night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love!
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move!
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And, though the Worldling, scorning, may deride,—
I love ye all!

ROBERT NICOLL.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Britannia—Bear the Bell—Caravanseras—Mausoleums—The Reed—Fishes—Bull-Baiting—Gone to Pot—O Yes!—Sign of the Cross—Translation of the Bible—Coals—*Piping Hot*—Coral Reefs—All Fool's Day—Diamonds—Huzzas—True Blue—Influenza.

BRITANNIA.

To Charles II.'s partiality for his graceful and accomplished cousin, Frances Stuart, we owe the elegant representation of Britannia on our copper coin; he admired, and almost even idolized, this celebrated beauty, but could not seduce her, as he was base enough to essay, though he assailed her with compliments which he considered were likely to succeed; and it was from one of the medals struck to perpetuate his admiration of her delicate symmetry, that Britannia was stamped in the form she still bears on our copper coin.

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BEAR THE BELL.

To "bear the bell" is to surpass others, or to be the first in merit—alluding to the wether, which wears a bell, and is followed by the flock; or the pack-horse, which in former times led the drove, and had bells on its collar.

CARAVANSERAS.

Caravanseras were originally intended for, and are now pretty generally applied to, the accommodation of strangers and travellers, though like every other good institution, sometimes perverted to the purposes of private emolument or public job. They are built at proper distances through the roads of the Turkish dominions, and afford the indigent, or weary traveller, an asylum from the inclemency of the weather; they are in general very large, and built of the most solid and durable materials; have commonly one story above the ground floor, the lower of which is arched, and serves for warehouses to stow goods, for lodgings and for stables, while the upper is used merely for lodgings; besides which they are always accommodated with a fountain, and have cook-shops, and other conveniences, to supply the wants of the lodgers. In Aleppo the Caravanseras are almost exclusively occupied by merchants, to whom they are, like other houses, rented.

MAUSOLEUMS.

About three hundred and fifty years before Christ, happened the death of Mausolus, King of Caria, which was rendered famous by the great grief which Artemisa (who was both his sister and his wife) expressed thereat. For she having gathered together his ashes, and beaten his bones to powder, took a portion of them every day in her drink, until she had in this manner drunk them all down; aiming thereby to make her body the sepulchre of her dead husband, and in two years time she pined herself to death in sorrowing for him. But before she died, she took care for erecting of that famous monument for him at Halicumussus, which was reckoned among the wonders of the world, and from whence all monuments of more than ordinary magnificence are called Mausoleums.

THE REED.

The Greeks were accustomed to observe, that the reed had contributed to the subjugation of nations by furnishing arrows, to soften the manners of men by the charm of music, and to unfold the understanding by affording the first rude instrument for tracing letters; and it may be remarked, that in most instances, these different applications of the reed, mark three distinct periods in the progress of savage nations to civilization.

FISHES.

The prolific powers of fishes are scarcely credible. Immense tracts of the ocean are so thickly and deeply covered with their spawn, that, as the waves break, and ships dash through them, the phosporic light emitted from the substance which surrounds the animalcules gives the waters, during a dark night, the appearance of flames of fire, terrific, but harmless. Liewenhock calculated that a cod-fish, of ordinary size, contained more young than there are inhabitants upon the face of the globe. But this sinks into insignificance before the following, taken from Scoresby's account of East Greenland. Perceiving the waters of the sea, to a wide extent and a great depth, to be of a beautiful but deep yellow colour, he had some of the water taken up. Applying a miscroscope of moderate power, to the same, he found that the colour of the water proceeded from the number of the animalcules in it, each so inconcievably small that a single drop contained 26,000! An ordinary sized glass tumbler contained 150,000,000 of these creatures, which lived, and moved, and sported about, each in its place, without disturbing or pressing upon its neighbour.

BULL-BAITING.

The first bull-bait in this country is said to have been held at Stamford, about the year 1209, and to have been introduced from the following circumstances:—Earl Warrenare,

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lord of the town, standing upon the walls of the castle, observed two bulls fighting, until the butcher's dogs interposed and pursued one of them through the town, which sight so pleased his lordship, that he gave the meadow, where the fray began, to the butchers of the town, to be used as a common after the first grass was mown, "on condition that they should find a *mad bull* the day six weeks before Christmas day, for the continuance of that sport *for ever*."

HABERDASHER.

This appellation arose from a nickname given to the German Jews, from their offering petty wares with the phrase *hab-er-dass, her—buy you this, Sir?*

O YES! O YES!

Few persons would suppose, that a crier, when bawling in our courts of justice, or in country towns, "O yes! O yes!" was commanding the talkers to become hearers in the old French phrase *Oyez*, (listen,) which has been retained by this officer ever since legal pleadings were conducted in that language—this, however, is the fact.

SIGN OF THE CROSS.

The custom of making a cross, when a person cannot write his name, is of great antiquity. In those times which are very properly called the dark ages, not only persons of the highest rank, but even many of the clergy, were unable to write or read. "It was usual," says Dr. Robertson, "for persons who could not write, to make the sign of the cross, in conformation of a charter." Several of these remain where Kings and persons of great eminence affix *Signum crucis manu propria pro ignoratione literatum* unacquainted with letters, they made the sign of the cross with their own hand.) From this is derived the phrase of signing instead of subscribing a paper.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

As the manner in which the translation of the Holy Scriptures, now in use, was performed, is not generally known, the following short account may prove acceptable, and will show the great care which was taken to render it as complete as might be within the reach of human intellect to accomplish. The translation was made at the command of James I. The translators were fifty-four of the most learned men of that time, whose names are mentioned by Seldon.—They were divided into six bodies, of which each was to labour on a particular part. The Pentateuch and books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, and Kings, were assigned to one division; from the Chronicles to Ecclesiastes to a second; all the Prophets and Lamentations to a third; the Epistles to a fourth; the Gospels and Acts to a fifth; and the Apocrypha to a sixth. They met at Westminster, Oxford, and Cambridge, as it proved convenient to each body. The method in which they proceeded was this:—Several translations of each part were drawn by the members of that body to which it was allotted, who then, in a joint consultation, selected three of the best, or compiled them out of the whole number. Thus, in three years, three translations of the whole were sent to London: then six deputies, two from each place, were appointed to extract one translation, out of the three, which was finished and printed in the year 1611.

COALS.

This useful fossil was known to the Britons before the arrival of the Romans, who, says Pennant, had not even a name for coals, though Theophrastus describes them very accurately, at least three centuries before the time of Cæsar, and even says they were known to workers in brass. Brand says that they were burnt by the Romans. The Anglo-Saxons knew, and partly used them. Brand, however, observes, that they were not mentioned under the Danish usurpation, nor under the Normans; but were known in the reign of Henry III. In 1306 they were prohibited in London, as a nuisance, but used in the palace in 1321, and became soon after, an important article of commerce.

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In 1612 they were not always used, because not having got to the main stratum, people complained that they would not burn without wood. The best was then sold at 5s. a chaldron; a bad sort at 4s. 2d. Except blacksmiths, they were confined in the 17th century, under the name of sea-coal, to the lower orders, who could not afford to buy wood; and were hawked about the streets in sacks upon men's backs.

PIPING HOT.

This expression is taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe, or horn, in villages, to let the people know his bread is just drawn, and consequently "hot" and light.

CORAL REEFS.

The growth of Coral reefs is among the most extraordinary operations of nature. It is caused by the agency of several small animals, or, more accurately speaking, insects of various species and sizes, which, at certain times, give an appearance of animation to the surface of the ocean for a considerable space. The reefs are never seen, however, to rise much above the water, but spread laterally to a great extent, and that too in equal dimensions from the top downwards, which occasions their sides to be so precipitate, as to cause the approach of vessels, from their inability to take soundings, to be attended with great danger.

GONE TO POT.

This phrase appears to have been imported from the extremity of the globe. We are told that a tailor of Samarcand, the metropolis of Tartary, who lived near the gate which led to the burial-ground, whenever a corpse was carried by threw a little stone into an earthen pot, in order to ascertain the number of deaths in a given time: hence the saying, when any one is dead, "he is gone to pot."

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

This day is celebrated both in ancient and modern times. The Romans celebrated a festival in honour of Venus on that day, when they presented her with baskets of flowers, interspersed with sprigs of myrtle. The Hindoos have a day of fooleries, attended with every species of silly witticism, similar to our own. Our volatile neighbours, the French, have their "April fools" also; the person on whom the joke is successfully played off is called "*un poisson d' Avril*," an April Fish. The practice also obtains in Scotland, where the unlucky wight who happens to be the object of the practical joke, is called a *gowk*—that is a cuckoo, the silliest of birds.

DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL.

Diamonds were discovered in Brazil, in 1727, but they were only sought for on the king's account in 1777. They were then found in the Sierra Saint Antoine, and on the left bank on the river Saint Prancois; in the rivers Indaia, Abœta, Sono, Prata, Paracatu, and Saint Antoine. These places were all surrounded with guards as well as the District of Sierra de Frio, which has a surface of 100 square leagues. They have since been discovered in several other rivers and districts. The earth in which the dimonds are found is said to be an hydrate of iron, derived from ferruginous schistus.

HUZZAS.

The huzza, as an accompaniment in drinking healths, appears to have been introduced in the joyous reign of that merry Monarch, Charles II., and first at the bacchanals of the Tories, of which the Whigs, "who liked not such music," took advantage to charge them with brutality and extravagance.

TRUE BLUE.

Coventry had formerly the reputation for dyeing blues: insomuch that TRUE BLUE came to be a proverb, to signify one who was always the same and like himself.

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INFLUENZA IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

Of this malady we have the following account in a letter from Randolph, the English Ambassador at the Court of Mary Queen of Scots, to Cecil (afterwards Lord Burghley,) dated Edinburgh, Nov. 30, 1562:—"May it please your Honour, immediately upon the Queen's arrival here she fell acquainted with a new disease, that is common in this town, called the 'New Acquaintance,' which passed also through her whole Court, neither sparing lord, lady, nor damsel, not so much as either French or English. It is a pain in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomachs, with a great cough; it remaineth with some longer, with others shorter time, as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease. The Queen kept her bed six days. There was no appearance of danger nor many that die of the disease, except some old folks. My Lord of Murray is now presently in it, and I am ashamed to say that I am free from it, seeing it seeketh acquaintance at all men's hands."

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

MR. EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE HEART," ETC.,

Who died at his native town of Stockton-on-Tees, September 7th, 1849, after a few hours illness, from an attack of Asiatic Cholera, in the 29th year of his age, greatly respected by all who knew him.

Son of a sterling bard;* himself as true
A poet as e'er felt the inspiration;
Cut off from earth ere half his neighbours knew
Their minstrel's† manly worth; yet will our nation
Honour his name, as one who labour'd well
To spread the light of poesy o'er the land;
And they who knew the MAN, will oftimes tell
Of all his virtues. Ye who understand
The poet's art divine; who comprehend
The claims of genius; deem not that a friend,
Too partial, claims a merit more than due:
I knew his soul; and much it long'd to give
To earth a treasure that for aye might live;
And so he gave us poems ‡ good and true.

GEORGE TWEDDELL.

Middlesbro'-on-Tees.

* Mr. Henry Heavisides, the Stockton laureate, whose valuable volume, "The Pleasures of Home," deserves a place in the library of every Englishman.

† Like the old English minstrels and Provencal troubadours, our poet was equally distinguished as a Musician; and they who have had the pleasure of listening to his sweet performances on the German Flute, will not soon forget his strains. But he has been taken from us ere half his talents were fairly developed.

‡ Since the publication of my friend's "Songs of the Heart," he has produced a great number of excellent pieces, alike remarkable for elegance of diction, sweetness of rhythm, and true poetic feeling; it is to be hoped that the literary world will soon be favoured with the whole in a collected form. Let it not be said of Heavisides the younger, as of poor Mason of Guisbro', that a few years after his death, owing to the barbarous neglect of his contemporaries, but few of his poems are to be found!!!

G. T.

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LETTER FROM BOLTON TO THE EDITOR.

Bolton, Dec., 1849.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SHEPHERD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Time, and the tide of knowledge is rolling onward, and the minds of Shepherds, in common with their fellow men, are being improved, invigorated, and enlightened in power. Many different modes for further improving the Order, and extending its principles, are constantly brought under our notice, and claim from every thinking mind a full, fair and candid consideration.

The founders of our benevolent Institution, it is well known, were not men of rank or of learning; but they were honest, straightforward, industrious, and persevering in their course, their only aim being to base the Society on the foundation of justice, and defend it by the simplest arguments of truth. This has been attained; and Shepherdry now takes its stand in the front rank in similar Orders of the day.

The question now arises—What future steps must be taken, now that the Society is rapidly increasing in numbers, and advancing in intelligence? We must go on progressing with the spirit of the age; we must not lag in our exertions, but persevere with unremitting energy, as did the founders of our Institution. If we do this, a certainty of success, and a glorious consummation awaits us.

I have waited for some time in the hope of seeing the subject of education introduced among the Order, as I still hope to see it at no distant period. I trust that some well matured system will be adopted, not only in every District, but in every Lodge, for the purpose of training the rising generation. Not merely that they may follow in our footsteps, but go beyond us in intelligence, and be enabled to carry out to the full the charitable object of our Institution.

If we really and earnestly intend to maintain an elevated position among benefit societies of modern times, we must banish from amongst us the narrow and short-sighted policy which provides only for the present moment. Not that we should neglect the exigences of to-day, but keep the future steadfastly in mind, and one and all endeavour in such a manner to advance the Order that it may prove a blessing to those who come after us. The best and most legitimate medium for accomplishing this is the Magazine. It is part and parcel of Shepherdry. It is the point where the distant hearts and minds of the Brotherhood ought to meet in kindred association; and every Shepherd, when he takes it into his hands, ought to sayand feel—This is mine, the organ of my ideas and opinions, which, though inferior to those of my brethren, may have some slight influence in the general stock. Slight indulgences to the members of our Society would induce them to pen down their thoughts, and thereby create the habit of composition. Although they might not at first succeed, perseverance and practice would bring about facility; until that which commenced as a task, would become a source of pure enjoyment. Such little indulgence would waken many a faculty which has hitherto lain dormant, and open many an obscure mine

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of thought, which, for want of working, remains useless and unappreciated.

To return to Education; it consists in whatever promotes the well-being and happiness of the human race. It leads man from the grossest pursuits, to those of the highest and purest character. No matter in what shape, nor from what source it comes, if it teach man to think and act aright. We may find lessons of instruction wheresoever we go—wheresoever we cast our glances; in every season of the year; in every object on earth, and in every thing we behold in the heavens, fulfilling its part according to the will and design of the beneficent and almighty Architect of the Universe.

I have ventured so far to bring forward this important subject, in the hope that it will awaken more vigorous minds, and more able pens than my own. Should these few hints be approved of, I may enter more fully into the subject, and request the insertion of my humble lucubrations in some future number of the *Magazine*.

I conclude with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Order generally, and the individual happiness of its members.

P. C. L.

Bolton District.

MATHEMATICS.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST.

Solved by Mr. G. Lawton, Mossley Brow.

Suppose x to be the greater number in all six equations. Then the First will stand thus:—

$\frac{x}{8-x}=8$ By Multiplication $x=64-8x$ By Transposition $9x=64$ Or $x=\frac{64}{9}=7\frac{1}{9}$ and $7\frac{1}{9}+\frac{8}{9}=8$

Second Equation. $\frac{x^2}{8-x}=8$ By Multiplication $x^2=64-8x$ By Transposition $x^2+8x=64$

Complete the Square $x^2+8x+16=64+16=80$ By Evolution $x+4=8,944$ Or $x=4,944$ and $\frac{4,944^2}{3,056}=8$

Third Equation. $x.(8-x)=8$ By Multiplication $x^2-8x=8$ Complete the Square $x^2-8x+16=-8+16=8$ By Evolution $x-4=2,8284$ Or $x=2,8284+4=6,8284$ and $6,8284\times 1,1716=8$

Fourth Equation. $x^2.(8-x^2)=8$ Or $x^4-16x^3\times 64x^2=8$ By Evolution $x^2-8x=2,8284$ Complete the Square $x^2-8x+16=-2,8284\times 16=13,1716$ By Evolution $x-4=3,6292$ Or $x=7,6292$ and $7,6292^2\times 3708^2=8$

Fifth Equation $x^2-(8-x^2)=8$ By Transposing and Squaring $x^2=8\times 64-16x\times x^2$ Or $16x=72$ Then $x=\frac{72}{16}=4,5$ $\sqrt{4,5}-\sqrt{3,5}=8$

Sixth Equation. $\sqrt{x^2-(8-x^2)}=8$ Or $x^2-(8-x^2)=2,8284$ Transposing and Squaring $x^2+16x-x^2=64\times 2,8284=66,8284$ Then $16x=66,8284$ Or $x=\frac{66,8284}{16}=4,176775$ and, $4,1767752-3,8232252=2,8284$ then $2,8284^2=8$

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Solved by Mr. W. Giggal, Ossett.

Let x= the greater of the two parts. Then $8-x$= the lesser, and $\frac{x}{8-x}=8$ By the conditions of the problem. Multiply by $8-x$, and $x=64-8x$, therefore $9x=64$, and $x=7\frac{1}{9}$ the greater part, and, therefore, $8-7\frac{1}{9}=\frac{8}{9}$ the lesser.

Second. Suppose x as before. Then $x^2=64-8x$ Or $x^2+8x=64$; and $x^2+8x+16=64+16=80$, by completing the Square. Extract, and $x\times 4=8.9443$ $\therefore x=4.9443$ greater part. Consequently the lesser part=3.0557.

Third. Again, $x.(8-x)=8$ Or $x^2-8x=-8$. By completing and Extracting, we have $x-4=2.8284271$ and, and therefore, $x=6.8284271$, greater part, and 1.1715729, less part.

Fourth. $x^2.(8-x)^2=x^4-16x^3\times 64x^2-8=0$ If 7.5 be substituted for x, the result is—6.062. If 7.7 be substituted, the result is + 2.663. Hence the root lies between 6.062 and 2.663.

Assume $7.6\times v=x$; then v=0015, nearly, therefore x=7.6015 nearly. If this operation be repeated, x will be found=7.6272, greater part, and 7.6272 taken from 8=.3728, lesser part.

Fifth. $x\frac{2}{}.(8-x)^2=8$, therefore $16x=64\times 8=80$, dividing both sides of the equation by 16, we x=4.5, greater part, consequently 8—4.5=3.5, lesser part.

Sixth. x=4.17677672, greater, and 8—x=3.82322328, lesser part.

It would be an easy matter to ascertain the preceding results without the aid of algebra. Some writers contend, that arithmetic requires the aid of geometry and algebra for elucidating its principles; but this opinion is now justly exploded; it is based upon its own legitimate and independent principles, requiring no aid either from geometry or algebra.

NEW QUESTIONS.

Proposed by G. Lawton, Mossley Brow.

The arc of the segment of a circle is 100, and its height 4, required the area.

Proposed by W. Giggal, Ossett.

First.—Given the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle, $37\frac{1}{2}$ yards, and the angle made by the hypothenues and perpendicular, equal to 60°. Required the other two sides, without the aid of mathematical tables.

Second.—A person left an annuity of £200 to his two sons, to be appropriated annually to the sinking fund, till its amount was £4000, calculating compound interest at three per cent. Now, I want some of your correspondents to tell me, in how many years he obtained his wishes?

Given the base of a scalene triangle (a), the line that bisects the vertical angle (b) and the diameter (c) of the circumscribing circle, which must be parallel to the base, to find the other two sides.

X. N.

BRO. JAS. WATTS, PRINTER, HECKMONDWIKE.

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A WORD OF REASON.

It has been intimated to us that some disaffection has arisen among our brethren in a neighbouring county. In alluding to it—which we do more in sorrow than in anger—we wish to write a few words on our own individual responsibility. The Officers of the Order have neither sanctioned, nor have they any knowledge of, what we are penning at this moment. We risk a few observations, put down in a kindly spirit, conscious that our motives are honest, and our views disinterested and unprejudiced.

In our October number, 1845, we had occasion to express our deep regret at the then unsatisfactory state of the Order of Oddfellows, and warned our own society against falling into the same dilemma. Alas! and have we so soon to bewail a similar spirit, and apprehend a similar disruption among our Brother Shepherds! We know nothing, personally, of the workings of our Order; but it does appear to us that, with a due attention to the general laws, brothers might work more harmoniously together. Judging from those laws, we should say that the Institution is based upon the principles of a pure democracy, where every district, every lodge, every member, has an equal voice, an equal benefit, an equal dignity with the rest. Where it is not so, we conceive that it must arise out of the neglect or violation of one or other of those laws. Who have done so in this case we cannot—nay, would not, presume to determine. If our humble advice be of any value whatever, we would urge upon our dissatisfied brethren the necessity, and the justice, of a calm, patient, dispassionate enquiry, prosecuted in a charitable and conciliatory spirit, before proceeding to extreme

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and unjustifiable measures, which will ultimately become subversive of the harmony, and detrimental to the interests of the whole body.

We have before us a printed circular, emanating from our Yorkshire friends, which, we must confess, appears to us to be couched in inconsiderate and intemperate language. Of the allegations contained therein we know nothing; but we will say that they do not wear the aspect of the *exact* truth. We imagine that there is something *behind* which we cannot see, but if seen would put quite another face upon the matter. Our irritable friends seem annoyed that the seat of government should be at Ashton. Why, where should it be than where the Order was first established? On what ground but that whereon the tree of Shepherdry first took root, was fostered, flourished, and extended its branches that the denizens of distant places might take shelter under them? The men of Ashton have been the Pioneers, have done the rough work, have paved the way, have cleared the atmosphere, have built the structure, made the first laws and infused the spirit of Charity into them, but left them open to be altered and amended to suit future conditions and circumstances, according to the dictates of the general voice. And would a few discontented ones rob them of that little honour which belongs to them, but which makes them neither rich nor proud; if we may except that laudable pride which results in having done a good work which others, as well as themselves, are at full liberty to enjoy? Our Yorkshire friends complain of the lavish expenditure of the government. We may not be acquainted with the details of expenditure, but as far as we *do* know, it appears to us, that for so large a body of members, they are governed with an economy almost approaching to parsimony With regard to the allegations respecting hole-and-corner business, hurrying through matters to the disadvantage of other districts, &c., we cannot think that they would so shamelessly violate the General Laws. Are our Wakefield and Hull brethren sure that they are not making molehills into mountains; are they not looking through the discoloured medium of prejudice and private pique? We hope, sincerely hope, that they will take time for quiet reflection, and, by clinging to the family tree, retain and improve that strength and dignity so becoming a society which has for its object charity and good-will to all men.

A word about their projected Magazine. We have had some experience

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in such matters, and we dare venture to repeat our prediction, that, if they start a publication in the form they contemplate, *at a penny*, it will, in a pecuniary sense, be *an utter failure*. Of Mr. RANSON's capability to conduct a good Magazine we have not the shadow of a doubt. He has been one of our principal contributors, and we know that he is well qualified; but we think he would not like to be concerned in a work which would not pay its own expenses. We should not.

We have heard complaints that our present Magazine contains no information with respect to the Order in various districts. How are we to obtain that information? None comes through our hands. We have asked again and again for correspondence, but none comes. Now, we ask once more, and earnestly. If any of our brethren, in any district or lodge, who can write, will take up the pen and correspond with us, we will thank them. Moreover, we promise to arrange, correct, and insert *anything* with which they may favour us, providing it be not too trivial or too offensive for the general body. In our January number there is a sensible letter from "P.C.L.," of Bolton. Will any one take up that or any other subject, and favour us with their lucubrations. We shall be obliged if they will. Nothing would please us more than to see one half of each number filled with good common-sense correspondence. Let us have it.

We hope that our Yorkshire brethren will take what we have written in the spirit it is intended, that of kindness and good-will. We shall rejoice if we have, in our next number, to write an article to ratify our mutual forgiveness, our mutual promise to abide by each other to the end.

"How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

BY THE EDITOR.

Brave dog was Steadfast, brave and strong,
Faithful as dog has ever been;
Docile, and never prone to wrong,
With all his instincts quick and keen.
Sagacious, for he reasoned well,
Or seem'd to reason with right will:
And many a Shepherd loves to tell
His countless deeds of canine skill.

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Duly, at morning's early prime
Up the old stair he softly crept;
True to the moment of his time—
To wake his master, if he slept:
With gentle touches of his paw
He stroked his master's drowsy head,
And thus—for custom was his law—
Quickly aroused him from his bed.

From fold to verdurous holm and height,
O'er rugged mountain, rifted rock,
It was his duty and delight
To guide and guard the wayward flock.
If danger threatened by the way,
His wakeful instincts told him where,
Then, half in earnest, half in play,
He kept aloof his fleecy care.

Sometimes the winter winds would rave
Abrupt among the scattered sheep,
And hurl them in the roaring wave,
Or tomb them in the snow-drift deep;
Then would the dog, with dauntless breast,
Plunge through the storm, blast, rain, or frost,
Nor would he quit his weary quest
Till he had found the treasure lost.

From field to field, from stream to stream,
By stony hollow, reedy fen,
Where chainless cataracts dash and gleam,
On mountain side, in cloven glen—
Poor Steadfast searches long and well,
His nostrils neighbouring with the ground,
Till he stops short with bark and yell,
Sign that the buried sheep are found.

Lithe as a mole, with busy strength
He digs a gallery towards the soil,
And human helpers come at length
To aid him in his eager toil:
The flock is saved: a simple feast
Relieves his hunger and his cold,
While all exclaim—"That faithful beast
Is worth his weight in sterling gold!"

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Such was old Stedfast; but, alas!
Death smote his master in the night;
They dared not let the creature pass
When came the morning's golden light;
Lest, with his usual care, he sought
To touch the pale and speechless head,
And with a sad, instinctive thought
Lifted his wail above the dead.

They sent him to a distant spot
Till the funeral rites were o'er,
And when they deemed he had forgot
They called poor Steadfast home once more:
But, no; he had a different choice,
He would not tread that dwelling place,
He did not hear his master's voice,
He did not see his kindly face.

He thought him lost among the hills,
And daily sought him everywhere,
By all the well-known streams and rills,
On all the moorlands brown and bare:
He marshall'd each disordered flock
He met by chance upon the way,
But still roam'd on from rock to rock,
From dawn until the dusk of day.

But duly, at the twilight hour,
He came for his allotted food;
And, nightly, he would whine and cower
Without, in woeful solitude!
They spoke to him with stern command;
They called with gentle words and fair;
They coax'd him with a friendly hand
In vain, he could not enter there.

From day to day the creature grew
More steeped in gloom, more gaunt and thin;
To wean him home they strove anew—
Alas! he would not enter in.
His food, his rambles he forsook,
As if all efforts had been tried,
Lay down with sad and piteous look,
And on his native threshold died.

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PHILIP MORLEY: A TALE.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

"Evil, be thou my good."

"Not an acre, not a tree, not a blade of grass I can call my own; all my little patrimony gone—gone, through my own folly; and Morley Grange, my father's pride, must pass into stranger hands. Cursed be the day, Mr. Blandford, that led me to London!"

"Do not blaspheme, Philip Morley; it was the man, and not the hour that was at fault. I hoped better for my friend's son, you who promised so well. I foresaw the consequences of the reckless course you were pursuing, and warned you in vain, as the results have proved. I do not utterly condemn you. I can make allowances for youthful impetuosity and inexperience. I doubt not you have had evil advisers, who have fattened on your imprudence, and now seek other victims."

"It is true, most true; and upon *one* who begun and accelerated my ruin, I will be amply revenged."

"Leave him to his Maker and to his conscience, Philip; revenge is unworthy a brave man."

"I will be revenged, Mr. Blandford; but not in a way that shall call forth your disapproval, even if you know it."

"That's right, my boy. Now let us talk of the future. Let me advise you to go some distance from here, not far, and endeavour to retrieve your fallen fortunes. You have some talent, and, with resolution, will succeed. You may not win back your patrimony, but you may yet be happy in another sphere. Permit me to say, however, in duty to myself and my daughter, that your relations with her must cease, or, at all events, be suspended for a time. I should have been glad to have had you for a son-in-law, and *shall* be when you can become so with honour to yourself and us. Have I spoken justly."

"I should be a scoundrel to think otherwise. No; my best of friends, I will release Alice from her engagements to me. But if she remain unmarried for a year or two, I will make myself worthy of her, if endeavour and purity of purpose can do it."

"Why, that is nobly said. Now, what do you intend to do? Where shall be the first scene of action, Philip?"

"A long way off, Mr. Blandford; but where, must depend upon circumstances."

"I will not oppose you; but you will require some means. Can my poor purse—"

"Not a fraction, my good friend, will I accept at your hands. I should be a mean coward to take it. No! I have the wreck of a few pounds, and that must serve me till I earn more, either by head or hands. I am grateful for your goodness. You will let me see Alice. I go away to-night."

"Well, my boy, you have my earnest prayer for your success. Be resolute; be watchful; be upright. God bless you, and farewell! I will send Alice to you."

With a trembling voice Mr. Blandford wrung the young man's hand, and left the room. In a few moments Alice entered, and silently seating herself at Philip's side, took his hand, and looking in his face, said mournfully, "Philip, this is very sad!"

"It is sad!" her lover as mournfully replied. And they sat gazing into each other's faces for a long time.

Alice was a beautiful creature of nineteen—tender, but generally calm and firm. One of those women whose superiority you feel, rather than understand. One of those who are quick in their instincts, slow to divulge their impressions, but who, when their confidence and love are gained, are to be trusted for ever. Philip and she were betrothed, and had it not been for circumstances above alluded to, would, ere long, have been united. Soon after the death of his father, who had left him the little estate of Morley Grange, Philip had some money matters to transact in London, and he went thither for the first time. By one of those thousand and one chances which are ever

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ready, in London, to deceive the unwary, he slided into error. He fell into the hands of some well-dressed scamps, professed gamblers, who to the unsophisticated eyes of Philip seemed gentlemen. He was, with apparent indifference on their part, introduced to the gaming table, and he soon became imprudently, recklessly infatuated with play. One of his new associates, named Brand, with most consummate tact, and apparent disinterestedness, led him on, step by step, towards ruin. He was poor Philip's Mephistophiles, ever at his elbow, ever prompting him to evil, allowing him no time for reflection, till his money and his acres melted away from his grasp like a ball of snow. It was only when he discovered himself to be a beggar that the villany of his tempter became fully disclosed, and in the heat of his passionate despair he vowed to take terrible revenge. *How* he took it the course of our story will show.

Return we to the lovers. After their painful silence, Alice was the first who spoke. "Philip, I know all; do not hesitate to talk with me. Surely our happiness is not utterly wrecked—*utterly* beyond redemption?"

"I trust not, Alice—*my* Alice I would have said; but I may not say so now. Can you forgive me, Alice?"

"Can you doubt that, Philip? I not only forgive you, but I promise to be faithful to you till all hope is lost. Can I say more?"

"That is more than I deserve; but the remembrance of your love and forgiveness will nerve me to virtuous action. I am going a long way off, I know not where; but you shall hear of my whereabouts, ere long. We will exact no promises from each other, only let me say this, I will not deceive you—I will not tamper with your affections. I will write to you, and perhaps you will write to me in return, as long as it may be proper and agreeable; but if any unforseen circumstance should completely sunder us, let us sometimes indulge in the sweet but mournful memory of the past. May I not take, as a talisman, one tress of this silken hair? Thanks, Alice. Now, Alice, we must part 'Tis sunset, and ere midnight I must be many long miles away."

Philip rose to his feet, as did Alice, who throwing herself upon his bosom, uttered in broken sobs, "Philip, *my own Philip!* this is a bitter hour!" "A bitterness," said Philip, "which shall enhance the sweetness of that hour when I shall return to thee, my beloved, and when thou shalt receive me with pride and joy." "I will pray to God for the speedy coming of that day," said Alice. "Bless thee, Philip!" "Bless thee, my beloved!" was the earnest and sincere response; and after a long embrace, Philip placed the weeping maiden gently in a chair, and abruptly quitted the house.

It was the close of autumn. A chilling wind swept to the ground and along the footways the many-coloured leaves, adding to the sadness of the parting hour. Philip cast a long, lingering look behind, then hurried on till he was overtaken by a stage-coach, which carried him far away from the place of his birth.

The foregoing scene took place at the house of the Rev. Mr. Blandford, Vicar of Elmsley, a beautiful village in one of our southern counties. To this village we must confine the chief attention of the reader.

Alice Blandford somewhat miscalculated her strength. Some hours after the departure of Philip her grief was excessive, and for weeks she wandered about the house like one lost. Gradually, however, she regained her tranquility, and she found a sad, yet hopeful, pleasure in talking with her father about the wanderer. Father and daughter were mutually confiding. Both were alike interested in Philip's welfare, and as they conversed of him in their little parlour, at twilight,

> "The leaves of memory seemed to make
> A mournful rustling in the dark."—LONGFELLOW.

In about four months they received a letter, and knowing the superscription, oh, how joyfully. It contained very few words, and ran thus: "Dearest Friends,—I have just this moment set foot in New York. I am healthy, hopeful, and buoyed up by a pure and determined purpose. Send a kind wish for me across the Atlantic. Adieu!" "Thank God," said Alice, yet adding, sadly, "I did not think he would have gone so far away." This missive, brief as it was, was a great treasure to Alice; it kept the

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flowers of her soul, hope and love, in full bloom and freshness. Another six months brought another letter, saying: "I am working hard. have nothing to complain of, and fairish prospects before me. Hope on, dearest Alice; and if your father will permit you, give me a few words of cheer, by way of reply." This was permitted, and immediately done. The next informed them that he had improved his situation; the following one that he was a junior partner in a thriving concern. Thus every six months, for upwards of four years, brought its written sign of encouragement and success. Then no letter came for a whole year, a circumstance that threw the good vicar and his daughter into gloomy doubt and perplexity. One came at last. Philip had been travelling in remote regions, and had been ill, very ill, in the wilderness. He added, "Please God, I shall be *at home* in a few months. Prepare to receive the prodigal, and kill for him the fatted calf." Alice wept with mingled commiseration and joy.

Six years had elapsed since Philip went away. Autumn had come round again: the corn had been cut and garnered; the woods were casting their beautiful but withered garlands to the ground; the stubble fields were tinged with the subdued and mellow radiance of the evening sun, when a stranger, cloaked and muffled, knocked at the door of the vicarage of Elmsley, and begged to see Mr. Blandford in private. The old man was busy among his books in the library, but ordered the stranger to be admitted. The stranger entered abruptly, and seizing Mr. Blandford's hand, said, "My friend—my father, receive your son, who comes to you unscathed, uncontaminated, regenerated, and comparatively rich. Give me your blessing." "God bless thee, my boy! I embrace thee with all my soul! This is a happy day for all of us!" Seizing the bell, the old man rang. "Tell Alice to come hither." She came. "Alice, receive thy husband, who, I am assured, is worthy of thee. God bless you both!" And in a tremour of emotion, the old man quitted the room. "Dear Philip!" "Beloved Alice!" 'Twas all; but how much! Let us not intrude upon the sanctity of that moment, hallowed as it is with the hopes, fears, sorrows, and affections of years.

What a pleasant little supper was that of which the re-united three partook that night. What hurried questionings; what ejaculations; what looks of love and satisfaction; what tears dissipated by bright smiles! Oh, it was delightful! Philip thought Alice more lovely than ever. She thought Philip wonderfully improved both in mind and person. She was sure he had a loftier bearing and a more refined manner, and she felt a corresponding degree of pride and pleasure in the discovery. With some trepidation Philip enquired concerning Morley Grange. "Oh," said Mr. Blandford, it has changed hands more than once since you left us, and I believe even now waits for a purchaser." "I will have it!" said Philip, starting up with enthusiasm, and you Alice, shall make it a little nest of comfort and pure enjoyment for us. I will have it, if it is to be had; we will see about it to-morrow." "I think there will be little difficulty,', added the vicar, "and you cannot conceive the satisfaction I feel, Philip, that you are able to redeem your patrimony. You see what strength of will and uprightness of endeavour can accomplish." "Sweet are the uses of adversity," said Philip, "I shall never forget the lesson I have received, nor cease to profit by the discipline to which it has subjected me. I thank God for this hour."

Philip begged for a day or two's rest before he related his adventures in America. On the day following his return he was all impatience about Morley Grange. In company with Alice, each loved and well-remembered spot was visited; every tree, stile, and field-path hailed with delight. Satisfactory arrangements were made respecting the re-purchase of the Grange, and once more Philip became the owner of his native home and paternal acres. At tea, that afternoon, Mr. Blandford said suddenly, "Alice, do you remember we were to hear the famous lecturer, this evening,? Philip's arrival had almost made me forget it. We can all go together; a ride of five miles to the next town can do us no harm." "I was about to make the same proposition," said Philip, "for I heard somewhat of him as I was travelling hither." "Yes;" rejoined the vicar, "I should not like to miss him. His name has reached us often within the last few months; and the press has been unanimous in its praise of his enlightened

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views, commanding eloquence, and benevolence of character." "How beautiful is intellect!" remarked Alice; "How beautiful is intellect! but especially beautiful when *linked* with usefulness and virtue!" "Ah! you will make me jealous," said Philip, playfully. "We cannot all be philosophers and poets, dearest; but I wish I was intellectual for your sake, Alice." Alice put her hand upon his shoulder, and with a look whose calm, bright sincerity could not be doubted, said, "Philip, you know that I am satisfied."

They set out, and, having reached the Lecture-Hall, took front seats, when Philip Morley left Mr. Blandford and his daughter for a few minutes. The audience was numerous, and seemed orderly and intelligent. By and by, a gentleman in the capacity of chairman begged to introduce Mr. Vivian, the lecturer, who, stepping from the back of the platform with papers in his hand, came forward to the reading desk in front. Could it be?—yes it was—no other than Philip Morley. Alice started to her feet with astonishment; but a slight waving of the hand, and a meaning look from her betrothed, and she sat down silent and bewildered. The audience also seemed mystified, for many therein appeared to recognize Philip; but they held their peace. The subject of the Lecture was Social and Domestic Reform. The lecture was masterly. A great variety of knowledge was brought to bear on the subject, and the illustrations were striking. By turns the lecturer was earnest, humourous, and pathetic; and when he concluded, which he did with a lofty burst of glowing and convincing eloquence, the applause that followed was hearty and prolonged. Alice Blandford was ready to faint of pleasure and wonder. Philip soon joined her; and their conveyance being at the door, they at once departed homeward. As they went, beneath the quiet, clear stars, and a young moon, Alice felt supremely happy, and too full of thought for conversation, could only return the pressure of her lover's hand, and look what she could not utter.

After supper they sat together an hour beyond "the dead waste and middle of the night," while Philip gave a summary of his six years' absence. I must epitomize his narrative. He said, "When I arrived in New York, I immediately set about looking for a situation. I soon found one as a clerk in a store. In a short time I exchanged that for a better. By the strictest attention and probity, and by improving my aptitude for business, I became necessary to my employers: was taken into partnership, and also speculated a little on my own account. Feeling now somewhat settled, but lonely and thoughtful after business hours, I formed a resolution to improve my mind by books, and the most intelligent society I could find. I was successful: a new world, of which I had no previous conception, seemed to open to me. I grew in love with knowledge, and loving it, made rapid progress in every branch of it I undertook to acquire. In order to practise myself in speaking, I began to give brief lectures on popular subjects. I thought that, in case of a reverse of fortune, I might avail myself of this as a means of living. I stored my mind with new and important facts relative to education, social and sanitary questions, imprisonment, &c. I saw an useful career before me, did I choose to take advantage of it; and I saw more and more what an utter waste I had made of my earliest years. Feeling at length an unconquerable desire to see more of that wonderful country, I closed my connexion with my partners, and received a goodly sum as my share. I then visited the principal cities, and penetrated into the "far west." In the solitude I fell ill of a fever, and in the dwelling of a German emigrant passed many, many weeks of pain and melancholy. When completely convalescent, I determined to come home, and here, thank God! I am. When I landed at Liverpool, an idea struck me, sensible enough in one sense, but romantic in another, that I would for a few months deliver lectures in the different provinces. I found that England was beginning to take great interest in those very questions which I had made my study. I intended, my dear friends, to take you by surprise. I knew how much my new acquirements, so unexpected, would gratify my dearest Alice. I lectured, under the name of "Vivian," succeeded, and received invitations from a dozen quarters at once. I went to London, and there I determined, if possible, to take my full measure of revenge upon that individual—that Brand—who first led me to the gaming-table, and effected my ruin. I *had* my revenge."

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Here the good vicar and his daughter gazed upon Philip Morley with enquiring and sorrowful looks. He went on:

"I sought him in his old haunts, in vain. His old associates had for some time lost sight of him. I looked for him again and again. I traced him at last to a low music saloon, and found him singing a silly and grotesque comic song. I knew him at once through his broken-down dandyism, by his shabby, self-assured jaunty air. I accosted him, but he did not seem wishful to recognize me. He found it would not do, however; I was not to be baffled. I took him into a private room, and learned his latter career. He had gone with accellerated steps downwards—if lower he could go—and was now singing comic songs at ten shillings a week. I talked seriously with him—found him possessed of capabilities which might be turned to account—and apparently he was willing to take an honest course, if he could get a start. I lent him some immediate help; recommended him to a subordinate situation in connexion with an Institution in London, and left him with a warning to be careful. The fellow promised well, and seemed careful. I shall keep my eye upon him, and if he does not relapse, I will help him further, in order that *one* may be reclaimed from that vice which I have reason to abhor. *Such was my revenge!* My account, all save the details, is done. More, much more shall you hear, when I am settled with my wife in my old new home. In the meantime other matters will engage my attention."

"Bless thee, my boy!" said Mr. Blandford, "thy revenge as thou callest it, was noble. I hope the man will profit by it." Alice, stooping down and whispering in her lover's ear, said, "And I bless thee, too, my Philip. Thou has doubly won me!"

Our tale now draws to a close. Philip was reinstated in his possessions; old servants who were scattered were brought back; every thing was put into order in anticipation of an important event. Grounds were re-trimmed; rooms were re-furnished, and a thorough renovation made in all that had fallen into neglect and decay. On the following Christmas day morning a merry peal rang from the grey square tower of the church of Elmsley, and a gay wedding-party stood at the altar, where the venerable vicar officiated in the most solemn and impressive manner. The festivities of the season were redoubled in the village on that occasion, and "quips, and cracks, and wreathed smiles" were the order of the day.

For many, many years, when the villager and passer by wished to illustrate by example the blessings of connubial life, and the beauty of means and days well spent, they pointed with respect and exultation to the tranquil nest, the love-encircled domain of Morley Grange.

MOUNTAIN PHASES.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

What equals in beauty the mountain
That looms in its pride in the sky,
And looks on the sweet little fountain
That ripples and rambles hard by?
Refreshing and greening the border,
Where heather and fern in the breeze
In graceful and tremulous order,
Keep time to the waltz of the breeze.

When the first bloom of morn, rich and red,
Gleams over its bold rocky form,
It peers up its high hoary head,
And laughs at the frowns of the storm;

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There's a freshness of beauty around,
A freedom of speech in the wind,
And a soul-stirring rapture profound
Comes over the spirit of mind.

The moor-cock and plover descending
The defiles and deep dingles dark,
With a wing-whirring sound are then bending
Their course through the path of the lark;
Which throwing its voice and its vigour
Through white moving mists of the morn,
Hath a soul more fraternal and bigger
Than the souls of the taxers of corn.

When the breeze in its cheering career
Flits over the depth of the dell,
And brings from the spot I revere
The sound of the old village bell,—
What a thrill of enjoyment ascends
From the casket of song in my breast,
As the pilgrim of thought quickly bends
His eye from the dark mountain crest.

Where beauteous sublimity covers
The huge mountain phases and forms,
Lies the light vapour mantle that covers
The moorland, the home of the storms,
Whose voices are heralds of wonder,
(While flashes the lightning athwart
Deep solitudes girded with thunder)
And reach to the core of the heart.

Oh, wait till the twilight steals o'er,
To herald the coming of night,
And flings from its nocturnal store
A stream of the holiest light,
Which falls on the turret and glade,
On trees with their tresses of green,
Bent over the mountain cascade,
The very perfection of scene.

Oh, give me the mountain, though dreary,
A sky-roof to cover my head,
Where on fragments of rock, when I'm weary,
I may rest on my adamant bed;

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For liberty loving by nature,
In me 'tis inherent, though poor,
And a freedom of speech is my feature:—
Oh, give me a home on the moor!

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JANE SHORE.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Part II. (See back Numbers.)

In April, 1482, the body of the deceased monarch was buried with great pomp, in St. George's Chapel, and scarcely were the ceremonies over, then Richard siezed the young king, Edward V., together with his brother, and conveyed them to the Tower, under pretence of making preperations for the coronation. This step being taken, he followed it up by beheading Earl Grey, his half-brother, and Lord Rivers, his Uncle, and he also committed Lord Stanley and the Bishops of Ely and York to prison; but Hall, who lived during the time, is so minute and faithful in his description of the scene in the Council-room, that I am constrained to give his account of it:—"The Lord Protector caused a council to be set at the Tower, on Friday, the thirteenth day of June, where there was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which, the time appointed approached so near, that the pageant were a making day and night, at Westminster, and victuals killed, which afterwards was cast away. These lords thus sitting communing of this matter, the Protector came in among them, about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily, that he had been a sleeper that day; and after a little talking with them, he said to the Bishop of Ely,—"My Lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden, at Holborn; I require you let me have a mess of them." "Gladly, my Lord,' quoth he; "I would I had some better things as ready to your pleasure as that;" and with that, in all haste he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The Protector set the Lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little; and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven o'clock into the chamber, all changed, and with a sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so set him down in his place; all the lords were dismayed, and so marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should ail him. When he had sitten awhile, thus he began: "What were they worthy to have, that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this, his royal realm?" At which question, all the Lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

Then the Lord Hastings, as he that, for the familiarity that was between them, thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said—"that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were;" and all the others affirmed the same. "That is," quoth he, "yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her," meaning the Queen Mary. The Lords were sore abashed, which favoured her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better; albeit, his heart grudged that he was not afore made of council of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent, before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret, this same day; in the which he was not aware that it was by others devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. "Then," said the Protector, "in what wise that sorceress and other of her council, as Shore's wife, with her affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft thus wasted my body;" and therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow on his left arm, where he showed a very withered arm and small, as it was no other. And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving

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that this matter was but a quarrel; for well they wist that the queen was too wise to *go about* such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folks make Shore's wife least of her council, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king, her husband, most loved. Also, there was no man there but knew that this *arm was* ever such sith the day of his birth; nevertheless, the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that as he knew well untruly; therefore he answered and said, "certainly, my Lord, if they have done, they be worthy of heinous punishment." "What!" quoth the Protector, "thou servest me, I ween, with if and with and; I tell thee they have done it, and that I will make it good on thy body, traitor!" And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist on the board a good rap, at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness (armour), as many as the chamber could hold; and anon the Protector said to the Lord Hastings, "I arrest thee, traitor!" "What! me, my Lord!" quoth he, "yea, thee traitor!" quoth the Protector; and one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the blow, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrunk, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the Archbishop of York and Dr. Morton, Bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley taken, and divers others, which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings, whom the Protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace; "for by Saint Paul," quoth he, "I will not dine till I see thy head off!" It booted him not to ask why; but heavily he took a priest at a venture, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the Protector made such haste to his dinner, which might not go to it until this murder were done, for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel, within the Tower, and his head laid on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off; and after, his body and head were interred at Windsor, by his master, King Edward IV. whose souls, Jesu pardon. Amen."

After the scene, so graphically described by Hall, Sir Thomas Moore says: "Then thought the Protector, that while men mused what the matter meant, while the lords of the realm were about him, out of their own strengths, while no man wist what to think nor whom to trust, ere even they should have space to dispute and digest the matter and make parties, it were best hastily to pursue his purpose and put himself in possession of the crown, ere men could have time to devise and to resist." The same historian further says: "that their first concern was how the matter might be broken to the people in such wise that it might be well taken; and in order that they might do the business with better success, they called to their council Sir Edward Shaw, Lord Mayor of London, who promised to promote the end they had in view, upon promise of his own advancement; and they also connected themselves with spiritual men, such as had wit, and were in authority among the people for opinion of their learning and had no scrupulous conscience; and amongst them was John Shaw, clerk, brother to the Mayor, and Friar Parker, Provincial of the Augustine Friars, both Doctors of Divinity, both great preachers, both of more learning than virtue, and of more fame than learning, for they were before greatly esteemed among the people; but after that—never. Of these two, the one had a sermon in praise of the Protector before the coronation, and the other after; both so tedious and full of flattery, that no man could abide them." According to the same authority, on Sunday, the 22nd of June, Doctor Shaw ascended the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross, and in the presence of a great audience he began to preach from the following text, taken from the book of wisdom:—*Spuria vitulamina non agent dadices altas*,—"Bastard slips shall not strike deep roots." The introductory part of this discourse was intended to show that although heaven allowed the rightful heirs of the throne to be deprived of their rights for a time, it never allowed them to be supplanted by their offsprings of adultery. Next he made for the proof and confirmation of his sentences, certain examples taken out of the Old Testament and other ancient histories; then began he to descend into the praise of the Lord Richard, late Duke of York, calling him father to the Lord Protector, and declared the title of his heirs unto the crown, to whom it was, after the death of King Henry the

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Sixth, entailed by authority of parliament illegal. Then showed he that his very right heir of his body, lawfully begotten, was only the Lord Protector; for he declared to them that King Edward was never lawfully married unto the Queen, but was before God husband to dame Elizabeth Lucy, and so his children bastards; and besides that, neither King Edward himself nor the Duke of Clarence amongst those that were secret in the household were reckoned very surely for the children of the noble Duke, as those that by their favours more resembled other know men than him, from whose virtuous conditions he said also that King Edward was far ofi; but the Lord Protector, he said, the very noble prince, the special pattern of knightly prowess, as well as in all princely behaviour, as in the lineaments and favour of his visage represented the very face of the noble duke, his father. This is "quoth he, "the father's own figure; this, his own countenance, the very prim of visages, the very sure redoubted image, the plain express likeness of that noble Duke." Now was it before devised that, in the speaking of these words the Protector should have come in among the people to the sermon-ward, to the end that those words meeting with his presence might have been taken among the hearers as though the Holy Ghost had put them in the preacher's mouth, and shortly have moved the people even there to cry "King Richard! King Richard!" that it might have been after said that he was specially chosen by God, and in manner by miracle. But this device failed, either by the Protector's negligence, or the preacher's over-much diligence; for while the Protector was found by the way tarrying, lest he should prevent those words, and the Doctor fearing that he should come ere his sermon should come to these words, hastened his matter thereto, who was come to them and past them, and entered into other matters ere the Protector came, whom, when he beheld coming, he suddenly left the matter with which he was in hand; and without any deduction thereto, out of all order and out of all frame, began to repeat these words again: "This is the very noble Prince, &c." While these words were in speaking, the Protector accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, went through the people into the place where the doctor's commonly stand in the upper story, to hear the sermon. But the people were so far from crying "King Richard!" that they stood as though they had been turned into stones, for wonder of this shameful sermon. After which once ended, the preacher got him home, and never after durst look out for shame, but kept him out of their sight like an owl. And when he once asked one that had been his old friend, what the people talked of him, all were it that his own conscience well showed him that they talked no good: yet when the other answered him that there was every man's mouth spoken of him much shame, it so strake him to the heart, that within few days after he withered and consumed away.

On the same day that Hastings was beheaded, the Protector published a proclamation which had been drawn up against that peer before his death, and in which he was charged with having given evil council to the late king, as well as to Richard's father; his evil example was also dwelt upon—as well as in many other things—as vicious living, and inordinate abuse of his body both with many others and also especially with Shore's wife, which was also of his most secret council of this heinous treason, with whom he lay nightly, and namely, the night last past next before his death, so that it was the less marvel if ungracious living brought him to an unhappy ending.

Sir Thomas More says, that Hastings, "from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doated in the king's life, saving as it is said, he did that while forbear her, out of reverence toward the king, or else of a kind of fidelity to his friend." Mr. Bell (vide *Huntingdon Peerage*), says, "that Hastings had attempted the honour of Jane even before the king took her, although she had with scorn rejected him before Shore." But I feel inclined to doubt this.

After the death of Hastings, Jane had nothing to expect but ruin, and her expectations were too truly fulfilled, for the Lord Mayor and the two Sheriffs of London, namely, William White and John Matthew, together with Sir Thomas Howard, acting under the authority of the Protector, went to her house, and after depriving her of her property, consisting of jewels, money, and household furniture, to the amount of 8,000 marks, or nearly £20,000., they took her to the Tower, where she was confined.

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When this seizure took place, Jane was living with herself in her house, and not with her husband or any one else, neither in the house of the late Lord Hastings; and I think, notwithstanding the proclamation of the Lord Protector, that she had retired to a private house on the death of Edward; but whether or no, there can be no dependence placed on what Richard said, for he was so lost to all sense of truth and honesty, that he could not even spare the reputation of his own mother and his nearest relations, as we have already seen.

Immediately after Jane's commitment to the Tower, she was examined before the council on a charge of uniting in certain sorceries, by which the Lord Protector's flesh had been wasted. She was also further charged with having joined Lord Hastings in a design to assassinate him; but as no proof of either could be brought, and her defence was so good, (she defended herself, the Protector accusing in person), that she was discharged; the council not being able to find her guilty, although they were all Richard's tools, and doubtlessly willing to oblige him to the utmost of their power. She had no sooner reached her own house, after her release, than she was again arrested by the Sheriffs, and confined in Ludgate prison. The Lord Protector, who had been baffled in his attempt on her life, was still determined to wreak his vengeance on her, and accordingly he applied to Dr. Thomas Kempe, who was then Bishop of London, and obliged him to proceed against her for adultery. Proceedings were accordingly taken; and her advoutry being too notorious to be denied, she was found guilty, and ordered to do pennance. Accordingly, on a Sunday—I am of opinion that this was on the same day that Dr. Shaw preached his famous sermon, as already noticed—she was obliged to walk in her kirtle, before a wooden cross, in procession, through the streets of London, and to carry a taper in her hand. Stowe says of her that "she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly, and albeit she was out of all array, save her kirtle only, yet went she fair and lovely; namely, while the wondering of the people cast a comely red in her cheeks, of which before she had most miss, that her great shame won her much praise amongst them that were more amorous of her body than her soul. And many good folks also that hated her living, and glad to see sin corrected, yet pitied they more her penance than rejoiced thereat, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous intention."

Rowe, in his celebrated play of *Jane Shore*, has beautifully embodied the above description of her penance in the following lines:

"Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulder, carelessly confus'd,
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung:
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread;
Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with pain,
While, barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,
Her footsteps all along were mark'd with blood.
Yet, silent still she pass'd, and unrepining;
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when, in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To Heaven she seem'd, in fervent zeal, to raise,
And beg that mercy man denied her there."

Hull. J. W. R.

(*To be concluded in the next Number*)

WEALTH NOT NECESSARY.—When the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry, or fortune, has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised and hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced, that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude, or desired with eagerness.

Time is a file that wears, and makes no noise.

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THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD.

BY LONGFELLOW.

We sat within the farm-house old,
  Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea breeze, damp and cold,
  An easy entrance night and day.

Not far away we saw the port—
  The strange, old-fashioned, silent town—
The light-house, the dismantled fort,
  The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night
  Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
  Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanish'd scene,
  Of what we once had thought and said;
Of what had been, and might have been,
  And who was changed, and who was dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
  When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
  And never can be one again.

The first light swerving of the heart,
  That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
  Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
  Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
  A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
  As suddenly from out the fire,
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
  The flames would leap and then expire.

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And as their splendour flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed,
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames—
The ocean, roaring up the beech—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
All mingled vaguely in our speech:

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain—
The long lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

Oh, flames that glowed! oh, hearts that yearned!
They were, indeed, too much a-kin;
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF PERCY B. SHELLEY.

BY JOHN EVANS.

Author of "Lancashire Authors and Orators."

SHELLEY, without being a paragon of perfect humanity, was, beyond all doubt, a perfection of most spiritualized poetry. Shelley *was* a poet; and you feel no hesitation in saying so. In the attributes of a man, he was short; but in the gifts of a poet he was richly abundant. It is astonishing to find one so spiritually great in poetry manifesting such imperfect humanity, and employing his greatness in the subversion of Divine and majestic power. But so it is: and while the name of Shelley will always be held in the highest admiration as a poet, there will always exist one black spot to detract from his character as a man. For, whatever his attainments, no human being can lay claim to manliness while he sets himself in oppposition to the Divine Source. A due reverence for an Almighty power is an essential element in a rightly-directed and rational mind; but the man who denies that power, and sets himself in utter antagonism to all its laws and dispensations, is a sorry spectacle, and little worthy of his claims to manly dignity and honesty. This was Shelley's one great sin; this formed a blank in his character which no impartial critic of his genius can justly omit. It was an unpleasant,—a very deplorable—fact, such as his high poetic genius will never expunge from our memory. But, nevertheless, he was a great poet; and it is more to this distinction in this respect, than his degradation in the other, to which we must call attention.

The genius of Shelley developed one of the most remarkable instances of modern poetry. He possessed most, if not all, of the greatest attributes of the poet. With Shelley, we had a restoration of Chaucer's powerful imagery, Spencer's exquisite ideality, and Milton's sublime invention. What came from his pen was the very essence of poetry: it was never wanting in any one of the genuine elements of real poetic merit. His genius seemed to be a concentration of all the ingredients of poetic

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greatness. His whole mind seems to be made up of poetry. Every sentence he breathes is pregnant with poetic sound and poetic feeling. Whatever may be your standard of poetry, you will always find Shelley in accordance with it. Do you admire poetry as an embodiment of intense feeling,—you have it in Shelley! Do you regard it as the emanation of high impulse and noble aspiration,—you have it in Shelley! Do you recognize it as an assemblage of beautiful ideas expressed in beautiful language,—you have it in Shelley! Do you behold it in brilliant metaphors and exquisite imagery,—you have it in Shelley! Do you estimate it as a great power of inventive or creative genius,—you have it in Shelley! As a poet, the genius of Shelley knew no bounds—it comprehends and includes all—it is universal in all its passions and emotions. The power of invention in a poet must be regarded as one of the most important developments of his genius Without invention, we can have no truly great poem. Deprive Dante and Milton of their invention, and you deprive them of their highest attributes. Hence, invention in the poet must necessarily involve imaginative powers of sterling greatness. With these, Shelley was abundantly supplied. The world of imagination was his natural element; intercourse with its airy visitants formed his natural converse; giving a life and character to those ideal beings, formed his natural impulse. We may faintly speculate on the myriad imaginings that passed through his brain as he lay in his boat skimming over the clear waters of an Italian lake, surrounded by Italian scenery, with the gorgeous dome of Italian skies. To an inventive genius like Shelley's, such associations must have teemed with the most ineffable poetry: and he exercised their influences to the extent we may naturally suppose. His mind appears to give a fresh life and colouring to everything presented to his attention. He seems to view everything through a different media to other men—his conceptions are all original. To a common mind the influences of outward nature, even though surrounded by Italian scenery, is productive of common sentiments and emotions. The mere pronunciation of this scene being very exquisite, or that prospect highly sublime, is a very common every-day sentiment, and expresses emotions to which we are all susceptible. But upon the mind of Shelley, they were productive of emotions that he found almost too grand and overwhelming for even *his* grand and overwhelming utterance. He did not even merely gaze upon these scenes with rapturous emotion, or depict them with glowing and enraptured sentiments,—he did not stop here, for he peopled, with every description of aerial form, the bright scenes that came before his gaze, and rendered every object a subject for thought. He seems to see some fantastic being, some glowing ideality in every reality. His invention knew no bounds, and although he never ascended to the glowing sublimity or descended into the profound darkness of Milton, still his inventions are some of the grandest creations of an imaginative genius. Again, his intensity of feeling was another leading feature in most of his productions. He was, most assuredly, a child of strong impulsive passion, and every sentiment that fell from his lips bore the utterance of intense emotion. We believe it would have been next to impossible for Shelley to express what he did not sincerely feel and believe. He was, to all intents and purposes, a *honest poet;* as much so as any who preceded him. There is a fervency of emotion, and a perfect honesty of uttrance prevailing all his poems. We cannot say this of his great contemporary Byron, for Byron, although a man of many noble feelings and deep emotions, was not always true to every sentiment he expressed, his words were not always the faithful reflex of his heart. If Shelley did feel anything strongly, it was sure to find utterance, and he was not only poetical but honest in his utterance. That Shelley possessed an enlarged appreciation of everything partaking of the beautiful, and that such objects infused him with the most fervent emotions, cannot be disputed. A true poetical mind will always express itself with potency under the influence of intense emotion. Such was the case with Shelley. His feelings and his thoughts were mostly, if not invariably, intense in their character. He never utters half-and half emotions; and to deceive and dissimulate, is completely foreign to his purpose. His imagery, again, partakes of the true genius of poetry. If splendid and dazzling imagery—if exquisite and brilliant metaphors—are to be found in any poetry, it is in the poetry of Shelley. There is scarcely a poem from his pen that does

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not manifest this feature in a greater or less degree. His mind seemed peculiarly formed in this respect, more so, perhaps, than any other modern poet's. We have no other poet—neither Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, nor Tennyson—in whom we find the same lavish magnificence of imagery and metaphor. Perhaps Keats approached him the nearest in this respect, as well as in many others. Keats, although frequently enveloped in much mystery, was the master of exquisite metaphor, and in illustrating his thoughts and feeling seemed never at a loss for some bright and glowing analogy. The same may be applied to Shelley, although Shelley was always consistent and true in every analogy he drew, which was not always the case with Keats. Byron, too, had his due share of glowing illustrations; but Byron had not the rich and copious flow of language identified with Shelley. Whenever Shelley has a beautiful piece of imagery to bring before your attention, he always brings it forth in the most beautiful language. Thus, he says—

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep:
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on Ocean's wave,
It blushes for the world!"

Again—

"She stood beside him like a rainbow braided
Within some storm, when scarce its shadows vast
From the blue paths of the swift sun have faded."

In speaking of the king, in the *Revolt of Islam*, he says, he—

"Glared on me as a toothless snake might glare."

In another passage we have an exquisite specimen—

"They were Earth's purest children, young and fair,
With eyes the shrines of unawakened thought,
And brows as bright as spring or morning, ere
Dark times had there its evil legion wrought
In characters of cloud which wither not."

Again—

"The glorious joy of thy name—Liberty!
They heard! As o'er the mountains of the earth
From peak to peak leap on the beams of morning's birth."

I never remember more beautiful imagery produced on the same subject than this—

"O spring of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark Winter's sadness
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of Joy, thou art the child who bearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou wearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet."

Two or three similies to the sky-lark, in his beautiful stanzas to that bird, are beautiful beyond description—

"Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

"Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour,
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower!

"Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

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"Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweetness, heavy-winged thieves."

And thus, throughout all his poems, we might find and quote innumerable passages of equal beauty in this department. But Shelley was also a very deep thinker, and no common philosopher. Shelley's genius was not merely confined to intensity of feeling, originality of conception, or delectable imagery, he was also very great as a thinker. Had not Shelley have been so, we should not have had so much greatness in the *Revolt of Islam*, *Queen Mab*, *Prometheus Unbound*, nor in *Alastor*. I forget what Mr. Medwin, in his excellent biography of the poet, says of the philosophical portion of these pieces; but, for my own part, I think they are perfectly imbued with the true philosophic spirit. We might quote ununumbered instances of this, but content ourselves with two or three. In one, he says—

"What call ye *Justice?* Is there one who ne'er
In secret thought has wished another's ill?
Are ye all pure? Let those stand forth who hear,
And tremble not. Shall they insult and kill,
If such they be? Their mild eyes can they fill
With the false anger of the hypocrite?
Alas! such were not pure—the chastened will
Of virtue sees that justice is the light
Of love, and not revenge, and terror and despite."

Again—

"We know not where we go, or what sweet dream
May pilot us through caverns strange and fair
Of far and pathless passion, while the stream
Of life, our bark, doth on its whirlpools bear,
Spreading swift wings as sails to the dim air;
Nor should we seek to know, so the devotion
Of love and gentle thoughts be heard still there
Louder and louder from the utmost ocean
Of universal life, attuning its commotion.

"To the pure all things are pure! Oblivion wrapt
Our spirits, and the fearful overthrew
Of public hope was from our being snapt,
Though linked years had bound it there; for now
A power, a thirst, a knowledge, which below
All thoughts, like light beyond the atmosphere,
Clothing its clouds with grace doth ever flow
Came on us as we sat in silence there."

Again—

"How bold the flight of passion's wandering wing,
How swift the step of Reason's firmer tread;
How calm and sweet the victories of life,
How terrorless the triumph of the grave!"

Another—

"He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe."

And, lastly, listen to his philosophy on Time—

"Unfathomable sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time! whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspeth the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore.
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable sea!"

We need not quote more to show Shelley as a philosopher. Dreamer as he might appear in the estimation of some matter-of-fact people, Shelley was a shrewd and quick observer—he knew how to reason—he took a sensible and comprehensive view of the

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cause of good and evil, and if he ever erred in judgment, it arose far more from the dictates of a benevolent heart than from any discrepancy of intellect. Shelley's birth and parentage, his education, and early experience of the pangs and bitterness of life, furnished his mind with no ordinary perception of human suffering, and the means by which it is engendered. Long before his youth had passed, Shelley was a man. Shelley was well schooled in pain and suffering, and hence arose his sturdy denunciations of social wrong, and the deep thought and profound philosophy with which he so frequently expresses himself.

I believe I have now named Shelley's primary qualities as a poet. One or two words in the way of comparison with his principal contemporaries may be added. We are now acquainted with all the possible greatness of these men. Perhaps the greatest men were Byron, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. These were, essentially, the great poets contemporaneous with Shelley. I believe I may safely affirm Shelley to have been the greatest among them all. I cannot say that I am attached to the drawing of invidious comparisons between poets, no more than between other men; but since there has been considerable discussion on the respective merits of those named, I shall, in so far as Shelley is concerned, give one or two ideas upon the subject. We have already laid down Shelley's merits, therefore, we may probably judge how near those I have named approached, or how far they superseded him. I believe Keats stands on Shelley's right hand, and had he lived, might have eclipsed him. The muse of John Keats was of a grand inventive nature, and his epic genius of the very first order. That his genius, however, was not mature will be admitted by every one conversant with his writings, and, therefore, we are scarcely in a position to compare him with Shelley. Of Byron's genius, every body professes to know something, consequently needs no exposition. Compare Byron's *Childe Harold*, or his *Cain*, or any of his greatest productions, with those of Shelley, and, if power of invention, grandeur and beauty of imagery, or depth of thought and feeling, are to form any criteria in our judgment, then Shelley must stand, immutably and incontrovertibly, the greatest poet. There is, unquestionably, a great assimilation between the two, but there was this difference, that the true poetic impulse of the one was far more strong and energetic than that of the other. And, then, there is Wordsworth, of whom it is much to be deplored, people know considerable less than they do of Byron. But with all the noble aspirations and genuine poetry of the *Excursion*, with all the beautiful expositions of Nature—and with all his depth of thought and eloquent phraseology—Wordsworth has never shown the soul, the fervency of feeling manifested by Shelley. Then we have Leigh Hunt—a noble poet and a noble man—but scarcely, in any of his writings, approaching the genius of his friend. Southey and Coleridge, without approaching his genius as epic poets, were often his equals in intensity of feeling and loftiness of conception. There is often a fire of poetic impulse about Southey that reminds us very forcibly of some of the finest outbursts of Shelley. But the latter was *all* soul—the former was not; Shelley was one sustained power of poetic aspiration; he never grew spiritless or dejected in his course, but, like the eagle, the nearer he approached the sun, the more brilliant and vigorous became his flight; Southy, on the other hand, flagged, and allowed his pinions to droop. Coleridge, again, had an inventive genius of considerable compass, but then there was a dreaminess about his muse—a certain indistinct apprehension of the grand objects his imagination produced, that often renders his productions tame, spiritless, and insipid. I will say no more of these great names; nor should I have called them into question in this manner, had they not formed so close an alliance to the subject of my paper.

To enter into a complete analysis of Shelley's writings, is precluded by my limits. A word or two on each must suffice. Shelley has written two very great epic poems—*Queen Mab*, and the *Revolt of Islam*. They are both a concentration of all his invention, all his depth of thought, philosophy and feeling; all his exquisite imagery, and all his melodious phraseology. They are, to all intents and purposes, pregnant with poetry. I believe there is no poem in the language so fertile with exquisite analogies and figures as *Mab*. There is an indescribable charm about this poem, such as you

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rarely experience in any other. The majesty of thought and grandeur of conception—the eloquence of description and brilliance of imagery—the intensity of emotion and music of verbiage—the continuous flow of high poetic impulse, and the transcendent sublimity of ideas—are manifested to an extent almost too grand and exalted for human sense to contemplate, and certainly too majestic for human pen to describe. The *Revolt of Islam*, although lacking the combination of these elements, is nevertheless another wonderful manifestation of poetic genius. I think the tragedy of the *Cenci* is one of the most sublime expositions of the *torture* of human suffering we shall find in modern poetry. The passages where *Beatrice* exclaims—

> "The beautiful blue heaven is flecked with blood!
> The sunshine on the floor is black! The air
> Is changed to vapours, such as the dead breathe
> In charnel pits! There creeps
> A clinging, black, contaminating mist
> About me—'t is substantial, heavy, thick;
> I cannot pluck it from me, for it glues
> My fingers and my limbs to one another,
> And eats into my sinews, and dissolves
> My flesh to a pollution, poisoning
> The subtle, pure, and inmost spirit of life!"

is the very essence of awful sublimity. The poem evinces great dramatic power, and I believe that could it have been adapted to the stage, with Mrs. Siddons sustaining the part of *Beatrice*, that great actress would have been even greater than in *Lady Macbeth*, or any other of her grand achievements. In the lyrical department, *Prometheus Unbound* is Shelley's greatest effort. The unbounded flights of imagination have here found full scope. The Eclogue of *Rosalind and Helen* is perhaps the most musical, in point of versification, of any of Shelley's productions. His *Elegy* on the death of John Keats, *Adonais*, is powerfully written, and exhibits all his remarkable fervency of feeling. *Hellas*, another lyrical drama, although not fraught with so much grandeur of imagination as *Prometheus*, is fanciful and exuberant with elegant phraseology. The *Triumph of Life* and the *Witch of Atlas*, are two more remarkable specimens of great inventive genius. His miscellaneous pieces are, for the most part, replete with fanciful imagery and delicious melody. The *Stanzas to the Skylark* are, beyond all doubt, the finest specimen of anything of the kind in the English language.

We can scarcely, however, close the slightest notice of Shelley, without a word on his defects. To the defects of his outrageous paradoxies on the Divine Being, and the revolting epithets he has applied to the Almighty's supreme power, we have already adverted at sufficient length. Shelley's great defects in poetical composition where his frequent inequality of rythm, occasional obscurity in expressing his ideas, and introduction of common-place declamation. When I name these, I believe I have introduced his principal defects of matter and style. Had Shelley lived to anything like years of maturity, he would have, doubtless, corrected many of these inaccuracies of taste and judgment. But he died, and we must now eschew his mistake and admire his greatness; we must in all our judgments upon his feelings, ever remember that no human works are perfect, and even as Shelley possessed his defects, so he had his towering preponderence of a great mind; so he retained a genius of noble aspirations whose bold and dazzling flights must always enrapture the lover of genuine poetic inspiration.

YOUTH.—Bestow thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it has forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold the longest day hath his evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once—that it never turns again; use it therefore as the spring-time which soon departeth; and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and a happy life.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

EATING AND DRINKING.—The luxurious live to eat and drink; but the wise and temperate eat and drink to live.—*Plutarch.*

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LIFE IS ONWARD.

Life is onward—use it with a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly—choose it, and its warfare claim:
Look not to another to perform your will,
Let not your own brother keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—never look upon the past,
It would hold you ever in its clutches fast:
Now is your dominion, weave it as you please;
Bind not the soul's pinion to a bed of ease.

Life is onward—try it, ere the day is lost;
It hath virtue—buy it at whatever cost.
If the world should offer every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer, change it not for them.

Life is onward—heed it in each varied dress,
Your own act can speed it on to happiness;
His bright pinion o'er you time waves not in vain,
If Hope chants before you her prophetic strain.

Life is onward—prize it in sunshine or storm;
Oh, do not despise it in its humblest form.
Hope and Joy together standing at the goal,
Through life's darkest weather beckon on the soul.

LARGE BELLS.—The belfry of Ivan Veliku, or Great John, in Moscow, is, from the bottom to the top of the cross, 269½ feet. The number of bells is 33, many of which have inscriptions and peculiar names. Dr. Lyall enumerates ten, the smallest of which weighs 7000 pounds, English, and the largest 124,289 pounds. On festivals they are tolled almost without intermission, and with but little variation, from an early hour till the evening, the peasantry and the Russians generally being extremely fond of Ivan Veliku's music. The great bell of Moscow, the wonder of the world, stands in an immense cavity on the east side of this belfry. Dr. Lyall took great pains to ascertain the history of this bell, and its exact size and weight. According to him it originally contained 8,000 poods weight, and was cast in 1654. Being destroyed by fire, it was recast, and 2,000 additional poods of metal added to it in 1734. At this time it was actually suspended over the place where it was cast, at no great height. In 1737, the wooden edifice erected over it took fire, and the bell becoming hot, was most probably cracked in consequence of cold water being thrown upon it to extinguish the flames. An inscription on it, recording its second casting, expressly states the weight to be 10,000 poods, equal to 360,000 English pounds, or 160 tons, 14 cwt., 1 qr. and 2 lbs. According to the measurement of Mr. Murray, an English engineer, the height of it, had it been a full cast, would have been 21 feet; it is actually only 20 feet 7 inches. The greatest diameter at the mouth of the bell is 22 feet 8 inches. The top of the bell, or double ring, measures 3 feet 1 inch.

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A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(SCENE--*The corner of two principal Streets. The Town Pump talking through his nose.*)

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams which fall upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed upon the town pump? The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted upon my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the tip top of my voice—"Here it is, gentlemen; walk up—walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price! Here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, and help yourselves!"

It were a pity if this outcry drew no customers. Here they come. "A hot day, gentlemen. Quaff, and away again. You, my friend, will require another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-springs. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto, nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man; the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of dram-shop, spend the price of your childrens' food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good-bye; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next? oh, my little friend from school. Take a draught, pure as the current of your young life. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and give place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me. Well, sir! no harm done, I hope. Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality; but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again. Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

"Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends, and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight you with a little discourse. My dear auditors, impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist on my own multifarious merits. The better you think of me, the better men and women you will find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days: though

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on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a thousand families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces you would present without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amidst confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf.

"These are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water, but not mixed. The *Town Pump* and the *Cow*! Such is the glorious co-partnership that shall tear down the distilleries and the brew-houses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider presses, and finally monopolise the *chief* business of quenching the thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and *die*. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward *fire* shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and wars—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of tem*perate* affections—shall pass hand in hand through life; and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their *dead* faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

"Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. My dear hearers, when the *world* shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honour of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen, for something very important is to come next:—

"There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends I know they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with your zeal for temperance, and take up the honourable cause of the Town Pump, in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of *cold* water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging, slap dash, into *hot* water, and wofully scalding yourself and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and indeed in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dusty and sultry atmosphere, the turbulent and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cure *earth's fever*, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachael

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did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—'SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!' "

POPE JOAN.

WE will relate, as succinctly as may be, the history of Pope Joan, as found in many historians of the middle ages. Some variations may be observed in many of these writers, it is true. We will not, however, trouble the reader with these immaterial discrepancies, but will give the story as told in the main by most of them.

Pope Leo IV. died in the year 855; and Benedict III. stands in the catalogue of popes as his successor. But between these two, the throne of St. Peter was occupied for more than two years by a woman. She does not appear in the list of popes, because it was wished by the church and its historians to throw the veil of oblivion over so great a sacrilege and scandal. The fact, however, was, that on the death of Leo IV., the clergy and people of Rome met to elect his successor, when their choice fell on a young priest, a stranger in Rome, who during his stay there had acquired an immense reputation for learning and virtue, and who became pope, with the title of John VIII. This supposed priest was, however, in reality a female, and her previous history was as follows:—An English missionary priest was travelling in Saxony with his wife, who at Ingelheim was brought to bed, and gave birth to a daughter. The missionary, with his family thus increased, travelled onwards on his vocation, and, after a while, established himself permanently at Fulda. There he found time, amid the occupations occasioned by his newly-formed congregation, to bestow much care and labour on the education of his daughter. She rewarded his pains by the most remarkable progress in the learning of that day. Nor was she less richly endowed in person than in intellect; and at twelve years old she was a prodigy of beauty and of learning.

At this early age, a monk of the convent at Fulda having chanced to become acquainted with her, fell violently in love with her. The beautiful Giovanna was, it would seem, less remarkable for virtue and prudence than for other high qualities, for she appears to have made little or no difficulty in returning the monk's passion. A guilty commerce commenced between them, and was for awhile carried on by stealth beneath her father's roof. The meetings, however, which they were thus able to contrive, were too few and far between, and attended with too great risk to satisfy the lovers. In order therefore to be wholly and securely together, it was determined between them that Giovanna should secretly leave her father's house, should assume male attire, and thus introduced by her lover, should desire of the abbot admission into his convent. This scheme was put into execution accordingly; and the abbot, charmed with the learning and talent of the young postulant, readily received her among his flock. And so well did she maintain the part she had assumed, and so cautious were the lovers in their conduct, that during her stay in the convent no suspicion was ever raised of the real state of the case.

However, be the cause what it might, they soon became tired of their convent life, and concerted a plan of flight. They got safe out of the monastery, changed their conventual dresses for lay costumes, and thus escaped safely to England, of which country the monk also was a native. Having tarried there awhile, they passed thence into France; from France into Italy, and from Italy to Greece. During all these wanderings, they halted wherever they found learned men and learning. Thus gathering erudition from all the most celebrated seats of learning in Europe, they became profoundly versed in all the science of their age. In Greece, they fixed their quarters at Athens, that being the best residence for the purpose of studying the Grecian language.—There, however, the wanderings of the lover monk were brought to a conclusion; for he was siezed with a sudden malady, which at the end of a few days caused his death.

Giovanna, thus left alone, determined on quitting Greece and returning to Italy.

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She started accordingly, still dressed as ever in male attire, and arrived safely at Rome. There the reputation of her learning, and the fame of her virtue—for she now led a most exemplary life—were soon spread over the whole city. She immediately commenced a course of public lectures and disputations, after the manner of that day, which instantly attracted an immense crowd of hearers. All the students of Rome flocked to her school, and even the most celebrated professors were seen on the benches. At the same time, her exemplary piety won as much admiration as her matchless learning.

At this conjuncture, Leo IV. died, and the people and the clergy forthwith assembled to choose his successor. On whom could their choice more worthily fall than on this stranger, with whose varied excellence all Rome was ringing? There was, as contemporary historians assure us, no lack of men remarkable for their virtue, wisdom, and learning, at Rome, in those days. So pre-eminent, however, was the merit of Giovanna above all others, that she was unanimously chosen pope, and enthroned as John VIII. In her new position, Giovanna attracted no less admiration and praise from all men than she had previously done in her more humble station. The weighty cares of government were borne by her with surprising wisdom and judgment. It was not long, however, before she fell into the same net that had before ensnared her. Giovanna fell, and the result of her backsliding was, ere long, a pope in the family way! Some of the chroniclers relate, that while in this condition, she on one occasion undertook to exorcise a person possessed of an evil spirit; and that on her demanding of the devil when he would go out from the possessed person's body, the evil one replied in the following words:—

Oh, pope, thou father of the fathers, declare the time of the popess's parturition, and I will then tell you when I will go out from this body."

No suspicion was, however, raised in the minds of the bystanders by this sally of the foul fiend. They thought that if it meant anything more than mere devilish impudence, it signified that the devil refused *ever* to yield. And so Giovanna approached the critical period without any suspicion of the truth being awakened. At length it came to the time of the Rogation days, a period of much solemn processioning in Rome. And it came to pass that the pope, not aware how near she was to her time, and unwilling to appear remiss in her religious duties, left the church of the Vatican, at the head of all her clergy, to walk in procession to the Lateran. The solemn pageant proceeded with all due ceremony and decorum, till it arrived at that spot in its road which lies between the church of St. Clement and the Coliseum, when she was suddenly seized with the pains of labour, there in the open street, amid all the astounded cardinals and clergy, to the confusion of herself, to the horror of all the assembled multitude. The circumstances, however, of such an accouchement were fatal to both mother and child. A statue was raised there to perpetuate the fact.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE P.C.S. WILLIAM LEEBRIDGE.

It does not often fall to our lot to record the death of a Brother Shepherd so universally esteemed whilst living, or whose death is so much lamented, as that of P.C.S. W. Leebridge, one of the founders of our excellent institution. Notwithstanding his position in life, he has been one of those hardworking men to whom we are indebted for the success of our Order. At the first election of C.S., in 1827, he was appointed D.C.S. to Mr. John Whitehead; and, in the following year, he ascended the presidential chair of our Order, which he filled to the entire satisfaction of the society which he governed. In all matters appertaining to the welfare of our order he was invariably consulted, for his disinterestedness won the confidence of all parties. He was a member of the Loyal Abraham Lodge, No. 2, of the Ashton District; and an active member of the Magazine Committee, so long as the state of his health would permit. His remains were borne to the ground by his brother Shepherds of the Lodge to which he belonged.

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We copy the following notice from the Ashton *Times* of April 1st:—

"THE LATE Mr. W. LEEBRIDGE, SURVEYOR, &c.—Mr. W. Leebridge departed this life on Tuesday, March 26th, 1850, in the 77th year of his age, much regretted by a numerous circle of acquaintances.

"Perhaps few men have been more respected than the deceased, nor left a larger circle of friends. He was a native of, and resided somewhere about Sale, in Cheshire, in his younger years, and followed the business of a farmer, and occasional surveyor.

"About thirty years ago he commenced the business of public surveyor and valuer of property, in Ashton-under-Lyne; and it would not be observing too much to say, that seldom has it fallen to the lot of any individual to enjoy a greater share of *public* and *private confidence*, than Mr. Leebridge. He, along with other gentlemen, in 1820, were appointed to make a valuation for parochial purposes, of the entire parish of Ashton-under-Lyne. He was re-appointed for the same purpose in 1830, along with Mr. Nicholson; and again, in 1840, with the same gentleman. He also surveyed for Stalybridge. In 1841 and 1842 he also valued the entire of the parish of Saddleworth, besides several other districts and townships, as well as having an extensive *private business*. He was also chosen commissioner in the difficult matter of dividing and allotting out Lees-field, which he performed to the satisfaction of all parties.

"Mr. Leebridge had been observed for some time to be drooping, but especially after a *severe family bereavement*. He was naturally taciturn and reserved, and such melancholy afflictions naturally preyed on his susceptible mind, eating silently to the core. In the days of health no one liked a smart repartee and innocent joke, better than he did. His general bearing and disposition was such, that he was commonly called by his friends the 'English Gentleman of the olden time.'

"His remains were interred at St. Michael's Church, on Saturday, March 30th, being attended to the grave by a few of his most intimate friends, who assembled, some from a considerable distance, to pay a last tribute of respect to one esteemed in life, and who will be often remembered now he is no more."

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM LEEBRIDGE,

Who Departed this Life on the 26th day of March, 1850,

AGED SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

From hour to hour, from day to day,
  Amid our highest hope and mirth,
Death comes to tear some link away
  That holds us to the earth.

Some kindred form, some kindly friend,
  Sinks in the grave and disappears,
But since 'tis Nature's law and end,
  Ah, what avail our tears?

A mighty mystery!—let none
  Mourn at the stroke of Mercy's rod;
But hope that each loved spirit gone
  Is with its Maker—God!

The stedfast friend, the good old man—
  LEEBRIDGE, our Shepherd-comrade old,
Hath passed through life's protracted span,
  And sought his Master's fold.

A generous, gentle soul was he,
  Shrewd, quiet, thoughtful, now and then;
Yet he had humour, frank and free—
  A ready tongue and pen.

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He loved mankind, he loved his books,
The cheerful chat—the social hour,
And all his actions, words, and looks
Were harmless in their power.

His children mourn his going hence,
His wife feels half her solace flown;
But thou! oh, just Omnipotence,
Wilt send them comfort down.

He's gone, no more to feel annoy,
To take his everlasting rest
Within those bowers of light and joy—
The gardens of the blest.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LOYAL ORDER OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS, ASHTON UNITY.

This meeting will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Bolton, inasmuch as *the town* was, on that occasion, visited on Easter Sunday, March 31st, by about 2,000 of our brethren and friends, who arrived by a special train of sixty-one carriages from Ashton and Stalybridge, and formed a procession upwards of half-a-mile in length, *which* proceeded through the principle thoroughfares of the town to the Temperance Hall, where a very eloquent discourse was delivered by C.S. James Farron, from the first epistle general of Peter, 3rd. chap. and part of the 8th verse: "Love as brethren." The hymns on the occasion were composed by John Critchley Prince, and were exceedingly appropriate. After leaving the Hall at the conclusion of the service, they proceeded to the different inns where the lodges are held, where they partook of refreshment; the authorities having kindly permitted the lodge houses to remain open during the day, when the greatest courtesy were shown by the authorities, which induced the delegates on assembling the next morning, to adopt the following resolution:—

"That it is the unanimous opinion of the delegates now assembled (from various parts of the kingdom), that the mayor and authorities of the borough of Bolton are deserving our best thanks for the kindness and courtesy shown by them to the strangers connected with the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, *visiting* the town on March 31st, 1850, on a sermon being preached by Mr. James Farron, of Ashton-under-Lyne, the chief officer of the Order."

The resolution passed without a dissenting voice, and was forwarded to the mayor.

April 1st, 1850. The delegates assembled in the lodge room of the Loyal Lamb, Bull's head, Host Sharples's, Bradshawgate. At nine o'clock, James Farron, C.S., supported by Thomas Frith, D.C.S., ascended the presidential chair of the Order, and after a *brief* space, rose and said:—

"Worthy Brethren,—As the time allowed us for the commencement of business has already expired, I will thank you for your attention for a few moments, whilst I express to you my feelings on this occasion; after which, you will proceed to the consideration of the various objects which have brought us together this day. My other duties have prevented me from preparing myself to deliver a lengthened address, and which, indeed, would have required much of that valuable time you can alone bestow on more important duties. But, my brethren, on coming together from those remote districts where our Order has obtained a footing, demands from me, as your head, a few remarks which I will hasten to deliver, and so release you to commence our various deliberations, which I trust will be marked with profound wisdom, and crowned with the best judgment. I am exceedingly happy to meet you this morning, and hope that nothing will arise to prevent us from parting at the close of our labours with the greatest respect and good feeling. To secure these, our love must be as brethren; and though divided in sentiment and opinion, we must be united in fellow-

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ship of purpose, and endeavour to suit our language to the wishes and feelings of each other. By such means our Order will continue to advance and diffuse its blessings to a multitude of our brethren, who might otherwise become the objects of public charity and support. Aided with judicious counsel, and each one walking—not as an enemy—amongst his brethren, we shall be eminently successful in our great and christianized work, and continue to flourish amidst the surrounding decay of similar institutions. Worthy brethren, your object here to day is, to review the position of our Order, and to consider whether any of the principles by which it is governed require an immediate alteration. As your deliberations will be binding on our community for the next year, if not years, and add strength and stability to our Order, or arrest its present vigorous progression, I must again desire you to be calm and sincere, that we shall not need to lament our labours, and retrace our steps. I feel persuaded that I shall receive from each one, and all of you, such assistance towards maintaining order, as will enable us to expedite a great amount of business in a short space of time; and thus return soon to our homes, satisfied in all things, which should characterize our Annual Meetings."

At the conclusion of Mr. Farron's address, which was well received, the names of the districts and delegates were called over, when all were present with the exception of Selby, Bishop Auckland, Wetwang, Pickering, Robin Hood's Bay, Grimsby, Exning and York, who were fined according to law; Huddersfield, Hume, Tideswell, Driffield and Sandbach, were exempt by the rules of our institution. The delegates who appeared at the table were fifty-four in number. Mr. Daniel Scott, of Ossett, was appointed for taking the minutes of the meeting, and the following gentlemen were appointed a committee for auditing the secretary's books for the past year:—Mr. John Stainforth, Hull; Mr. William Taylor, Pontefract; Mr. John Auty, Ossett; Mr. William Thornton, Leeds; and Mr. James Smith, of Rochdale; and we are happy to inform our brethren that the books of Mr. Secretary Hall were found to be quite correct, and a vote of thanks were awarded to that gentleman. The remainder of the day was chiefly devoted to the hearing of appeals, some of which ought not to have engrossed the time and attention of the meeting, and after granting a number of new districts, the meeting adjourned at five o'clock till the next morning. The following day was principally occupied in discussing the propositions from various districts, and the following gentlemen were appointed to revise and condense the general laws of the Order without destroying the meaning of the same: Mr. Stainforth, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. D. Scott. After some discussion respecting the printing of minutes, reports, and other matters, Mr. John Williamson of Ashton, was appointed to print the magazine for the ensuing year. The election of officers terminated as follows: Mr. Thomas Frith, C.S. of the Order; Mr. Robert Willis, D.C.S.; and Mr. W. Hall, Secretary. The thanks of the meeting were given to the past officers of the Order, and to the officers of the Bolton districts, for their kindness and attention to the comforts of the delegates who had attended the meeting.

We are happy to inform our brethren that our Order is increasing steadily; but on the other hand, we are sorry to observe that more than ordinary mortality has manifested itself amongst us during the past year, for we find by the returns that nearly £3,000. has been paid out of our funds in twelve months, for the purpose of burying the dead, which is a proof that Shepherdry is something more than a name.

ANNIVERSARIES.

On Saturday, May 11th, part of the members of the Golden Fleece Lodge, Drake Inn, of Ancient Shepherds, No. 15, Rochdale District, held a voluntary Anniversary. In consequence of some of the members living at a distance, and others being very economical, it was made entirely a matter of choice with the members whether they joined or not. Betwixt thirty and forty members sat down to an excellent repast of roast beef, plum pudding, &c., provided by the host, brother Robert Nuttal, sen., Drake

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Inn, Rochdale; after the cloth was removed, brother Thomas Lord, P.M., was called to the chair, and brother James Parkinson the vice. The chairman opened the proceedings by drinking "the health of the queen—God bless her," which was responded to by the vice-chair; after which was drunk "Prosperity to the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds," responded to by brother James Smith, P.P.C.S. and R.O. of the district, in an eloquent manner, noticing the rise and progress of Shepherdry, the schism in the Yorkshire Districts, &c.; then was drunk "the Officers of the Order, and may unity and peace crown their exertions," responded to by brother G.M. Owen, P.P.C.S.; both present chiefs of the district being present, the next toast was "the Officers of the Rochdale District," brother William Kershaw, P.D.C S., briefly responded. "Success to the Golden Fleece Lodge of Ancient Shepherds; and may that unanimity always exist, so essential to the well-being of all societies," was enthusiastically given and responded to by brother John Whitehead, D.M.; brother John Ashworth, P.M.D.S. then responded to "the Officers of the Lodge, and our best thanks to them for their services." The chairman then noticed that the last toast on his list was one which he heped and believed would meet with approval by all present; he then gave "the departed brethren of this lodge" which was drunk in solemn silence. The evening's entertainments were prolonged as long as the time would permit, being enlivened by some excellent singing from brothers Joseph Pass, T. Ashworth, C. Harrison, B. Dawson, and others.

On Whit-Tuesday the members of the Health and Prosperity Lodge, Hutland Buscel, Langtoft District, assembled at the Langley Arms Inn, to celebrate the Eighth Anniversary of their Lodge. The weather was remarkably fine, the sun shining with unclouded lustre throughout the day, which greatly enhanced the pleasure of the members, some of whom had come several miles, in the anticipation of spending a happy day with their brethren. At 11 o'clock, a.m., a procession was formed to church, headed by the Swanton Britannia Lodge Band, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. John Blair, officiating curate of Brompton. After service, they proceeded back to the inn, where above forty members and friends sat down to a most excellent dinner, provided by the worthy hostess, Mrs. Halder. After the cloth was drawn, Mr. John Wood, an honorary member and friend of Shepherds, was, as usual, called to preside. The usual loyal toasts were given by the chairman; after which, the secretary rose to propose the health of the lodge, in which he briefly adverted to its condition, and entreated the members to be active in promoting the well-being of the society, to be zealous in cultivating a kind, generous, and charitable disposition towards each other; and in all their transactions to manifest that integrity and uprightness of heart that would gain themselves esteem, and bring lasting honour to the ancient and honourable society to which they belong. In concluding, he made an earnest appeal to the farmers and other friends who had honoured them with their company on the occasion, to come forward and assist in carrying out the benevolent objects of our order. Several other toasts and sentiments were delivered, after each of which the band played an appropriate air. The greatest harmony and good humour prevailed until about ten o'clock, p.m., when the meeting broke up, and each went to his home highly gratified with the days proceedings.

Mathematics.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST.

Solution by Mr. George Lawton, Mossley Brow.

First Solution.—Suppose $2x$= the chord of the whole arc, then by the nature of the questions $\sqrt{\frac{(x^2+4^2)\cdot 8}{3}}-2x=100$. Multiply by $3\sqrt{(x^2+4^2)\cdot 8}-2x=300$. Then $x^2+4^2=\frac{(300+2x^2)}{8}$ or $x^2+16=\frac{90000+1200x+4x^2}{64}$. Then by multiplying and transposing $60x^2-1200x=88976$, divide by 60, then $x^2-20x=1482{,}933$. Complete the square $x^2-20x+100=1482{,}933+100=1582{,}933$ by evolution $x+10=\pm 39{,}786$

$+10=49,786$. Again, suppose $x=$ the radius of the circle. Then $\sqrt{(x^2-49,786)}=x-4$ or $x=311,8307245$, and this multiplied by 50, half the arc $=15591,536225$ the area of the section. Now $49,786\times307,8307242=15325,660$ the area of the triangle contained by the chord and the radii. Consquently $15591,536225-15325,660$ equals 265,876 the area of the segment required.

Second Solution.—Make 37·333 the side or radius of a sector of 60°, then as the chord of a sector of 60° is equal to the radius, it is evident that the chord and the radii will make an equilateral triangle. Hence the perpendicular of the angle will cut the radius in two equal parts, and one of the said parts, or 18·666, will be the perpendicular of the required angle, and the $\sqrt{(37,333^2-18666^2)}=32,333$ the base of the required angle. Therefore 32,333 and 18,666 will be the sides required.

Third Solution.—Rule $\frac{(r-1)^a+1=rt}{a}$ or $\frac{,03\times4000+1=1,6}{200}$ which being continually divided by r, or 1,03, till nothing remains, the number of divisions will be equal to the time. But in all cases of this nature, the the time cannot be found without logarithms, unless it be a whole number.

Hence, Log. of $1,6=1,204120$
Log. of $1,03=1,012837$
$1·191283=$Log. of 15,534 years. *Ans.*

Solution by Mr. Joseph Fozard, Batley.

First.—112 feet the hypotenuse of the triangle given, then $112\times112=12544=$ the square of ditto. The angle made by the hypotenuse and perpendicular equal to 60°, consequently the angle made by the base and hypotenuse will be 30°. Then the question stands thus, $\frac{12544}{3}=4181,3=$ the square of the perpendicular, and $12544-4181,3=8362,7$ the square of the base. Then $\sqrt[2]{4181,3}=64,66$ feet the perpendicular, and $\sqrt[2]{8362,7}=91,447$ feet the base.

Second.—When UAR are given to find T $\frac{4000\times1,03+200-4000}{200}=1,6$ which being continually divided by R, the number of those divisions will be 15, the number of years required.

NEW QUESTIONS.

Proposed by George Lawton, Mossley Brow.

Required the height of a chimney of the following dimensions, viz.: the circumference and area of its base are equal; the diameter and area of its top are equal; and if it had been carried as much higher as the diameter of its base it would have been a regular cone.

Proposed by Mr. Joseph Fazard, Batley.

A gentleman having a cistern 12 feet broad, 12 feet deep, and 12 feet long, and is supplied with water by two leaden pipes of 1½ inch bore each, and the water runs through them at the rate of 10 feet per second, and there is a pipe to empty the same with a bore of 2 inches, and the water runs at the rate of 10 feet per second through it also: this cistern having been repaired, all the pipes were left open. Required the time the cistern would be filling to the brim, supposing the water to run uniformly.

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THE

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A NOBLE SHEPHERD.

Henry Lord Clifford, born 1454, was between six and seven years of age at his father's death; for whose act (the killing the young Earl of Rutland, Edward IV.'s brother, somewhat unmercifully, in battle), the family was soon after attainted. He was one of the examples of variety of fortune in the world; for, at seven years old, he was put into the habit of a Shepherd's boy, by the care and love of an industrious mother, to conceal his birth and parentage; for had he been known to be his father's son and heir, in all probability he would either have been put in prison, or banished, or put to death; so odious was the memory of his father for killing the young Earl of Rutland, and for being so desperate a commander against the house of York, which then reigned.

So in the condition of a Shepherd's boy, at Lanesborough, where his mother then resided for the most part, did this Lord Clifford spend his youth, till he was fourteen years of age, about which time his mother's father, Lord Vesey, died.

A little after his death it came to be murmured at court that his daughter's two sons were alive, about which their mother was examined: but her answers were, that she did not know whether they were alive or not. The younger, called Richard Clifford, was indeed transported to the Low Countries, where he died soon after.

But the eldest son, Henry Lord Clifford, was secretly conveyed to Lanesborough, and committed into the hands of Shepherds, which Shepherds' wives had formerly been servants in that family. One of them had

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been his nurse, so that he was the more willing to go with her, when told he must be content to live in that manner, or be utterly undone.

As he grew older he was still more liable to this danger, if he had been discovered; and, therefore, presently after the death of Lord VESEY, his grandfather, it was more and more whispered at court that he was alive, which made his loving mother, by means of her second husband, Sir LAUNCELOT THIRKELD, to send him away with the said Shepherds and their wives to Cumberland. He was kept as a Shepherd there, sometimes at Thirlcot, amongst his step-father's kindred, and sometimes on the borders of Scotland, where they took land purposely for those Shepherds who had charge of him. Sometimes his step-father came purposely to visit him, sometimes his mother, but very secretly.

By this mean kind of breeding this inconvenience befell him—that he could neither read nor write; for they durst not bring him up in any kind of learning, lest by it his birth should be discovered; yet after he came to his lands and honours he learned to write his name only.

And after this HENRY Lord CLIFFORD had lived about twenty-five years in this obscure manner, and he was about thirty-two years of age, HENRY VII. then obtaining his crown did, early in his reign, in 1486, restore him in blood and honour, and to all his baronies and castles.

This HENRY Lord CLIFFORD did, after he came to his estate, exceedingly delight in astronomy, and contemplation of the stars, which it was likely he had been accustomed to during his shepherd-life. He built a great part of Barden tower, which is now much decayed, and there he lived much, having furnished himself with materials and instruments for that study. "He retired," says Whittaker, "to this solitude and enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him who had lived to upwards of thirty a servant himself."

He was a plain man, and lived for the most part a country life, going seldom either to the court, or to London, but when he was called thither to sit as a peer of the realm, where it is reported he behaved himself wisely and nobly, like a good Englishman. He died when near seventy years of age, on the 23rd of April, 1523.

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WORDSWORTH, our late departed laureate, has written a noble poem on the foregoing subject, entitled "Song at the feast of Brougham Castle." We close with the conclusion of the poem:—

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The subsistence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The Shepherd-Lord was honoured more and more,
And ages after he was laid in earth,
'The Good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

A TALE FOR THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A gentleman of Bavaria, of a noble family, was so afflicted at the death of his wife, that unable to bear the company of any other person, he gave himself up to a solitary way of living. This was the more remarkable in him, as he had been a man of jovial habits, fond of his wine and visitors, and impatient of having his numerous indulgencies contradicted. But in the same temper, perhaps, might be found the cause of his sorrow; for though he would be impatient with his wife, as with others, yet his love for her was one of the gentlest wills he had; and the sweet and unaffected face which she always turned upon his anger, might have been a thing more easy for him to have trespassed upon while living, than to forget when dead and gone. His very anger towards her, compared with that towards others, was a relief to him. It was rather a wish to refresh himself in the balmy feeling of her patience, than to make her unhappy herself, or to punish her, as some would have done, for that virtuous contrast to his own vice.

But whether he bethought himself, after her death, that this was a very selfish mode of loving; or whether, as some thought, he had wearied out her life with habits contrary to her own, he surprised even those who thought that he loved her by the extreme bitterness of his grief. The very mention of festivity, though he was patient for the first day or two, afterwards threw him into a passion of rage; but, by degrees, when his rage followed his other old habits. He was gentle, but ever silent. He ate and drank but sufficient to keep him alive; and used to spend the greater part of the day in the spot where she was buried.

He was going there one evening, in a very melancholy manner, with his eyes bowed towards the earth, and had just entered the rails of the burial-ground, when he was accosted by the mild voice of somebody coming to meet him. "It is a blessed evening, sir," said the voice. The gentleman looked up. Nobody but himself was allowed to be in the place at that hour; and yet he saw, with astonishmment, a young sister approach him. He was going to express some wonder, when the modest,

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though assured look of the boy, and the extreme beauty of his countenance, which glowed in the setting sun before him, made an irresistible addition to the singular sweetness of his voice; and he asked him with an involuntary calmness, and a gesture of respect, not what he did there, but what he wished. "Only to wish you all good things," answered the stranger, who had now come up, "and to give you this letter." The gentleman took the letter, and saw upon it, with a beating yet scarcely bewildered heart, the handwriting of his wife. He raised his eyes again to speak to the boy, but he was gone. He cast them far and near around the place, but there were no traces of a passenger. He then opened the letter, and by the divine light of the setting sun, read these words:—

"To my dear husband, who sorrows for his wife."

"Otto, my husband, the soul you regret so is returned. You will know the truth of this, and be prepared calmly to see it, by the divineness of the messenger, who has passed you. You will find me sitting in the public walk, praying for you; praying that you may never more give way to those gusts of passion, and those curses against others, which divide us.

"This with a warm hand, from the living "BERTHA."

Otto (for such was his name), went instantly, calmly, quickly, yet with a sort of benumbed being, to the public walk. He felt, but only with a half consciousness, as if he glided without a body. But all his spirit was awake, eager, intensely conscious. It seemed to him as if there had been but two things in the world—Life and Death; and that Death was dead. All else appeared to have been a dream. He had awaked from a waking state, and found himself all eye, and spirit, and locomotion. He said to himself, once, as he went—"This is not a dream. I will ask my great ancestors, to-morrow, to a new bridal-feast, for they are alive." Otto had been calm at first, but something like old triumphant feelings again came over him. Was he again too proud and confident? Did his earthly humours prevail again, when he thought them least upon him? We shall see.

The Bavarian arrived at the public walk. It was full of their wives and children, enjoying the beauty of the evening. Something like common fear came over him, as he went in and out among them, looking at the benches on each side. It happened that there was only one person, a lady, sitting upon them. She had her veil down; and his being underwent a fierce but short convulsion as he went near her. Something had a little baffled the calmer inspiration of the angel that had accosted him; for fear prevailed at the instant, and Otto passed on. He returned before he had reached the end of the walk, and the lady appeared again. She was still sitting in the same quiet posture, only he thought she was looking at him. Again he passed her. On his second return, a grave and sweet courage came upon him, and in an under but firm tone of inquiry, he said, "Bertha!" "I thought you had forgotten me," said that well-known and mellow voice, which he had seemed as far from ever hearing again as earth is from heaven. He took her hand, which grasped his in turn, and they walked home in silence together, the arm, which was within his, giving warmth for warmth.

The neighbours seemed to have a miraculous want of wonder at the lady's reappearance. Something was said about a mock funeral, and her having withdrawn from his company; but visitors came as before, and his wife returned to her household affairs. It was only remarked that she always looked pale and pensive. But she was more kind to all, even than before; and her pensiveness rather the result of some great internal thought, than of unhappiness.

For a year or two the Bavarian retained the better temper which he had acquired. His fortunes flourished beyond his earliest ambition; the most amiable as well as noble persons of the district were frequent visitors; and people said, that to be at Otto's house, must be the next thing to being in heaven. But by degrees his self will returned with his prosperity. He never ventured impatience on his wife; but he again began to show that the disquietude it gave her to see it vented on others, was a secondary thing, in his mind, to the indulgence of it. Whether it was, that his grief for her loss, had been rather remorse than affection, so he held himself secure if he treated

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her well; or whether he was at all rather proud of her, than fond; or whatever was the cause which again set his antipathies above his sympathies, certain it was, that his old habits returned upon him, not so often, indeed, but with greater pride and violence, when they did. These were the only times at which his wife was observed to show any ordinary symptoms of uneasiness.

At length, one day, some strong rebuff which he had received from an alienated neighbour, threw him into such a transport of rage, that he gave way to the most bitter imprecations, crying with a loud voice,—"This treatment to *me* too. To ME, to me, who, if the world knew all!—" At these words his wife, who had in vain laid her hand, and looked upon him with dreary earnestness in the face, suddenly glided from the room. He and two or three who were present were struck with a dumb horror. They said, she did not walk out, nor vanish suddenly; but glided, as one who could dispense with the use of feet.

After a moment's pause, the others proposed to him to follow her. He made a movement of despair, but they went. There was a short passage, which turned aside into her favourite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times, but received no answer. At last, one of them gently opened it; and looking in, they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire, which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from it as rather to be in the middle of the room; only the face was towards the fire, and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her, but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her, and still received none. The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At last, one of them went round in front, and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face. The clothes were standing upright by themselves.

That room was blocked up for ever, for the clothes, if it might be so, to moulder away. It was called the Room of the Lady's Figure. The house, after the gentleman's death, was long uninhabited, and at length burnt by the peasants in an insurrection. As for himself, he died about nine months after, a gentle and child-like penitent.

THE WORKING MAN'S EVENING SONG.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

I'm glad to see yon spring-tide sun
  Go down, albeit I love his light;
My bread is won, my labour done,
  My reason clear, my conscience right:
And as I take my homeward way,
  I see, with not irreverent eyes,
The grandeur of departing day
  In the rich glory of the skies;
While yet the shadowy coppice rings,
Where the brave throstle blithely sings.

To-morrow, when his earliest beams
  Turn to loose gold the quivering rills,
Re-kindle the rejoicing streams
  In purple vesture swathe the hills—
With buoyant mind, and sinews strong,
  Ill go, with willing heart, to bear
What burdens to my lot belong,
  Of honest toil my needful share;
And on my way see beauteous things,
While the glad sky-lark blithely sings

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But now I seek that quiet rest,
Shut from the outward world's annoy—
My home, where I am ever blest,
The sanctuary of my joy;
There will my gentle wife with me
Partake the cheerful evening meal,
Talk with confiding speech and free,
Sweetly and calmly, till I feel
The peace, the bliss her presence brings,
While the bright kettle blithely sings.

Then will I sit me at my ease,
Absorbed in some enchanting page,
Something to teach me or to please,
Tale-teller, annalist, or sage.
But chief the poet shall instil
Into my inmost depths of heart
The spirit of his lofty will,
The essence of his tuneful art;
And lift me high on fancy's wings,
While the shrill cricket blithely sings.

When Sabbath comes, God's holy boon,
Blest day, so dear and fugitive!
I'll ask yon sun, which leaves us soon,
For all the light that he can give;
I'll fly to nature's tranquil breast,
With the same feelings as of old,
And lay me down for thought and rest,
In fields of fluctuating gold;
Or murmur sweet imaginings
Where the fresh brooklet blithely sings.

I'll tread the uplands starry floors,
Climb the rough mountain's shadowy side,
Feel the deep silence of the moors,
Silence that awes all human pride;—
The voice of birds 'midst forest glooms,
The lapse of waters in the shade
Shapes, motions, colours, sounds, perfumes,
Of Nature's making, shall pervade
My senses with delightful things,
While my rapt soul serenely sings.

Ashton-under-Lyne, June 1840.

THE TOWN OF TEARS: A TALE.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Nearly two hundred years ago there existed, in the north of Italy, a town called Pleurs, or, the Town of Tears, a name which it took from the circumstance of its being built upon the ruins of a former town, which was destroyed by a sudden and awful calamity. Pleurs itself met with a still more awful fate, as our little story will proceed to show. Pleurs contained nearly three thousand inhabitants. It was beautifully situated; surrounded by bold and picturesque mountains, those to the north crowned with everlasting snow; by beautiful valleys, through which and the town tunefully

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meandered the river Maira; and by a thousand natural objects which gave both magnificence and loveliness to the scene. On account of its pure air and beautiful situation, it was the chosen retirement of noblemen and the gentry. It was a cluster of *palaces, villas,* and better sort of dwellings, bosomed in trees, and lighted and coloured by a luminous atmosphere, such as Italy only, perhaps, is favoured with. Cheever, in his *Pilgrim of the Jungfrau,* says "it was one of the gayest, richest, laughing, pleasure-*loving, joyous* little cities in the kingdom." Alas that such a comparative Eden should have been blotted out, suddenly and for ever!

One fine, but somewhat hazy evening in Autumn, there sat in the garden of one of *the better houses* a young maiden, who was earnestly reading. To do justice to Francesca's beauty I should require the pen of a Bulwer, the pencil of an Etty, and the chisel of a Bailey. She was in the bright morning of womanhood, tall, and of a sup*ple, yet dignified* carriage. The prevailing aspect of her countenance was a sweet and intellectual gravity, which only rendered more radiant the smiles which not unfrequently brightened over it; as when a calm pellucid pool is ruffled by the breeze, and *sparkles* in the sun. The precise colour of her eyes it were difficult to tell, but they were dark, and of a depth beyond the gazer's power to fathom. They were such as overawe in anger; melt and languish in love, and under ordinary circumstances are *serene* and pensive, flashing and expressive, according to the varying feelings of the moment. She was indeed a lovely being; with all the true tenderness and quick instincts of an admirable woman, but one, evidently, who would neither be subdued by wrong nor bowed down with suffering.

I have said she was reading; something passionate and exciting, it seemed, for her *air* was absorbed; her bosom heaved, and the colour on her cheeks came and went fitfully, as she proceeded with the story. Perhaps it was Dante's melancholy history of her namesake, Francesca, reproduced in Leigh Hunt's Story of the *Rimini;* perhaps *that of the* deeply-wronged Beatrice, daughter of the Cenci. Whatever it was, it held her undivided attention, and she was unaware of the presence of a young man, who had approached her, till he exclaimed "Francesca, my beloved!" She looked up with *a start, and* with a deep blush and animated countenance, threw herself into his arms. "Oh, Florio, this is indeed a pleasure! Where have you been, you truant, this long, long time? Has Rome so many charms that you cannot spare a few days, now and *then, for your best* friends?"

"I have been toiling on, hoping on, at my art, Francesca; but I have left it to stay with thee for a whole week, or longer, perchance. Give me joy, my betrothed, for *I believe I am about* to step upon the summit of my wishes, that of taking rank among he painters of my country. My great picture, upon which I have been so long and rdently engaged, is at length finished, and will be exhibited shortly. The best judges *are spoken of it* with enthusiasm, and I feel that if I fail in this I never *can* succeed. ive me joy for my anticipated triumph, my love." Saying this the young artist's es, in which shone the fire of genius, lightened with feeling, and his pale, lofty *ow became* more proud and dignified.

"Indeed, indeed, I congratulate thee, Florio; but this love of art, this close appli-ion, has worn thy cheek and enfeebled thy frame. Does it demand so great a sacri-?"

"It demands it," said Florio. Besides, it was for thee, for thee, dearest. Thou *t been* my inspiration; thou hast seemed to sit by my easel through many a long *ht,* or I looked into my soul for thee, where thou wert always present. The recol-ion of thy love has given new form and colour to my creative fancy, and new cun-*g to my* hand. Oh, glorious art! oh, beautiful and divine art, which takes its nity from beautiful and loving woman, how I worship thee! Wouldst thou not roud to partake with me a fame nobly and unselfishly earned, Francesca?"

I would, I would, my Florio; but let us now enter the house. Thou standest in of rest and nursing, and I must hold thee captive till thou art strengthened."

For a little time thou shalt; but when my picture is exhibited, and thou art *ne irrevocably* mine, I will relax my exertions, and take a long holiday with thee, ler to fit myself for yet greater labours. But let us go in, for the sky lowers,

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and a misty veil covers the head of Conto, betokening a change in the weather. Let us in." And they lovingly entered the house.

A little while after, the rain began to fall, and continued heavily and continuously for many days. Florio and his betrothed kept within doors, in no lack of comfort and recreation, for their society was all in all to each other. Then came an interval of sunshine, during which the lovers wandered along the banks of the Maira, in sweet and confiding converse; or they made a casual visit; or mingled with the pleasure seekers, who were taking advantage of the clear weather. Again the rain commenced, with even more fury than before, and the herdsmen came hurrying in from the mountains, with alarming accounts of strange doings there. They had heard awful explosions, and seen new and gaping chasms, as if Mount Conto was about to crumble into pieces. They were sure these signs betokened some dreadful and uncertain catastrophe. The people were in a state of consternation, and called to mind with no enviable feelings, the fate of the town that formerly stood there. To add to their fears, a vast mass of gravel slid down from the heights, overwhelming some vineyards, and ruining the proprietors. All was dread expectation and bewildering confusion. Suddenly, however, the heavens cleared up, and seemed to compensate by unusual calmness and glory, for the apprehension they had occasioned. The fears of the light-hearted and innocent inhabitants were dissipated; nothing more had happened, nor seemed likely to happen, now that the cause was past. On the 4th of September 1618, the sun rose like a bridegroom, and made a splendid setting That afternoon, Florio prepared to leave his betrothed, and she followed him into the garden to persuade him to stay a little longer.

"Florio," said Francesca, "go not yet; I feel heavy at heart, and I want thy presence to cheer me. The late strange accounts of the herdsmen have disturbed me. Who knows whether we may meet again? Stay, I beseech thee!"

"Dearest," replied Florio, smiling, "thy generally firm mind has taken unwarrantable alarm. Did I think there was cause for real danger, not for the universe would I quit thee; but I see no grounds for apprehension. In a month, after the exhibition of my picture, which I would not miss, I will joyfully return to claim thee. Be of good cheer, and give me a kiss at parting. I must be far on my way before nightfall."

"Be it so, then. Farewell, Florio; and may our Holy Mother protect us both!"

"Amen!" said Florio, as he drew her to his bosom, where she wept briefly, but passionately.

They parted, and he walked with a hasty step down the garden path, when Francesca ran after him to give him a last kiss—"That for thy mother," said she, "with a daughter's most affectionate regards."

"Bless thee, my beloved!" said Floria, returning the kiss, and went upon his way.

For an hour or two Francesca felt stupified, and almost unconscious of outward things, but she rallied, and reproached herself for her weakness in giving way to her foreboding fears. Towards evening, the people of Pleurs, as if to make up for many days' loss of pleasure, thronged in the open sunny air. Pastimes and amusements of a various character commenced with great spirit. Here were music, and dancing, and singing; there puppet exhibitions, and the ingenious, though extemporary tales of the *improvisatori*. Here were lovers in amorous dalliance under the shadow of the olive and the vine; there groups of children enjoying themselves in their own boisterous but innocent way. The sounds of song and applause, jest and laughter, with the delicious tones of never-ceasing music, pervaded the air and banished all melancholy thought. It might have been an especial festival, so heartily and so universally did the people enter into the business of pleasure. Francesca joined her friends, and partook of the general joy. She was astonished at her own light-heartedness, after her late mental depression; but human nature is often subject to extremes. The sun set gorgeously, and the moon and stars came forth in more than common beauty and brightness. Never before did they seem to shine so clearly and so placidly. It was a delicious night, redolent of perfumes, and clothed with more than wonted splendour. The amusements went on with unabated vigour till near midnight, when, after many

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plans and engagements to continue the festivities on the morrow, the people gradually retired to rest, and were still. Still, yet not wholly silent, was the scene; the tinkling of a solitary guitar, the scarcely audible sigh of the breeze, and the low musical babble of the Maira, were the only sounds. Calm and holy was the aspect of the heavens, the moon gliding quietly westward from star to star, and now and then plunging her silvery forehead in the billows of the snowy clouds, while Mount Conto overlooked the little city with a grand and solemn mien, and seemed as stedfast as the foundations of the earth.

Towards morning, but before it was yet dawn, the people of the neighbouring villages and towns were startled from sleep by a great roar, which resounded far over the country, like thunder reverberated from cloud to cloud. After sunrise crowds were collected on the spot where Pleurs last night was seen, but now seen no more. A dreary canopy of mist and dust hung over the place. One half of Mount Conto had fallen, a stupendous avalanche of rocks, earth, and trees, sheer on the devoted town, and buried it, with its three thousand unsuspecting inhabitants, to the depth of several hundred feet. The remaining half of the mountain stood, like a gigantic tombstone, at the head of the mighty sepulchre. Not a signal was heard, not a moment's warning given, but at once, and for ever, the unconscious sleepers were shut out from the breathing world. The dreadful news sped like lightning for scores of miles round, and before the evening of that fatal day, thousands were there, gentle and simple, working to get at the ruins for very life, but in vain. Nor avarice, nor curiosity, nor love, nor all human ingenuity combined, could ever reach them more.

Among the multitudes who came, connected more or less with the entombed inhabitants of Pleurs, (alas! how significant its name *now!*) there were many heart-rending evidences of sorrow, agony, and despair. But we have only to do with one in our story. Wild, breathless, disordered, and travel-soiled, came Florio, the young artist. As he neared the spot, loud lamentations, with cries of—"Not one has escaped; not one, dead or alive, can be found!" smote on his ear. When he saw the ruins, he *stood* still as a statue, gazing on the scene with eyes that seemed to be starting from their sockets—not a word did he utter, not a tear did he shed—but at length he staggered, and fell senseless on the ground. He was promptly assisted, and restored to consciousness; but the great shock, acting upon a delicate frame and a most sensitive soul, was too much, and reason had fled for ever. With an instinctive stubbornness, however, he would not quit the spot. Calmly and harmlessly, he mingled among the excavators, calling mournfully for Francesca, and lifting aside huge stones with preternatural strength. Being known, his mother was sent for to watch over him. She came; but all her endeavours to take him away were fruitless. She, therefore, took a dwelling in the neighbourhood, and remained with him. After a time, the excavations were abandoned, as being wholly without avail; but poor Florio still continued to wander over that great sepulchre, sketching upon the rock grotesque figures, mingled with the yet remembered lineaments of his lost Francesca. He would go moaning about, sometimes sketching, sometimes digging the earth up with his hands, but incessantly murmuring—"Come, my beloved, my picture has made my fame, and our wedding day is near; come, Francesca, I am lonely without thee; where dost thou tarry so long?" Thus he lived for a few years; but his unwearied exertions, and his unseasonable exposure to all the elements, brought him prematurely to the grave, a lamented wreck, a noble ruin of genius and sorrow.

One hundred and seventy years have elapsed since that singular, sudden, and overwhelming catastrophe. The spot where stood the little merry city of Pleurs, is covered with green fields, waving trees, and a few herdmen's huts. The river Maira still murmurs there, but in a different channel, and the remaining portion of Mount Conto stands like a headstone over the grave of Pleurs.

Hospitality is commanded to be exercised even towards an enemy when he cometh to thine house. The tree doth not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter.

In jealousy there is more love of *self* than of any one else.

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CHAUCER.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL.

Chaucer! bright day-star of our English song—
Blest patriarch of England's minstrelsy!
Enduring honours unto thee belong;
For all our bards must homage pay to thee,
As father of their strains. In darkest days
Of Albion's ignorance, thou didst sing the lays
That will not die until "the crack of doom:"
For thou hadst love for Nature and the true,
And well the worth of honest Wickliffe knew,
And how priests traffick'd for the basest ends.
Pity it is that, ere thou found the tomb
A shelter from all harms, thy truth should be
The cause of bondage* and of poverty
To thee, who numbered Petrarch 'mongst thy friends!

* Alluding to his imprisonment in the Tower.

Stokesley.

SUMMER:

A SKETCH IN VERSE.

Inscribed to J. C. Prince, author of "Hours with the Muses," &c.

Apollo's brightly golden orb was climbing up the sky
To gaze upon far distant worlds in method rolling by:
The glowing stars had vanished all, like dew before the sun,
While he alone remain'd to rule,—his stated course to run.

His welcome gleam far onward thrown to light our glorious world,
Was mirror'd on the Ocean's breast, where rolling waves upcurled,
Painted the flow'rs of wood and dale,—of mountain seldom trod,
Which spake in words unheard, but seen, of an all-gracious God!

The bee was roaming in his beams,—the bird was singing praise,—
The little silver-tinted rill was murmuring grateful lays;
While Nature's lyre was sweetly struck to tune a holy song
In praise of God and goodness all—in blame of Sin and Wrong.

Upward,—still up the sun creeps on to paint with crimson hue
Stream, mountain, vale, secluded dale, and sky of purest blue,
Upward,—still up the sunbeams climb in glory-gilded light,
Then gradually sink they down behind the veil of Night.

Thus, from a Summer Morning's view, a lesson let us learn,
The lowly and the trodden-down to love and never spurn!
For Fortune's sun will oft-times smile at Morn, and seldom leave
One little glimmer of his light at Life's last parting Eve!

Notting Hill, London. F. G. Lee.

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LANCASHIRE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY JOHN EVANS.

The vulgar, democratic, and repulsive "workshop of England" is no longer held at the discount to which it has hitherto been subjected. The position it has attained demands our respect and attention. Despite its smoke and gloom, its pale and care-worn factory operatives, its seasons of commercial misfortune and public trouble, its rough and uncouth expression, its visitations of social misery political contention,—it has secured to itself a position and influence unequalled by any other province in the community. As a seat of immense wealth and power, it stands unparalleled; and it is not only acknowledged as such in our own land, but throughout the civilized world. Wherever the ingenuity of Lancashire artizanship has shown itself—wherever the merchant princes of England have conveyed their stores, in the cities of the far East or the isles of the Mediterranean—in the realms of "Celestial China" or the marts of Hindostan—in Western Europe or South America—Lancashire asserts its mechanical achievements and industrial greatness. Viewed either in the extent of its commercial operations or the vastness of its population, in the greatness of its wealth or the developments of its mechanical genius, it is an object of deep interest. Wherever we turn, we meet with some manifestation of its greatness, with some object to excite our wonder and interest. Thousands of factories pregnant with busy life, with loom and spindles in one ceaseless whirl of activity; dye-houses, print-works, and bleach-crofts with men, women, and children busily engaged in their multifarious callings; foundries and mechanic-shops, with their ponderous engines, boilers, and furnaces; docks with thousands of vessels receiving their cargoes for all parts of the globe; railways running in every direction and canals extending their course to every important district; marts thronged with bustling trades from every civilized clime; and a multitude of other prominent objects, sufficiently indicative of the wealth and power centred in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. To a stranger whose knowledge may have scarcely extended beyond the metropolis, such a concentration of human industry must be a source of wonder. The gay world of London knows little of the busy world of Manchester or Liverpool, and it is only by coming in direct contact with Lancashire industrialism that it can be sensible to its magnitude.

The present greatness of Lancashire is no more remarkable than the rapidity with which it has arrived at its position. Lancashire in the eighteenth and Lancashire in the nineteenth century present as remarkable a difference as we shall find in the records of any locality. Without consulting any statistical data, we may see the rapid strides made even within the last fifteen or twenty years. The increase in every department of labour is apparent. The number of hands employed, and the quantity of work turned out, compared with former periods, leaves no doubt of the rapid progress of the manufacturing districts. Notwithstanding the efforts of foreign competition, Lancashire has flourished along in its industrial career. Imbued with a true spirit of progress, its people have never been dismayed by any obstacle. The same principle of industrial perseverance—of determined self-advancement, that has characterized the career of some of its more eminent characters, seems to stimulate the community at large. An earnest determination to be forward in the field of industry, is the main feature of Lancashire progress. One man, an operative in a mill, gets into a shed and erects a few looms; by dint of self-advancement he becomes the most extensive and wealthiest mill-owner in the district. Another, equally obscure, manages to discover some fresh preparation in the use of dye, and makes his own and his master's fortune. Another, a poor ill-clad mechanic, conceives some improvement in the construction of a machine, and rises into eminence. Examples of this description are to be found without end, and may be said to form a key-stone to the history of Lancashire progress. Wherever an opportunity has presented itself to the industry of its people it has always been turned to advantage. "Labour! all labour is noble and holy!" has been the motto of Lancashire people, and hence its prodigious studies to its present exalted

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position. The extent of manufacturers at the present period is prodigious. Even in 1836 the number of mills was 884, employing about 140,000 hands. The increase since that period, especially in cotton establishments, is entirely beyond the proportion of former periods. Travelling through Manchester and its outskirts, in Blackburn, Bolton, Oldham, Preston, Ashton, Rochdale, and numerous smaller districts, one would imagine, to see the numbers and extent of the mills, that they gave employment to one half of England. And many of these ponderous piles are the result of a few years industry and enterprise, and most of them worked by men who have commenced life with little or no capital. Could we enquire into the history of every employer of five-and-twenty years standing, we should find them, for the most part, to be of lowly origin. Few of the sons of wealthy mill-owners, when they have received their portion, think of investing it in their fathers' business. The father has sprung from an undignified family, and those who succeed him, in his industry and enterprise, are of the same degree. Mere wealth or mere monied capital has not been the main cause of Lancashire progress; it has found its origin in the bones and sinews of its sturdy people.

The progress of Lancashire in a moral and intellectual point of view has been commensurate with its commercial advancement. A spirit of self-advancement is as manifest in the work of moral and mental culture as in the daily business of life. The numerous Mechanic's Institutions, Lyceums, Athenæums, &c., connected with the country, form a very striking index to the march of intelligence and morality. Almost every small district boasts of its literary institution, with its well-selected library, entertaining lectures, and instructive classes; and where the district is too limited in its means to support an institution, employers have either maintained a free library for their work-people, or the work-people, by subscriptions of a penny or two-pence per week, have maintained one for themselves. Samuel Bamford, in a series of interesting letters, which have recently appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*, has furnished several gratifying details of the efforts made by the working-classes in the southern division in the cause of self-improvement. In districts, to which one would attach the most deplorable ignorance, Bamford has discovered traits of mental exertion creditable to many large towns. In our own rambles in the outskirts of Manchester, we have frequently come across these small but useful libraries of working men, and felt astonished at the taste and discrimination exercised in the selection of books. Libraries of this description, instituted by a band of poor operatives, are objects of considerable interest, inasmuch as they evidence, even in the most remote and uncultivated districts, a growing taste for higher pleasures than those of the tap-room or dram-shop. Whatever may be urged against the vice and depravity associated with life in a mill, we believe there is generally among the operatives a secret yearning for more cultivated pursuits. In many instances we have found this developed. The greasy jacket and soiled skin have often concealed a mind well versed in mathematics, botany, music, or political economy. A taste for reading and study is a prominent characteristic of the Lancashire operative. An affecting instance of this occurred a few weeks back in Manchester. A large mill, while the hands were employed, took fire, which rapidly communicated itself to every part of the building. One of the hands, a young man about nineteen, discovered, on making his escape from the mill, that he had left behind a copy of Euclid's Problems. Rather than lose this, to him, treasured volume, he ascended to his room, in one of the highest stories, and in his attempt to save the book lost his life. An extensive cultivation of music among the people is not the least cheering sign of their advancement. We believe music is more generally cultivated in Lancashire than in any other county. In Manchester alone, Mainzer and Mr. Weston have many thousands of pupils, most of whom at their general gatherings, evidence considerable taste and ability. We have very rarely heard anything approaching bad or even mediocre singing in our churches and chapels. Family Music, with regular well-conducted part-singing, is a common feature in the remotest districts. While our large towns have been infested with singing-saloons and similar haunts of vice and depravity, many laudable efforts have been made to provide concerts for the people in places apart from the sale of intoxicating drinks. These, got up with real musical

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taste, have generally been attended with success. Mr. H. B. Peacock, has instituted a winter series of weekly concerts in the Free Trade Hall for the working-classes, who have duly appreciated in overflowing audiences the excellence of the movement. Similar steps have been taken in Liverpool and other towns, and been accompanied with the same success. In the cultivation of art and science, (especially the latter) the people of Lancashire have shown much advancement, Our exhibitions of art, and schools of design, bear numerous evidences of mature genius and talent. Young men from the counting-house desk, operatives from the loom, and mechanics from the machine-shop, are the preponderating members of our schools of design. Then, we have our self-taught botanists, mathematicians, and naturalists,—men who have frequently risen to eminence, and sometimes to an European fame. Eaton, Hodgkisson, William Fairbairn, John Kennedy, Richard Roberts, and a host of other notables of mechanical genius, have all arisen from poor estate. The cultivation of scientific enquiry in the humblest walks of society, shows much for the cause of intellectual progress. Chemistry, as an important auxiliary to the pursuit of some labours, is closely and extensively studied. In all the useful sciences, Lancashire has progressed with remarkable rapidity. What it may not have done in art or literature it has more than compensated for in the sciences. Literature, however has not been neglected. Prince and Swain, poets of no mean degree, Bamford, the inimitable author of "Passages in the Life of a Radical," De Quincey of the famous "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," Mrs. Gaskill, the authoress of "Mary Barton;" Miss Jewsbury and Harrison Ainsworth, the clever novellists, Daniel Noble, whose work on the "Physiology of the Brain" has an European celebrity, Hepworth Dixon, author of "John Howard and the Prison World of Europe," are all of Lancashire birth and association.

Another, and not the least interesting feature in the movement of Lancashire, is the spread of buildings, societies, garden allotments, and other agents of domestic comfort and social prosperity. No people are more sensibly alive to the fact, that their social and political regeneration must be wrought by themselves, than the people of Lancashire. To this end, we find them steady and economical in their habits, limited in their desires, and applying their little savings to the purchase of small freeholds or the rental of garden allotments. Hence the political power that has grown and is growing in Lancashire. The political ascendency of Lancashire is not based on a straw. It is the result of real intelligence—of a combination of efforts among the people to gain a position and maintain it. The exertions made here, within the last ten or fifteen years, in the cause of reform and progress, are unsurpassed. In the advocacy of commercial freedom, religious liberty, national education, ragged and industrial schools, dimunition of the hours of labour, reformation of the criminal code and penal laws, abolition of slavery, national arbitration, and encouragement of every branch of industry, Lancashire has stood forward with a bold and determined front. Prompted by the same spirit of enterprise that has hitherto characterized its movements, urged by the same instinct of self-advancement that has contributed to its present position, with increased intelligence and fresh appliances, Lancashire gives fair promise of being the most formidable bulwark of our national greatness.

ADDRESS*

WRITTEN BY J. C. PRINCE,

And Spoken by him at the Ancient Shepherds' Annual Tea Party, Town Hall, Ashton-under-Lyne, on the 1st of January, 1846.

Mid the gleam and the gladness of waters and vales
That fling a proud charm o'er the realm of old Wales;
In a cot that hung midway 'tween mountain and moor,
Where silence and solitude guarded the door—

* Though this piece was written four years ago, it may be said to be appropriate at all times. I, therefore, at the request of a few friends, insert it here. A portion of it might be made into a Recitation.

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Dwelt Ruthin, the Shepherd, as honest a hind
As e'er breasted the tempest, or battled the wind!
Rude, hardy, yet gentle, good-humoured and brave,
Ever ready to succour, and reckless to save:
With a heart full of love, and a soul full of mirth—
A simple, unpolished, free child of the earth!
Though his dwelling was lonely, and lowly, and bare—
Though his raiment was weather-worn—scanty his fare;
Enough for to-day set him proof against sorrow,
He knew not, he sought not, the ills of to-morrow
For a faithful, and frugal, a village born wife,
Who strengthened his fortitude—softened his life;
And children—a comely, but boisterous, race,
Came fondly about him and gladdened the place!
And nightly with earnestness, sometimes with tears,
He prayed for the peace of his young mountaineers.
But, alas! o'er his threshold stepped sickness one day,
And Death followed after with dread and dismay,—
Touched the heart of the mother, so watchful and mild,—
Put his hand on the brow of the lovliest child;
And the husband—the father—stood soul stricken there,
In a motionless, voiceless, and tearless despair!
Till his little ones shook his sad spirit with cries,
And the fulness of sorrow o'erflowed at his eyes.
In the palace where plenty and splendour abide,
Death may veil his sad form in the trappings of pride;
But in the lorn hovel where penury reigns,
How awful his aspect, how piercing his pains!
Poor Ruthin, o'erwhelmed and bewildered with woe,
Sank prostrate, for poverty doubled the blow.
Desponding and destitute, where could he crave
The last solemn boon of a coffin and grave?
But God sent him succour: from hamlet and glen
Came rough-handed, kind-hearted, poor, patient men;
And each from the mourner took part of his grief,
And each brought his tribute of timely relief;—
And the mother was laid, with the child on her breast,
In the shadow and stillness of hallowed rest;
But never did Ruthin grow cold at the deed,
Or shut up his heart to a brother in need.
This "short simple annal" of life may pourtray
By its homely example, our purpose to-day:
For we, too, though Shepherds but only in name,
Each to each in our sorrows would practise the same!
With the deeds of our Virgin-born Pastor in view,
We are bound in a covenant steadfast and true;
In a brotherly compact of peace to sustain
The trouble-tried spirit that bows to its pain;
To enter where sickness appaleth the poor,
And keep foe and famine aloof from the door:
To give to misfortune e'en more than a tear—
To watch by the death-bed, and wait on the bier!
To comfort the widow, the orphan to guide,
And all without falsehood or folly or pride;
Save that honest pride which the conscience forgives,
As it pleads for the lowliest being that lives.

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No sword flashes proudly at Shepherdry's gate,—
No symbols of mystery garnish our state,—
No banners hang round us in foolish array,—
No words cabalistic mislead or betray!
Benevolence needeth not these to proclaim
Its feelings and doings, its purpose and name;
It is simple in manner, and humble in mien;
It is earnest in private, in public serene;
In action 'tis strenuous, kindly, and warm,
It is ready to plan, it is prompt to perform:
It seeketh not honour, it asketh not praise,
It is deaf to our whisper, and blind to our gaze.
If its conscience approve what its bounty hath given,
It is happy on earth, it is hopeful of heaven!
Benevolence bids us, with thankful delight,
To hail you as friends on this festival night;
This night of the newly-born year, when the mind
More than wont is consoling, confiding and kind!
And ye will not forget, on the calm-coming morrow
The heirs of misfortune, and suffering, and sorrow:
For ye come here to help, to encourage, to bless
With your heart-given tribute, the child of distress;
And still let this beautiful truth be believed—
"That a blessing bestowed is a blessing received."
But doth not the spirit of pity appear?
The peri is present, the angel is here,
In the hearts of the men who have toiled with success
To solace affliction, and lighten distress;—
'Tis here, in fair woman's compassionate glance,
It will breathe in the music, and move in the dance;
It glows in the bosom, unmixed with alloy,
Of all who are friends to this generous joy.
Before I return to the world and its care,
Be this my sincerest, my holiest prayer!
May the Christian exhort, and the patriot appeal,
Till God shall awaken new hearts that can feel;—
New hands that will open obedient to heaven,
And scatter what God hath abundantly given:
May the idols of self from their altars be hurled,
And the spirit of Charity govern the world!

INNOCENCE AND CRIME.

AN ANECDOTE.

A benevolent old gentleman—the late Mr. Harcourt Brown, of Beech Hall—was plodding his way home to his hotel from a ramble in the suburbs of London; and having made a *bold attempt* at a "short cut," soon found himself in a maze of squalid streets, leading one into the other, and apparently leading nowhere else. He inquired his way in vain. From the first person he received a coarse jest; from another, a look of *scant stupidity*; a third eyed him in dogged silence. He stepped with one foot into several wretched little shops; but the people seemed to know nothing beyond the next street or alley, except one man, a dealer in tripe, of a strange, earthy colour, who called over *his shoulder*. "Oh, you're miles out of your way!" The only exception to the general indifference, rudeness, and stupidity, was a thin sallow-cheeked man, who had a fixed smile on his face, and spoke in rather an abject cringing tone of obsequious-

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ness, and even walked up one street, and down a second, to show Mr. Brown the way. But it soon became evident that he knew nothing about the matter, and he slunk away with the same fixed unmeaning smile.

In this state of affairs Mr. Brown buttoned up his coat, and manfully resolved to work his way out of this filthy locality by walking straight forward.

Trudging onward at a smart pace, the worthy gentleman presently heard the sound of sobbing and crying, and behind the boards of a shed, at the side of a ruined hovel he saw a girl of some nine or ten years of age, clasping and unclasping her hands in a paroxysm of grief and apprehension. "Oh, what *shall* I do—what *shall* I do?" sobbed the child.

She started with terror as Mr. Brown approached, and hid her hands in the folds of her little apron; but on being assured by the mild voice of Mr. Brown that he had no thought of hurting her, she ventured to look up. She had soft blue eyes, flaxen hair of a silvery glossiness, pretty features; and, notwithstanding the stain of tears down a cheek which had a smear of brick-dust upon it, had a most innocent and prepossessing face.

"What is the matter, my little girl?" inquired Mr. Brown.

The child turned one shoulder half round, and displayed the red and purple marks of a whip or stick.

"What cruel wretch has done this?" asked Mr. Brown, "Tell me, child; tell me directly."

"It was mother," sobbed the child.

"Ah—I am sorry to hear this. Perhaps you have been naughty?"

"Yes, sir," answered the child.

"Poor child!" ejaculated Mr. Brown. "But you will not be naughty again. What was your offence. Come, tell me."

"I shook it, sir. Oh, yes, it is quite true; I did shake it very much."

"What did you shake?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"I shook the doll, sir."

"The doll! Oh, you mean you shook the baby; that, certainly, was naughty of you."

"No, sir, it was not the baby I shook—it was the doll; and I am afraid to go home—mother will be sure to beat me again."

An impulse of benevolence led Mr. Brown's hand to search for his purse. Had he tried the wrong pocket? His purse was on the other side. No, it was not—it must be in this inner pocket. Where *is* Mr. Brown's purse? It is not in any of his pockets! He tries them all over again. And his pocket-book!—chiefly of memorandums, but also having a few bank-notes. This is gone too—and his silk handkerchief—both his handkerchiefs!—also his silver-gilt snuff-box, filled with rappee—he is certain he had it when he came out—but it is certainly gone! Every single thing he had in his pockets is gone.

The child also—now *she* is gone! Mr. Brown looks around him, and yonder he sees the poor child flying with frequent looks behind of terror,—and now a shrill and frightful voice causes him to start. Turning in that direction, the sudden flight of the little girl is immediately explained. Over the rubbish and refuse, at a swift, wild pace, courses a fiendish woman, with a savage eye and open mouth: her cheeks hollow, her teeth projecting, her thin hair flying like a bit of mane over her half-naked shoulder; she has a stick in her hand, with which she constantly threatens the flying child, whom her execrations follow yet more swiftly than her feet.

Mr. Brown remained watching them till they were out of sight. He once more searched all his pockets, but they were all empty. He called to mind the man with the fixed smile on his hollow cadaverous cheek, and several other men whom he had casually noticed in the course of the last half hour, thinking what a pity it was that something could not be done for them. He now began to think that it was a very great pity that something had not *already* been done for them or with them, for they had certainly "done" him. Poor Mr. Brown!

Some six or seven months after this most disagreeable adventure, it chanced Mr.

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Brown was going over the prison at Coldbath Fields, accompanied by the governor As they entered one of the wards, the voice of a child sobbing, attracted the ears of our philanthropist. In answer to his inquiries, the governor informed him that it was a child about eleven years of age, who had been detected in the act of picking a lady's pocket in one of the most crowded thoroughfares.

On a few kind words being spoken to her, she looked up; and in the blue eye, glossy flaxen hair, and pretty features, Mr. Brown at once recognized the little girl who had "shaken the doll."

"This child is an innocent creature," cried he, turning to the governor, "the victim of ignorance and cruel treatment at home. I recollect her well. Her mother had beaten her most shamefully; and the last glimpse I had of her was in her flight from a still more savage assault. And for what crime do you suppose?"

"For not picking pockets expertly, I dare say," replied the governor.

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Mr. Brown "Would you believe it, sir; it was for nothing more than a childish bit of pretence-anger at her doll, on which occasion she gave the doll a good shaking. Mere pretence, you know."

"My dear sir," said the governor smiling, I fancy I am right, after all. She was beaten for not being expert at the study and practice of pocket-picking at home. You are not, perhaps, aware that the lesson consists in picking the pockets of a figure which is hung up in the room, in such a way that the least awkwardness of touch makes it shake, and rings a little bell attached to it. This figure is called 'the doll.' Those who ring the bell, shake it in emptying its pockets, are punished according to the mind and temper of the instructor."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Brown, "to what perfection must this art be brought! Then it is all accounted for. The sallow gentleman with the fixed smile, must have been master of the craft of not "shaking the doll," when he took my purse, pocket-book, snuff-box, and both handkerchiefs from me, without my feeling so much as the motion of the air."—*Household Words.*

STARS.

"I stood enraptured and alone
In a strange world of beauty.—J. C. PRINCE.

Ye are beautiful, ye stars!
When in a coronal of light
Ye sparkle round the brow of night;
Each living fire doth seem a gem
In the Almighty's diadem:
When earth in holy silence sleeps,
With dew-drops every flowret weeps;
Then gazing on your rays, I see
Bright dreams of immortality.
Ye are beautiful, ye stars.

Ye are beautiful, ye stars!
As through the firmament ye roll,
With longing burns my anxious soul,
To join ye in those fields of light,
And worship there the Infinite,—
To leave the dull cold cheerless earth.
And all the pleasures it gives birth,
With ye through boundless space to soar,—
The ONE Eternal to adore.
Ye are beautiful, ye stars!

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Ye are beautiful, ye stars!
Ye tell us of a power sublime
That reigns beyond the bounds of time;
Ye speak of mercy and of heaven,
Of love unbounded, sin forgiven,
Ye curb the vain ambitious mind
That burns to be to earth confined.
Each in its path your myriads move,
A maze of harmony and love.
Ye are beautiful, ye stars!

Skirbeck. E. WATMOUGH.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JANE SHORE.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

(Concluded.)

After this exposure, it would naturally be expected, that she would be allowed to retire into privacy; but it was otherwise, for she was still kept in Ludgate prison, and in October, 1483, issued a proclamation, dated at Leicester, and in which he offers 1,000 marks in money and 100 marks a year in land; to any one who will take "Thomas, late Marquis of Dorset," whom he accused of several crimes, and amongst the rest of having "lived in actual adultery with Jane Shore."

The reason that the Marquis of Dorset was so obnoxious to Richard was, on account of his being the son of Elizabeth, the Queen of Edward IV., by her former husband. Lord Oxford has given it as his opinion, that the Lord Hastings did not keep Jane; but that the Marquis of Dorset did. We have already seen that contemporaries assert that Jane was the mistress of Hastings, and Sir Thomas More evidently believed it as well as Hall, and both of them are faithful and candid authors; but that the Marquis of Dorset kept her does not seem at all likely, for it could not be before King Edward took her, nor, during his life-time, and it could not be after, for according to Richard himself, she was living with Lord Hastings the night before his death, and ever after that she was living either in the Tower or Ludgate; so that Jane was totally at a loss to know on what grounds Lord Orford founded his opinion. Besides, after the siezure of Edward V., Dorset was in concealment, fearing the power of the Protector, and from the place of his concealment, he effected his way to the continent, where he abode until Henry VII. ascended the throne. That the unsupported testimony of the Protector is to be relied on, is monstrous. I have no doubt but this accusation was made in adultery with the concubine of his father-in-law, he being the son-in-law of Edward IV.

For some time Jane was allowed a little respite from persecution; but when she was about to enter into matrimony with Thomas Lynom, the solicitor of Richard, his righteous indignation was aroused at her desire to lead a virtuous life, and he wrote a letter to the Lord Bishop of London, Dr. John Russell, who was also Chancellor of England; and although that letter bears no date, there can be no doubt that it was written between the month of November, 1484, and August, 1485, that being the period during which the Bishop held the office of Chancellor. The following is a copy of the letter, from the Harleian Library:—

"BY THE KING.

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c., signifying unto you, that it is shewn unto us, that our servant and solicitor, Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late wife of William Shore, now being in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made contract of matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth to our full great marvel to proceed to effect the same. We, for many causes, would be sorry that he

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should be so disposed, pray you, therefore, to send for him, and in that ye godly may exhort and stir him to the contrary. And if ye find him utterly set to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertised, then, if it may stand with the law of the church, we be content (the time of marriage being deferred to our next coming to London), that upon sufficient surety found of her good abearing, ye do send for her keeper, and discharge him of our commandment, by warrant of these, committing her to the rule and guiding of her father, or any other, by your discretion in the mean season. Given, &c.

"To the Right Reverend Father in God, the Bishop of Lincoln, our Chancellor."

It is here evident that Jane was still in Ludgate, and it is more than probable that Lynom did not marry her, for Sir Thomas More speaking of her when an old woman, calls her Jane Shore. How long she continued imprisoned after this, cannot be ascertained; but it may be taken for granted, that her prison doors would be opened on the death of Richard, at Bosworth Field, August 22nd, 1485. Liberty, however, brought with it none of the comforts and splendour which she had known; and during the two years she had been confined, the circle of her friends had been narrowed by the death of many, some of them, like Hastings, had been violently taken away. Where was the kindness of those whom she had assisted in their adversity? Echo answers—Where? She had cast some bread upon the waters, but she had found it not again, and her declining years were spent in penury; for in penury and want she lived between forty and fifty years after her release from Ludgate, her death taking place in 1533 or 1534, in the reign of Henry VIII.

The old tradition of a baker being hanged for relieving her, and of her death in a ditch, are both fictions. Shoreditch, in London, has been said to have taken its name from the fact of her having died there; but the real origin of the name was from a wealth family who resided there, namely, Sir John Shoreditch, who was Lord of the Manor, long before the birth of Jane Shore.

For half a century Jane Shore was a living example of the evils of illicit love, and the poets, dramatists, biographers, and historians, have made her for three centuries, a monitress to the erring children of passion; but alas! the lesson has been despised, for such is the human heart, that when we launch our bark on the ocean of pleasure, we dream not of shipwreck, for we neither see the sandbank nor the rock until our bark is stranded, and all is lost. Beauty thinks it is fadeless—see how fair the lily and beautiful the rose—the beauty of the lily is fading, and the rose is decaying. Sir Thomas More, describing this celebrated beauty, after describing her as she was represented in youth, proceeds to describe her as he saw her, says, "albeit some that now see her, for yet she liveth, deem her never to have been well visaged, whose judgment seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should guess the beauty of one long before departed, by her scalp, taken out of the charnel-house; for now is she old, lean, withered, and dried up, nothing left but shrivelled skin and bare bone, and yet being even such, who so well advise, contemplating her visage, might guess and devise which parts new filled would make it a fair face.

"Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing."

Hull. J.W.R.

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

(From the recent Oxford Edition of Milton's Works.)

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.
I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong.
Father supreme! to Thee.

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O merciful one!
When men are farthest, then thou art most near
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear,
Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimm'd that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.
I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.
Visions come and go!
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng:
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.
In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

PASSAGES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

BY G. SMITH.

JOE HECKY.

Among the many eccentric characters with which I have become acquainted, none were more truly eccentric than my old friend, Joseph Higginbottom, commonly called "Joe Hecky," a native of Ashton. The alarm which the French revolution of 1792 created in this neighbourhood, frequently threw him into the over-heated political atmosphere of his fellow-townsmen; for be it understood, he entirely approved of the conduct of the French, and boldly declared that Louis XVI. had fully merited his death at the hands of the public executioner. This bold and manly declaration soon awakened a spirit of revenge, and poor Joe became an object of persecution. Being fond of his glass, he frequently made his way into the company of the high church and king party, who, at one time, assembled at the Globe Tavern, where they rejoiced at the shedding of human blood; victory after victory succeeding on the part of the French.

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and Joe became almost frantic with joy. The public streets resounded with the name and praises of his favourite general (Pichegru),* where he exclaimed in the faces of his enemies—"Liberty to France, and God bless Pichegru!" Notwithstanding his strong party spirit, he was an excellent neighbour and a warm-hearted friend. Yet on more than one occasion, when returning from the Globe, about three sheets in the wind, he received the full reward of his imprudent conduct. His well-cultivated garden, too, often sustained considerable injury; but such cowardly acts he never failed to denounce publicly, and concluded a long harrangue with "Liberty to France, and God bless Pichegru!"

Joe Hecky was remarkable for his attachment to all kinds of domestic fowls, and his breed of cocks and hens was the choicest in the parish; but unfortunately his premises happened to be situated the very next to the Parsonage house. His reverence was equally as partial as Joe to his own fine flock of poultry, amongst which was a beautiful black cock, a tythe-of-a-tythe, perhaps, from some neighbouring farm, for none other than black would be permitted at the parsonage. Joe also posessed a remarkable fine one, of various colours. Having blue feathers on his wings, and his body almost red and white, he sometimes called him old tri-colour, but afterwards gave him the name of "Pichegru." Now Pichegru was very strong and powerful, and easily conquered all the cocks in the neighbourhood. After beating, one by one, all the cocks belonging to the loyal party, they scoured the country as far as Littleborough, to find a match for the old general; but, alas their disappointment was beyond description; for no sooner did they procure a fresh cock than Pichegru made a fresh conquest. Joe was so delighted at the success of the French army, and the triumphant manner his favourite cock walked his rounds, crowing and bidding defiance to all the loyal dung hills in the town, that he could not contain himself. His stentorian voice resounded far and wide with "Liberty to France, and Pichegru for ever!" Forgetting and forgiving the many petty annoyances to which he was subjected. At length the old veteran had the audacity to bat his sacriligeous wings, and crow before the barn-door of the parsonage, in the year of our Lord, 1793. What evil genius induced him to leave his own democratical dominions, with a view to usurp the throne of the prince of black vampires, I know not; however, he attacked and killed the parson's black cock. This untoward event proved the downfall of Pichegru.

Notwithstanding Joe's generous offer to procure for his reverence another cock, equally as black, and quite as strongly attached to the principles of church and state, his reverence pronounced an anathema, and the church and king mob responded Amen! aye, and just the very prototye of that mob which destroyed the house and premises of the good Dr. Priestly, about the same period, at Birmingham. A few days after the death of the prince of black vampyres, his Majesty's loyal subjects, of Ashton, held a public meeting, when a resolution was passed to make a crusade against Joe Hecky's tri-coloured cock. The auspicious day at length arrived, and the church and king mob assembled on the Gallows-field, where they arrayed themselves in fighting order, and boldly marched towards Scotland-brook, the territory of General Pichegru, and without meeting with the least opposition, crossed the border near the Blue Bell, while a strong detachment stationed themselves at the wicker-gate, leading to the parsonage-house, to prevent his escape; for it was rumoured that our good king had offered a large reward for his head; and some people went so far as to say that he stood excommunicated by the Right Reverend the Archbishop of Canterbury; but I will not take upon myself to vouch for the truth of the report: for it is very well known that when party spirit runs high people are not very judicious in the choice of words.

> "Revenge! revenge! the Saxon cried;
> The Gaels exulting shouts replied;
> Despite the elemental rage,
> And now they hurried to engage!"—LADY OF THE LAKE.

Such a display of pitchforks, flails, and churn-staves as never appeared since the days of Hudibras were displayed on that occasion. Colliers, weavers, hatters, and black-

* General Pichegru was the Commander of the French army in Holland.

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smiths, brought up the rear guard of the army, which consisted of all the rabble of the town, led on by those upon whom a better education had been bestowed,

Joe's courage, which had been tried as a British sailor, and which had never failed him, even at the cannon's mouth, when fighting the battles of his country, gave way a little, and he condescendingly requested to know what they wanted upon his premises. A stout Church and King man, who, for the honour of his family shall be nameless, advanced towards him, and in the name of his Britannic Majesty, King of the Western Isles, Defender of the Faith, demanded the head of General Pichegru. Joe swore by him that created him, he would sooner sacrifice his own. At this moment Pichegru appeared upon the wall, batted his wings, and gave a shrill crow, entirely unconscious of the fate that awaited him; upon which a terrific shout resounded from every part of the crowd, when old tri-colour gave another crow upon the wall, for he always disdained the dung-hill. The enraged mob could no longer restrain their fury, and at once commenced the attack. Pichegru, seeing their superior force, betook himself to flight through the parson's garden, where he gave another crow of defiance in the face of his enemies. On he flew, with wide expanded wings, followed by the formidable array of the loyalists, shouting and brandishing their weapons, like an army of wild Indians. The retreat of General Pichegru would have done honour to the great Captain of our day, "the hero of a hundred fights." But alas! after a close pursuit for nearly a mile in the direction of the Chamber-hills, his strength gave way, and poor Pichegru fell a victim to the fury of the Church and King mob, whose extravagant joy knew no bounds. He was placed upon the point of a huge pitchfork, and borne at the head of a large procession,

"From the field of his fame fresh and gory,

to the market cross, where his body was torn to pieces by those barbarians, for they deserve no better name. The ceremony was at length concluded with the then popular song of

"We'll decapitate the Jacobins, and hang Tom Paine."

STANZAS.

ON THE DEATH OF THE WIFE OF COR. SEC. WILLIAM HALL; WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 28TH OF MARCH, 1850.

The traveller in desert lands,
Amid the inhospitable sands,
  Pines for the limpid stream,
With parching lip, and languid brow,
He feels its priceless value now,
  And makes it all his dream.

So I, departed wife, perceive
More clearly now the things that grieve
  My lone and widowed breast;
Thy presence gone, thy trials o'er,
I feel thy value more and more,
  And know nor joy nor rest.

Morn has no cheerfulness for me,
At noon I find no sympathy,
  No balsam for my woes;
When evening comes, I sit and pine
For the calm comfort which was mine,
  And night brings no repose.

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Friends may be kind, and children true,
May strive my sorrow to subdue,
And lighten my distress,
But nought can match thy faithful zeal,
Thy interest in my worldly weal.
Thy household watchfulness.

Who shall console with kindly voice,
Who shall rejoice when I rejoice,
So truthfully as thou?
Alas! I little thought to bear
The gloom, despondency, and care
Which weigh upon me now!

Time may assuage these pangs of mine,
But my sad soul can ne'er resign
Fond memories there impressed;
Meanwhile, I bow me to the rod,
And hope that in the realms of God
Thou art received and blest.

SALMAGUNDI.

A Living Suspension Bridge.—"They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul. "How!—swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there." "Oh, no," answered the Frenchman; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it." "Bridge it! and how?" "Stop a moment, captain, you shall see." The half human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old grey chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the *comadreja*, or ring-tailed tribe. One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued and fatigue parties were detached, and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the comadrejos—engineers no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *avroyo*. At length they all collected round a tall cotton-wood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on until the last upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lower-monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscilliating curve. Several others upon the limbs aided the movement. This continued till the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to wit-

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ness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain! The troop was now on the other side; but how were the animals forming the bridge to get over? This was the suggestion which suggested itself. Manifestly by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbours, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position nearly horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, whilst the higher ones leaped up the branches, and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapperal, and disappeared!—*Captain Reid's Adventures in Southern America.*

Celestial Orbs.—The magnitude of most of these masses is prodigous. The diameter of the planet Saturn is about seventy-eight thousand miles, and that of his outer ring more than two hundred and four thousand. The Sun is nearly eight hundred and eighty thousand miles in diameter. It contains a quantity of matter, equal to thirteen hundred thousand globes as large as the Earth. The Comet of 1811 was calculated, by Dr. Herschel, to be one hundred and twenty-seven thousand miles in diameter, and the length of its tail to be upwards of one hundred millions. Sirius, the nearest of the fixed stars, is conjectured to be no less in diameter than the amazing extent of ninety-five millions of miles.

Abundance of Salt.—The salts which exist in solution in the sea (the greater part of which is common culinary salt) would cover all Europe and its islands and waters to the height of about 16,000 feet. Near Monsterrat, in Spain, there is a mass of compact salt 500 feet high, and 16,000 feet in circumference; and in other parts of the would there are likewise vast aggregations of the same mineral. The rock-salt of Kirman is so hard, that it is employed, like stone, for building purposes. In the famous salt-mines of Wieliczkr, in Poland, "there exists in the first or upper storey a chapel, wholly sculptured out of the salt, and dedicated to St. Anthony. This chapel is 30 feet long by 24 in breadth, and 18 in height; the altar and steps, the candelabra and other ornaments, the twisted columns that sustain the roof, the pulpit, the crucifix, and the statues of the Virgin and St. Anthony, are all sculptured in salt, as is also a statue of Sigismund, king of Poland."

James Watt's Boyhood.—A friend of Mr. Watt one day, came upon young James, stretched upon the ground, tracing with chalk all sorts of cross lines. "Why do you suffer this child thus to trifle away his time?" exclaimed the visitor; "send him to school." "You will do well to delay your judgment," said the father; "before condemning him, be good enough to find out his occupation." The harsh judgment was speedily reversed. The child of six was solving a problem in geometry. "James," said Mrs. Muirhead, one day, to her nephew, "I never saw any boy more given to trifling than you are; can't you take a book, and employ yourself usefully? There have you been sitting a whole hour without speaking a single word. Do you know what you have been about all this time? You have done nothing but shut and open, and open and shut, the lid of the tea-kettle: and first, you have put the saucer in the steam from the spout, and then you have held the silver tea-spoon in it; and then you have done nothing but pore over them, and bring together the drops formed by condensation on the surface of the china or the clear spoon. Arn't you ashamed of spending your time in that way?"—*M. Arago's Eloge.*

Theodore Hook's Hoaxes.—Hook called, and in the course of conversation gave me an account of his going to Lord Melville's trial with a friend. They went early, and were engaged in conversation when the peers began to enter. At this moment a

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country-looking lady, whom he afterwards found to be a resident at Rye, in Sussex, touched his arm, and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red coming in?" "Those, ma'am," returned Theodore, "are the barons of England; in these cases the junior peers always come first." "Thank you, sir—much obliged to you: Louisa, my dear (turning to a girl about fourteen), tell Jane (about ten), those are the barons of England; and the juniors (that is the youngest you know,) always go first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home." "Dear me, ma," said Louisa, "can that old gentleman be one of the *youngest?* I am sure he looks very old." "Human nature," added Hook, "could not stand this; any one, though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax." "And pray, sir," continued the lady, "what gentlemen are these?" pointing to the bishops, who came next in order, in the dresses which they wear on state occasions—namely, the rochet and lawn sleeves over their doctor's robes. "Gentlemen, madam!" said Hook; "these are not gentlemen: these are ladies, elderly ladies—dowager peeresses in their own right." The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying, as plain as eye can say, "Are you quizzing me or no?" Not a muscle moved; till at last, tolerably well satisfied with her scrutiny, she turned round and whispered, "Louisa, dear, the gentleman says that these are elderly ladies, and dowager peeresses in their own right: tell Jane not to forget that." All went on smoothly, till the speaker of the House of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes. "Pray sir," said she, "and who is that fine looking person opposite?" "That, madam," was the answer, "is Cardinal Wolsey!" "No, sir," cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, "we knows a little better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year." "No such thing, my dear madam, I assure you," replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural; "it has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation; in fact, those rascally newspapers will say anything." The good old gentlewoman appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes to the full extent, and gasped like a dying carp. Seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried, without a word, from the spot.—*Third Series of the Ingoldsby Legends.*

THE BURIED TOWN OF PLEURS.—A spot which was to me one of the most interesting in all my rambles, was where the village of Pleurs, with about 2,500 inhabitants, was overwhelmed, in the year 1618, by the falling of a mountain. This terrific avalanche took place in the night, and was so sudden, complete and overwhelming, that not only every soul perished, but no trace whatever of the village, or of any of the remains of the inhabitants, could afterwards be discovered. The mountain must have buried the town to the depth of several hundred feet. The soil has so accumulated in the space of two hundred years, that on the surface of these ruins there are smooth, grassy fields at intervals, and the chesnuts grow everywhere. The mountains rise on either side to a great height in most picturesque peaks and outlines, and the valley is filled up with a snowy range at the north. It was a solemn thing to stand upon the tomb of twenty-five hundred beings, all sepulchred alive! No efforts have ever discovered a trace of the inhabitants—not a bone, not a vestige. It was the mount Conto that fell; the half that was left behind still rises abrupt and perpendicular over the mighty grave. It is singular enough that the town was situated itself on the tomb of another village, which had previously been overwhelmed by a similar catastrophe. For that reason it was called Pleurs—the Town of Tears. The Town of Tears was one of the gayest, richest, laughing, pleasure-loving, joyous little cities in the kingdom. It might have been named Tears because it had laughed till it cried. It had palaces and villas of rich gentlemen and nobles; for its lovely and romantic situation, and pleasant air, attracted the wealthy families to spend, especially the summer months, in so delightful a retreat. The day before the lid of their vast sepulchre fell, the people were as happy and as secure as those of Pompeii the night of the Vesuvian eruption—and much more innocent. There had been great rains. Vast masses were loosened from the mountains, and overwhelmed some rich vineyards. The herdsmen came hurrying in, to give notice that strange movements had been taking place, with alar-

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ming symptoms of some great convulsion. Nevertheless, there was no dream of what was to follow. The storm soon cleared away; the sun shone with resplendent beauty, and rose and set on the 4th of September as a bridegroom. The people lay down securely to rest, or pursued their accustomed festivities into the bosom of the night, with their plans for to-morrow; but that night the mountain fell, and destoyed them all. At midnight a great roar was heard far over the country, and a shock felt as of an earthquake, and then a solemn stillness followed; in the morning a cloud of dust and vapour hung over the valley, and the bed of the Maira was dry. The river had been stopped by the fall of the mountain across its channel, and the Town of Plesrs, with the village of Celano, had disappeared for ever. All the excavations of all the labourers that could be collected failed to discover a single vestige of the inhabitants or of their dwelling-places. The miners could not reach the cathedral for its gold and jewels; and there they lie at rest, churches and palaces, villas and hovels, priests, peasants, and nobles, where neither gold, nor love, nor superstition, nor piety, can raise them from their graves, nor have any power over them.—*Cheever's Pilgrim of the Jungfrau.*

On the Education of Idiots.—"What an occupation—the cultivation of minds all but utterly sterile! And what can repay the originators of this divine work?—unless it be the consciousness that they, and the labourers in it, are permitted to clothe with sense and reason, however limited, those whom a mysterious Providence has placed on the earth, clothed with something like brutality! The holy attempt to awake faculties hitherto dormant, to restore to themselves and to God, as it were, these lost minds, demands the praise of mankind, as the most stupendous of human endeavours,—endeavours happily not without success; gleams of intelligence shine occasionally through the mental darkness, and these, fostered during days, months, and years, have, in certain instances, increased in number, and have even become combined into a steady, continuous, mild light of reason, shining from the erewhile vacant eyes of the idiot."—*From Dr. Winslow's Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

Correct taste is always true to nature; the "beautiful appearance of the earth and heavens," the regular change of the seasons, the succession of day and night, fill the heart of him who is influenced by it with rapture. The nearer works of art approach the perfection of nature, the more consonant they are with good taste, and they command lasting and universal admiration.

In every generous mind there is a string, which if touched rightly, yields fine tones; but if struck by an unskilful hand, produces only discord.

Those who cry the loudest, have generally the least to sell.

A GLANCE AT OUR BADLY ATTENDED LODGES.

BY BR. W. J. C. THREAPLETON, P.P.C.S.

When the time appointed for opening our Lodge has arrived, there are the officers and one or two more of the members present to perform the duty of the lodge that devolves upon them; and the first business they have to transact is to appoint a delegate to represent them at the quarterly or special district meeting. Out of the number present there is one member that has been sent time after time, and he must go again and again, until he thinks that there is not another member qualified but himself. By this confidence being placed in him, he becomes a master instead of a servant; and this is the way that errors creep into the lodges', districts', and order's accounts and affairs, and by this system of conducting our lodge and district matter, it is generally the downfall of the society; because it is not for the good and welfare of the society that they go so much for, as for the sake of getting the privilege of going, to have the honour of being a master instead of a servant; or in having that sympathy for another of his brethren to go, as he should have, that he may become as wise and as well versed in the rules and regulations of the order as he is, so that he may be as able to

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conduct and perform the duty of lodge or district properly, and with credit, as that individual who has gone so often. But this is not all the difficulty we have to contend with in our badly attended lodges—No! We have in our lodges a race of men who stand connected as members of our noble and loyal order, that are men of strife—men that are place-seekers and power-getting individuals—men that are not content in that sphere that it has pleased our Great Chief, to whom we look for all things, to place them. These are the individuals that cause all the contention, strife, and malice to arise in lodges, districts, and the order in general; they are never right but when they are agitating the minds of our peaceful brethren without cause; these are the very individuals that have been, and are instrumental, of so many different creeds and societies, both sick and others, to be formed in the land, by their uneasy, selfish, and power-getting dispositions. They cannot be of a humble and peaceful mind—No! They must be constantly keeping their lodge, district, and the order in general in contention, strife, envy, and malice. But if members will attend to their lodge-duty as they ought, they will soon settle with those individuals, and make them more useful and brighter ornaments of society; because they will begin to look into the character, conduct, and abilities of their member, before they return him so often to office, as they have done, and will begin to look into that equality they should do, then the abilities will be properly appreciated, and their conduct well looked into, whether they carry with them a peaceful, kind, and benevolent disposition, or not; or whether they are men that are possessed of mischievous and malicious principles; for, depend upon it, if such wolves once get into the fold amongst the sheep, they will scatter them in the wilderness, and the good shepherd will have something to do to gather them back into his bosom, that he may feed and clothe them with that food and knowledge which every true and faithful shepherd must and shall have. Then, and not until then, will the lodges be properly conducted, and their funds be equally distibuted amongst their members, so that there will be no complaining amongst us that one has received more talents and privileges than another. No! Let us place each upon an equal footing, that it may be said,—"well done good and faithful servant," then peace and harmony will prevail, and brotherly love will continue to be at home as well as abroad, so that it may be said that Shepherdry is worthy of that name they bear and claim.

In such a lodge as this, where members attend and perform the duties properly, and with peace and pleasure, all will work one way, and pull with one string, carrying out that principle which every good and faithful shepherd ought to carry out and perform. The sick will be punctually attended to; the distressed carefully looked after, and the widow and fatherless will have a home where to lay their weary heads with pleasure, under this kind and benevolent protection, which will sound louder than the roar of cannon on the field of battle. This is the way that our Loyal and most Ancient Order must, and ultimately will, glow with that brilliance and splendour which it deserves. Brethren! be up and doing, and let us try to make it the case amongst us, that the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds may extend itself through the length and breadth of the land; that the inhabitants may hear and see that we are Shepherds both in heart and mind, and that persons who are not members of our excellent order, but who see it progressing so favourably and harmoniously, may exclaim, "I, too, will become a member of the Shepherds' society."

Brethren! In concluding these few and feeble, but well-meant, remarks, I hope and earnestly trust, that no offence will be taken from them by any brother in the order, as it is not my intention or wish to offend any one, but my earnest and sincere wish and desire is to see the Shepherds' Order placed above all orders in the land in the estimation of the public mind. So let us press onwards with firmness, harmony, peace, and concord, based on pure, equitable, and just principles.

Come, brothers, from afar,
And join this happy band,
That we may may make our Order sure
Throughout this well-known land.

Yeadon District.

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ODE:

Written for the "Ancient Shepherds' Magazine."

BY W. H. B.

Friendship! thou art the warmest gem
That glows in Nature's diadem;
Nor can we hope thy rays to find
But in a truly generous mind.
And when we find thee there
We'll press thee with a grateful hand,
And cultivate thy precepts grand,
And all thy blessings share.

Friendship! thou soul of joys refined,
Thy brow is by affection twin'd:
And Virtue does upon thee beam,
As moonlight dances on the stream
With light and silvery ray!
Thou'rt like a young, a blooming bride,
(In whom both *love* and faith reside),
Heaven-sent, to cheer our way!

Friendship! thou'rt claim'd by many a one,
Who never yet thy face has known;
Who never will have soul to feel
What thy smile doth oft reveal—
What melting joys are there.
Some own thee but to gain an end,
Who ne'er was worth the name of friend—
Benevolent and fair.

Oh! sacred Friendship! I will twine
A brother's wreath to deck thy shrine;
And buds of Faith and Christian lore
I'll sprinkle on thy temple floor,
And joyful hymn thy praise.
Truth, and light, and heaven above,
Shall be my guide to joy and love
While traversing life's maze!

Manchester, August 20th, 1850.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE MONKEY.

A gentlemen whose premises were infested by a large breed of sparrows, said they were *birds of no principle*. Of all monkeys it may be said, with much more propriety, that they are beasts of no principle; for they have every evil quality, and not one good one. They are saucy and insolent; always making an attempt to bully and terrify people, and biting those first who are most afraid of them. An impertinent curiosity runs through all their actions; they never can let things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or a kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey whips off the cover to see what she has put into it, even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet on the hot bars of the grate. Mimicry is another of the monkey's qualities. Whatever he sees men do, he must affect to do the like himself. He seems to have no rule of his own, and so is ruled by the actions of men or beasts; as weak people follow the fashion of the world, whether it be good or bad. No monkey has any sense of gratitude, but takes his victuals with a snatch, and then grins in the face of the person that gives it him, lest he should take it away again; for

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he supposes that all men will snatch away what they can lay hold of, as all monkeys do. Through an invincible selfishness, no monkey considers any individual but himself, as the poor cat found to her cost, when the monkey burned her paws with raking his chesnuts out of the fire. They can never eat together in company without quarrelling and plundering one another. Every monkey delights in mischief, and cannot help doing it when it is in his power. If any thing he takes hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces upon the pavement. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo he tears to pieces; and is is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes, when he happens to get loose. Every body has heard of the monkey whose curiosity led him to the mouth of a cannon to see how it went off, when he paid for his peeping with the loss of his head. In a ship, where a relation of mine was an officer, while the men were busy in fetching powder from below, and making cartridges, a monkey on board took up a lighted candle and ran down to the powder-room to see what they were about; but happily was overtaken just as he got to the lantern, and thrown out at the nearest port-hole into the sea, with the lighted candle in his hand. Another lost his life by the spirit of mimicry; he had seen his master shaving his own face, and at the first opportunity took up the razor to shave himself, and made shift to cut his own throat. When the wild monkeys have escaped to the top of trees, the people below show them the use of gloves, by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly; and when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they leave plenty of gloves on the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again; and when they are surprised, betaking themselves to the trees as usual, they slide backwards and are taken. A monkey who had seen his mistress upon her pillow in a nightcap, which upon her rising she pulled off and hung upon a chair, puts on the cap, lays his head upon the pillow, and by personating the lady, made himself ten times more frightful and ridiculous; as awkward people do when they *ape* their superiors, and affect a fashion which is above their sphere. A mischievous disposition is always inclined to persecution. There are minds whose greatest pleasure it is to ride and tease the minds of other people.

A late friend and neighbour of mine in the country kept a monkey who took to riding his hogs, especially one of them, which he commonly singled out as fittest for his use; and leaping upon its back, with his face towards the tail, he whipped it unmercifully, and drove it about, till it could run no longer. The hogs lived under such continual terrors of mind, that when the monkey first came abroad in the morning, they used to set up a great cry at the sight of him. A well-known nobleman once had a wild horse whom nobody could ride. "I know not what your lordship can do with him," said one, "but to set the monkey upon his back." So they put a pad on the horse, and set the monkey upon it with a switch in his hand, which he used upon the horse, and set him into a furious kicking and galloping; but Pug kept his seat and exercised his switch. The horse lay down upon the ground; but when he threw himself on one side, the monkey was up on the other: he ran into a wood with him, to brush him off; but if a tree or a bush occurred on one side, the monkey slipped to the other side; till at last the horse was so sickened and fatigued and broken-spirited, that he ran home to the stable for protection. When the monkey was removed, a boy mounted him, who managed the horse with ease, and he never gave any trouble afterwards. In all the actions of the monkey, there is no appearance of anything good or useful, nor any species of evil that is wanting them. They are, indeed, like to mankind: they can ride a pig as a man rides a horse, or better, and are most excellent jockeys; but, after all, they are only like the worst of the human species. If all the qualities of the monkey are put together, they constitute what is properly called *ill-nature*; and if any person would know what an ill-natured man is, that man is a monkey to all intents and purposes, with the addition of reason, which makes *his* character much worse, and the loss of religion and conscience, which is worst of all; for without these reason is rather a disadvantage.

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PRESENTATION.

On Saturday evening, August 11th, an aggregate meeting of the members of the Ashton and Stalybridge districts was held at the house of Mr. Councillor Grundy, Spread Eagle Inn, Ashton.

P.C.S. GEORGE SMITH was called to the Chair,

who opened the meeting in a very appropriate speech, in which he recommended the establishment of Shepherds' Libraries, Reading Rooms, Evening Schools for adults, and also Day Schools, for the children of Shepherds.

After the usual routine of toasts and sentiments, the chairman rose and addressed himself to P.C.S. Farren, in a speech replete with sound sense and good feeling. Then taking up two handsomely bound volumes of Thomas Babbington Macauley's *History of England*, he presented them to that gentleman in the name of the Ashton and Stalybridge Districts of Ancient Shepherds, as a mark of the esteem in which he is held, not only as a member of our order, but as a man and a member of society.

Mr. Thomas Kershaw, one of the district officers, followed in an energetic speech, in which he dwelt at considerable length on the qualifications, general usefulness, and the time and attention which Mr. Farren had bestowed on the interest of the order and lodge, and concluded a long and very able address by wishing Mr. Farren might live long to enrich his mind with the historical literature of Thomas Babbington Macauley, one of the greatest historians of modern times.

Mr. Farren rose to return thanks; but was evidently much affected, for it was some time before he got into his usual strain of eloquence. He dwelt at great length on the advantages of self-supporting institutions; the moral and religious duties of our brethren; the great benefits which would result from adopting the chairman's suggestions respecting adult schools and libraries, and after about forty minutes, he concluded by thanking the members of the two district for the substantial testimonial with which he had been presented. He then resumed his seat amidst several distinct rounds of applause.

The Shepherds' Band was present, and added much to the pleasures of the evening by occasionally diverting the company with a variety of their music.

There was a great disappointment felt in the non-attendance of the Bolton brethren, who were fully expected. The company broke up about half-past eleven o'clock, highly pleased with their intellectual treat.

ANNIVERSARIES.

The Anniversary of the Loyal Heart of Oak Lodge, Manchester District, was held at Host Walker's, Bridge Inn, Fairfield-street, Manchester, on Monday, August 12th, when seventy Brothers and Friends sat down to an excellent Dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, with other delicacies of the season.

After the cloth was drawn the chair was taken by P.M. John Ellis, supported by P.D.C.S. Richard Jones and Bro. Joseph Mallinson; the vice-chair by D.M. Southworth, supported by P.M. Hunt. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts being gone through, the chairman proposed the Officers of the Order, when C.S. Thomas Frith very ably responded, showing the benefits derived from our order, and explaining the cause why we are able to do more than other societies whose contributions are higher than ours, as we de ote our money to the objects for which it is really subscribed, and do not expend it uselessly. On the toast of the Loyal Heart of Oak Lodge being given from the chair, P.P.C.S. Chappell responded in a very able manner, showing the utility of institutions like ours in this community, pointing out the distress prevented by them in time of sickness; and urging on the ladies to invite their husbands and sweethearts, if not already Shepherds, to become so forthwith, before sickness overtakes them; he also alluded to the flourishing state of the lodge, whose funds are steadily increasing, and new members are fast joining it; he also gave a short sketch of the rise of Shepherdry in Manchester, in the face of many difficulties. We have added 100 members

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to our flock during last year: the new equalised Sick Fund has also been of great benefit, as it has enabled some weak lodges to keep open their sick box, which they would have been obliged to close but for it. Brother A. Fletcher, of Bolton, sung several good songs in his usual style and expressed his satisfaction at the conviviality of the meeting; the Brothers of the Lodge viewing each other in their songs and recitations, which were kept up to a late hour; and after a vote of thanks to the chairman for his able conduct was given, with three times three, the meeting broke up highly satisfied with their night's amusement.

On the 10th of August, the Officers and Members of the "Critchley Prince Lodge," Manchester District, held their Anniversary at the house of Host Chappell, New King's Arms, Charlestown, Pendleton. An efficient band was in attendance. Brother R. Willis took the chair, and gave the first toast "To the Queen, and the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds." The following among other toasts were also given:—"To the Members of the C. P. Lodge; may they grow numerous, wealthy and wise." "To the Officers of the Order." Neatly responded to by Brother T. Frith. "To the Officers of the Manchester District." Replied to by Brother Chappell.

These were interspersed with a pleasing variety of songs, recitations, music, and the exhilirating dance, and after some hours spent in harmonious and rational enjoyment, the company separated, mutually pleased with the proceedings and satisfied with each other. Occasions like these, when conducted with propriety, have a beneficial effect, inasmuch as they engender kindly feelings, extend our friendly relations, and show the order in a prosperous and favourable light. We sincerely wish that the Lodge which has done us so much honour may go on rejoicing.

Mathematics.

To the Editor of "The Ancient Shepherds' Magazine."

SIR,—On examining the solutions inserted in No. 21, your scientific readers would at once perceive the mistake by Mr. FOZARD, in calculating one-third instead of one-fourth the square of the hypothenuse, to be the square of the perpendicular. He should have said: "12544 ÷ 4 = 3136, square of the perpendicular, and 12544 — 3136 = 9408, square of the base. Under these conditions the side are, as Mr. LAWTON says, 32·333 and 18·666 yards."

Trusting you will publish these remarks for the perusal, and, I hope, instruction of Mr. FOZARD, as well as your readers in general, I am yours &c.,

W. G.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST.

Solution by W. G.

First.—The circumference of a circle equal to its area, will be unity, or, 1 divided by ·07958 = 12·56597, the diameter of which is 3·99987. The diameter of a circle equal to its area, will be unity, or, 1 divided by ·785398, = 1·2732258. Now, to find the length of the chimney, we have 3·99987 — 1·2732258 = 2·72064. Then as 1·27322 : 3·99087 :: 2·72664 : 8·56584 = *Ans.*

Second.—By the question, $12^3 \div 10 = 172{\cdot}8$ sec. = 2·88 minutes, the time required.

Solution by Mr. James Oldroyd.

Put x for the diameter of the base, then $\cdot 7854\, x\, x = 3{\cdot}1416\, x$ therefore if we divide by x we shall get $.7854\, x = 3{\cdot}1416$, then ·7854 : 3·1416 :: 1 : 4, therefore, $x = 4$ or

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the diameter of base, or 12·5664 its circumference. Now, if we put x for the circumference of the top, then ·07958 x $x = \frac{x}{3{\cdot}1416}$ or ·3183 x. Then if we divide by x, the quotient will be ·07958 x = ·3183, then ·07958 : ·31830 : : 1 : 3·9997 = x, or the circumference of the top, and 12·5664 — 3·9997 = 8·5667 then 3·9997 : 8·5667 : : 4 : 8·5673, the height of the chimney.

Solution by Mr. Joseph Fozard, Batley.

1,5 × 1,5 × 7854 × 2 × 120 = 424,116 inches, which both the feed pipes furnish in one second of time. Then 2 × 2 ×, 7854 × 120 = 376,992 inches that runs off in one second. Then 144 × 144 × 144 = 2985984 inches the cistern will contain. Then the question stands thus:

$$\frac{2985984}{424{,}116 - 376992} = 63366 \text{ seconds, or 17 hours, 36 minutes, 6 seconds.}$$

Solution by Mr. George Lawton.

First.—Suppose x = the diameter of the base, then by the nature of the question x^2, 7854 = x^3,1416, dividing by x, we have x,7854 = 3,1416, or $x = \frac{3{,}1416}{,7854} = 4$ the diameter of its base. Again, suppose x = the diameter of its top. Then we have x^2,7854 = x dividing by x we get x,7854 = 1, or $x = \frac{1}{,7854} = 1{,}2732$ the diameter of its top. Now, as 1,2732 : 16 the square of the height of the top cone : : 12·5664 : 157,918 the square of the height of the whole cone. Then the square root of 157,918 = 12,566 the height of the whole cone. Consequently 12,566 — 4 = 8,566 the height of the chimney required.

Second. $1{,}5^2 \times 2 \times {,}7854 = 3{,}5343$ = the area of the pipes at its influx.
$2^2 \times {,}7854 = 3{,}1416$ = the area of the pipe at its efflux.
,3927 × 120 the number of inches in 10 feet.

Equals 47,124 the quantity filled in one second. Hence 123 × 1728 = 2985984 the cubic contents of the cistern in inches. Therefore, 2985984 ÷ 47,124 = 63364,4 seconds, or 17 hours and 36 minutes, the time in which the cistern would be filled.

NEW QUESTIONS.

Mechanical Question, proposed by W. G.

On looking at the machinery used to raise coal from one of our mines, I observed that it was raised by means of two flat ropes, each coiled on a block; each coil of flat rope wrapping on the preceding one; and to the end of each was attached a corb, to convey the coal from the shaft, and when one ascends the other descends. Each block measures two feet in diameter, each rope is two inches thick, and the shaft is one hundred yards deep. Now, I desire to know where the corbs meet?

Proposed by Mr. G. Lawton.

Given. The number of square miles in an equalateral triangle, equal to the sum of its three sides. To determine the side of another triangle inscribed in a circle, the said circle being inscribed in the quadrant of another circle circumscribing a triangle, the area of which is three times as many miles as the triangle given.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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A FEW RANDOM HINTS FOR SHEPHERDS.

It has often struck us that the members of a Society like ours would work more harmoniously, more socially together, were they to lay down a few simple rules for their own guidance, and voluntarily and faithfully, act up to them. We presume to jot down a few "Hints" for the consideration of our well-disposed brother Shepherds. We will begin, then, with

Punctuality of Attendance. If a Shepherd really feels an interest in the Order to which he has voluntarily attached himself, he ought (unless prevented by unavoidable circumstances) to attend his lodge regularly, and at the prescribed hour. If all, save the officers, were indifferent to this matter, a lodge could not be constituted, nor could the business thereof proceed. Again, without a pretty constant attendance, a majority of the members would be ignorant of the business done—of the changes taking place—until too late to prevent or improve, by vote or voice, those alterations with which, when they come to hear of them, they are, in all probability, dissatisfied. Much confusion and angry feeling has resulted from the culpable negligence of members in this respect. It would be well if they would, of their own free will, look to this. We may mention, secondly,

Conciseness in Speech and Argument. If a member would suggest anything, or speak upon any business pending, he should first make himself thoroughly acquainted with the question before venturing an opinion. When speaking, he should state his ideas and wishes in as few and forcible words as possible, and make them as clear to the understanding of his hearers as they are to his own mind, so that his motives may not be mis-

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construed or misunderstood. Brevity should ever be observed, in order that other members may have an opportunity of explaining within a reasonable space of time, their own notions on the subject. With this hint may be connected

Courtesy of Manner and Language. A speaker who, taking part in some discussion, indulges in sarcasm, vituperation, and otherwise violent language, very often damages his own cause, and gives a double advantage to a calmer opponent. He ought to show respect to the feelings and opinions of others as he does to his own. Few men like to be bullied into concession. Words of suavity, spoken with sincerity, have a wonderful power, and not unfrequently bring over the antagonist to our own side. They tend to bring all business to a speedier and happier conclusion, and prevent much bickering and heartburning then and thereafter. I would not have civil words used as a mask to disguise specious and unworthy motives, but as voices of truth and conviction, and used for legitimate purposes. A consideration, too, that all, and especially in a lodge, where all are *brothers*, should induce each to be courteous and forbearing, both in language and demeanour. Truth may be clothed in a comely guise, yet lose not a particle of its dignity and power; whereas falsehood is often detected by the anger of its tone and the violence of its manner, and is treated accordingly. Let our members remember this, and endeavour to cultivate

Unbiassed Opinion. Great is the mischief, and manifold the errors which spring from prejudice of any kind; and prejudice is difficult to detect in ourselves. We ought, however to be on our special guard against it. A little calm examination of our own minds, and the operation of external circumstances about us, will help us to see through a clearer medium, and superinduce in our judgment of things unbiassed opinion. With regard to Orders like ours, we imagine—would it were solely imagination—an instance like the following: John has taken a rooted dislike to James, albeit they are members of the same lodge. John fancies he has been somehow crossed by James—in trade or otherwise—out of doors. In the lodge James has the happy knack of being both agreeable and useful, and consequently rises in office. John feels himself eclipsed; cultivates an antipathy against John and *his* opinions, to the unreasonable indulgence of his *own*. John now makes a point of opposing James, right or wrong, whenever an opportunity offers. By and by John draws around him a clique of minds distorted as his own; they go to work together, and much confusion, often disruptions, ensues. Oh! brother Shepherds! reform this

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altogether; encourage a better feeling; work harmoniously together; obey the laws made by the general body, and hereafter prevent the recurrence of disaffection, an instance of which we have had so recently to deplore among our former friends in Yorkshire—friends whom we remember—but without bitterness, without ill will of any kind.

We may return to these "Random Hints;" but at present we must content ourselves by expressing our best wishes of the season for our brother Shepherds, as well as for all who may chance to know us. May the New Year prove auspicious, and its close find us advanced in knowledge, freedom, and happiness, disclosing to our view new signs to indicate a more extended enlightenment, a wider enfranchisement, of the whole human race.

SHEPHERDS' CRY FOR REFORM.

RESPECTED BRETHREN,—I take up my pen to address a few remarks to you on the past and present, as the *Yorkshire Unity* designate it in their Magazine, for the month of August, 1850. The writer takes a glance at the Provident Societies, that are at present agitating the country with a view of decreasing Secret Societies; and that the mode of working our society is too expensive and much above the average of theirs. The writer also takes a view of his own lodge, which contains thirty members, and gives us a statement of the expenditure, for the year 1849, and likewise a statement of the new-fangled, *Yorkshire Unity*, which is as under, to show what it will afford above the Ashton Unity:—

He says, under the old government of the Ashton Unity, his Lodge cost, in 1849, as under:

	£.	s.	d.
Rent of Room	1	0	0
Outside Guardian	0	12	6
Expense of conducting the District	0	15	0
Levy to the head of the Order	0	8	9
Secretary's meetings	0	4	0
District meetings	0	10	0
Share of Delegates' wages to A.M.	0	12	0
Pens, paper, ink, &c.	0	1	0
Total	£3	18	3

What the Yorkshire Unity will afford above the Ashton Unity, which is as under:

	£.	s.	d.
Rent of Room	1	0	0
Expense of conducting District	0	5	0
Levy to the head of the Order	0	2	6
Share of Delegates' wages to the A.M.	0	4	0
District Meeting	0	4	0
Paper, ink, &c.	0	1	0
Total	£1	16	6

This shews that they are reforming very rapidly—and may they continue so to do. These thirty members, the writer says, will pay the sum of £26. in one year, at 4d. per week, per member; and they pay, in addition to their contributions, their equal share of funeral levies. He says that is too much. The pay of seven weeks' sick money consumed in the expense of working a lodge of thirty members.

I will try to give you a statement of the lodge I belong to, containing forty-two members, which is twelve in number above theirs, and let us see what will be the difference between the two lodges and district, and then we shall see which has worked them the cheapest, under the same government and unity. We have to send delegates to our quarterly meetings double and treble the distance of their quarterly meetings—the extent of their district will not outstretch 2½ miles, whilst ours will extend 3, 4, and 7½ miles—and likewise delegates have to go as far, and sometimes farther, than they have to go to attend the annual meeting. But as they have dispensed with certain officers in the *new Order* they have formed, I will, to give you a correct statement of the lodge

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to which I belong, first give you the expense as it stood in 1849, and then I will give you a *reformed* statement, under the same government, by dispensing with the various offices, the same as the *Yorkshire Unity* have done, and then take a glance and see if the Ashton Unity cannot work out the principles of Shepherdry on a similar wise and sound basis as either the Provident, Yorkshire, or any other society in the land.

As the Expenditure stands in 1849, under the same government and Unity:

	£.	s.	d.
Rent of Room	0	10	0
Outside Guardian	0	13	0
Expense of conducting the District	0	7	10½
Levy to the head of the Order	0	5	3
Delegates attending Quarterly Meeting	0	8	6
Share of Delegates' wages to the A.M.	0	8	4
Paper, ink, &c.	0	1	0
Total	£2	13	11½

A Reformed Statement under the same government and Unity:

	£.	s.	d.
Rent of Room	0	10	0
Dispense with Outside Guardian, and only have Inside, with no cost	0	0	0
Expense of conducting the District	0	6	10½
Levy to the head of the Order	0	2	6
Dispense with one Quarterly Meeting and have them every four months instead of three—for Delegate	0	7	6
Share of Delegates to the A.M.	0	8	4
Paper, ink, &c.,	0	1	0
Total	£1	16	2½

In addition to this, we have a mileage allowed for fetching the Regalia backwards and forwards, and likewise a mileage for carrying levies to the Cor. Sec., which, for 1849, will amount

	£.	s.	d.
	2	13	11½
For 42 members' share, to the sum of	0	6	1½
Levies, this year for funerals, for the same number	7	1	10
Total	£10	1	11

so that you will perceive, out of the contribution of 42 members, at fourpence per week, per member, we have expended the sum of £10. 1s. 11d.

Let us take a view of the two pictures before us, of the two lodges and districts, the one with its 30 members, and the other with its 42 members—which is a majority of 12—both under the Ashton Unity, in the year 1849.

	£.	s.	d.
Thirty members cost	3	18	9
Forty-two members ditto	2	13	11½
Balance in favour of forty-two	£1	4	4½

A reformation has been in agitation for a few years back, and having begun, they are beginning to show that they can work cheaper than they have done for the last twenty-two years, before they have any proofs of the system they have adopted—how it has either worked, or will work for them, at the present or in future. Brethren, are we—as members of an institution whose funds have lasted out so long—are we to be outstripped by those? I say—No! We are to be up and at work, and show to them and the community at large that we are willing and able to carry out the principles of Shepherdry on as economical principles as either the Yorkshire or any other society in the land. Up, then, and be at work, that our Loyal Order may flourish as the trees of the forest, and then peace and prosperity will attend the path we have to pursue.

I next come to that part where they complain of the enormous expense of attending the A.M., which is generally so far from the Yorkshire Districts, and often difficult to approach. I say to those complaining individuals—why do they complain, when they have had a majority of votes at such meetings to carry nearly all the other propositions that have come before the meeting ever since 1846, and even before then? But my answer is this—they do not want the A.M. in or near Yorkshire, because it would be against themselves, as some of them have known for years and years before hand that they would have to go, by virtue of the office they held; and this is the rea-

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son it is generally at the farthest distance put up for. They vote for it to go there because they want a long journey; and this is the way that certain districts have been carried on by those individuals for years, until some of them have begun to look out for themselves, and alter the mode of sending their delegates to the A.M.; and other delegates have found out that the time has arrived that they must either fall, under the Ashton banner, from office, or they must stand under a new dispensation of their own manufacture, by painting the old one with disguise and false colouring, so that they may keep their station in office and power. So it was when they returned from Bolton: they carried out the desire they premeditated prior to the A.M. at Bolton, viz., that if they, the kings of the east, could not have that power they have been seeking for the last eight or nine years, they would form another Order, and so it was they carried every point but that, and because they lost that one, they came home, got up a circular, and went about to a number of members who had placed confidence in them that they would not lead them wrong or delude them, and those individuals signed it for them in the dark—as some of them never read or heard it read—but they told them it was only to form a new Order, because they had been members of the Ashton Unity upwards of twenty-two years, and they had never found it out that it was an expensive Order till now.

The following is an average of six years' cost of the A.M. to the undermentioned districts:—

	£.	s.	d.
Leeds District	4	10	0
Wakefield ditto	7	3	5
Pontefract ditto	6	6	0
Hull, for attending the A M., at Bolton	6	0	0
	£23	19	5
Leeds, under the new	0	16	0
Wakefield	1	10	0
Pontefract	1	10	0
Hull	1	0	0
	£4	16	0
Balance in favour of Yorkshire	£19	3	5

But, brethren, they do not tell us how far the Order is to extend, nor how many delegates they have dispensed with, nor yet what length of time the meeting is to be held; because, if it is held the same length of time that the Pontefract councillor said the Bolton meeting should occupy, I think their statement will be small. But I suppose they never intend that the A.M. is to be held at any other place than Leeds, Wakefield, Pontefract, or Hull, where they can find rooms suitable for the purpose, and not to be like South Kirkby District, where the outside had to stand in the street, as was said at Bolton, by some of the seceding party; because this one district, out of twenty-two years standing of the Order, had failed to make all comfortable and convenient for the delegates, no other country district is qualified to have the A.M. No; there was none qualified, at Bolton, to stand in Yorkshire, but Hull, where they want both head and meeting for 1850 and 1851; but if this be their equity, economy, and justice, away with it, and let every district in the Order have it in rotation; and I think some of our districts can provide rooms at every lodge house, if required, as good, as convenient, and with as many accommodations as either Hull, Leeds, or any market-town in the kingdom.

I will now give you an average of six years, of the district I belong to, which have been the most weighty years we have had, and let us see what will be the difference. It has cost Yeadon District, upon an average, for one year's expense of delegates to the A.M., the sum of £4. 16. So you will see, that as a district, we are not much above

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the statement they give us of theirs. Brethren, let us begin a reformation at home, in our own Lodges and Districts, and then we shall be able and well equipt to go to the head quarters to carry out a reformation.

Magazine Printing.—As they want a reason why the printing has returned back to Ashton, and how it was managed to be gotten back, as estimates were put in for 800 and 1000—but that number was too much—and Br. Williamson was allowed to put one in for 600, and the committee agreed to this estimate, I tell those individuals that it was their party who helped it over the stile; and there was a great deal of speechifying about the cheap penny one, by some of the councillors, that it would be a saving and a much better publication than the one we have; how was it managed that the Pontefract District did not bring the penny one out when they brought the present one? But give me the fourpenny Magazine before the penny one yet, with all their *El Dorado*—the moveable head.

They say in their *Magazine* that each district will vie with the other in the working of the Order—economical and well—and if they fail, we have our remedy to remore it. But when could we have moved the head of the Ashton Unity, for they will not stand pleading against? I will ask one question on the subject, that is, when the No. 1 Lodge was first formed, it was begun at Ashton, and from thence sprung all other Lodges in the Order, under the parent's banner; and after they had opened one or two more they formed themselves into a district, called the "Ashton District." And why did not all Lodges stay in this District? My answer is—had all districts remained under Ashton District, they would have had the same privileges of attaining to the honours they pretend they have been seeeking, and not had to complain at the present time about the head, for all would have been equal, and it might have been at Leeds, in 1850, as it is at Ashton. I do not see the use of any district where there is no head. Why not make all districts into one, and dispense with all district officers and district meetings, and have only one general meeting throughout the Order in the year, then I think we shall have begun a reformation. But what is done for the good and welfare of our Ashton Loyal Order, let it be done with that spirit of love, justice, and equity which commends all true and faithful Shepherds, and let not the time be wasted at those meetings, which has been the case at some of them, by unnecessary appeal, &c., but let that love reign, that ought to do, in every man's breast, and then discord and error will flee from the roof of Shepherdry, and harmony and brotherly concord will spread amongst the Loyal and Ancient Order of Shepherds, as it hath done in times gone by, when brethren sought for the spread of our noble Institution.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land, brothers, let us not lose sight of this object, for it is a glorious one to see spreading far and wide. Although there is a split amongst us, I do not think it will do us any harm. No; but it will do us good. It will cause members to look for themselves, more than they have done, into the merits of Shepherdry, and they will depute men of prudent and benevolent dispositions to act for them, taking our motto for their guide—"Honor, Truth, and Justice."

In conclusion, I will give you a reformed glance, so that I think we may compete with the *Yorkshire Unity*. Suppose, then, we dispense with the following offices, and by so doing, I should like some individuals of every district, in our Order, to make out a list what it has cost their Lodge and District, and by dispensing with the following, what the saving will be to them.

First, then, we will do away with outside, and make inside do without cost.

Second—We do away with D.C., D.P.C., and D.M., Lodge, District, and the Order.

Third—We do away with one District Meeting and hold them every four months, instead of three months, as at present.

Fourth—Do away with one A.M. and hold them alternately.

I think by so doing we shall be able to compete with our opponents, although our Order extends much farther then theirs.

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The following is a statement of what a member will pay in 42 years, and what he will receive out by sickness and death, in one year, leaving out District and Annual Meeting expense :—

When made a Member of his Lodge.		How many years he remains a member of his Lodge.	Amount of Making.	Amount of contribution, at 4d. per week.	Total Paid in 42 years
Age.	Old.		s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
18 Enters the Lodge.	60 at Death.	He will have been a Member 42 years.	12 6	36 8 0	37 0 6

Amount paid for 26 wks. sick, at 10s.	Amount paid for 26 wks. sick, at 5s.	Amount paid for 26 wks. sick, at 2s. 6d.	Amount paid for the Funeral of Man.	Amount paid for the Funeral of Woman.	Total in one year.
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
13 0 0	6 10 0	3 5 0	8 0 0	6 0 0	36 15 0

The following has been received since the foregoing was in type.

This is what it will cost this Lodge of the *Yorkshire Unity*, with its thirty members, providing their other reformed statement in their No. 2 *Magazine*, for August, is a correct one, which I gave you in my statement before :—

The proposed scheme in their No. 2 Magazine for August, 1850.

	£. s. d.
Rent of Room	1 0 0
Expense of conducting District	0 5 0
Levy to the head of the Order..	0 2 6
District Meeting	0 4 0
Share of Delegates wages to A.M.	0 4 0
Paper, ink, &c.....	0 1 0
Share of Magazine, about .. .	0 0 0
	£1 16 6

Total Cost under Yorkshire, for the Quarter ending Sep. 21st, 1850, as follows:

	£. s. d.
Ditto	1 0 0
Ditto	0 5 0
Ditto	0 5 0
Ditto	0 4 0
Ditto	0 4 0
Ditto	0 1 0
Ditto	0 2 0
	£2 1 0

So, brethren, you will perceive they are not going to effect such a saving as they contemplated. I likewise give you a statement of what the two Orders have expended up to the end of September, 1850.

It has cost Yorkshire Unity the sum of 2d. per member for one Quarter, ending September 21st, 1850.

	£. s. d.
Total money paid by the Yorkshire	17 8 0
Cash in hand	5 15 10
	£23 3 10

It has cost the Ashton Unity the sum of 1½d. per member for one half-year, ending September 30th, 1850.

	£. s. d.
Ashton paid	65 18 0
Cash in hand.....	18 18 0½
	£84 16 0½

I cannot feel satisfied until I have shown to my brethren of the Ashton Unity those glaring facts, that whilst there has been so much said on the part of the *Yorkshire Unity* to upset the Ashton government, because they are despots, monopolists, and usurpers—I cannot sit down until I have shown you that the despots of Ashton have worked the Order upon cheaper principles than what our Yorkshire famed pets have done ; and we, by persevering in peace and good-will towards one another, can work

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our honourable institution upon cheaper principles than those we have before us. Brothers, press onwards in the good cause that you have fostered in your hearts and minds for years gone by, and be firm and true to each other, reforming every obstacle in its proper course that damps or disannuls the progress of the Order, with Love, Truth, and Justice, keeping Honour and Honesty in strict accordance with the laws of both our society and nature in our view, then Shepherdry will flourish throughout the land, in spite of the seceders that they have to contend with, and then those honest and true principles are the wisest and best to govern any society, and it will do without resorting either to sarcasm or any other vile stratagems.

I conclude these few brokeu sentences with a feeling of love to both Ashton Unity and the Yorkshire Unity, hoping that if they should fall into the hands of the four principal seceders, that they will peruse the following piece of poetry before they give vent to any more of their bad feeling towards our Loyal Order or any of its officers.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts, inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent, past human healing
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow—
Bitter poison-drops are they;
Weaving for the coming morrow,
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words—oh! let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip—
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy—
Friendship is too sacred, far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken—
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word!

Yours faithfully, in the bonds of Shepherdry,

W. J. C. Threapleton.

Yeadon District, November 11th, 1850.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

The night was dark, and the rain poured down in torrents; the sky was deeply obscured; and at short intervals flashes of vivid and forked lightning illumined the space around, and made darkness more visible.

On that eventful night expired Monsieur Delfose—he died the most horrible of deaths. With broken ribs and his head fractured, he lay upon his bed, motionless and insensible since his fall. He had been bled, but his case was beyond human skill.

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His confidential valet-de-chambre was watching by his bed-side. Madame Alvare had not yet left the bed-side of her daughter Cecilia, who was still in a fainting-fit, at length the young girl was restored to animation, but fell into a lethargic slumber, which was, however, far from dangerous. Madame Alvare was, therefore, enabled to carry into execution the direful vengeance which she had previously formed.

She hastened to the apartment of M. Delfose, and dismissed the valet to his slumbers—an arrangement which was far from being disagreeable to the sleepy domestic.

As soon as she was alone with the dying man, Madame Alvare hastened to the door, drew the bolts, and cut the pulls of the bells, which communicated with the head of the bed; she then raised the counterpane, seized the inanimate hands of the patient, tied them securely together with a handkerchief, and, having closed the curtains, seated herself in an arm chair beside the bed.

Long did she remain in the deepest meditation. A long hour passed away, and suddenly she raised her head, and seemed to listen attentively. A murmuring voice proceeded from the bed, produced by the short and painful respiration of a man who appeared to awake from a terrible night-mare.

A fiendish smile agitated the lips of the Italian, and she listened more attentively. Suddenly a cry of anguish issued from the bed, and a hollow voice exclaimed—

"Ah! what a terrible dream! Where am I?"

"In your winding-sheet," was the answer.

"Who is there, who speaks to me?" demanded the dying man; and as he received no reply, "Oh, it was nothing! my head wanders. How I suffer!"

"Yes, to your misfortune, wretch."

"But who are you?"

"I am your victim, your judge, and your executioner," returned Madame Alvare, as she drew aside the curtains of the bed.

"Depart, Julia—depart!" cried M. Delfose.

"No!" exclaimed she, leaning over him, her countenance distorted with rage. "I will remain by your side until your heart ceases to beat. All the torments you have made me suffer during these last fifteen years shall now be repaid with ample interest, and by those means shall you have a foretaste of the torments of a future punishment."

"But where am I? What is the matter with me? I am wounded—oh, I am wounded!"

"Yes!" cried Madame Alvare, and you have bled much; but there still remains enough in your veins to quench my thirst for vengeance."

"It is you, Julia—yes, it is you," said M. Delfose, glancing wildly at the infuriate woman. "What are you doing here?"

"Avenging myself," was the answer.

"Wretch!" ejaculated the dying man. "I am covered with wounds, and you come to destroy me in my sleep."

"No; but I am coming now, murmured she, gnashing her teeth. "What! have you forgotten in your lethargy of a few hours, that you are dying by the hand of your own son? Listen. This evening you inveigled my daughter into an atrocious plot, and you were about to satisfy your horrible desires, when I came. Oh, yes, I came and wrested her from your grasp, and your son Theodore seized you forcibly in his arms. He hurled you from the window, and your body was mutilated in the fall. Is your recollection less troubled now?"

"Yes, yes!" uttered M. Delfose, in a tone of despair, "It was he who has wounded me!"

"Yes—it was your own son," exclaimed Madame Alvare. "Better he than I. Oh, is it not dreadful to die by the hand of your own son?"

"Peace—peace, wretch!" screamed M. Delfose, "I will summon my domestics, they will attend to my call."

"Oh, call, ring—they will not come," returned Madame Alvare, they are all asleep; besides your voice is weak and feeble."

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"I will ring the bell," murmured the dying man, endeavouring to raise his arms; but he could not detach his hands from each other.

"Your hands are tied," cried the Italian, "and I have cut the bell-rope. Oh, I have taken all necessary precautions—you are entirely in my power."

"Now, perhaps," said M. Delfose; "but to-morrow I will be avenged."

"To-morrow you will be rolled up in your winding-sheet," answered the Italian, with a horrid laugh. "Yes—gnash your teeth, they will not gnash to-morrow—to-morrow you will be no more. Your wounds are incurable. The surgeon has pronounced them mortal. Dissipation has corrupted your blood—eaten into the very marrow of your bones, and you are at the very point of death."

"I shall not die, I tell you;" persisted M. Delfose—the surgeon did not say that I should die."

"But even if your wounds were not mortal," cried the Italian, "even if it were possible for you to exist a few days longer, am I not here to prevent it?" I am stronger than you, and I can open your wounds and dry up your blood, drop by drop."

"Oh, mercy, mercy—do not kill me!" exclaimed Delfose, with terrible alarm, for he saw by the look of the Italian that he was lost.

"I will not kill you at once; I will suffer you to die by degrees, little by little, like the malefactor on the wheel, or the wretch on the stake."

And as the wrathful woman spoke this, she raised the counterpane of the bed with one hand, and with the other tore off the bandages which enveloped the body of the miserable man.

He gnashed his teeth, rolled about the bed, and implored for mercy. Madame Alvare took a wax candle from the mantel-piece, and, pointing it towards his bleeding breast, suffered a drop of the boiling wax to fall upon the flesh laid open with deep wounds.

"Oh pity—have pity upon me!" exclaimed M. Delfose, with a piercing scream. "What have I done to you, Julia, that you should torture me thus?"

"What have you done to me?" repeated the Italian, "I was rich and happy, and you robbed me of every thing—wealth and fidelity. You made me a frequenter of the gaming-table—and more! This is a portion of the debt of gratitude which I owe you!

And a second time she approached the candle, and suffered the flame to hiss in the wound, which it touched.

"Julia! oh, Julia! Mercy—mercy!" cried out Delfose.

She raised the candle, and resumed her reproaches.

"Delfose—Delfose, do you recollect Naples? It was fifteen years ago that you and I were walking on the sea-beach, when we were surprised by my husband, the Viscount de Vernois."

"It is a terrible history, Julia," said the dying man," recall it not to my mind I conjure you!"

"He surprised us together," whispered the Italian, hoarsely. "He was armed, and you were not—he might have killed you without fear of detection. But every thing like a cowardly action was repugnant to the felings of that brave man. Often had he challenged you to single combat, in order to avenge the injury you had done him; and you invariably refused him. This time he again dared you, and again you would not meet him. I was there—I saw it all!" continued the Italian vehemently. "At first you declined the challenge; but he insisted upon the duel in a threatening manner—you were compelled to accept his defiance. He had two loaded pistols with him—"

"Stop—stop. Say no more," interrupted Delfose, "you pierce me to the very soul!"

"Listen—hear me out," cried the Italian, with furious bitterness, "Instead of shooting you upon the spot, he bravely tendered you one of his pistols, and, whilst he was measuring the ground, you crept behind and shot him."

"He would have killed himself, Julia; you know he would. Do you recollect

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the letter we found upon him? And then he had his pistols ready to rid himself of life."

"True, wretch!" returned the Italian; "but are you not still his assassin? He was about to kill himself, you say, and wherefore? In the bloom of youth and the vigour of health, what could have driven him to commit suicide? You—you alone! You had deprived him of his honour; you had brought ruin and dishonour into his dwelling—you had doomed him to misery and anguish. He had no resource left but to die, and thus was it as if you had killed him twice. Now, murderer, I will avenge my husband! If you have not ascended the scaffold, it is because God has spared you to experience more terrible tortures—the guillotine were too good for you! But I will make you writhe with anguish—I am your executioner!"

And suddenly the Italian thrust her fingers into the gaping wounds of the dying man.

"Oh, Julia! Mercy—mercy! I die!" ejaculated Delfose, writhing like a viper beneath the edge of a spade, "Mercy! or kill me at once!"

"Not yet—not yet!" cried she, pressing her hands still farther into his wounds; your tortures have but just commenced. *That* is for my husband whom you murdered."

"Oh! oh!"

"*That* is for my daughter. There—there!"

"Mercy—mercy!"

"Violate her now!" screamed the demoniac woman. "Good—you suffer; but it is not yet enough. Oh, if I had only some instrument of torture! Ah! here it is!"

And, taking a long pin from her jet-black hair, the Italian heated it in the candle, made it red hot at the point, and then plunged it hissing into the flesh of the dying wretch, who bit his hands in agony.

"Oh! why have I not molten lead—why have I not pinchers to tear your flesh from your bones?"

"Oh, God!" come to my aid!" cried M. Delfose, in the midst of most horrible convulsions, "Oh, God, hear my prayer!"

"Your God!" echoed the Italian; "I thought you had none! How long have you believed in God? Since your tortures commenced?"

"Oh, Julia, let me live! I am repentant—remorse has reached me at last! Give me time to expiate my sins, and reconcile myself to God!"

At length the screams became so piercing and so wild, that the Italian began to fear they might alarm the servants; she accordingly threw a handkerchief over the mouth of Delfose, to stifle his groans. But as he was nearly suffocated, she withdrew the handkerchief from his mouth, that she might see the lamentations of him whose torments had not yet assuaged her thirst for vengeance.

"Julia," said he, in a voice scarcely audible, "do not torture me more! Leave me to die in peace, and I will bequeath to you the whole of my fortune!"

"Agreed!" cried the Italian, a ray of light illuminating her eyes. "But I must have it *all*—none must share it with me; it shall be a dowry for my daughter!"

"You shall have it, Julia!" said the dying man, "bring me writing materials, and loosen my hands."

Madame Alvare hastened to untie his hands, and proceeded to fetch the ink and paper.

"Here are writing materials," said she.

* * * * * * * * * *

When his servants entered the room, they found Madame Alvare a Maniac, and M. Delfose a corpse in his bed, his countenance distorted, and his teeth clenched together.

HUMANITY.—The most eloquent speaker, the most ingenious writer, and the most accomplished statesmen, cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man who tempers his wisdom and his vigour with humanity.—*Lavater.*

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MERCY:

BY J. C. PRINCE.

God looked, and smiled, upon the wakening earth,
In form, power, motion, wondrous and complete—
Which in the flush and beauty of new birth
Breasted the seas of ether at His feet;
Earth, with companion worlds, that throbbed and shone
With warmth and light transmitted from His throne,
On noiseless axles ever spinning round,
And moving evermore along the vast profound.

He called to Him three ministers, who wait
Unceasing on His wise and sov'reign will,—
Servants, and yet partakers of His state,
And watchers of all human good and ill;
An angel-shaped Triumvirate they seemed,
Whose lofty-thoughted foreheads ever beamed,
August in presence, as they were in name,
And clothed in flowing robes of many-coloured flame.

Justice was one, in aspect calm and cold,
With a severe, yet not forbidding mien;
Another—Truth, with brow sublimely bold,
And onward looks, all radiant and serene:
The last was Mercy, whose consoling eyes
Caught the reflection of celestial skies;
With a benignant and beseeching face,
And wedded hands upraised with supplicating grace.

"Let us make man, for, lo! yon lovely sphere,
Which in its amplitude of orbit rolls,
Shall be,—ye bright intelligences, hear—
Place of probation for immortal souls;
There shall man multiply, there rule and reign,
Not all exempt from sinfulness and pain,
Yet destin'd, 'mid his struggles and his storms,
To people boundless heaven with countless angel forms."

"Oh, make him not!" cried Justice, "I foresee
That he will trample on Thy sacred laws;
Doubt, question, violate Thy great decree,
Feel his own being, yet deny the Cause."
"Oh, make him not!" cried Truth, "for he will toil
'Gainst Thee and me, and ruthlessly despoil
Thy sanctuaries—grow corrupt and vain,
Worship himself, and scorn Thy everlasting fane."

"Create this unseen being, gracious Lord!"
Said gentle Mercy, with imploring look—
"And I will guide him by Thy precious Word,
The precepts of Thy yet unwritten book;
My voice shall move him with mysterious power;
My wings shall shield him in the perilous hour;
I'll check, subdue, inspire, as best I can,
The soul which Thou wilt breathe into the form of man."

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"Even so be it!" and man at once arose,
Richly endued, and full of joy and trust;
Calm, pure, and happy was his early morn,
Till the dread Tempter bowed him to the dust;
Then shame, and sorrow, and recurrent sin,
Shook his best nature, soiled the shrine within;
But Mercy pleaded, and God sent him light
To cheer his darkling soul, and lead his steps aright.

Let's take the angel to our home and heart,
And with her walk along the paths of life;
List to her teachings, learn the exalted art
Which conquers hatred, prejudice, and strife:
Not Truth, nor Justice must we put away,
But lean towards Mercy whensoe'er we may,—
Forgive our brother—be ourselves forgiven,
And thus by deeds of grace draw down the love of Heaven!

POETS OF LOWLY BIRTH.

BY JOHN EVANS.

BURNS—BLOOMFIELD—THOM—AND BAMFORD.

If our lowly men of genius have no other pleasure in their lives, they have the satisfaction of proving to the world, that the province and dominion of the mind is as naturally the birthright of the impoverished many, as it is of the wealthy few. However bitter their pangs, however great the amount of misery to which they may have been subjected during their early probation, they may still acknowledge the kindly bounty of Providence, in the possession of mental might. Our poets of lowly birth are glorious instances of the world-wide catholicism of intellectual greatness. They demonstrate the inalienable right of every man, whatever his birth or station, to the attainments of mental superiority; they evidence that there is as much satisfaction to be derived from communing with the world of spirits, as from the world of men; they prove that the pages of an old tome or the fragrance of a way-side flower—the page of Shakespear and Milton or the early breath of Spring, are as redolent of wealth to their minds, as the sight of a richly-laden argosy is to the speculating merchant, or the prospect of wide domains is to the haughty baron. We do not see, either, how it is possible for a man of sterling genius, however impoverished his circumstances, to envy another in his possessions of monied wealth. We are not so extravagant in our admiration of mental wealth as to suppose that it can exist without some modicum of the necessaries of life; it is the "princely fortune"—the "magnificent establishment," for which, we firmly believe, no poor son of genius can have any desire. There is so much genuine comfort to be derived from the sense of a superior intellect, that no man could possibly wish for more; we are so sensibly impressed with its excellence and purity, that we seem to despise all other sources of pleasure. We may search the world through, and we shall not find a happier man than he who has a love for nature and books. A man who is devoted to this description of happiness, knows no other wants, believing in no other means of gratification; to him, they are fertile sources of the happiest emotion, and ever-ready ministers to the consummation of his joy or the alleviation of his grief. He has a stedfast belief in their excellence and a religious reverence for their instructions. Hence, a true son of genius can scarcely be supposed to wish much for the wealth of the world; he has the wealth of the mind, and in that, all his hopes and all his joys are consummated.

We shall not be far wrong in the assertion that genius has been more frequently identified with the poor than the rich. Both ancient and modern history furnishes

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abundant evidences of this. Wealth of body always has, and always will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, interfere with the attainment of wealth of mind. The pursuit of the one is almost entirely incompatible with the pursuit of the other; and we see no likelihood in a man counting gold or eternally studying profit and loss, turning aside to hold communion with poetry, painting, and sculpture. Galileo, Shakespear, Milton, Newton, Jonson, Massinger, Canova, never sought—never cared for wealth. Poverty has been the school of most of the greatest triumphs of the human mind. Poverty has triumphed where wealth has failed; and the greatest achievements of science, the noblest works of art, the divinest effusions of poetry, have made their way from the obscure and lowly haunts of the poor. There is no comparison between the works of the poor and the rich in the productions of sterling genius. Instances of monied or wealthy genius are "few and far between." We may cite some prominent names of the present day connected with our aristocracy, who have distinguished themselves in science, art, or poetry; but, privileged as they may have been with every means of cultivation, it would surely be a very surprising matter were they not somewhat above the common average of their fellows. But with all the privileges of classical educations—with every facility for extending their observations and increasing their resources, the men of lowly birth have far outweighed them in the scale of intellectual might.

Let it not be supposed we are desirous to undervalue the productions of those who may have had the fortune to be connected with the higher classes. We rejoice, most heartily, in many noble names in our annals of literature and science. We have eminent instances in such names as those of Bulwer, Blessington, Manners, Ellesmere, Northampton, Carlisle, Nugent, Rosse, and Jeffrey. The efforts of these distinguished men, as well as those of many who have preceded them, must ever redound to their honour; and our only wish is, that many more of the same class would follow their bright example. But these receive honours enough; all *they* produce is thoroughly gazetted through every channel. It is not so with our poor geniuses. How many have lived neglected, and died unknown! We hear little of the worth of our geniuses of lowly birth, until the cold grave has seperated them from a colder world. Then, perchance, their genius is unfolded, and a new poet, or a new artist, or a new sculptor, is announced and received with all the complacency imaginable; just as though the man had never lived in misery and died in starvation. We believe that it is more our duty to talk over the excellencies of these men than those of their rich contemporaries. Poor John Clare is a more interesting subject to us than Bulwer or Macauley, because while we are hearing something every day about the latter, it is only on rare occasions we meet with a word about the former. There is far more interest in the struggles of a poor genius than those of a rich one. Who would throw aside the biography of Chatterton, for to give place to that of Horace Walpole? Apart from the interest of their lives, their claims upon our attention is paramount. Their loneliness, their bitter pangs, their sensitive temperaments bowed down beneath a weight of agonising afflictions, are matters which demand our closest sympathy.

We propose, in this paper, to take into brief consideration three or four of these remarkable men of lowly birth. Our main objects in doing so, are, that the merits of humble genius may be kept before our eyes, and not be allowed, for the future, to remain in a state of social misery and cold neglect.

If Robert Burns was of lowly birth, he was one of the noblest creatures God ever made. "Burns and Poetry" go hand-in-hand, for we never utter his name without associating with it some flash of sparkling genius. Rich or poor, high or low, all feel and know something about Scotia's darling child. Our most enthusiastic emotions seem cold and meagre when we would applaud his glorious genius. He seems to drive every other poet about him completely out of our memory; Byron's thrilling flights, Shelly's mystical outpourings, Moore's brilliant measures, Keats' fruitful stores, Campbell's elegance, Southey's majesty, Wordsworth's philosophy, are all thrown aside by the glowing, earnest, fresh, and enthusiastic genius of Burns. Who would have thought he could have handled a plough? we exclaim, as we muse over his magical pages. But neither handling a plough nor shouldering a mattock could repress the

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developments of so powerful a genius. Burns was the very type of what nature can do in the production of a sterling poet. No degrees from Edinburgh could have possessed him with those noble endowments that nature so lavishly bestowed upon him. Had his position and talents as a scholar made him Lord-Rector of Glasgow or Aberdeen, his mental greatness would have fallen far short, compared with his position as an interpreter of nature on Coila's hills. Burns was greater as an expounder of the beauties and bounties of Providence, than he would have been as an interpreter of the mysteries of classic lore. He was intrusted with a noble mission, greater than ever he could have received at the hands of man; it was the teaching of the multitude through the lowliest illustrations in God's creation—through the simplest manifestations of divine origin. His own lowliness of birth rendered him a fitting teacher of the divinity of these lowly objects. He, himself, was an evidence that the lowliest objects are often fraught with the most exquisite elements of beauty. As Burns was a poet of lowly birth, so does he appear to have been "called" to be the poet of lowly things. He could not turn up the poor mouse from her nest, without a sermon full of feeling and eloquence; he cannot scarce some water-fowl at Loch Turit without similar emotions; he turns down a mountain-daisy, the

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,"

and writes as pathetic an elegy upon its fall, as he could upon the devastation of his own home and happiness. The humblest object in the creation were not too humble for the sympathies of Burns; in them he experienced a sort of fellow-feeling, and, as they rose in the poet's estimation, so expanded his love and reverence for the smallest flower that crossed his path, or the slightest manifestation of God's handiwork. The lowliness of wayside flowers was to him a source of poetic inspiration—they seemed to have peculiar claims upon his sympathies. To him, they were

——— "living preachers—
Each cup a pulpit; every leaf a book,"

and, mutely eloquent as they were, he gave expression to the fact—that "not Solomon in all his glory," nor, we may add, in all wisdom, was arrayed in robes like them, nor fraught with the same beautiful lessons and precepts. Sturm says—"He who loves to contemplate the works of God, will not only trace him in the immense spheres that compose this universe, but also in the least world of insects, plants, and metals." The minutest objects are sometimes the means of teaching us the most sublime truths—the lowliest flower a source of the most enduring wisdom. A bird or a plant, in a dim and melancholy apartment, have often been sources of light to the soul of its weary occupant. The beautiful French story of "Picciola, or the Prison-flower," is an instructed narrative of the salutary effects produced upon the mind through the agency of a simple flower. What would have been the melancholy of the prisoner of Fenestrelle, without his daily communications with this lowly yet interesting instructor? We are too apt to be heedless to the teachings of these smaller objects of the creation, although we have examples in the highest intellects making them the subjects of their study, and the source of their delight.

But the sympathies of Burns found other lowly objects for the development of his genius in the humble homes of his poorer countrymen. To these he was bound by every tie of love and friendship, and in their loves, in their joys, in their hopes and fears, were centred all his liveliest sympathies and warmest emotions.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,"

was the creed of Burns, and he found the humblest homes of his countrymen the scenes of the most unsullied virtue and consistent religion. The poorer the cot, the harder the hand; the more weather-beaten and labour stained the countenance, the more did his enthusiastic spirit beat in the health, peace, and contentment of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-labourers. And his was no cant about a "bold peasantry;" his were no empty, vaunting sentiments about the "nation's pride;"—he earnestly felt what he honestly described.

"To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways."

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Beyond these, Burns never aspired; because such scenes formed the goal of all his affections, the burden of his lay, and the inspiration of his song. He revelled in all this honesty of native feeling—he gloried in these exhibitions of lowly virtue and honour—he was one of themselves; and he felt himself commissioned to act as their interpreter, to vindicate their rights, denounce their wrongs, exhibit their virtues, and stand forth the champion of lowly rectitude. His was a right honest feeling, when he exclaimed—

"From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man 's the noblest work of God;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? A cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!"

Never did genuine patriotism find a nobler existence than in the breast of Robert Burns. What a glowing devotion for his country he exhibits in the concluding stanzas of his "Cotter's Saturday Night!" Every line goes to the heart, and cannot fail in securing a hearty response. He was a lover of his country for the sake of the honesty and integrity of its poor, and whenever his patriotism glowed forth, it found birth in the purity of their hearts and lives. We cannot, while on the subject of Burns, forget the following characteristic sonnet, by our talented and highly-esteemed friend, J. B. Rogerson:—

"My fancy wanders through the mist of years,
And by a cotter's ingle-nook I see
A bright-eyed boy, beset with ghostly fears,
Listening to tales of witch and glamoury.
Again I see that strange and high-soul'd boy,
Toiling a-field beneath inclement skies;
And now he breathes impassioned words of joy
To one who lists with blush and downcast eyes.
I look once more—that youth is Scotland's pride,
And fills the world with his immortal song;
Yet is the bard his earthly meed denied,
And left to battle with contempt and wrong:
His voice is silent—all his praises spread,
And pay their tribute, for the bard is dead!"

Another of the same class, and of something of the same sympathies, although neither so exalted in genius nor national in the character of his poems, is Robert Bloomfield. In the descriptions of rural life, Bloomfield's genius always found genuine poetical utterance. Bloomfield's affection, however, for the objects of nature, did not find its existence so much in being identified with rural life, as in coming in contact with it in his peregrinations from the town. His associations with county objects were of no extent in the daily routine of his life; the impressions he received of the beauty of the woods, and fields, and hills, seem to have been derived in the same manner any other inhabitant of the town or city does from a ramble in the country. Hence Bloomfield was more of a descriptive genius. He expresses himself in mild and even numbers, sometimes with great enthusiasm, but never approaches the earnestness and energy of Burns. He possessed a painter's hand rather than a poet's heart—he *saw* more than he *felt*, and most of his effusions appear to spring more from a casual *contemplation* of nature's charms than from a deep and enthusiastic *impression* of her goodness and greatness. Bloomfield was not so great a poet as Burns, because he had not the same heartiness of emotion, or loftiness of reverence for the objects which he encountered. But Bloomfield was a sweet and genuine poet withal. His "Farmer's Boy" must always remain among the most delightful records of rural life. He, too, took infinite delight in recording humble worth and honesty; he, too, found some of the most beautiful themes for his muse in the lowliest occupations of life. Poor "Giles," with his ragged coat, rough hand, and bared neck, was a greater hero in the eyes of Bloomfield than any half-dozen Cromwells or Marlboroughs. Bloomfield was remarkably minute in his observations of country life, and hence the usual felicity of

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his descriptions. Perhaps, in this respect, he is more happy than Thomson; at all events, his fidelity is often more pointed than that of the author of the "Seasons," His simplicity of style was in excellent harmony with the humility of his theme; a quiet, even, unobtrusive way of expressing himself, is manifest in most of his poems.

Bloomfield's love of nature was mild and gentle, rather than intense and enthusiastic. Clare has more depth of feeling, Hogg more energy of expression, but neither of them have excelled nor approached him in the descriptive. One would rather believe he had served his life to the plough than an apprenticeship to the cobbler's awl. He seems thoroughly conversant with country life, every aspect of rural affairs being presented with the most agreeable fidelity. The dreariness of a city-life to Bloomfield must have been extremely painful, and we can only regard his occasional trips into the country as administering to his content amid so populous a hive. Crabbe, in a memorandum in his diary, suggested the propriety of "Robert Bloomfield sticking to his awl." There is, to say the least, a great deal of meanness about this insinuation of Crabbe's, and is much in unison with most of his sour views of things. Bloomfield had as much right, both as a man and a poet, *not* to "stick to his awl," as George Crabbe had in soliciting the patronage of Edward Burke. We could have sacrificed twenty Crabbes, with their jaundiced views of human life, rather than lose one Bloomfield, with his happy and correct descriptions of a pleasant mode of existence; when Crabbe's mournful and heavy "Parish Register" is thrown aside and forgotten, Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy" will be as fresh to the mind as the verdure of a field in spring.

We have had poets, however, less occupied in rural pursuits than Bloomfield, and of considerable less intercourse with nature, in one sense, than Burns. The poets of the loom and spindle are no less remarkable in some of their productions, than those of the plough. The late amiable and gifted bard of Inverury, WILLIAM THOM, is a prominent instance of this class. The privations and hardships of Thom's life, would have suggested suicide to some men rather than the cultivation of poetry. Few men have endured more misery, and far less with the same fortitude and resignation. We believe Thom makes no mention of the effect of his poetical efforts on his mind, during his privations. We feel assured they must have had a soothing influence, and if they did not dispel his fears and cares, they doubtless reconciled him to their sharp and bitter stings. Let not the rich sneer at these humble men of genius—they are great men, nay, miraculous men, after all said about their poverty and rags. We little know of the conflicts endured by a sensitive breast in fighting for knowledge surrounded with foes who are the offspring of Poverty. In one of his letters, Thom has well exclaimed—"Oh! sir, it is difficult for those in other circumstances to think what a strife is his who has to battle lip-deep in poverty, with a motherless family and a *poetical temperament!*" We have perused the Memoirs of most of our humble Poets, and certainly no one had better experience of the truth Thom writes, than himself. There was no mistake about his being "*lip-deep* in poverty;" his life, almost from beginning to end, was one uninterrupted series of want, desolation, and despair.

But in the midst of all, Thom was an earnest admirer of the beautiful, and his enthusiasm found expression in verses which must ever redound to his fame as a genuine poet. He is a fresh and lusty writer, somewhat quaint at times, but generally heart-stirring and melodious. His songs are eminently beautiful, and two or three of them appear to us equal to any from Burns. Let us take one full of genuine earnestness and poetic beauty—

"Oh, Mary! when you think of me,
Let pity hae its share, love;
Tho' others mock my misery,
Do you in mercy spare, love.

My heart, oh, Mary! own'd but thee,
And sought for thine so fervently;
The saddest tear e'er wet my e'e,
Ye ken *wha* broct it there, love?

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"Oh, lookna wi' that witching look,
That wiled my peace awa', love!
An' dinna let me hear ye sigh,
It tears my heart in twa, love!
Resume the power ye wont to wear,
Nor shed the unavailing tear,
The hour of doom is drawing near,
An, welcome be its ca', love!

How could ye hide a thought sae kind,
Beneath sae cauld a brow, love?
The broken heart it winna bind
Wi' gowden bandage now, love!
No, Mary! mark yon reckless shower!
It hung aloof in scorching hour,
An' helps nae now the freckless flower
That sings beneath its flow, love."

We shall never forget our first reading of the "Mitherless Bairn." For intensity of feeling and pathetic description, we believe it is not surpassed by any other Scotch poet. His prose is as fresh and energetic as his verse, and some of his relations of the influences of the factory-system in Aberdeen, are characterised by the most intense feeling and vivid description. Poor Thom! thou hadst more than thy share of sorrows on earth; but we fervently trust thou art compensated in the enjoyment of the joys of heaven!

Another sturdy and energetic son of the manufacturing districts, but nearer home, is SAMUEL BAMFORD. To the public, Bamford may be better known as a successful suitor of the muses; but Bamford is no every day poet, and, in connection with those of lowly order, must always take a prominent position. Mr. Wheeler very justly observed that, "among the few that Lancashire claims as her poets, none deserve a fairer garland than the lowly-minded Samuel Bamford!" If strong, healthy feelings, noble aspirations, and fervid language, have any thing to do with the constitution of poetry, then is Bamford a true poet. We do not however, for one moment, suppose him to be so great in his poetical effusions as he is in his "Passages" or "Early Days"—although there is no common stock of poetry, now and then, illuminating their pages. What Bamford has published exhibits, at all events, the elements of a fine poet, which, with cultivation, might have rendered him much more prominent in his bardic effusions.

Most of our Lancashire readers, we presume, are fully acquainted with the struggles and hardships of this self-educated man of the people. He has so vividly related his own adventures, that any other relation would be completely out of place. Like most of his predecessors of the same class, he has fought manfully in the cause of the poor, and while engaged in securing the emancipation of his own mind, has directed his energies to the mental and moral salvation of those around him.

Bamford's poetry, principally consisting of short pieces, is remarkable for its healthy feeling, and energetic language. We have always considered the following piece a specimen of genuine poetry.

ODE TO DEATH.

Come not to me an a bed
Of pale-faced sickness and of pining;
Oh! clasp me close on the battle-field red,
Midst warrior's shouts and armour shining;
Let me not have priest nor bell,
Sable pomp nor voice of wailing;
The roar of the cannon shall be my knell,
And tears with thee are unavailing.
Then clasp me close in the hottest strife,
Where the cut, and the stab, and the shot are rife.

May I fall on some great day,
With Freedom's banner streaming o'er me;
Live but to shout for the victory
And see the rout roll on before me;

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And tyrants from their greatness torn,
Beneath the scourge of Justice smarting,
And gaze on Freedom's glorious morn,
My soul to cheer before departing.
Oh then my life might melt away,
In visions bright of liberty.

No man could write like this without being a poet. Would that we had more of this class of poetry, and not so much *quack poetry* in some of our modern idols, who write what nobody feels, and what they scarcely feel or understand themselves. Bamford's poetry is real feeling, and as such he expresses it. His "Pass of Death" is not surpassed by any other Lancashire bard in intensity of feeling, although Rogerson's "Dreams of the Dead" is very fine in this respect. Then his "God help the Poor" reminds one very forcibly of the strength and earnestness of Elliot, and his rural pieces seem to combine the sweetness of Clare and the energy of Cunningham. Among the poets of lowly origin, the name of Bamford must always bear a prominent place, and add to the proof that Providence though making some of us poor in bodily comforts, has not stinted us in mental gifts.

NEW YEAR'S EVE:

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the fiend of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

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Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE POLAR BEAR.

THE "URSUS MARITIMUS," OF LINNÆUS.

THE haunt of this voracious animal is on the frozen shores, or mountians of ice in the Arctic Ocean; sometimes at a distance of 200 miles from the land; yet, he is not, strictly speaking, *amphibious*. He cannot swim long under water, and only makes his way at sea, by swiming from one piece of ice to another. Mr. Scoresby, thinks three or four miles is as far as he can swim; but Captain Parry found one in the middle of Barrow's Straits, where it was forty miles across.

This monster of the cliffs and snows unites the strength of the lion; with the untameable ferocity of the tiger. He is the most formidable of the northern animals, and his long shaggy covering of white hair, and large layers of fat enable him to brave the rigour of an Arctic winter. His food consists chiefly of the small cetacea, and of seals, which fall an easy prey to his rapacity. With the walrus he has to fight long and dreadful battles, and not unfrequently he is beaten off with many wounds. The dead carcase of a whale affords him a long and delicious feast; but when these fail him, he will make a meal of grass or berries. His smell is good, for he will scent at the distance of many miles. Sailors will often burn a bone in the open air, in order to draw them to their vessels, and seldom fail to succeed, although one cannot be seen from the mast-head. In a state of confinement in England, he suffers much from the warmth; we have known many kept in a state of confinement, and from our experience, six or seven years is the extent of their existence. The general height of the animal is four feet, and the length nine; the weight varying from 600lb. to half a ton. The dam and her young ones sleep the whole winter away in the recesses of ice-bergs and cliffs; with respect to the male there is some doubt; but it would seem, that he is more active than his mate, and therefore later in retiring to winter quarters.

It is when they make from their winter slumber that they are so furious, and then, when pressed by hunger, they will not scruple to attack man. In 1663, the Dutch planned a settlement on the coast of Spitzbergen, and seven sailors were left there through the winter. Through the whole of the winter they had to maintain a constant warfare with the Polar Bears. One of these animals received two bullets in the throat, which he endeavoured to tear out with his claws; and when they all seven rushed on him with their lances; he dashed at them, tore a lance from one, and threw him on the ground; but as he was about to destroy his victim, a sailor struck him with a lance; upon which he plunged into the sea and escaped. During the winter that DeVeer spent in the Arctic Region, the Polar bears paid them particular attention. One of them came up to the very door of the hut, and tried to burst it in; but he was obliged to retire without effecting his purpose, he, however, soon afterwards mounted the roof, and after having vainly tried to force an entrance by the chimney, he next tried to pull it down, but here he was again most happily foiled.—Another advanced so near to the guard, that he only escaped death by discharging his gun down the throat of his assailant, who was pursued and killed. At another time, when attacked by three bears, they pursued them and killed one; but were unable to bring him away; upon which the two survivors carried him off to some rugged ice, and there devoured a large portion of the carcase.

Encounters with the bear have often proved fatal—the following case happened during the expedition of Barentz and Heemshooke in 1596. Two men were walking on shore, when one of them found himself closely hugged from behind. Thinking

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it was a frolic of his companion, called out—"Who's there?" His comrade looked, and screamed out "a bear!—a bear!!" The sailors armed with lances and muskets, *ran to the rescue.* On their approach, the animal left his prey, sprang upon one of his assailants, carried him off, and very cooly began to devour the body. Struck with horror, the whole party fled to the vessels; but upon their arrival, being ashamed of *leaving their companions* so, they resolved to return, and avenge their death. The purser, after some distant firing, shot him below the eye. The bear, however, immediately seized the body, he was devouring, in his mouth, and rushed forward to meet *his opponents, when* they despatched him with their lances. They buried the mangled bodies of their shipmates, and brought away the skin of the bear, which was thirteen feet in length.

Jonge Kees, the master of a Dutch vessel, in 1669, attacked a large bear, and having inflicted a dreadful lance wound in its belly, he was certain that death must soon *follow,* and being anxious to obtain a whole skin, he followed the animal, expecting *every minute he would fall* from loss of blood; but the animal began to climb a little rock, from the summit of which he sprang upon Kees, who was distant about twenty-*four feet.* Taken by surprise, he lost his lance and fell, upon which the bear, placing *both its feet on his breast,* displayed to the view of the terrified captain, two such rows of teeth, as completely struck him with horror. Fortunately a sailor, with great *presence* of mind rushed upon the bear, armed with a wooden scoop, and succeeded *in alarming him,* upon which he made off, leaving the captain uninjured. Mr. Hawkins, of the Everthorpe, a Hull ship, in 1818; having pursued a bear, struck him *twice* with his lance, and he was upon the point of striking it a third time; when it *sprang forward,* seized him by the thigh, and threw him over his head into the water. Fortunately it only used its advantage to effect its escape. Captain Scoresby mentions *boat's crew* which attacked a bear in the Greenland Sea; upon which the animal made its way into the boat, all the men for safety, dropping into the water on the other side, where they hung by the gunwale. The victor having thus got triumphant possession, sat quietly until he was shot by another party. The same author and intrepid navigator, is the authority for the following incident:—A bear having been prowling about a whaler for some days, at length ventured up to the side, tempted, *no doubt, by* the offal thrown over the side of the vessel. It was dinner time, and only one man upon deck, who, on perceiving a bear so near, jumped on the ice, armed with a handspike, with a view of gaining the whole of the honour of the capture.—The *bear, however,* disarmed him, and seizing him by the back, made off with him in great haste, as to defy pursuit. In 1820, a sailor in a Hull vessel, the Neptune, seeing a bear at some distance from the ship, resolved, against all persuasion, to go and *attack him with a lance.* A fatiguing journey of a mile and a half across the rough ice, the attitude of the bear inspired him with a desire to retreat. He shouted, advanced his lance, and made a many feints of attack, but the bear stood his ground, *soon, from the* defensive, he took the offensive, and began to advance, upon which the sailor fled, closely pursued by the bear, who gained rapidly on him. Encumbered with the whole lance, he threw it down, the pursuer stopped to look at it, he pawed it, *and then took* up the lance. He again rapidly gained upon the fugitive, who threw down a mitten, which again arrested the progress of the bear. Another mitten, finally a hat were dropped by the sailor, and torn in pieces by the pursuer. The *vessel on board seeing* the position of their mate, went to his rescue. The bear came on, and, and after a survey of his enemies, he made safe and honourable retreat.—Fortunately the lance, mittens and hat, saved his life.

Sagacity of the bear is well known to the Greenland whalers, and they find difficulty in trapping them into a snare. The following is an instance of their *sagacity:*—The seal when laid on the ice, has always a hole open into which he can *retire if surprised. A seal* was laid in the centre of a sheaf of ice close by its blow-hole, the bear having marked him for his own, raised itself by its fore-paws, on the ice; *and, alarmed,* made for the hole, upon which the bear dived under the ice, and appeared in a few minutes with the seal in its mouth.

Having to take a bear alive, a captain of a vessel, laid a noose of rope in the

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snow, and placed a piece of kreng within it. A bear was soon lured to the spot, by means of a burnt bone—he perceived the bait, seized the meat, and pulled the rope away. The trap was laid three times with the same success; but the last time, the noose was buried in the snow. The bear snuffed about for a few moments, and then scraped away the snow with his feet, removed the noose, and made off with the meat.

These animals, although so fierce, exhibit great affection for their young, and the difficulty of procuring them food, and the hardships they have to endure, no doubt, call forth this quality. Many instances are on record and might be cited did our space permit. J. W. R.

Temperance Star Lodge, Hull.

AMOR.

Oh! Love, most holy and divine,
Thou virgin-gift of heaven's shrine;
First sent the lonely heart to raise,
While all creation turned to gaze
Upon thy form so fair!
Love! Affection's beauteous twin
Next sent to turn our ways from sin
And guide our hearts to prayer!

The infant on its mother's breast
By its first act is love confess'd;
The mother turns, with looks of joy
And love, to Heaven for her boy:
Whilst blissful tears will flow.
The father, he on both will smile,
His manly, doating heart, the while
With conscious pride will glow.

All in this world of earth and sea
That mind can feel, or eye can see,
That breathes below, or moves on high—
The meteors bright that gem the sky
For thy great cause is given:
The sun's all glorious beams we feel,
Inviting Nature to reveal
Thy smiles, more bright, from Heaven!

Love flows from every "Christian Eye,"
When Charity and Pity's nigh;
Love gushes proudly from the heart
That feels, and acts, the "brothers" part,
And looks with *hope* above.
Oh! what a world we'd have below,
If, in each heart, did purely glow,
A cherished Love for Love!

Manchester, December 1850.

Poverty.—Poverty has in large cities very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendour, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind, to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost contriving for to-morrow.—*Dr. Johnson.*

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THE FIRST MAN.

BY BUFFON.

The first man describes his first movements, his first sensations, and his first ideas, after the creation.

I recollect that moment full of joy and perplexity, when, for the first time, I was aware of my singular existence; I did not know what I was, where I was, or where I came from. I opened my eyes; how my sensations increased; the light, the vault of heaven, the verdure of the earth, the crystal of the waters, every thing interested me, animated me, and gave me inexpressible pleasure. I thought, at first, that all these objects were in me, and made a part of myself. I was confirming myself in this idea, when I turned my eyes towards the sun; its brilliancy distressed me; I involuntary closed my eyelids, and I felt a slight sensation of grief. In this moment of darkness I thought I had lost my entire being.

Suddenly I heard sounds; the singing of the birds, the murmuring of the air, formed a concert, the sweet influence of which touched my very soul; I listened for a long time, and soon felt that this harmony was myself. Intent upon this new part of my existence, I had already forgotten light, that other portion of my being, when I re-opened my eyes. What happiness to possess once more so many brilliant objects! My pleasure surpassed what I had felt the first time, and for a while, supended the charming effects of sound.

I fixed my eyes on a thousand different objects—I soon found that I might lose and recover these objects, and that I had, at my will, the power of destroying, and reproducing this beautiful part of myself; and, although it seemed to me immense in its grandeur, from the quality of the rays of light, and from the variety of colours, I thought I had discovered that it was all a portion of my being.

I was beginning to see without emotion, and to hear without agitation, when a light breeze, whose freshness I felt, brought to me perfumes that gave me an inward pleasure, and caused a feeling of love for myself.

Agitated by all these sensations, and oppressed by the pleasures of so beautiful and grand an existence, I suddenly rose, and felt myself taken along by an unknown power. I only made one step; the novelty of my situation made me motionless, my surprise was extreme; I thought my existence was flying from me; the movement I had made disturbed the objects around me, I imagined every thing was disordered.

I put my hand to my head, I felt all over my body; my hand then appeared to me the principal organ of my existence. What I felt appeared so distinct and complete, the enjoyment of it so perfect, compared with the pleasure that light and sound had caused me, that I gave myself up entirely to this substantial part of my being.

I was not long in discovering that this faculty of feeling was spread over every part of my body; I soon found out the limits of my existence, which had at first seemed to me immense in extent. I thought my body of enormous dimensions, so large, that all the objects that struck my eye, appeared to me, in comparison, mere luminous points. My mind was filled with the strangest ideas. I thought the movement of my hand was only a kind of fugitive existence, a succession of similar things. But my hand near my eyes; it seemed to me larger than my whole body, and it hid an infinite number of objects from my view.

I began to suspect that there was an illusion in the sensations that my eyes made in experience. I had distinctly seen that my hand was only a small part of my body, and I could not understand how it could increase so as to appear of an immoderate size. I then resolved to trust only to touch, which had not yet deceived me, and to be on my guard with respect to every other way of feeling and being.

I put myself again in motion, and I walked with my head high and raised towards heaven. I struck myself slightly against a palm tree; filled with fear, I placed my hand on this foreign substance, for such I thought it, because it did not give me

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back feeling for feeling. I turned away with a sort of horror, and then I knew that there was something distinct from myself. After having meditated upon this event, I came to the conclusion that I ought to judge of external objects, that it was only by touching them that I could assure myself of their existence. I then tried to touch all I saw; I wanted to touch the sun; and I only clasped the emptiness of air.

At every experiment I made, I became more and more surprised; for all the objects round me seemed to be equally near me; and it was only after an infinite number of trials that I learned to use my eyes to guide my hand, and, as it gave me totally different ideas from the impressions I received through the sense of sight, my opinions were only more imperfect, and my whole being was to me still a confused existence.

The contrarities I had just experienced, humiliated me. The more I reflected, the more doubts arose in my mind. Tired out by so much uncertainty, fatigued by the workings of my mind, my knees bent, and I found myself in a position of repose. This state of tranquility gave new vigour to my senses. I was seated under the shadow of a fine tree; fruits of a red colour hung down in clusters within reach of my hand. I touched them lightly, they immediately fell from the branch. I seized one of these fruits, I thought I had made a conquest, and I exulted in the power I felt of being able to hold in my hand another entire being. Its weight, though very slight, seemed to me an animated resistence, which I felt pleasure in vanquishing. I had put this fruit near my eyes; I was considering its form and colour. Its delicious smell made me bring it nearer; it was close to my lips; with long respirations I drew in the perfume, and I enjoyed in long draughts the pleasures of smell. My mouth opened to exhale the perfumed air with which I was filled; it opened again to inhale it. I felt that I possessed an internal sense of smell, purer and more delicate than the first. At last, I tasted.

What a flavour! what a novel sensation! Until then I had only experienced pleasure; taste gave me the feeling of voluptuousness. The nearness of the enjoyment to myself, produced the idea of possession. I thought that the substance of the fruit had become mine, and that I had the power of transforming beings.

Flattered by this idea of power, and urged by the pleasure I had felt, I gathered a second and a third fruit, and I did not tire of using my hand to satisfy my taste; but an agreeable langour by degrees taking possession of my senses, weighed on my members, and suspended the activity of my mind. I judged of my inactivity by the faintness of my thoughts; my weakened senses blunted all the objects around, which appeared feeble and indistinct. At this moment, my now useless eyes closed, and my head, no longer kept up by the power of my muscles, fell back to seek support on the turf. Everything became effaced, everything disappeared. The course of my thoughts was interrupted, I lost the sensation of existence. This sleep was profound, but I do not know whether it was of long duration, not yet having an idea of time, and therefore unable to measure it. My waking was only a second birth, and I merely felt that I had ceased to exist. The annihilation I had just experienced caused a sensation of fear, and made me feel that I could not exist for ever.

VERITAS.

Glorious Truth! what power can awe
The attributes of thy just law?
Say, what can dim thy golden rays,
That warms in every heart thy praise?
Who's strength to thank and feel
The genuine notion that you bring
On all we say, or do, or sing,
Thy presence doth reveal.

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Thou'rt human nature's bold defence,
And poetry of common sense;
Science's toil fraught aim and end,
To whom the Sage and Bard doth bend,
And brightest genius prize!
In manners, customs, and in laws,
Thy fame it is to bear our cause
Triumphant to the skies!

Oh, noble TRUTH! thy reign's for aye,
Tho' some usurp thy power and sway—
But thy staunch minister—"Old Time,"
Does meteor-like, thy praises chime,
And spreads thy Virtues round:
And as thy foes fall in disgrace,
Who come before thy god-like face—
The palm is with thee found.

All! arts that o'er the world has thrown,
Has sought and lov'd thee for their own;
All Creeds their Faith in thee confide
To swell the universal tide
Of men, to hear their fame:
Thou!—holy thought—thou deed refin'd,
Thou acme of the noble mind,
Who courts thy hallow'd name!

Manchester, December 1850.

THE FORD: A RIVER STORY.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

I arrived at Philadelphia, a city wherein I found much to interest me, in spite of its formal and rectangular plan, and its Quakerish and money-loving inhabitants. But mere commercial places soon tire me; and having heard much of the solitary grandeur of the hills in the Dauphin county, I resolved to sojourn for a while in Harrisburgh, the county town, whence, from time to time, I could make excursions to the lonely highlands in its vicinity.

A journey of eighty miles placed me in Harrisburgh. It was now the month of October, and I thought the sombre character of the "Fall," as Americans designate autumn, would be a propitious time for visiting the hills. Accordingly, after providing myself with a map and a stout horse, I set out one morning on an excursion to the wild locality which I desired to explore, and which was only twelve miles from the town. I would not hire a guide, being determined that the impulses which I expected to arise in my mind should lose none of their force by interruption. The day seemed favourable enough when I started: my horse was tractable and strong; and every mile plunged me into deeper and deeper solitude. I had never before been without companions in so solemn a region. It seemed as though I was the first man who had *intruded* on its quiet. Whenever I halted, the stillness was so oppressive that I pushed onwards in order to be relieved by the sound of my horse's feet, though they fell only on soft sward under the trees, seeming like faint whispers in the loneliness. There *was something* awful in it; but it was for this I had come, and I was determined to experience it to the full.

As I proceeded, the landscape presented new aspects of grandeur. I became more and *more reconciled* to my isolation, especially as I knew that only twelve miles in-

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tervened between me and very comfortable quarters. Still the solitude deepened: the "wild giants of the wood" assumed, at nearly every step, a greater bulk and more towering altitude; the hills pierced higher into the skies; the streams grew wider and deeper, but they lapsed softly along, making not even a little noise. Silence seemed slumbering there in everlasting rest. The place might have lulled even Chaucer's "God of Sleep." I was wrapt in breathless ecstacy.

Hitherto I had followed, without deviation, one of the streams which abound in this part of the Dauphin county of Pennsylvania; but at length the current made an abrupt angle, threatening to arrest my farther progress. This was the more vexatious, because the country on the other side the water tempted me with new features. Should I return to Harrisburgh, or endeavour to cross the river, and penetrate still deeper into the profundity of a spot seemingly abandoned by all living creatures.

My resolution was soon taken. I determined to coast the stream, and seek for a shallow through which I might push my horse. My investigation, after much delay, was rewarded by success. Without much difficulty I attained the opposite shore, and rode onward for a mile or two, enjoying the stupendous prospect presented on every side, and *listening* (if I may so express it) to the silence which vibrated in my ears.

But even rapture cannot prevail against hunger and thirst. I had been mindful of this truth on leaving Harrisburgh, where I had provided myself with a well-stored wallet, knowing, from what I had heard of spontaneous vegetation of the hills, that enough food would be found there for the horse. Having arrived at a little open spot among the trees, I tethered my steed, giving him room enough to browse or graze, as his inclination might dictate, and then sat myself down on the fresh herbage, and spread out my store of meat and wine. Though no one was with me to partake my viands, or sympathise with my pleasure, I never enjoyed so delicious a dinner. The good cheer elevated my imagination, and I surrendered myself to dreamy fancies, which had in them I know not what of delight.

But abstractions like these often overcome prudence. I did not consider, as I ought to have done, that I was in a wild, if not a savage, country, nor that evening was so rapidly coming on. My reverie was broken by observing that the shadows of the huge trees were projected horizontally over the space before me, stretching out till I could scarcely fix their termination, and that the prospect by which I was surrounded grew massed and indistinct. I looked up at the sky. It was loaded with black and heavy clouds. The air felt thick and close. A storm was evidently approaching. No time was to be lost, and I was again in the saddle.

I had not ridden more than a quarter of a mile when my previous notions about the brooding silence of the Dauphin hills were hideously routed. A violent clap of thunder burst right over my head, followed by a tumultuous wind, which shrieked through the trees, bending them almost to the earth, and rending their great branches with stunning noise. A deluging descent of rain added to the clamour; and to this succeeded a hissing rush of waters, now roused from their tranquility, and foaming madly in their channel. The hurricane would soon be involved in night; and how should I find my way in utter darkness? I must, however, again cross the river. Would this *now* be practicable? Could I once more find the ford I had passed a few hours previously? This was my only chance; and in failure of this, what would become of me?

As I do not soon lose my presence of mind, I spurred my horse in haste to reach the stream before it should be so swollen by the flooding rain as to forbid any attempt to cross. My hope, indeed, was very faint; but, determining to make every effort, and recollecting the exact place where I had found the ford, I hurried towards it, and soon gained that part of the bank. In place of the tranquil and translucent water I had first seen, a turbid, white, and roaring torrent was now before me; and I saw clearly that certain death would follow any endeavour to pass through it. What was I to do? I was already drenched to the skin; and shelter for the night in those wild hills was utterly impossible.

It would not do, however, to be inactive. I might still find a part of the stream so narrow as to be crossed by one or two vigorous bounds, and so shallow as to afford a

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footing to my horse. With this hope, I pursued the shore, anxiously noting every difference in the character of the stream. How long my investigation lasted, I cannot recollect; but just as I was beginning to despair, I noted a gentle swelling of the ground, as though the earth were a little higher there than elsewhere: the banks also appeared to approach each other somewhat nearer than I had before perceived. Here, then, the endeavour might be risked; and I made up my mind to attempt it at all hazards. Speaking a few words of encouragement to my horse, and patting him on the neck, I urged him towards the water, and the generous beast, without a moment's hesitation, bounded through and landed me safely on the opposite side. I lavished all manner of praises on him, and was grateful to Heaven.

In spite, however, of this success, my danger was not ended. I was speedily buried in thick darkness—not an object was visible—I knew not what course to take; and the storm increased in fury. That I was on the homeward side of the stream, was something. But how, without light, was I to find a path through that "close dungeon of innumerous boughs?" No other course seemed left but to pass the long and tempestuous autumnal night in the wilderness, without shelter from the ever-driving rain and howling wind. Had there been a moon, I could not have seen it, because black clouds masked the firmament; and though these were torn asunder every now and then by forked lightning, the flash served only to exhibit for a moment the dismal objects about me; and then all was dark as before, and I was left, without sight,

> "In the perplex'd paths of that drear wood,
> The nodding horror of whose shady brows
> Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger."

While involved in this entanglement, and doubting whether I should live to see the dawn, a twinkling flame radiated, star-like, through the covert; and, as I gazed in wonder at it, a voice was heard exclaiming—"Where are you? Speak!"

I held my breath. Who could the summoner be? Surely not any one from Harrisburgh, for I had not mentioned at my inn the place to which I was going; and, besides, the distance was too great for the host to send, especially on such a night, even had he known in what direction to search. I would not answer so unexpected a demand. New acquaintances in such savage districts were suspicious, and I was without arms.

The light receded; then made a circle round the spot in the midst of which I stood, walled in by darkness; then it flickered in a new direction; then came nearer; and again the voice shouted—

"Why don't you speak? I know you are somewhere hereabout. You can't lie all night in this storm. Answer me, or I'll give up my quest."

The peremptory tone of this demand did not tend to abate my apprehension of an unwelcome companion; but, as the light approached, it became certain that I could no longer elude detection. Putting, therefore, the best face on the matter, I called out—"For whom do you search? and what is your name?"

"I can give no answer to either question," replied the voice, still distant. "I know now, however, where you are, and will soon be with you. I am a friend."

Something was in the tones of the voice which attested the sincerity of the words. I waited with curiosity the approach of one who seemed to take so much interest in my present condition; and, by-and-bye, I saw a lantern, the ribs of which, to my excited imagination, circled the living light like a skeleton. When it came almost close to me, but not till then, I discerned its bearer, a dwarfish man, with an austere and painful visage.

"You're in a pretty plight," said he, stretching forth his lantern and surveying me. "What made you such a fool as to come into the hills in the fall? Don't you know that in our part of Pennsylvania the north-west winds and storms about this time are no joke? Are you a stranger?"

"I am an Englishman," I replied.

"I thought so," returned he. "Nature has made idiots of you Britishers, though I come of the same stock myself. But I'll take care of you. Put your beast's bridle into my hand, and I'll find a stable for him and a house for you."

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To give my horse into the power of a man who, for aught I knew, might be a robber with a gang at hand, would be to cut off all chance of escape. I demurred, therefore, to his proposal, saying that I would follow him, but that, being tired, I would mount my beast.

"As you please," responded he, with a look that convinced me he was aware of my suspicion; "it is rough travelling here. All you have to do is to keep in the trail of my footsteps. Comfort is at hand."

I had no choice but to obey his injunction, though I could not refrain from enquiring how he came to know that I was benighted in so desolate a place.

"I will not answer you," he replied. "Do you think we can discourse in this storm? Besides," continued he, with a heavy sigh, "I have a question to ask you of more importance than any you can put to *me*."

I was amazed; what inquiries could a stranger desire to make of me, an idle traveller?

We soon reached his dwelling; a kind of hermitage, snugly ensconced in a hollow between two hills. The horse was sheltered in an outhouse, and there was no want of corn to feed him. The appearance of the cottage, and the saddened manner of my host, speedily dissipated whatever apprehensions I might at first have entertained; and I congratulated myself on my unexpected deliverance from danger. I could not, however, refrain from expressing my astonishment that a comfortable dwelling should be found in so remote a spot among the hills, and that its master should have known that I was beset by night and the storm in that savage place.

"I will tell you all," returned he, "when you have had some supper, of which, I think, you must be sorely in need. Having taken care of your horse, I have a right to look to you in the second place. Nay, do not seem surprised: it is your duty to give precedence to the wants of beasts, because they, you know, cannot make complaints."

I could not but acquiesce in the justice of this distinction; and my host, having furnished me with some dry raiment, disappeared to arrange a meal with which he soon returned, placing on the table cold meat, bread, a jug of water, and a bottle of rum. It surprised me that, surrounded by such comforts, humble as they were, I should have seen no human being but himself in the house. He seemed to be aware of this, for he evidently possessed the power of interpreting looks no less than words.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

One cannot choose but love the bells,
With their harmonious din—
Those speaking bells, whose falls and swells
Ring merry Christmas in:
They sound like angel voices sent
From some serener sphere,
Singing from out the firmament—
"The Prince of Peace is here!"

"Good-will fulfil, fulfil good-will,"
Their glad lips seem to say—
"The best ye can for brother man,"
Goes on the peaceful lay;
And shall we scorn such fancy songs,
If fancy songs they be—
Which lift us up from woes and wrongs,
And bid our hearts be free?

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No! rouse to life the laughing blaze,
Draw round it every one;
Away, sad thoughts of former days,
Cares of to-day be gone;
Ah, now ye wear a cheerful look,
A bright and earnest grace,
Even the old clock in the nook
Trims up its burnish'd face.

Now pledge we in the wassail-bowl
Warm wishes, long to last;—
'Tis done, we feel from soul to soul
The friendship-flame hath passed;
And sternest hearts will now forgive,
And gentlest hearts forget,—
Let's live to love, and love to *live*,—
And we'll be happy yet.

Now for an anthem, such as rung
In halls and homes of old,
Let every soul to joy be strung,
Each voice flow free and bold;
Lo! as ye sing, each gentle thing
Stirs at the tuneful call,
For the berries that blush 'mid the holly bush
Are trembling upon the wall.

Dear Christmas days, how fair ye seem,
Calm, holy, and sublime!
Foot-prints of angels, how ye gleam
Along the path of Time!
Foot-prints whereon sweet heart-flowers blow,
By worldly storms unriven,
That we may mark them as we go,
And find our way to Heaven.

SALMAGUNDI.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.—It is not, perhaps, much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity the world is filled with whetters, tipplers, cutters, sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, *for want of thinking*, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling or tasting. It would be hard on this occasion to mention the harmless smokers of tobacco, and takers of snuff.—*Steele.*

THE BRIDGE IS GONE.—During a storm and violent gale, the long railway bridge across the Connecticut, between Hartfield and Springfield, was lifted up by the wind, and thrown into the river beneath, two hundred yards in breadth, which a powerful current swelled to a dreadful height by an unusual flood of rain. The line here is crossed by a bridge fifty feet above the river, after an abrupt curve has been passed. At the passengers within congratulated themselves on their comfortable situations, thinking of the blessed homes and the firesides which they soon expected to reach. came the train, the engine blowing off its head of steam, breasting its way nobly

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against the gale, which almost threatened to stop its progress, the hot iron hissing furiously in the falling rain. No one knew or even suspected that the bridge was gone. For two years, by day and by night, the trains had passed and repassed, until safety had obliterated the thought of even the possibility of danger; but no bridge was there to receive them, and the long train, with its precious freight, rushed on towards the precipice of destruction. It was not customary to stop at this place; but the people there had learned through the instrumentality of the telegraph, the loss of the bridge, and kept a sharp look out for the approaching train. It came; the word is given, and they are safe. Every heart leapt from its place, and the head swam giddy with fear as the thought came of that fearful leap in the dark; and long will the passengers remember that dreadful road, and the friendly yet fearful cry of—"THE BRIDGE IS GONE."—*Elihu Burrit.*

FORMS OF INTEMPERANCE.—There is the intemperance of mirth, and then its victim is a silly buffoon; the intemperance of seriousness, and then he is a gloomy ascetic; the intemperance of ambition, and then he is the laurelled hero of a hundred fights, a mad-cap poet, or a mountebank statesman; the intemperance of love, and then he is a good-for-nothing driveller; the intemperance of anger, and then he is a frothing madman; the intemperance of dress and manners, and then he is a glittering fop; the intemperance of the purse, and then he is a sordid miser; the intemperance of the purse, and then he is a filthy glutton; the intemperance of the bowl, and then he is a reeling drunkard. Therefore, let reason in all things be your constant guide.

OBSERVATION.—A dervise was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise. "He was," said the merchants. "Had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervise. "He had," rejoined the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us unto him." "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo." "I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," replied the dervise. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence be conduced to convict him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him *as a sorcerer*, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the court:—"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other.—*Colton.*

SUNDAY RECREATIONS.—Let us look the fact full in the face, that the poor, as a body, have no recreations. What are they in the cities and towns? How is it that the working man spends his evenings, when he has an hour that he can call his own, or on that blessed day of rest which has been given by a God of mercy to a race doomed to labour for their sins? What does he do with himself, we ask, when he is not in the public-house, or some low haunt of vice or degradation? Does he read? With few exceptions, far from it—his intellect was not cultivated in his youth—he is too poor to buy books; he is too much exhausted with his day's toils to be equal to anything but real hearty recreation. Does he pass an hour or too in sweet converse

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with the wife of his bosom, and the children whom he loves? Alas! the want of early education has made conversation an impossibility to him, for he has nothing to converse about; or his wife is busied with her own labours, till the moment comes for lying down to rest; or his children are far away, engaged in premature work, gaining a few pence by occupations in which their young hands should never be employed. Has he any in-door amusements to which to turn, if he should by chance have leisure and companions? Has he the music, the singing, the dancing, the chess, the book of prints, the drawing, the painting, with which we enliven our hours of rest, and recreate ourselves in preparation for the duties of the morrow? Does he know the friendly interchange of visits? Are there any harmless places of public assembly to which he may take his family without fear of corruption, or of meeting such abandoned characters as he would wish to avoid? A few such, indeed, there may be; but they are so few, and his means of availing himself of their attractions are so limited, that not one poor man out of a hundred is benefitted by them. Where can he go out of doors, when a sunday or a holiday, and the bright sun in the heavens, invite him to a brief season of liveliness and pleasure? Two or three spots he may visit in London; or he may join the crowds of men and women who flock into the suburbs, either for dull gaiety, or uproarious mirth; but even to those to whom this small measure of enjoyment is granted, there is little to enliven without vice, and to stimulate without leading to excess. A cold, shy, priggish stateliness, rules around him; on one side stiffness and stupidity repel; on the other, coarseness and revelry disgust; the spirit of labour still is dominant; and even when all seems to conspire to make him happy for a while, he remains a stranger to that innocent mirth and simple merriment which animate the throngs who pour forth from continental towns, when the weekly Christian festival, or some extraordinary day of rest, invites all mankind to devotion, repose, and joy.—*A Sunday in London.*

Mathematics.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST.

Solution by W. G.

Let $s = \frac{100 \times 36}{3{\cdot}1415927} = 1145{\cdot}9155$ inches; $a = 26$ inches, the diameter of the first coil; $d = 4$ inches, the common difference; and n the number of terms. Then $a + (a + d) + (a + 2d) \ldots + a + (n-1)d) \times \frac{n}{2} = s$; wherefore, $dn^2 + 2an - dn = 2s$. $n^2 + \left(\frac{2a-d}{d}\right)n = \frac{2s}{d}$, complete the square, and $n2 + \left(\frac{2a-d}{d}\right)n + \left(\frac{2a-d}{2d}\right)^2 = \frac{2s}{d} + \left(\frac{2a-d}{2d}\right)^2$ Or $n\,2 + \left(\frac{2a-d}{d}\right)n + \left(\frac{2a-d}{2d}\right)^2 = \frac{8sd+(2a-d)^2}{4d^2}$ Extract the square root of both sides, and $n + \frac{2a-d}{2d} = \frac{(8sd+(2a-d)^2)^{\frac{1}{2}}}{d}$ $\therefore n = \frac{(8sd+(2a-d)^2)^{\frac{1}{2}} - 2a + d.}{2d}$ Applying this formula to the given data, we shall have $1145{\cdot}9155 \times 32 = 36669{\cdot}296$

$+ (2a-d)^2 = 48^2 = \underline{2304}$

$38973{\cdot}296$, the square root of this $= 197{\cdot}416$; whence $\frac{197{\cdot}416 - 48}{8} = 18{\cdot}677 = n$, the total number of revolutions; and at half this number of revolutions, or 9·3385, the corbs meet.

Now, taking $a = 26$, $d = 4$, and $n = 9{\cdot}3385$, the number of terms, the sum of the series will be found thus:—

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	9·3385		
	— 1		
	8·3385	85·354,	*log.* = 1·931224
$n - 1 =$		9·3385	..... 0·970278
$d =$	4	2	..... 9·698970
	33·3540	3·1415927	..... 0·497149
$2a =$	52	36 in. = 1 yard	..... 8·443097
	85·3540	34·779 yards	1·541318

The corbs will, therefore, meet at 34·779 yards from the bottom.

Solution by Mr. George Lawton, Mossley.

First Solution.—By a little calm investigation, the reader will perceive that a rope 100 yards long, and 2 inches thick, will give an area of 50 feet. Hence 50 + 3,1416, the area of the axle, = 53,1416 = the area of the whole circle, made by the rope and axle. Now, the radius of this circle, minus 1 = 3,1125 = the thickness of the rope upon the axle. Therefore, as one lap goes on as another comes off, it is evident, from the nature of this ingenious question, that the axle will contain just half the thickness or half the number of laps when the tubs meet. Hence, as 50 feet, the area of the whole rope : 100 yards :: 17,3829 the area of the rope upon the axle when the tubs meet : 34,765 yards, the distance from the bottom of the pit when the tubs meet.

Second Solution.—Let $2x$ = the side of the triangle, then by the nature of the question The $\sqrt{(4x^2 - x^2)} \cdot x = 6$ *x* or $x^2 = 12$

By evolution, $x = 3,464$ and $3,464 \times 2 = 6,928$ the side of the triangle. Now the $\sqrt{(6,928^2 - 3,464^2)} = 6$ the perpendicular. Hence, $6 \times 3,464 = 20,784$ the area of the triangle given. Then $20,784 \times 3 = 62,352$ = the area of a triangle containing three times as many miles as the one given. Now the side of this triangle is 12, found in the same manner as the preceding one. Then $12 \times$ by ,5773503 taken from the table of polygons = 6,9282 the radius of the circumscribing circle, or the side of a quadrant which is to contain another circle. Now to find the radius of a circle inscribed in a quadrant, call the side of the quadrant half the diagonal of a square. Then the $\sqrt{(13,8564^2 \div 2} = 9,797$ the side of a square. Then $9,797^2 \div 2 = 47,990$ the area of the triangle. Now, $47,990 \div 16,7252 = 2,869$ the radius of the inscribed circle. Hence, $2,869 \div ,5773503 = 4,969$ = the side of the triangle required.

*** *We have received several other solutions but had not space for them.*

NEW QUESTION.

If a body be let fall from the top of a coal-pit, and in three seconds after another body be let fall; at what distance from the top of the pit will the second body meet the sound caused by the fall of the first, which sound reaches the ear in six seconds after the first body be let fall?

Mechanical Question, by Major Lawton, Mossley.

I have a combined cylinder engine in which the expansion cylinder is behind the smaller, and consequently has a longer stroke in the ratio of 2 to 1. The small cylinder is two-thirds the diameter of the larger. The mean pressure in the small cylinder being generally thirty-three pounds, that in the larger fifteen pounds. Now if the small cylinder be detached, what will be the difference in point of power?

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A DREAM OF SHEPHERDRY.

I sat, the other night, reading a number of our *Magazine*. Whether it was the heat of the fire, the silence of the late hour, or the soporific influence of the *Magazine* itself, I know not, but I fell into a doze, and my brain became active with strange thought and imagery—a fantastic mingling of truth and fancy—a portion only of which I afterwards recollected.

Methought I was seated in the bar-parlour of a respectable tavern, where a small company were promiscuously assembled. The conversation becoming general, turned upon the subject of Provident Societies, self-supporting Clubs, and Secret Orders, their uses and abuses, and the vast amount of good they might effect under a prudent and enlightened management. At length one good-natured individual suddenly said: "As we are known to each other, let us start a New Order among ourselves." "*Agreed!*" said several voices. "What shall it be called?" "Let us go back to the remotest times," said the first speaker; "let us call it the 'Ancient Shepherds,' and the first lodge the 'Abel' Lodge. We cannot go farther back than the first shepherd." All were willing, and the nucleus of a new society was at once formed. Soon after others—at first for the novelty of the thing, afterwards from higher motives—enrolled themselves as members. After this, I saw new lodges spring up on every hand, and the benevolent principles of Shepherdry ramify into many counties. I saw many a poor wayfayer, seeking employment, assisted on the road; many a sick-bed soothed and attended; many a widow and orphan aided and comforted by this system of co-operative charity, and I rejoiced greatly thereat. I saw that, at first, the Order consisted of the humblest artizans, and workmen in factories and at forges; that they

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assembled in taverns, and, after the necessary business being gone through, enjoyed themselves with glass and song until a prescribed hour. But, as even good is not always unmixed with evil, I saw that they sometimes extended their enjoyments far into the night, entailing upon themselves expense their means could ill allow, and sometimes the consequences were pain and regret. This, thought I, will be mended as general intelligence increases, and the body will purge itself of this temporary disease.

My mind now became confused with other images, and a lapse of years seemed to intervene, till I saw again that the society had wonderfully increased in numbers, and improved in moral discipline. I observed that the Shepherds did not meet in public-houses, as heretofore, but in hired rooms of their own, where they still enjoyed social conversation, the song, and the recitation, but unaccompanied by dangerous adjuncts. They were not the less cheerful, and they were more orderly in speech and demeanor. I saw that many persons of superior position in life had come among them, and I heard them beginning to discuss the desirableness of Shepherds' Reading Rooms and Libraries. Nay, some of them were actually attempting to establish them, and I looked upon this as an encouraging sign of the growing usefulness and stability of the Order.

Oblivion now seemed to blot out my thoughts for a long time, and when they resumed their functions, methought I was wandering through the streets of a populous town, at the dead of night. The sky was brilliant with stars, scarcely dimmed by the effulgence of the moon just past her full. A sweet light, mingled with sharp outlines of shadow, enveloped the town; but no sounds were heard save the fall of a distant weir, and the sonorous sounds of two church clocks, announcing the hour of One! I was walking along a parade, which commands a wide view of the surrounding neighbourhood, when I suddenly encountered a figure, which seemed to have sprung from beneath my feet. I stood still with awe and surprise. The Vision—for I deemed it no other—seemed feminine; was dressed in light and flowing robes, and possessed a countenance of singular sweetness and earnestness. At length in a voice of calm and tender music, it spoke. "Wanderer, what seekest thou, and what desirest thou to know?" My thoughts suddenly connected themselves with former thoughts, and I replied, "Tell me of the Ancient Shepherds, and if they still exist." "Come and see what thou shalt see," said the Vision; and I instinctively and reverentially accompanied my guide. We walked on in silence till we reached the outskirts of the town, and upon a gentle eminence, bathed in the placid moonlight, I beheld a large edifice of substantial but graceful

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architecture. "This is the Shepherds' Hall," said my guide, "enter." We ascended a wide flight of steps, and entered by a lofty portal, which seemed to open by magic before us. We climbed another wide stair-case in the interior, and I remarked with wonder that we needed no artificial light, but that sufficient for our purpose seemed to be effused from the person of my guide, whom I mechanically followed. The Vision showed me many spacious rooms, plainly but comfortably fitted up. "These," it said, "are lodge-rooms for this and neighbouring districts. This"—entering one yet larger—"is the school-room for their children; and this small one is the surgery and medicine-store for their use, presided over by a competent paid man, who has no interest in cheating them, or tampering with their ailments. Below," it continued, "we have baths and wash-houses for such of their families as choose to take advantage of them. Now, come this way," said my guide. We then entered, by folding doors, a long, wide, and lofty hall, extending along the whole front of the building. It was really a most imposing place. From the corniced ceiling, upon which was painted a representation of the sun with clouds, depended graceful, but not costly, candelebra. Upon the walls were well executed pictures, in panels, delineating the principal events in the lives of illustrious Shepherds, from DAVID down to JAMIE HOGG, the Shepherd poet of Ettrick. At one end of the Hall was a procenium, or platform, above which towered a goodly organ. At the other end were busts and statues of the Virtues, among which stood conspicuous that of CHARITY. In gazing at this figure attentively, I discovered, to my wonder, that it was a counterpart of my guide, to whom I turned with enquiring looks. "Even so," it said, guessing my thoughts, and I bowed before her with reverence to the ground, from which she raised me with a word and a smile of ineffable sweetness. "This," said CHARITY (for so I must now call her), "this is their general assembly room. Here lectures and orations are delivered, essays read, vocal and instrumental music performed, and all by Shepherds. Here, too, retaining all that is good and graceful in ancient usages, they hold their Christmas festivals, where PEACE and I preside; and cheerful and clear are the minds, glowing and happy the hearts of our children. Come thou amongst them." Here I knelt in homage at the feet of the Vision, who put her hand upon my head with a parental touch, and my whole frame thrilled with a sensation of calm and exquisite pleasure, which seemed to extract all selfishness from my soul. At this moment, methought that the organ burst forth into voluble sound, and a hundred voices joined it in singing a magnificent Hymn to CHARITY, who melted

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gradually from my presence. At the same time the music and the voices of the choir dwindled on my ear, dying away in some distant region of the air, and I found myself alone in my own room, broad awake, and my candle taking its last gasp ere it expired.

And the best part of this is a dream, I thought. But may not all, except the visionary part, be yet realized? I think, brother Shepherds, that it assuredly may. Strive towards it, by unanimity, economy, kindly feeling, and the cultivation of your minds, and you will get nearer to this desirable goal. Though it may take you a long time to reach it, a pleasure and a good will arise out of the very effort itself. A proud day for you would it be could this similitude of a *dream* be worked by your united endeavours into an actual *fact*. Do not despair of it. Let some of our young Shepherds wish and hope for its accomplishment, *try* to turn the wish into the deed—the hope into the possession. Greater things than this are being constantly done before our eyes, and why not this? There is neither moral nor physical obstacle to prevent it, except the want of *united* will; and why should men, professing to be brothers, not encourage a united will? I pause for a reply.

UNITY, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

Respected Brethren,—In our Loyal and Ancient Order we have, as brethren, the motto of "Friendship, Love, and Truth," to carry out as some of the wisest and best principles that our loyal and honourable Order is endowed with; but, brethren, can we perform or carry these wise and good principles out without the aid of unity? No, brethren; we can perform nor do no one thing without unity—no. Without unity, Love, Truth, and Friendship will be effectless in the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, and its wise, true, and just principles soon sink into oblivion, and be no more the brotherhood of Shepherdry. But, brethren, let us unite these four great principles together in the bonds of Harmony and Peace, and view then what will be the result of Unity; why brethren, the result will be quite the contrary; Love will elevate and lift our hopes and prospects from small things up to a larger scale of dignity and brightness in those things and objects we have in our view, no matter whether moral, physical, or intellectual. But, brethren, we have under these ties, Friendship, Love, Truth, and Unity, one great and solemn commandment to fill, that our Great Chief gave unto us—"Love thy brother as thyself, and do unto him as thou would have him do unto thee." How are we, as brethren, to perform this one part without the aid of Unity, Friendship, Love, and Truth? We can perform nor do no such act of kindness and benevolence, without we have them all linked and united together, impressed and fixed deep into our breast with that kind of sympathetic love and delight to each other. But as love is the forerunner of all other good and wise propensities that man is endowed with, love is the never-failing spring of all that goodness, and invigorating efforts, and virtues that has to promote, perform, and propagate for the benefit and mutual satisfaction of his fellow-man, and the further extension of that cause he claims and admires, with that Love and Friendship, under the banner of Unity and

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Peace, and brotherly Concord, in the bonds of Truth and Justice. But Love is the never-failing spring and plant that grows up and flourishes like the trees of the forest, to link the root to the earth, sprig to sprig, branch to branch, and arm to arm, until it becomes one of the largest and best trees of the forest. This is the case in Shepherdry: Unity, Love, and Friendship links man to man, to live and go hand in hand for the promotion and extension of that lodge, that district, and the Order at large, so that its principles may be circulated through the length and breadth of the land, to flourish and progress like the trees of the forest, fair and beautiful. But Love is the first great moving cause that binds man to man, and teaches him to love any cherish, and "do unto all men as he would have them do to him." It teaches him to feel and console with his brother in all calamities and misfortunes, and sympathize with him in all bereavements that may befall him on earth with that pleasure and comfort that dignifies his sphere of life and brotherhood. It also teaches him that he should try to illuminate his path in prosperity with all that beauty, fragrance, and splendour, his talents and ability are capable of doing, by encouraging him onwards in never failing efforts, usefulness, and duty through life; by promoting his welfare and the welfare and dignity of his fellow-mortals on earth; by trusting in brotherly Concord, Love also teaches him to exert his influence and friendship to those that are still strangers and foreigners to that cause he wished to see propagated under those good and great principles by his kind and sympathetic invitations to them, and by putting that lustre and dignity upon it, cause for the further extension and propagation, and that illustration it deserves in that startling and convincing light they ought for the sustenance of so beneficial and glorious a cause, by showing those unconnected with its principles and prospects, that Shepherdry is a cause of beneficial utility and usefulness far more than the single exertion of any man alone for himself through life, and it will be the means of raising himself to an eminent sphere of life by his efforts of usefulness, and sobriety, good conduct and fidelity to his fellow-brethren in society; and it will be the means of elevating him in sickness and distress, and death, and to a far greater extent than he can perform it by his own endeavours of self-exertion at home. Love also teaches us, as brethren, to dwell together in unity and peace, not forgetting, if thy brother offend thee by returning unto him evil for evil, no, but good for evil; then the brotherhood of Shepherdry will shine with that glory and brightness it ought, and its paths will be peace and pleasantness, and its prospects beautiful; and the road of Shepherdry will be sweet to walk in, and it will put a striking illustration between light and darkness, between right and wrong, between good and bad, by putting that bright and glorious dignity upon its cause it ought to have; then Justice and Mercy, Friendship and Harmony, true love and dignity will be found with us to prevail throughout the whole brotherhood of Shepherdry, so that it may be seen and taught in the brotherhood, and also in the minds of those unconnected with its principles and objects, that the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds is not only a name in the land, no; but it will be seen and taught that it is an united provident benefit society, proving that its borders and bulwarks, and the strength of its fortress, flourishing like the trees of the forest by the strength and stability of the bonds of unity and peace. This is one great fact, that Shepherdry united under the banner of Unity, Friendship, Love, and Truth, that it is not only a useful society, but that it is a bright, glorious, and prosperous benefit society to the community at large, having for its object the provisions that are required against death, sickness, and all other misfortune and calamity that may befall to us whilst we are permitted to remain upon earth, more by far than the single exertions of an individual contribution laid up in his own drawer or box against sickness or death. It is said by some persons that unity is not strength, nor yet will it yield more than the single exertion will do, and it is also a bad thing for the many under the present form of government. True! There are many evils that exist at present; but there are means of doing away with them. In trying to prove that unity is strength, under the present form, and a bright and beneficial society to the world at large, but more particularly to such organized societies as the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, it is a wise and just maxim to look before we leap; and if we follow this

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maxim, it may prevent a greater evil or danger that may befal us when there is no chance of self-exertion helping us out of our difficulty and danger. For instance: if a person fall down some deep and awful precipice, and has no one with him, and there is no way by which he can help himself out; but, by chance, some kind friend is sent to his aid by that kind Providence which over-rules all things, for his assistance in the hour of danger. This one illustration teaches me that unity reigns in all things, and at all times, and it is the strength and ground-work of society, and the ground-work that our great and wise Chief Shepherd gave unto man to perform and work both his mental, physical, and rational powers with, whilst he is permitted to remain on his mother earth for the elevation and instruction of his fellow-men, by uniting hand and heart for the good and welfare of each other, in peaceful union. But to prove that unity will do more than the self-exertion of one individual, I will take another illustration. Suppose that a person has nothing but his own hand-labour to depend upon for that food and raiment and every other necessary of life for himself and family, and this individual is overtaken by some unforseen sickness, misfortune, or calamity, so that he is rendered unable to follow his employment, and his funds become exhausted and spent so that he is obliged to apply to his parish for relief, then he begins to find the strength of unity out; but had he been a member of Shepherdry he would have been able to do more, and receive more than he could enjoy out of his own exertion. Yes! I will give you an example of both sides of the question:

Single exertion laid up in the following form in his own box or drawer.

Weekly Subscription paid at the following rates.	Number of years paying.	Total Amount Paid.
s *d.*		£. *s.* *d.*
0 4	48	41 12 0
0 4	32	27 14 8
0 6	24	31 4 0

Having pointed out what a person will lay up in his own drawer, we will allow him out of the fund £5. each, for death, himself and wife, and allow the remainder for sickness, which will be as follows; he will have at the rate of 13s. 2d. per week for 48 years' sickness, or £32. 12s, and £10. for deaths.

Now let us see what unity has done, mixed with "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

No. of Years he will Pay.	Amount of Contribution Paid per Week.	Amount of Weekly Contribution for a No. of Years.	Making Money Paid.	Total Amount Paid for a given number of years.	What a Person will receive for Sickness in 15 year.	Amount of Funeral Money.	Per Week for Sickness.	Total Paid for Sickness and Death in 15 year.
	£. *s.* *d.*	£. *s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*	£. *s.* *d.*	£. *s.* *d.*	£. *s.*	*s.* *d.*	£. *s.* *d.*
48	0 0 4	41 12 0	5 0	41 17 0	13 0 0	8 0	0 10	
32	0 0 4	27 14 8	5 0	27 19 8	6 10 0	6 0	0 5	
24	0 0 6	31 4 0	5 0	31 9 0	3 5 0		2 6	36 15 0

Brethren,—This scale shows that he may receive out of his 48 years' contribution £36. 15s., which will leave a balance of £5. 2s. for the remaining 46½ years to come; but if we look at the other two statements, he may receive more out than he pays into the funds, and leave nothing for the remaining years to come; and, brethren, how often is this the case in our lodges? Brethren, this is a startling, but convincing, fact that "unity is strength," and by unity we can accomplish more than we already have done. By that unity and peaceful moves we, as a society, have progressed and distinguished ourselves; but, brethren, we have not attained to the top of the tree, it has not got to the full growth yet—no; but we have done much for the promotion and welfare of Shepherdry, and there is much more remains for us to accomplish. We must go on progressing in this lovely, bright and glorious cause, which its ardent and zealous supports have done for a number of years that has gone by, thinking that we have greater and brighter objects in view, and to carry out in strict accordance with Justice and Mercy, Friendship and Harmony, Equality and Economy; dwelling to-

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gether in brotherly love and unity, and by so doing we shall be able to prove to the world at large we have done much, but we can do a great deal more; showing by act and deed that there is something more than a name in Shepherdry. But its principles and object is a bright, glorious, and an illuminating Provident Benefit Society, guided and directed with pleasure and good-will to all those who join and embrace its cause, as is already proved by those who have espoused its merits, and guided by its laws and precepts for upwards of twenty-one years, with that spirit of punctuality and economy.

But, brethren, we can perform more than we have already done, by studying the merits and precepts of "Friendship, Love, and Truth," under the banner of brotherly unity; with that economical basis we naturally must look into the great and wise principles of Shepherdry. Shepherdry can and must be worked on cheaper principles than it has already been done, and this can be done if we all pull one way, bearing one another's burdens, and doing like the Good Samaritan of old, carrying out that life and duty every one is fitted for, so that by uniting our judgment, dispositions, and effectually strengthening each other to grapple with all the surrounding evils, and sympathize with each other in all afflictions and troubles that may befall us on earth, but too general; instead of this, we are opposed to each other in almost every thing which is and must be performed, continually cavilling and railing at each other. Can we be surprised to see the lodge, and district, and the Order at large sinking both in funds and members, and in the estimation of the public mind, to be the result of such means; but if we only will take Unity and Love for our guide and director, as the two essential points for that comfort, Joy and Prosperity we require for the sustenance of our Loyal and Ancient Order, and cultivating those points with a firm and determined tone for the progression of our noble Order, a many evils may be avoided and easily overcome and destroyed, so that the brotherhood of Shepherdry may go on progressing in peace and pleasure, harmony and good-will, concord and unity, then our lodge-funds will become strong and powerful, and our lodge and the Order at large will increase in members and in the circulation of its bright and glorious name, through the length and breadth of the land, under the lovely banner of brotherly love and unity, whilst we are travelling through this rugged path of life and duty.

Brethren,—To point out to your notice faithfully the truth of Unity, Friendship, Love and Truth, I will give you a statement what the lodge I belong has accomplished in the space of fourteen years—a lodge of no great number of members, as the greatest number ever registered good on the books will only amount to the number of 46; but upon an average, at the number of 41, they, the members of this lodge, have accomplished a great work, and will be able to perform a large and more extensive work than this they have done, if they go on progressing in brotherly love and unity, guided by good and wise motives.

Now let us see what they have done for the good and welfare of the lodge, and the Order at large. They have done just so much from January 1st, 1837, up to November 24th, 1850:

	£.	s.	d.
Paid for the alleviation of sickness.....	288	17	3
Paid to District and Funeral Fund.....	113	8	3
Paid for Incidental Expenses of the Lodge	48	17	2½
Paid in 14 years	£451	2	8½

Respected Brethren,—These are facts that teach that "unity is strength," and the fundamental links of brotherhood, both of organized societies and the brotherhood of mankind. But in conclusion of these few, but sincere and well-meant, remarks on the principals of brotherly unity, I hope, and earnestly trust, that no brother will think them presumptious on my part, as I can truly say they come from love and a well-meant desire to see the principles of unity advocated and circulated more and more amongst the brotherhood of Shepherdry, upon that strict knowledge of personal

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duty we ought, and must have for each other in the promotion of that welfare and goodness we require both as brethren and friends upon earth. But I hope and trust that some kind, benevolent, and philanthropic brother of our noble and ancient Order, that is more competent, will take the subject up and let us have it more at large, so that it may dwell with us at home as well as in the community at large, so that we may exclaim with that good and faithful Shepherd of old, "O how happy it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Come, brothers, then, united be,
And dwell in peaceful unity:
Love each other as we should,
Promoting well each other's good.
Thinking that our store may be
A kind and thankful Charity.
Then faithful Shepherds we shall be,
And love to dwell in unity.

Yeadon District. W. J. C. THREAPLETON, P.P.C.S.

THE WASTE OF WAR.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

Give me the gold which War has cost
Before this peace-expanding day,
The wasted skill, the labour lost,
The mental treasure thrown away;
And I will buy each rood of soil
In every yet discovered land,
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where multitudinous cities stand.

I'll clothe each ill clad wretch on earth
In needful or in brave attire,
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire:
In every vale, on every plain,
A school shall glad the gazer's sight,
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

I'll build asylums for the poor
By age or ailment made forlorn,
And none shall thrust them from the door,
Nor sting with looks and words of scorn:
I'll link each alien hemisphere—
Help honest men to conquer wrong;
Art, Science, Labour nerve and cheer,
Reward the Poet for his song.

In every crowded town shall spring
Halls Academic, proud and fair,
Endowed, and graced with every thing
The yearning mind can wish for there;

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To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few,
Filled with a truth-exploring throng,
With teachers of the good and true.

In every free and peopled clime
A vast Walhalla Hall shall stand,—
A marble edifice sublime,
For the illustrious of the land:
A Pantheon for the *truly* great,
The wise, beneficent, and just,
A place of wide and lofty state,
To honour or to hold their dust.

A temple to attract and teach,
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall *feel* and preach
Peace, mercy, tólerance, and good-will;
Music of bells on Sabbath-days,
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise,
And one great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies.

POETS OF LOWLY BIRTH,

BY JOHN EVANS.

JOHN CLARE.

Lowly specimens of poetic genius, and the bastile circumstances under which their genius have been developed, are not such matters of surprise now as they were thirty years since, when John Clare issued his first volume of poems. The spread of intelligence among the people has made many men capable of expressing their thoughts in a manner that would have put to the blush some of our authors of fifty years back. Our factories boast of their mathematicians and botanists; we find colliers buying logic and lexicons, printers printing their own verses, and some portion of every class more or less engaged in the advancement of their minds. This was not the case in Clare's time, and a poetical tailor, cobbler, weaver, or ploughman was a remarkable object.

We do not make this remark with a view to underrate Clare in comparison with those of the same class of more recent date, nor do we wish our readers to infer that he is not as remarkable now as he was when first introduced before the public. Our remark is made to show how society has progressed—how intellect has risen from all ranks and classes—how the reign of mind has not been deprived of its salutary influences by the reign of might—how a love for the beautiful, and a reverence for the true have superseded the debased tastes of those gone before, and how the transcendent qualities of the human mind have been hastening on, more and more, to the "perfect day." John Clare was no poetical ploughman of a nine days' wonder; as time has rolled on, his fame has increased, and the name of Clare will always be endeared to the lover of rural sights and sounds, and the admirer of genuine rural poetry.

Our poet was born at a small village called Helpstone, near Peterborough, on the 13th July, 1793. His father was extremely poor, and worked as a farmer's labourer; but illness, brought on by severe colds, rendered him perfectly helpless, and, worst of

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all, reduced him to a pauper on the parish. Hence, it may be imagined that Clare saw enough of poverty at home, as he mostly dwelt in the place of his birth. But although his life, from its very onset, has been, more or less, tinged with the dismal shadows of want and misery, his serenity of mind has never forsaken him, and his poetry rarely complains of the hardness of his lot. But Clare, with all the poverty of his home, was born to show another proof of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. By extra work in helping his father, as a ploughboy, he scraped together the means of his education. Eight weeks' work brought him in as many pence, which secured a month's schooling. In two or three years, he read very well in the Bible, and his school-master once gave him sixpence for repeating the third chapter of Job. As he proceeded to read, he came across two or three books that gave a strong impulse to his fancy, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Thompson's Seasons" among the number. His meeting with the last-mentioned book is thus noticed by one of his friends,—"he was thirteen years of age when another boy showed him "Thompson's Seasons." They were out in the fields together, and during the day, Clare had a good opportunity of looking at the book. It called forth all the passions of his soul for poetry. He was determined to possess the book himself, and as soon as he had saved a shilling to buy it with, he set off for Stamford at so early an hour, that none of the shops were open when he got there. It was a fine spring morning, and after he had made his purchase, he was returning through the beautiful scenery of Brughley Park, when he composed his first piece of poetry, which he called the 'Morning Walk.'" But it is said that Clare's first love for poetry was evinced before he learnt to read. His father read to him occasionally, passages from Pomfret's poems, the harmony of whose numbers, doubtless, seized the fancy of the young rustic, and first imbued him with the poetical taste he has since shown. In a short time the poet received the rudiments of writing and arithmetic, through the assistance of a friend, which enabled him to record on paper what had hitherto been stored in his memory. His first volume of poems was published when he was twenty-seven. Of these, his editor says, "It was an accident which led to the publication of these poems. In December, 1818, Mr. Edward Drury, of Stamford, met, by chance, with the sonnet to the Setting Sun, written on a piece of paper in which a letter had been wrapped up, and signed J. C. Having ascertained the name and residence of the writer, he went to Helpstone, where he saw some other poems, with which he was much pleased. At his request, Clare made a collection of the pieces he had written, and added some others to them. They were then sent to London for the opinion of the publishers, and they selected those which form the present volume." Since then, Clare has published one or two volumes, with which the public are more or less acquainted. Clare's way of life is best told in his own few but forcible words. "It was never my fortune, as yet, to meet advancement from friendship—my fate has ever been hard labour among the most vulgar and lowest conditions of men; and very small is the pittance hard labour allows me, though I always toiled, even beyond my strength, to obtain it." But even this was not the least calamity to befal the poor poet. Our last information of him was his confinement in a lunatic assylum, at Northampton. Alas, and alas! with what heart-felt sorrow do we meet changes like these!

As a descriptive poet of rural scenery, we think Clare may justly claim a place in the foremost ranks. All his verses manifest extreme truthfulness of description, as much so as in any modern poet. There is no false show, no meretricious garnish, no sacrifice of nature to the formula of art. Clare knows and feels too much of the realities of rural life, to be otherwise than a faithful limner. He has lived in constant communion with these rural objects; these have been his friends and companions; these have lived in his heart when the memory of others has died away; and the "still, small voice" that has stolen from the wild-rose or the nightingale's song—from the simple daisy on the bank, or the retiring violet in the dell—has often whispered a word of consolation to the poor poet's heart, and taught him to believe, notwithstanding his poverty-strickened life, that God's creation still contained something for which we ought to be thankful to live and enjoy. Subjected to these feelings, Clare could

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scarcely fail being a genuine describer of the objects of his affection. He has regarded them with those truly poetical emotions—those fervent emotions in which all genuine poetry must ever find existence, and the offspring has been the impassioned yet faithful descriptive genius which his poems, more or less, exhibit. What a sense of noonday heat creeps over you as you read his lines—

"Not a twig is seen to shake,
Nor the smallest bent to quake;
From the river's muddy side
Not a curve is seen to glide;
And no longer on the stream
Watching lies the silver bream,
Forcing, from repeated springs,
Verges in successive rings."
Bees are faint, and cease to hum;
Birds are overpowered and dumb.
Rural voices all are mute,
Tuneless lie the pipe and flute:
Shepherds, with their panting sheep,
In the swaliest corner creep;
And from the tormenting heat
All are wishing to retreat,
Huddled up in grass and flowers,
Mowers wait for cooler hours;
And the cow-boy seeks the sedge,
Ramping in the woodland hedge,
While his cattle o'er the vales
Scamper, with uplifted tails;
Others, not so wild and wad,
That can better bear the gad,
Underneath the hedge-row lunge,
Or, if nigh, in waters plunge."

Reading this in the depth of winter, one feels summer at hand, and ourselves enjoying our "listless length" in some shady retreat. Then, we have summer evening,

"From the hay-cock's moistened heaps,
Startled frogs take vaunting leaps;
And along the shaven mead,
Jumping travellers, they proceed:
Quick the dewy grass divides,
Moistening sweet their speckled sides;
From the grass or flow'ret's cup,
Quick the dew-drop bounces up.
Now the blue fog creeps along,
And the bird's forgot his song:
Flowers now sleep within their hoods;
Daisies button into buds;
From solling dew the butter-cup
Shuts his golden jewels up;
And the rose and woodbine they
Wait again the smiles of day."

and thus he begins with summer morning—

"The cocks have now the morn foretold,
The sun again begins to peep;
The shepherd, whistling to his fold,
Unpens and frees the captive sheep.
O'er pathless plains, at early hours,
The sleepy rustic sloomy* goes;
The dew, brush'd off from grass and flowers,
Bemoistening sop his hardened toes.
For every leaf that forms a shade,
And every flow'ret's silken top,
And every shivering bent and blade,
Stoops, bowing with a diamond drop,"

There is no mistake about the truth and beauty of such passages as these. They come upon us like the burden of some favourite song, arousing the same heart-felt

* *Sloomy*, gloomy, or dully, a contraction of *slow* and *gloomy*.

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emotions and eloquent aspirations. In company with Clare, we cannot fail bearing companionship with the scenes he describes. What a delightful picture of the Primrose he sets before us,—

"——— pale primrose, starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood and spinney through,
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground:
How sweet the modest, unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side.
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The school-boy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring."

And here we have a picture worthy of the genius of Gainsborough or Collins—

"The landscape's stretching view, that opens wide,
With dribbling brooks, and river's wider floods,
And hills, and valleys, and darksome lowering woods,
With green of various hues, and grasses pied;
The low brown cottage in the sheltered nook;
The steeple, peeping just above the trees
Whose dangling leaves keep rustling in the breeze;
And thoughtful shepherd bending o'er his hook;
And maidens stripped, haymaking too, appears;
And Hodge a-whistling at his fallow plough;
And herdsman halloing to intrusive cow:
All these, with hundreds more, far off and near,
Approach my sight—and please to such excess,
That language fails the pleasure to express."

There is earnestness of heart in everything he brings before you; how warmly he ushers in May, you almost feel her warm breath upon your cheek.

"Now comes the bonny May, dancing and skipping
Across the stepping-stones of meadow streams;
Bearing no kin to April showers a-weeping,
But constant sunshine as her servant seems.
Her heart is up—her sweetness all a-waying,
Streams in her face, like gems on Beauty's breast."

And listen—

"The little brook sings loud among the pebbles,
So very loud, that water flowers which lie
Where many a silvery curdle boils and dribbles,
Dance too with joy as it goes singing by."

And again, how joyously he breaks forth—

"Up like a princess starts the merry morning,
In draperies of many-coloured cloud;
And skylarks, minstrels of the early dawning,
Pipe forth their hearty anthems long and loud.
The bright enamoured sunshine goes a-maying,
And every flower his laughing eye beguiles."

Winter rarely inspires our poet's muse, but what he gives us is marked by the same truthfulness as those just quoted. Here is a snatch—

"Hills and dales no more are seen
In their dress of pleasing green;
Summer's robes are all thrown by
For the clothing of the sky;
Snows on snows in heaps combine,
Hillocks, rais'd as mountains, shine,
And at distance rising proud,
Each appears a fleecy cloud."

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Something in the same way, but more characteristic, occurs in the following lines:

"Old January, clad in crispy rime,
Comes limping on, and often makes a stand;
The hasty snow-storm ne'er disturbs his time,
He mends no pace, but beats his dithering hand.
And February, like a timid maid,
Smiling and sorrowing, follows in his train,
Huddled in cloak, of miry roads afraid,
She hastens on to meet her home again;
Then March, the prophetess, by storms inspired,
Gazes in rapture on the troubled sky,
And now in headlong fury madly fired,
She bids the hail-storm boil and hurry by."

Fanciful imagery, light and playful as the objects it is brought to illustrate, is found in several of our poet's pieces. Thomson's fancy is limited in comparison with the exuberance of Clare's. In one place he says,

"Now swarthy Summer, by rude health embrowned,
Precedence takes of rosy-fingered Spring;
And laughing Joy, with wild flowers prank'd and crown'd,
A wild and giddy thing;
And Health robust, from every care unbound,
Come on the Zephyr's wing,
And cheer the toiling clown.

Happy as holiday-enjoying face,
Loud-tongued, and 'merry as a marriage bell,'
Thy lightsome step sheds joy in every place;
And where the troubled dwell,
Thy witching charms wean them of half their cares;
And from thy sunny spell,
They get joy unawares."

In another—

"I see the wild flowers, in their summer morn,
Of beauty, feeding on joy's luscious hours;
The gay convolvolus, wreathing round the thorn,
Agape for honey showers;
And slender king-cup, burnished with the dew
Of morning's early hours,
Like gold yminted new."

In the neighbourhood of a nightingale's nest, he says:

"These have bells, all
Seem bowing with the beautiful in song;
And gaping cuckoo-flower, with spotted leaves,
Seems blushing of the singing it has heard."

In the following lines we have a depth of thought as well as exuberance of fancy—

"Trampled underfoot,
The daisy lives, and strikes its little root
Into the lap of time: centuries may come,
And pass away into the silent tomb,
And still the child, hid in the womb of time,
Shall smile and pluck them, when this simple rhyme
Shall be forgotten, like a church-yard stone,
Or lingering lie unnoticed and alone."

Speaking of insects, he says;

"One almost fancies that such happy things
With coloured hoods and richly burnished wings,
Are fairy folk in splendid masquerade
Disguised, as if of mortal folk afraid,
Keeping their joyous pranks a mystery still,
Lest glaring day should do their secrets ill."

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Here we have the Yellow-hammer's eggs—

"Five eggs, pen-scribbl'd o'er with ink their shells,
Resembling written scrawls, which fancy reads
As Nature's poesy, and pastoral spells."

And here is Love and Nutting—

"And soon the day was on its wane,
Ere Joy had thought one hour away;
Who could but wish Time back again,
When love was so inclined to stay!
She started at each little sound
The branches made—yet would her eye
Regret the gloom encroaching round,
That told her night was in the sky."

We might quote page after page from our rural bard, to show his faithful descriptions and fanciful flights; but the few snatches we have culled will, doubtless, give the reader some idea of the extent of Clare's powers in this department. The beauty of all these descriptions is their extreme truthfulness. The madmen who preach about common sense not being allied to poetry, here find themselves the most notorious libellers. Clare's poetry is all common sense,—the reality of rural life, as it appears to his refined susceptibilities. He views these objects as a man of common sense would—not with mere outward exclamations of "beautiful," and "exquisite," but with downright passion, with all his heart and mind, with love for their beauties, and reverence for their Creator.

Our poet occasionally indulges in the reflective, for he is a man who has seen much, and *felt* much. Experience has taught him many, very many bitter lessons, and they have not been neglected. Here he is in the church-yard, at a village funeral, and he writes stanzas worthy of Gray.

"The church-yard round a mournful view displays,
Views where mortality is plainly penn'd;
Drear seems the objects which the eye surveys,
As objects pointing to our latter end.

There the lank nettles sicken ere they seed,
Where from old trees eve's cordial vainly falls
To raise or comfort each dejected weed,
While pattering drops decay the crumbling walls.

Here stand, far distant from the pomp of pride,
Mean little stones, thin scatter'd here and there;
By the scant means of poverty applied,
The fond memorials of her friends to bear.

O memory! thou sweet enliv'ning power,
Thou shadow of that fame all hope to find;
The meanest soul exerts her utmost power
To leave some fragment of a name behind."

There is depth of thought in the following—

"Man, earth's poor shadow! talks of earth's decay;
But hath it nothing of eternal kin?
No majesty that shall not pass away?
No soul of greatness springing up within?
Thought-marks without? hoar shadows of sublime?
Pictures of power, which if not doomed to win
Eternity, stand laughing at old Time
For ages, in the grand ancestral line
Of things eternal, mounting to divine?
I read magnificence where ages pay
Worship, like conquered foes to the Appennine,
Because they could not conquer. There sits Day,
Too high for Night to come at—mountains shine,
Outpeering time, too lofty for decay."

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This class of poetry is not exactly in Clare's way, but what he brings before us rarely falls beneath his usual sustained merit. Something of the same kind, perhaps the best specimen, occurs in the following sonnet.

"Amazing, grand eternity of Time!
Where things of greatest standing grow sublime,
Less from long fames and universal praise,
Than wearing as the 'ancient of old days,'
'Old days,' once spoken, seems but half the way
To reach that night-leap of eternal day.
Miltonic centuries, each a mighty boast—
Shaksperian eras—worlds, without their host,
Engraved upon the adamant of fame
By pens of steel, in characters of flame—
To which the forest-oaks eternal stay
Are but as points and commas in their way,—
These less than nothings are to ruin's doom,
When suns grow dark, and earth a vast and lonely tomb."

We have already adverted briefly to Clare's love of rural scenery; and the passages we have given will forcibly illustrate it better than any of our remarks. To describe with his minuteness and enthusiasm, is a sufficient evidence of his intense love and sympathy. With such a man as Clare the country is everything,—his life, his all; and to remove him from it, to send him into the murky atmosphere of a town, although he were clothed and fed like a prince, would be desolation and death. Speaking of this love of rural objects, he says—

"I never saw a man in all my days—
One whom the calm of quietness pervades—
Who gave not woods and fields his hearty praise,
And felt a happiness in summer shades.
There I meet common thoughts, that all may read
Who love the quiet fields:—I note them well,
Because they give me joy as I proceed,
And joy renewed, when I their beauties tell
In simple verse, and unambitious songs,
That in some mossy cottage haply may
Be read, and win the praise of humble tongues
In the green shadows of some after-day.
For rural fame may likeliest rapture yield
To hearts whose songs are gathered from the field"

Every thing he meets with, from the most insignificant insect to the most exquisite flower, is an object of the deepest affection. With what warm regard he salutes an April daisy.

"Welcome, old comrade! peeping once again;
Our meeting 'minds me of a pleasant hour:
Spring's pencil pinks thee in that blushing stain.
And summer glisten's in thy timely flower.

Hail, beauty's gem! disdaining time nor place:
Carelessly creeping on the dunghill's side;
Demeanour's softness in thy crimpled face,
Decks thee in beauties unattain d by pride."

We often feel thankful that poets who feel and write like Clare, have *not* received a superior education. It is very possible that a classical education would have made him more select in his language, and polished in his metre; but it would have been at the sacrifice of much earnestness of feeling and freedom of expression. We rarely find classical poets expressing the hearty emotions of such men as Burns, Bloomfield, Hogg, or Clare. Genius never finds a genuine utterance through the pomps and conceits of a precise classic; it breaks out with the warm soul—the lusty emotions of one who really feels himself bound heart and hand to the object engaging his attention. So did Burns feel with "Mary in Heaven;" so did Hogg with the "Queen's Wake;" so did Bloomfield with "Poor Giles;" and so has Clare, with all the beautiful objects

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that have called forth the powers of his muse. His love of the country would not have manifested to anything like the same extent, had he been placed under the restrictions of a classical taste. As it is, he is free and wild, and rides his Pegasus as if there were fire in its wings, and the quicker his movements, the more spirited he feels in his soaring, the more he rejoices in the glorious element through which he is bounding.

We believe we have briefly noticed the characteristics of Clare's poetry. His fertility and faithfulness in description are his principal characteristics. Descriptive powers are not always accounted demonstrative of genuine poetry; but in Clara's case, shewing, as they do, such an intensity of feeling, we feel bound to accept them as the offspring of a truly poetical genius With all his bodily suffering, Clare rarely gives way to despondency or complaint; occasionally a shade may come over his spirit, but it is soon vanished, and we are again out with him in the green fields and glorious sunshine with birds, and flowers, and babbling brooks, and sunny streams, and the merry time of rural life.

CHAPTER ON RELICS.

THOUGH the subject of Relics may be considered by the readers of this *Magazine* as somewhat stale, and little interesting, I will, with their permission, endeavour to make it of some interest to all.

I do not intend to go into other lands for materials, nor to rake up the musty records of ancient times. It is not my purpose to go to the heathen relics—so called—of Pagan worship: the idols of wood and stone which have been found, and are by some preserved with care. These images, to the Antiquary, may possess some interest, to the Christian they have no charm, save that in looking upon them he can congratulate himself that he lives in a favoured land, and in those days when the only true GOD is worshipped under the sanction and protection of the law of the realm.

I intend not to meddle with those relics of the Papal faith, such as images in constant use, crucifixes, parts of the bodies of saints, fragments of the cross from Calvary, &c. Those who believe in such things must excuse me when I say, that I think their belief preposterous and foolish. This, *I* believe—that the day is not far distant when all they teach on these points will be deemed false and absurd, and Error will disappear in the wider effulgence of Truth. It is not for want of materials that I do not enter more fully into this subject. I am closely connected with many who believe in the existence and efficacy of these things, therefore do I forbear.

We will now come to our own fireside. Which of us—even the poorest—has not some Relic which he highly prizes, and over which he sometimes weeps? Behold the mother who has lost a darling child! Some trifling thing, it may be a string of neck beads, a little shoe, or a fading garment, which has been put away for years, and almost forgotten, casually catches her eye. A tender chord is at once struck—the image of the child long gone is brought vividly to her mind, and she weeps! The fountains of her tears, long closed, are again opened. So keenly does she feel her loss, even after a lapse of years, that poverty—actual want of bread—would not tempt her to part with that single relic, to others of no value, but to her how invaluable! Mothers, is not this a mournful truth? Neither are fathers exempt from this feeling, though it may be shown in a different way. For instance, here is a favourite son, (for even fathers have favourites), who has been watched over by a kind and indulgent parent through the period of youth. With anxious care he sees him approach manhood; on him he builds his hopes of the future; he looks forward to the time when he himself must resign the cares and troubles of this life, and into whose hands can he entrust the government of his family, but into those of this son of his love and care? But, lo! the inevitable Destroyer comes, and the father sees his cherished son sink into the grave, and feels that sorrow is unavailing

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"We know that all our tears are vain,
That Death nor hears, nor heeds distress;
Will this unteach us to complain.
Or make one mourner weep the less?"—BYRON.

This son has left some apparently trifling relics. After repeated solicitations, the father divides them among his remaining children. Some particular one he reserves to himself, and over it, when none can witness his grief, he recalls the image of his lost one, and weeps.

Experience is my teacher. I had a favourite daughter; one who had never caused me one hour's uneasiness; one who took pleasure in anticipating my every wish; but she died in beauty's bloom. Though it is now sixteen years ago, I shall never forget the last night of her life. Sitting up in bed, her countenance was irradiated with a smile, as she gave directions for a few small books, and other things, to be shared among her brothers and sisters. To me she gave some small relics to keep for her sake, and please God I *will* keep them to my dying day.

Look at that disconsolate husband who has followed to the grave a beloved wife! Has she left him no token of remembrance? Yea! What did he place on her finger at the altar? She has left him *that*. Does he never weep over his hallowed *souvenir*, this link which bound them together through weal and through woe? Yes, with tears of unaffected love and sorrow. Nor are their children destitute of this feeling. "Give me something, father, belonging to my dear mother," is not an uncommon request. And generally these relics are kept with miser care. I have seen them of more than forty years standing. I have one which belonged to my dear mother, who departed this life more than sixty years ago, and it shall yet remain with me.

Before I conclude this chapter, I will write a few words on the relics of Friendship. Though some may be sceptical, I believe that friendship is more than a name. Who has not lost a friend? Many of us, doubtless, have had friends in youth. School friendship has its charms. Many, during the unsophisticated season of boyhood, have formed close intimacies at school, which have continued through a long life, even unto death. And have you never visited one of those friends of your early days, recalling together the pleasures of the past, conjuring up to imagination the scenes where you have strolled in company? Have you never been summoned to the death-bed side of a friend, beheld the tear trickle down his hollow cheek; felt the last pressure of his cold hand, while he has given you some friendly advice; warned you *of some danger*, and finally given you with his own hand, some token, some relic to *keep for his sake*? There are, perhaps, few of us who have not experienced this trying *scene*.

I will conclude this subject of Friendship with a little anecdote which I read a long time ago, but in what work I do not remember. A German baron met a maimed soldier, who had lost a leg, and who, having served his country in war with the Turks, was making the best of his way to Berlin, to claim his pension. He was old and care-worn. The baron observed that he had a very richly-mounted pipe, which he was smoking on the way "God bless you, old soldier!" said the baron, "does your pipe comfort you this morning? I wish to purchase so handsome a pipe, friend; what shall I give you for it?" "Sir," said the soldier, "I cannot part with it; it was the gift of the bravest of men, who took it from a Turk, at the battle of Belgrade, where we obtained a complete victory." "Oh!" said the baron, "talk some other time of your exploits. Take this double ducat and give me your pipe; I have a great wish to possess it." "I am a very poor man," rejoined the soldier, "yet I would not part with it for all your gold. Permit me to relate its history." The soldier then related how his captain was mortally wounded while charging the Turks—how he, the soldier, carried him out of the battle, and watched over him—how the captain gave him the pipe, pressed his hand, and breathed his last. Tears rolled down the old soldier's cheeks as he told his story, and he continued—"I had once a very narrow escape of losing it, by placing it in my boot for safety. A cannon ball took off my leg, boot,

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pipe, and all. My first thought was to secure my pipe, which I did ; and I hope to keep it as long as I live."

"Pray tell me the name of this brave captain," said the baron, "that I also may pay respect to his memory. I had a father who went to the wars, and I believe was engaged with the Turks. I have heard nothing of him for a long time, and fear he must have fallen in battle." The soldier told his captain's name; and how struck and grieved was the baron to hear the name of his own father. Explanation followed, and ended with the baron pressing the old soldier to pass the remnant of his days under his roof, where the pipe was hung up, preserved as a valuable relic, and where often, in the evening, the veteran recounted the deeds of glory he had witnessed.

With the favour of my readers, I will devote another chapter,—first, to national,—second, to congregational relics. That portion relating to Wesleyan Methodists will, I think, possess some interest, as I shall be able to bring forward proofs of the existence of relics of that good and great man, the founder thereof. One of these is in my possession, although I am no Methodist, but a Moravian.

Droylsden.

B.

THE FORD: A RIVER STORY.

BY C OLLIER.

(Concluded from our last.)

"You wonder," said he, that I should be the only person in this solitary house, in this solitary place. I hardly ever see the countenance of a fellow-creature. I am a miserable man—a man of many sorrows. But come, eat; eat, and drink. Then question me, if you will, and let me question *you*."

I took the refreshments placed before me, not so much from want, for, as I have said, I had dined heartily, as out of a desire to know something of the strange person before me, whose tongue was sealed till I should have partaken his hospitality. Then, drawing my chair from the table to the fireside, I said—

"Now tell me how it has happened that you knew of my presence in this spot during the horrible storm that still howls round us, and why you came forth to succour me."

"I have nothing to do in this world," responded he, in a dejected voice, "but weep, and watch the weather, especially in the fall. Do you think the weather is God's work, or the fiend's?"

"God's work, undoubtedly, my friend," replied I. "Why should you question it?"

"The weather has blasted and utterly ruined me!" he exclaimed with a piercing look and eyes darkened by tears. "Can that be the infliction of a merciful Diety?"

"You must not," I replied, "judge Heaven by partial inflictions. What have you suffered?"

"Unutterable agony!" ejaculated he, starting from his chair. "Agony which has hunted me from my fellow-men, and estranged me from my God!"

"Hush, hush!" I exclaimed. "Whatever may have been perpetrated by men, God is always good. In Him is an unfailing resource."

"I know not that," he returned. "Can men make storms? Can they torture the placid streams into roaring torrents? The hand of God, no less than of man, lies heavy on me, and I have no consolation but in blasphemy. Cursed be——"

"I will not hear you talk thus," interrupted I. "God is ever wise and fatherly, even in the terrible trials to which sometimes He subjects us. What you may have undergone, I cannot, of course, conjecture. But reflect, I beseech you, that by God's mercy the visitation however dreadful, might have been designed to avert a worse calamity."

A piteous groan was the only response, as he buried his face in his hands and wept.

At length, lifting his head, and gazing in my face with tears in his eyes, he said,—"I

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saw you pass this spot at midday. You crossed the river. How did you get back after it was swollen with this great rain? Answer me *that*. I am mad to know it."

"You shall hear," responded I. "By perseverance, I found, even in the midst of the turbulent waters, a ford."

"A ford!" he echoed. "Where?"

"About a mile lower down the river than the spot at which I first crossed."

The words smote him as if a thunderbolt had fallen on his head. He dropped on his knees, and lifted up his face with a fierce look, muttering inaudibly, as if in angry expostulation with Heaven. I looked on in wonder at the inconsistency of his attitude and the rest of his demeanour. In a little time he sprang upon his feet, exclaiming,—"God's will be done, inscrutable as it is!" Having uttered this, he fell on the floor as one dead.

I lifted him up, and tried what I could do to restore him. I placed him in a chair, bathed his temples with cold water, and spoke words of comfort to him.

"You are very good," he said at length. "I believe my heart is better by communion with you. I have not conversed with my kind for years. I have shunned them because they are merciless. Listen to my story, and judge me."

"Not to night," replied I. "You will speak of it more calmly in the morning after a good sleep."

"Sleep!" he echoed. "I never sleep. Something is always tugging at my heart. That I should continue to live is a miracle which must soon cease. No, no; hear me now. I cannot tell where I may be to-morrow."

Being thus urged, I bowed my head in acquiescence, and he began his narration.

"I am now, as you see, a lone man; but I once had a sister. God of Heaven, what a terrible word is that 'once!' Our parents died when we were young; and being thus left, we loved each other with all the devotion of brotherly and sisterly affection, the more intense because we were without extrinsic friendship. We lived in Harrisburgh happily, for we had enough to supply our wants, and I saw my dear, dear sister grow up into young womanhood, with feminine grace, a cheerful heart, and a pure soul.

"How I watched her! how I loved her with a brother's love! and how I rejoiced when I learned that she was sought in marriage by a man worthy of her, in the goodness of whose heart I firmly believe to this hour, though I now know, what I did not soon enough suspect, that he had temporarily forgotten one of the qualities of goodness—prudence! The wedding-day was fixed. My sister seemed more anxious for its arrival than women generally are. You may, perhaps, think this impossible; but I mean that she did not sufficiently conceal her impatience, and I could not refrain from chiding her for what I conceived to be a want of womanly discretion and delicacy. Beloved sister! I knew not your motive.

"Now began the first act of that terrible pageant of evils which has driven me mad. Do not think, because at times I am not sane, that I am raving now. No: I will keep down with a strong hand the tempest surging in my breast. I will not burst into incoherence, but will stare at my misery, and be calm. Do you understand me? Am I clear?"

"Yes," I replied, gazing at the unhappy creature, whose distorted visage justified my apprehension that frenzy would soon be upon him. I began to wish that he had left me to the terrors of the night in a stormy wilderness, rather than bring me to so distressing an interview.

"Now listen," resumed he. "The bridegroom that *was* to be, sickened with the fever which has been the curse of many parts of Pennsylvania. He died. My sister tended him night and day; but she could not catch the fever. Why could she *not* catch the fever? Poor thing, poor thing! The yellow demon would not touch her. She threw herself on the body of her dead husband, as she fondly called him. She clung to it—she hugged it—she kissed its horrible lips; but the infection obstinately kept off. It would not kill her; but flung her away disdainfully, to health and despair. Her agony—all innocent of evil as she was—could not be stilled by Death at that time. Some irresistible power—some devil—reserved her for more horrible torment. Where is the saving hand? Does not evil triumph over good? Do you wonder that I should sometimes lift up my voice in imprecation?"

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I knew not what to answer; but begged him to discontinue his narrative. My entreaties were useless. I might as well have attempted to quell the outer tempest.

"My sister left me," continued he; "and I knew not whither she had flown. I searched for her everywhere—I offered large rewards for intelligence concerning her. All was of no avail. Miserable me! Was she alive? or had she desperately destroyed herself? My wits began to turn. Oh, my dear, dear sister! why, in God's name did you leave me? Did you not know how I loved you? Be not impatient, my friend, but let me go on before my voice shakes into sounds that mean nothing, and before my heart is quite broken. I will not weep—I have done with weeping.

"I heard of her at last. Where was she? and in what state? In a prison—yes, a convicted felon in a prison—a murderess, sentenced to death for slaying her infant! Accursed be the laws of man for creating artificial guilt, and when a crime is committed out of cruelty of villainous opinion, dooms the wretched victims — women — to the death of dogs. Charity has left the earth—manly feeling is at an end. Women are goaded into *guilt* to avoid the punishment denounced against *indiscretion*, and then they are murdered. Can society be guiltless in doing that which would be the worst guilt in an individual?

"The day was fixed for her public slaughter. She wrote me a few distracted words of farewell.

"With a hideous refinement, they had brought her home from Philadelphia, where she was tried, to suffer at Harrisburgh, as a warning to her townswomen. Eternal execration on them! Three days were to elapse before the consummation of the impious tragedy. There would just be time for me to rush to the capital, see the governor, lay before him the extenuating circumstances of the poor girl's crime, and cry aloud for mercy. I travelled night and day. I obtained an audience: I pleaded with tears and burning words; and succeeded in my appeal. A reprieve was put into my hands.

"I slept not a moment. I rode in light and darkness, having, beforehand, provided a relay of horses. I did not allow myself time for refreshment, but spurred on—on, touching from time to time (to ascertain if it was safe) the precious paper which was my sister's life. A superhuman impulse was upon me, and my strength kept up bravely, spite of want of sleep and want of food. After long and hard riding, I came within a few miles of the spot where now we sit. Oh, how I exulted as the space between me and Harrisburgh grew shorter and shorter! Some blessed hours were still before me. All, I thought, was safe. True, the morning lowered, and the clouds fell, by their own weight, closer to the earth. Still, what cared I for storms? Once across the river, and I should laugh at rain and wind.

"But suddenly the heavens seemed to open, and down came a flood. It was not like rain: the earth could not drink it. The very land resembled a vast pool, and my horse's feet were in water above the fetlocks. A sickening fear, more scaring than I can describe, came over me. The river would be impassable! With mad terror, I struck continually the rowels of my spurs deep into the horse's sides, and he almost flew under the sharp pain. The bank of the river was now at hand. I heard its noise before I saw it, and then beheld a white and raging torrent which had already overflowed its bounds. I spurred my horse, foaming and bleeding as he was, towards the stream; but, as he neared the shore, he fixed his fore-feet in the ground, and would not take the plunge. No wonder: he would have been swept away and lost in a moment. Should I cast myself into the waves headlong, and try, not indeed to swim across, but to float with the torrent, in the desperate hope that it might at some turn propel me towards the opposite shore? No; a moment's reflection convinced me that, in making such an attempt, I should instantly be engulfed. My only hope, my only duty to my sister, was to seek a ford; and with this view I paced the bank with bursting brain, and looked for a shallow. None appeared. The fatal time approached; and yet the waters imprisoned me. But *you*—you, a stranger—found a place! Surely, I was forsaken of the Most High! I raved in intolerable anguish.

"After a time the mighty rain ceased, and in a little while the waters subsided. My horse was now more obedient to my wish; he took the plunge, and, after struggling with the waves for many minutes, made good his footing, with prodigious effort, on this side

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the river. Knowing the shortest cut to the town, I gallopped on, flying for more than *life*—flying to save my sister from shame and a torturing death on the scaffold. Panting, breathless, with staring eyes and wild hair, I entered Harrisburgh. The first objects I beheld were a brutal crowd and a scaffold; and on its beam was suspended a woman, *writhing* and heaving with the ghastly spasms of strangulation. My eyes were struck dark, and I fell from my horse.

The unhappy man could speak no more. A long silence ensued. As I knew that any attempt to console him would be vain, if not unfeeling, I suffered his bitter agony to take its course. In an hour he lifted up his wan eyes, and said in a mild voice,—

"I told you some time ago that I never see a human being here. But my sister, *who*, you know, is not now human, often comes at night into this room and sits with me; and I talk fondly to her, but she never answers me; and in the morning she is gone. Good night! I am going to bed—perhaps to sleep. You will find blankets and a pillow on that bench. I hope you, too, will sleep. Good night!

So saying, he left me. Feeling weary, notwithstanding the agitation I had undergone in listening to my host's story, I wrapped myself in the blankets, lay down to rest, and slumbered till the morning sun looked brighly in at the windows. I rose, and went forth. Tired out with the tempest, Nature was now in one of her serenest moods. The sky was blue, the sun radiant, and the moist trees stood heavily without the slightest movement. I enjoyed the tranquility, hoping that it might have a beneficial effect in calming the tempest of my host's mind. I returned to the hut: its owner was not yet astir. Taking up a book that lay on the table, I sought to beguile the time till he should descend to breakfast; but an hour or two passed, and still he did not appear.

At last, resolving to ascend and awaken him, I entered his chamber and approached his bed. He looked very pale. I shook him: he did not move; and I was startled by a peculiar expression in the open mouth. I felt his face: it was cold. The truth was now apparent. His sufferings were over—he was no longer of this world. His heart had given way under the torturing recital which my presence, and my having found a ford which he could not discern in the vexed river, had called forth. His death, without any act of mine, was, nevertheless, attributable to me

Mingled with unfeigned sorrow for the unhappy end of one who had proved himself a friend to me, was some anxiety as to the situation in which I found myself. Here was I, an utter stranger, in a solitary hut with the dead body of its possessor. What was the safest course I could pursue? I resolved that, under the circumstances, my wisest plan would be to lock up the house, repair with all speed to Harrisburgh, and lay the case before a magistrate. With this view I mounted my horse, took with me the key of the tenement, and proceeded to the town, where, having seen the proper functionary, I stated what had occurred, gave my name, produced my letters of credit on various bankers in the States, and offered to place myself under surveilliance during the necessary investigations. Officers, accompanied by a medical man, were sent to the hut in the hills. No violence was detected on the body; and nothing in the house was found to be disturbed. An inquest followed; and, as the verdict was, "Died by the visitation of God," I was now free to go whithersoever I pleased.

My curiosity as to America was quenched by what I had heard and seen; and, having removed to Philadelphia, I quickly embarked on my return to England.

MEMOIR OF MR. MARSHALL.

We have amongst the brotherhood of Shepherdry, members whose talents and abilities deserve our highest commendations, our warmest, kindest, and most sympathetic love and gratitude towards them, by conferring on them that dignity their sphere of usefulness and duty deserves, by encouraging them onwards in their never-failing efforts of usefulness, in the promotion of that cause they love, and admire, with love and

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unity, having that perfect knowledge of personal duty they owe to each other—love thy brother as thyself; doing unto them as he would have others do unto him; and performing that duty with all that pure comprehensive spirit of love and energy, progressing onwards with a pure and firm determination to fulfil the same with delight and pleasure to his fellow-man on earth. How lovely, bright, and prominent, is such a spirit of energetic usefulness to a community! and such is the case with some of our energetic and philanthropic members: they never think they have done sufficient for the promotion of the public good and welfare, and the welfare of that brotherhood they love and admire. Their useful efforts, although they sometimes have a dark and obscure view with them, must, and naturally will, glow with that brilliance and splendour it ought; and with that estimation they deserve in the minds of their fellow-brethren, in harmony, love, and concord. But, brethren, when the cold hand of death calls one or more of those useful and energetic members to their last, but solemn and awful home—the grave, are their talents, abilities, and all their energies of usefulness, and their honourable and glorious names to be forgotten and sink into oblivion, as if they had never lived upon earth, nor been the associates of their fellow-brethren, and their constant and watchful care over the few poor sheep that is committed to their charge be forgotten? Have we no record whereby we can preserve their talents and abilities in, so that the world at large may see and learn, more particularly the young and rising generation, who will have to peruse the rights and roads of Shepherdry in years to come, so that they will be able to follow the examples and precepts of such member in peace pleasure, love, harmony, and unity? Yes, brethren, we have a book of record for all events and purposes of Shepherdry, in which we can enrol all such events as is worthy of our kind consideration and notice, which is, or ought to be, the organ and fundamental vehicle of our loyal and ancient order, whereby we can read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

The cold hand of death has summoned one of those energetic, useful, noble, and well-beloved brothers from his earthly lodge to another—I hope and trust, a better lodge above—to receive that enjoyment of everlasting love and happiness with that great and glorious Chief Shepherd of mankind, who said "Come unto me, ye blessed of my Father, and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Abraham Marshall was one of those philanthropic and energetic Shepherds; one who was an early commencer in the cause of Shepherdry; one, whose spirit of energy and usefulness has been very prominent and distinguishable amongst those that he has associated with in early life. He, along with a few of his early friends, began to see the utility of forming themselves into a lodge of some kind or other; and some time about the middle of June, in the year 1837, they commenced their career of Shepherdry, with an ardent spirit of love and delight, in the small village of Rawden, near Leeds, Yorkshire, by opening the Good Samaritan Lodge, of the Ashton Unity of Ancient Shepherds, under the kind protection and persevering care of the Officers of the Bramley, but afterwards, Yeadon District. They have gone on progressing from that time to the present, by the invigorating and persevering efforts of so kind and benevolent a member's care, as our dearly and well-beloved brother, Abraham Marshall. His constant and prominent efforts of invigorating usefulness has been remarkable and distingued amongst his brethren; his name and personal qualities were not unknown amongst those to whom he had linked himself together in brotherly union; his talents and abilities being so well known to them for his uprightness of principle and trustworthiness, that they appointed him as their loyal and trust-worthy servant of these funds, so long as they could confide and put that trust, esteem, and fidelity in him, his sphere of usefulness and duty deserves. That office of stewardship he has held and fulfilled for upwards of 13 years, with energy, zeal, and integrity, for the good and welfare of the lodge and brotherhood to which he belonged. He distinguished himself by his never-failing efforts of attendance to those duties committed to his charge, as he has only been absent about once or twice during the space of his membership; which is something remarkable in its character, and something very prominent in the cause of Shepherdry. He was a faithful, sympathetic, and dutiful servant to his Lord;

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and in all things committed to his care and control he has fulfilled them faithfully, zealously, affectionately, and with honourable integrity and dignity, to the perfect satisfaction of all his brethren in the lodge; and has caused his beloved name to be handed down to posterity, as a lamp to light and illuminate the road of Shepherdry, in years to come; like that bright and glorious lamp which arose in the eastern horizon with brilliance and splendour, to illuminate the road for those philanthropic Shepherds of old, who went in search of the birth-place of that wise, great, and good Chief Shepherd of mankind, with that lustre and brightness that dignifies and extols every faithful, honourable, and true Shepherd. As a friend and brother, he has proved himself one of those philanthropic, faithful, and dutiful members, one whose life and duty has been highly exalted and dignified; one, who held and claimed, during his life, all those respects due from his brethren; but one who received all those respects universally from his brethren, after death had put forth his long scythe and cut him down, as a cumberer of the ground, where we shall very shortly have to follow him to that solemn and silent resting place where monarch, peer, and peasant are alike equal: the grave maketh all alike, both rich and poor. His duty, as a Shepherd, has been exemplary and prominent, punctual and dutiful, attended with that promptitude and energy that is becoming. Of all faithful and persevering brothers in the Order, his efforts at his lodge, on all occasions, and in all points, giving his kind, benevolent, and protecting voice for or against all things that was brought up for discussion or calculation in the lodge, either beneficially or injuriously to the cause of Shepherdry, his promotion for that love and truth, justice and mercy, equity and economy, was remarkable and firm; but, above all, his faithfulness, trustworthy servantship, and dutiful efforts to his lords of the vineyard, in which they laboured together, and in which, when the lords returned to make up his accounts, that they had put into his possession to fulfil for them, they found them correct to their perfect satisfaction, and a credit and honour to their trustworthy servant, so that they exclaimed, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," He has been faithful and true, just and honest, labouring with sound judgment, and pointed in all things; promoting the principles of Shepherdry in pure love, justice, and equity; exerting his kind, benevolent, and protecting care to those who called for aid and support in the days of their adversity or prosperity; perceiving and progressing onwards for the good and welfare of the brotherhood of Shepherdry, so that at the closing scene of this world, as a mark of that esteem and dignity of so well-beloved and departed a brother, the whole of the members of his own lodge attended to convey his body to its final resting place—the grave! to shew that they considered his talents and abilities as being appreciated with that due respect, kindness, and sympathy towards them, as the members of the Good Samaritan Lodge, whilst he was in life, that his beloved name will shine in death as a lamp to illuminate the lodge and brotherhood in years to come, with that lovingness, splendour, and brightness, that it will speak in silence unto his brethren—"Go, ye, and do likewise!" that ye may become as bright, glorious, and dignified an ornament as he has been to his earthly lodge. He was, likewise, a faithful husband and partner in life to those whom he had espoused and called his own.

I could say a great deal more, but this shall suffice, at present, from one that is connected with his lodge, but stands connected with him in the district.

How still and peaceful is the grave
When life's vain turmoil's past,
The appointed hour, by God's decree,
Receive us all at last.
The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
There the weary pilgrim's rest
From all the toils they bore.
Be wise, then, mortals, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying.
Thoughtless man that laughs to day,
To-morrow will be dying.

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THE WISE WOMAN OF LITTENDALE.

In the year 17—, in a lonely gill, not far distant from Arncliffe, stood a solitary cottage. It contained a single apartment, inhabited by an old woman, called Bertha, who was throughout the valley accounted a wise woman, and a practiser of the black art. I was at that time very young, and, so far from having any dread of her, would frequently talk to her, and was always glad when she called at my father's house. The reason I took such delight in the company of Bertha, was this—she was possessed of much historical knowledge, and related events which had occurred two or three centuries ago, in a manner so minute and particular, that many a time I have been induced to believe she had been a spectator of what she was relating.

In the autumn of 17—, I set out one evening to visit the cottage of the wise woman. I had never beheld the interior, and, led on by curiosity and mischief, was determined to see it. The old woman was seated on a three-legged stool, by a turf fire, surrounded by three black cats and an old sheep dog. "Well," she exclaimed, "what brings you here?" "Be not offended," I answered. "I wished to view the interior of your cottage, and see you perform some of your *incantations*." I pronounced the last word ironically. Bertha observed it, and said, "then you think my incantations mere jugglery; you *may* think otherwise. But sit down by the hearth, and in less than half an hour you shall witness an instance of my power." I obeyed, and approached the fire. The witch having sat by me a few minutes, rose and said, "now for our incantations; behold me, but interrupt me not." She then, with chalk, drew a circle on the floor, and in the midst of it placed a chafing dish filled with burning embers; on this she fixed the cauldron, which she had half filled with water.

She then commanded me to take my station at the further end of the circle, which I did accordingly. Bertha then opened a sack, and taking from it various ingredients, threw them into the pot. Amongst many other articles, I noticed a skeleton head, bones of different sizes, and the dried carcases of some small animals. While thus employed, she kept muttering words in an unknown language: all I remember hearing was the word *konig*. At length the water boiled, and the witch, presenting me with a glass, told me to look through it at the cauldron. I did so, and observed a figure enveloped in the steam. At the first glance I knew not what to make of it, but I soon recognized the face of N——, a friend and intimate acquaintance. He seemed unwell, and pale. I was astonished, and trembled. The figure having disappeared, Bertha extinguished the fire. "*Now*," said she, "do you doubt my power: I have brought before you the form of a person who is miles from this place: I am no impostor, though you have hitherto regarded me as such." She ceased speaking; I hurried towards the door, and said, "good night." "Stop," said Bertha, "I have not done with you; I will show you something more wonderful than the appearance of this evening,—to-morrow, at midnight, go and stand upon Arncliffe Bridge, and look on the water on the left side of it; nothing will harm you."

"And why should I go there?—what end can be answered by it?—the place is lonely—I dread to be there at such an hour."

"Obey me—nothing shall harm you."

I promised to obey her, and bid her good night.

I then returned home. When I retired to rest I could not sleep, and with restless eyes I lay ruminating on the occurrences at the cottage, and on what I was to behold on Arncliffe Bridge. Morning dawned—I arose unrefreshed. During the day I was unable to attend to my business. Night arrived—I repaired to the bridge—never shall I forget the scene. It was a lovely night—the full moon was sailing peacefully through a blue cloudless sky, and its beams were dancing on the waters of the Skirfare. The stillness which reigned around, broken only by the murmur of the stream; the cottages here and there along its banks, and the woods wearing an autumnal tinge, all united to compose a scene of calm and perfect beauty. I leaned against the left battlement of the bridge; I waited a quarter of an hour—half an-hour—an hour—

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nothing appeared. I listened—all was silent—I looked around—I saw nothing. Surely, I thought, I must have mistaken the hour. The clock of the neighbouring church chimed—I counted the strokes, it was twelve o'clock. I *had* mistaken the hour, and I determined to stay a little longer on the bridge. I gazed on the stream. The river in that part runs in a clear still channel. As I looked on the stream, I heard a low moaning sound, and perceived the water violently troubled, without any apparent cause. The disturbance having continued a few minutes, ceased, and the river again flowed along in peacefulness. What could this mean? Whence came that low moaning sound? What caused the disturbance of the river? With a slight indescribable sense of fear, I bent my steps homeward. On turning the corner of the lane leading to my father's house, a huge dog crossed my path, and looked wistfully on me. "Poor fellow!" I exclaimed, hast thou lost thy master? Come home with me." The dog followed me, but when I arrived at my place of abode, I looked for it, but saw no traces of it, and I conjectured it had found its master.

On the following morning I repaired to the cottage of the witch, and found her seated, as before, by the fire. "Well, Bertha," I said, "I have obeyed you; I was yesterday, at midnight, on Arncliffe Bridge."

"And of what sight were you witness?"

"I saw nothing, except a slight disturbance of the stream."

"I know," she said, "you saw a disturbance of the water, but did you behold nothing more?"

"I forgot, Bertha; as I was proceeding home, I met a Newfoundland dog, which, I suppose, belonged to some traveller."

"That dog," answered Bertha, "never belonged to mortal—no human being is his master. The dog you saw was Bargest. You may, perhaps, have heard of him."

"I have frequently heard tales of Bargest, but I never gave them credit. If the legends of my native hills be true, a death may be expected to follow his appearance."

"You are right; and a death will follow his last night's appearance."

"Whose death?"

"Not yours."

As Bertha refused to make any further communication, I left her. In less than three hours after I quitted her, I was informed that my friend N——, whose figure I had seen enveloped in the mist of the caldron, had that morning committed suicide, by drowning himself at Arncliffe bridge, in the very spot where I beheld the disturbance of the stream.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

Keep it before the people
That the earth was made for man,
That the flowers were strewn, and fruits were grown
To bless, and never to ban;
That sun and rain, and corn and grain,
Are yours and mine, my brother—
Free gifts from heaven, and freely given
To one as well as another.

Keep it before the people
That man is the image of God,
Whose limbs or soul, ye may not control
With shackle, or shame, or rod!
We may not be sold for silver or gold—
Neither you nor I, my brother—
For freedom was given, by God from heaven,
To one as well as another!

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Keep it before the people
That famine, and crime, and woe
For ever abide, still side by side,
With luxury's dazzling show;
That Lazarus calls from Dives' halls,
And starves at his gate, my brother—
Yet life was given by God from heaven,
To one as well as another.

Keep it before the people
That the labourer claims his meed,
The right of soil, and the right to toil,
From spur and bridle freed;
The right to bear, and the right to share
With you and me, my brother—
Whatever is given by God, from heaven,
To one as well as another.

THE SEASON OF SPRING.

I cannot restrain myself from bringing together many a shred and patch on the beginning of the natural year. Behold her approach with her flowerets, and young leaves, and balmy air, and fleecy clouds, and sunny showers. Hail, lovely season! thrice beautiful in thy timid guilelessness—thy sweet confiding innocence. I welcome thee with placid joy. To me thou hast ever brought renewed hopes and happy anticipations. I was taught by thee to listen to

"The echoes of the human world, which tell
Of the low voice of love—almost unheard,
And dove-eyed pity's murmuring pain, and music,
Itself the echo of the heart, and all
That tempers or improves man's life."

Reader—art thou discomforted by unwelcome truths and realities?—dost thou relapse into cutting remembrances?—is thy spirit discomposed by the rude jostle of society?—dost thou loathe the cold glitter of false and fashionable life—the endless impertinences of wordly-minded men?—hast thou been long buried in streets,

"And cannot see the heavens, nor the flow
Of rivers, nor hill-flowers running wild
In pink and purple chequer, nor, uppiled
The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west,
Like herded elephants; nor felt, nor prest,
Cool grass, nor tasted the fresh slumberous air."

Quit the carking cares of the world,—come with me for a day into the country, and thou wilt be better for it all the year after. We will indulge in thoughts and solacing interchanges of kindly feeling.

Now, we are in a quiet, rural spot, far from the busy hum of men. No sound strikes upon the ear but the grateful music of nature. There is a spirit of youth in every thing. Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier; and, ah! *there* is one of them—the primrose! See how it peeps from yon southern mossy bank, pale and motionless—so hushed and still is the atmosphere. This darling flower "that comes before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty," is my peculiar favourite. I never meet with a tuft of them, for the first time, but there goes to my heart an intense feeling of their calm aed innocent loveliness. They are to me heralds of fresh-bursting life, dear pledges of the renewed existence of nature. This feeling I experienced at every returning season; it is connected with many an early

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association. How mysterious are the operations of the mind at the budding period childhood! How can we trace the dawning of

"——— that primal sympathy,
Which, having been, must ever be."

And then again, by what insensible gradations do we progress to the laughing thoughtfulness of boyhood! Oh! how I love to revert to those days of careless gaiety and unrestrained freedom; when every object was clothed in the fairy hues of imagination, and I lived and moved in a dream! Time and care make sad havoc with these aerial enjoyments. Youth invests all which it sees or desires with the rainbow tints of fancy;

"And by the vision splendid
Is on its way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Yet let us press on joyfully in our course. "There be delights—there be recreations, and jolly pastimes, that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream."

"What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from our sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower!
We will not grieve, but rather find
Strength in what remains behind."

A thousand pure pleasures remain to us. Foremost, and the most soothing amongst them—is natural scenery. Nothing tends so powerfully to extinguish all bad passions, as the contemplation of the still majesty of nature. For myself I can say that I never walked with my face towards a fine setting sun, without feeling it to be, in the words of our most majestic poet—

"A heavenly destiny."

We started for the day, gentle reader, with gazing on that little pearl of promise, the primrose; and now the sun is verging towards the west, with all his gay apparelling of clouds, we will bend our sober steps homewards.

Tell me, do you not feel happier since you left town in the morning?—do you not breathe more freely, and feel more cheerful, and wear more of that herb called heart's-ease in your bosom?—do you not return with gentler and kindlier dispositions towards your fellow creatures, and with an inclination to look on the favorable aspect of things? Perhaps it may be the long looking forward, during the busy anxious intervals between refreshing walks, that imparts exquisite delight to these holidays. Let us, however, have as many of them as we can. Let us cherish the social and benevolent affections, and be lovers of nature, and of one another.

Let us, then, go abroad in the early year, and allow Spring's voluptuous kisses to tremble o'er our frames. In the goodly summer let us have our quiet musings, as we stroll through the luxuriant meadow,

"Or by the osiers of a rivulet
Walk ankle deep in lilies of the vale."

Let us have our morning walks on the breezy uplands; at noon pursue the chequered woodland pathways; at eve, saunter, big with thought, along the quiet fields. On sultry days again, let us seek some fair, lone, beechen tree, and reclining "on daisies vermeil-rim'd and white, set in deep herbage," peruse a favourite author—

"For books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow."

In autumn too, when we listen to the sound of hollow sighs in the sere wood, we may find abundant sources of pleasure and instructions. And, last of all, when the chill rain begins at shut of eve, in dull November, and "winter comes to rule the varied

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year;" let us have our social comforts, and pleasant chat at the blazing hearth, and listen, with an inward consciousness of security, to the howling storm without. Let us have our beautiful, bracing walks during the cold frosty weather; our happy Christmas merriments, and our pleasant New Year's Day parties In short, let us be cheerful, and temperate, and kind, and honest; and, when the snows of age descend upon our heads, and we begin to approach towards "that dividing streak between our visible horizon, and that more clear and unstained hemisphere on which the sun of human existence rises—where it dips beyond the remotest hills of earthly vision," may we hope for an easy separation, and a gentle dissolution from the thraldom of lower life.

And now, kind reader, I have one request before we part—forget not our publication. Send a local custom, a rural or city meditation—an extract, nay, even a reference or a suggestion. I prythee bestir thyself in this matter, and spend an hour now and then in the right, pleasant, and friendly occupation of communicating thy portion of amusement to the pages of *The Shepherd's Mayazine*. Contribute cheerfully what thou hast, nor allow any dallying supposition to form any ground of excuse. We have, each of us, our own peculiar recollections—our favourite authors—our curious facts—our choice passages: let us, then, contribute to the variety of its columns, by joining and uniting in one general and brotherly resolution, to send whatever we think suitable and appropriate, and worthy of being recorded. To conclude in the words of Milton, "Neither can every building be of one form; nay, rather, the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties, and brotherly dissimilitudes, not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure." With this we entirely accord, hoping that my brothers will, too, and speedily act accordingly, by inundating the editorial table with brief, but becoming contributions.

THE WIDOWER'S LAMENT.

IN MEMORY OF THE WIFE OF BROTHER THOMAS CHADWICK, WHO DIED JULY, 1850, AGED FIFTY-NINE YEARS.

Oh, where art thou, wife of my love,
My partner, my treasure so dear?
Thou hast answered the summons above,
And gone to a happier sphere.

Ah, yes! thou art snatched from my sight,
Who wert wont my afflictions to share,
Whose presence I hailed with delight,
Whose absence I mourn in despair!

I know it is wrong to repine
That Heaven has found gladness for thee;
But, oh! may the spirit divine
Send down consolation for me!

I saw, and recall even now,
Thy hope, and thy firmness of faith,
Thy calm resignation of brow
Beneath the dread shadows of death.

Tears—tears of affection will flow
At the loss of so treasured a prize,
But Jehovah permitted the blow,
And who is so just and so wise?

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I hoped, as a blessing for life,
Thy presence to me had been given;
But, removed from all sorrow and strife,
Thou art happiest dwelling in Heaven.

Dear departed! I'll meet thee again,
Where sorrow and pain are unknown,
Where bliss will eternally reign,
Reserved for the righteous alone.

ODDS AND ENDS.

MECHANICAL POWER.

Some one has calculated that two hundred arms, with machines, now manufacture as much cotton as twenty millions of arms were capable to manufacture without machines forty years ago; and that the cotton now manufactured in the course of one year, in Great Britain, would require, without machines, sixteen millions of workmen with simple wheels. He calculated further, that the quantity of manufactures of all sorts produced by British workmen, with the aid of machines, is so great, that it would require, without the assistance of machinery, the labour of four hundred millions of workmen.

MANUFACTURING CELERITY.

In 1811, a gentleman made a bet of one thousand guineas, that he would have a coat made in the course of a single day, from the first process of shearing the sheep, to its completion by the tailor. The wager was decided at Newbury, on the 25th of June, in that year, by Mr. John Coxeter, of Greenham Mills, near that town. At five o'clock that morning, Sir John Throgmorton presented two Southdown wedder sheep to Mr. Coxeter, and the sheep were shorn, the wool spun, the yarn spooled, warped, loomed, and wove; the cloth burred, milled, rowed, dried, sheared, and pressed, and put into the hands of tailors by four o'clock that afternoon, and at twenty minutes past six, the coat, entirely finished, was presented, by Mr. Coxeter, to Sir John Throgmorton, who appeared with it before upwards of five thousand spectators, who rent the air with acclamations, at this remarkable instance of despatch.

A SHEPHERD PAINTER.

In the year 1300, Giovanni Ciambue and Giotto, both of Florence, were the first to assert the natural dignity and originality of art, and the story of those illustrious friends is instructive and romantic. The former was a gentleman of birth and scholarship. The latter was a *shepherd;* when the inspiration of art fell upon him, he was watching his flock amongst the hills, and his first attempts were to draw his sheep and goats upon rocks and stones. It happened that Ciambue, who was then in high fame, observed the sketches of the gifted shepherd; heard from his own lips his natural notions of the dignity of art, and was so charmed by his compositions and conversation, that he carried him to Florence, and became his close and intimate friend and associate. They found Italian painting rude in form, and without spirit and sentiment; they let out their hearts in their compositions, and to this day their works are highly esteemed for grave dignity of character, and originality of conception. Of these great Florentines, Giotto, *the shepherd*, is confessedly the more eminent. In him we see the sunrise of the fuller light of Raphael.

AN UNFORTUNATE CASE.

A zealous priest, in the north of Ireland, missed a constant auditor from his congregation, in which scism had already made depredations. "What keeps farmer

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B—— away from us?" was the anxious question put by the minister to his assistant. "I have not seen him amongst us this three weeks; I hope it is not Protestantism that keeps him away." "No," was the reply, "it is worse than that." "Worse than Protestantism?—God forbid it should be Deism." "Worse than that." "Worse than Deism!—good heavens! I trust it is not Atheism." "No, worse than Atheism." "Impossible, nothing can be worse than Atheism!" "Yes, it is, your honour—*it is rheumatism!*"

CASUALTIES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Anacreon, according to Pliny and Valerius Maximus, was choked with the kernel of a raisin, and Tarquinius Priscus, with a fish-bone; the senator Tabius, with a hair: and the very sight of a physician, in a dream, frighted Andragorus out of his life. Homer, Rutilius, Rusciascus, and Pomperanus were overwhelmed with grief. Leuxis and Philemon died with laughing; the one at the picture of an old woman which himself had drawn; the other, at an ass eating of figs. Polycryta, Philippides, and Diagorus were carried away with a sudden joy; and the tyrants Dionysius and Sophocles by excessive triumph at the news of a victory. The bald head of Eschylus cost him dearly, for an eagle hovering over it mistook it for a stone, and thinking to break an oyster upon it, gave him a mortal wound. Archimedes was killed by a soldier, as he was making diagrams in the sand, and Pinder, in the theatre, by his repose, as he lay on the knees of his dear Theoxinus.

THE COST OF WAR.

Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child with an attire of which kings and queens would be proud; I will build a school-house on every hill side, and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of Peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning, the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, round the earth's wide circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise, should ascend like an universal holocaust to heaven.

THE LAKE MOERIS AND THE PYRAMIDS.

The lake Moeris was a hundred and fifty leagues in circuit, and entirely the work of one Egyptian king, who caused that immense compass of ground to be hollowed, to receive the waters of the Nile, when it overflowed its usual level, and to serve as a reservoir for watering Egypt by means of canals, when the river was not of sufficient height to overflow, and fertelize the country. From the midst of this lake arose two pyramids, of six hundred feet in height. The other pyramids of Egypt, in bulk and solidity, so far surpass whatever we know of edifices, that we should be ready to doubt their having existed, did they not still subsist. One of the sides of the highest pyramid, measures six hundred and sixty feet. The freestones which compose it are, each of them, thirty feet long. The moderns are at a loss to imagine by what means such huge and heavy masses were raised to a height of above four hundred feet.

BABYLON.

The finest cities of Europe convey no idea of the grandeur of ancient Babylon, which being fifteen leagues in circumference, was encompassed with walls two hundred feet in height, and fifty in breadth; whose sides were adorned with gardens of a prodigious extent, which arose in terraces, one above another, to the very summit of the walls. For the watering of these gardens there were machines, which raised the water of the Euphrates to the highest of the terraces. The tower of Belus, arising out of the middle of the temple, was of so vast a height, that some authors have not ventured to assign its altitude; others put it at a thousand paces.

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A CURIOUS FACT FOR THE HISTORY OF NEWSPAPER LITERATURE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The quantity of paper printed and published for the *Illustrated London News*, of May 4, 1850, was sufficient to cover sixty-two acres, or a space of 171 miles, a yard wide; placed sheet upon sheet, it would form a pile 300 feet high; cut into slips of a quarter of an inch wide, it would extend 25,000 miles, or once round the earth. The weight of paper printed was thirty tons; the columns of the letterpress would reach 2,197 miles, and would occupy 3,650 men during one year to make a fair copy of the whole. The duty received by the government for the paper alone was £690, and the stamp duty £1,041 12s. 8d.; making together, for one week's publication, £1731 12s. 8d. The Ink consumed in printing exceeded six hundred pounds in weight; fourteen grains being the average quantity used in printing a single copy of the paper.

Locke says, that the faster a man writes, the slower others read what he has *written*. Napoleon could write fourteen pages in a minute; unfortunately, however, each page consisted of eight blots and a splatter. Some of his lines to Maria Louisa appears to be scattered over the paper by the explosion of a bomb-shell, they are so *knocked* into cocked-hats and mashed cock-roaches.

ANNIVERSARIES.

On Christmas Day last, the members of the *Eastern Star Lodge*, No. 25, Stalybridge District, held their Anniversary at the House of Brother E. C. Broadbent, Commercial Inn, Melbourne-street, when upwards of fifty members and their wives sat down to a good substantial dinner, provided by the worthy host and hostess, this being the twenty-first anniversary since the opening of the Lodge. The two first instructing officers, P.M. John Norton, and P.M. John Bradbury, of the *Zionite's Lodge*, were invited by the members to partake of their Christmas cheer. After ample justice had been done to the good viands set before them, and the cloth being removed, P.M. E.C. Broadbent was called to the chair, who opened the proceedings with a few appropriate remarks; after which, alternate song and dance enlivened the evening, until a late, or rather an early hour, when the company broke up, so highly gratified with the evening's entertainment, that strangers who came as visitors, have since become members of our honourable institution.

The officers and brothers of *The Peaceful Harbour Lodge*, Horsforth, No. 5, of the Yeadon District, and No. 183 of the Ashton Unity of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, met at the house of Bro. Benjamin Hornblower, Boot and Shoe Inn, to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary, on the 1st day of January, 1851, when forty-four of the members of the said Lodge sat down to an efficient supper, richly spread with the various delicacies of the season, which gave honour and credit to our worthy host and hostess for their kindness and liberality on the occasion, and after the cloth was drawn, the Lodge was opened in the usual form, and the evening spent to the good and welfare of the Order and the members generally; the fund was also found in a flourishing state, to the satisfaction of all present.

The officers and brothers of *The Loyal Jacob's Rest Lodge*, No. 2, of the Yeadon District, and No. 129 of the Ashton Unity of Ancient Shepherds held their sixteenth anniversary, on the 14th day of September, 1850, at Host Joseph Lester's, Stanhope Arms, Horsforth, when about forty members sat down to an excellent and substantial supper provided for the occasion, which gave great credit to the worthy host and hostess. After the cloth was drawn the Lodge was opened in the usual form, and at the close of business all separated to their homes, well pleased with the evening's entertainments.

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Mathematics.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST.

Assume $x =$ to the time the first body would be in falling to the bottom of the pit. Then by the nature of the question,

$$x^2 \times 16{,}083 = (6-x) \times 1142$$

or $x = 5{,}5644 =$ the time in going down.

Then $6-5{,}5644 = {,}4356 =$ the time the sound would be in coming up,

and $5{,}5644-3 = 2{,}5644 =$ the time the second body would have been gone when the first reached the bottom of the pit. Now, suppose $y =$ to the time elapsed between the sound starting from the bottom and meeting the second body. Then, by the question, $(2{,}5644 + y)^2 \times 16{,}083 = ({,}4356-y) \times 1142$

or $y = {,}3213$

Hence ${,}4356 - {,}3213 = {,}1143 =$ the time the sound would be before it reached the top. Therefore ${,}1143 \times 1142 = 130{,}53$ feet, the answer.

SOLUTION TO THE MECHANICAL QUESTION.

By Major Lawton, Mossley.

The mean pressure in the large cylinder is 15 lbs., and as steam acts equally on all sides, there must evidently be a back pressure in the small cylinder of 15 lbs., which taken from 33, leaves an effective pressure of 18 lbs., and yet this is only equal to 9 lbs. in the large cylinder, in consequence of it only having but half the length of a stroke. Therefore, $3^2 \times 15 = 135 =$ pressure in the large cylinder, and $2^2 \times 9 = 36 =$ pressure in the small cylinder, both amounting to 171, and $171 - 36 = 135$ equals the power after the small cylinder has been detached. Hence results a loss of power equal to $\frac{36}{171}$ of the whole.

NEW QUESTION.

BX G. LAWTON.

I lent £62. for a certain time, and gained £10. 6s. 8d., and by lending £120. at the same rate, for another time, I gained £30., the sum of the times they were lent amounted to twenty months. How long time was each sum lent?

ASTRONOMICAL QUESTION.

BY W. G.

Fiast.—In the solar system the velocity of the planets and comets in their orbits varies according to a certain law of their distance from the sun. What is that law, expressed in terms of the distance? Or, in other words, How does the velocity vary with the distance?

Second.—If the planets revolve in a resisting medium, varying in density inversely as the square of the distance from the sun, then a certain law of centrifugal force, constantly acting, must exist to maintain the present orbitual velocities of those planets. What is the variation of that law of force? Or, in other words, How does the force vary with the distance?

ERRATUM.

In my solution, at page 159, No. 23, vol. iii, FOR $a + (n-1)\,d) \times \frac{n}{2}$, READ $(2a + (n-1)\,d) \times \frac{n}{2} = s$, FOR $\frac{8sd + (2a-d)^2)^{\frac{1}{2}}}{d}$, READ $\frac{8sd + (2a-d)^2)^{\frac{1}{2}}}{2d}$

WILLIAMSON, PRINTER, ASHTON.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. 25. Vol. III.] JULY, 1851. [Price 3d.

FACTS WITHOUT FIGURES.

We make no apology for offering a few remarks on the circumstances of the past year, which is an eventful period in the history of our Order. During which time, every attempt has been made tobreak down the citadel which has held us together for the last quarter of a century. Notwithstanding these attempts, our last annual conference has passed off with more than ordinary satisfaction. Why is it so? Because the plague-spots which have infested our society, for the last twelve or fourteen years, have disappeared, leaving not a trace of their infectious property behind, save in the existence of a small party, who have suffered themselves to be deluded by those who have neither the honesty nor ability to accomplish that which they have led their poor dupes to expect. It is a lamentable circumstance that a number of hard-working men, for whom we have the highest regard, should have been so blinded to their own interests as to allow themselves to be drawn from a society so long established, and so economically governed, merely because a few individuals could not succeed in being appointed to places of trust, for which they were entirely unfit. At least, if we may be allowed to form an opinion from their past conduct.

As it is no part of our nature to deal in vague and obscure language, we will endeavour to be as explicit as possible, and to suit our language to the meanest capacity, so that every member of our order may thoroughly understand the depth and meaning of everything we advance, and especially when we address ourselves on the subject of our institution.

It is well known that a combination of certain parties had existed for some time previous to the Annual Meeting, which was held at Bolton in 1850, for the purpose of overturning the legitimate government of our Order, with a view to take the power into their own hands; but that com-

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bination, powerful as it professed to be, failed in its object, and the result was a meeting of the same parties at the city of York, a few weeks afterwards, to take into consideration the propriety of establishing a separate union, to be called the "Yorkshire Union of Ancient Shepherds." They did form an *union*, and established a *Penny Magazine!* Having done so, we wish them success; for it is of no consequence to us to which of the parties a man belongs, if he be governed by honest men, and can secure to himself the necessary support in sickness, and the means of decent burial. A few days after the meeting of this junto, we paid a visit to the ancient city, for the purpose of inspecting its monuments of antiquity. During our stay, we took a fancy to visit the inn in Jubbergate, where the parties intended to have held their meeting; but before they had an opportunity of transacting any business, they were ejected from the house as traitors to the cause of benevolence. No sooner were we made acquainted with this circumstance, than we burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; for it reminded us of that beautiful passage which the immortal SHAKESPEAR put into the mouth of melancholy *Jacques;* and we fancied a certain individual exclaiming in the bard's own words—

> "Give me leave
> To speak my mind, and I will through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
> If they will patiently receive my medicine."

Now we must confess our sins, for many an honest man has "done that which he ought not to have done." While we sat enjoying our pipe and a social glass in Jubbergate, a place which is associated with many historical events of past ages, we sent a messenger for a gentleman who is connected with our Order, to whom we suggested a plan which we believed would have the effect of reconciling the difference which existed amongst us, and which would give to each district a more direct share in the executive government of our society. This we did upon our own responsibility. And when we were informed that the restless spirits had already thrown off their allegiance and declared their independence, we did not manifest much uneasiness; for, upon a more mature consideration, we concluded that these infectious plague-spots would in all probability endanger the future health of our whole body

We wish every member of our society to understand the cause of this extraordinary proceeding, which has ended in the withdrawal of two or three insignificant districts from the Ashton unity. There are thousands of our brethren who know little or nothing of the real machinery and working department of our society, for they seldom give themselves the trouble

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to examine the quarterly reports, which are published solely for their inspection. This being the case, they are liable to be led astray by selfish demagogues, whose clap-trap oratory is calculated to do irreparable mischief, for it poisons every thing that is wholesome by which it is surrounded, just as the sweeping winds from the north destroy the vegetable productions of early spring. Such an effect have the plague spots of Shepherdry produced; but their limits have been circumscribed within a very narrow circle, and have left our Order more healthy and vigorous than before, the best proof of which is to be found in the harmony and good feeling which pervaded our last annual conference. Whatever may be said by the seceders with regard to the enormous expenditure, we venture to assert that no society of the same magnitude is governed so economically as the Ancient Shepherds, which we will endeavour to prove in the sequel of this paper.

A few disappointed men, whose ambition knew no bounds, contrived to bring a proposition before the Annual Meeting to remove the head of our Order, under a pretence of financial sympathy. So far, so good; but we must bear in mind that economy was not the real object—their object was to get themselves into power in order to weild the staff of office for their own exclusive advantage. Whenever there is the least occasion, these pages shall be devoted to the cry of retrenchment and reform, for we will not yield the palm of economy to the seceders themselves; but such, we are happy to say, is not the case.

The principal officers of our Order are three in number,—a president, vice-president, and secretary,—who have no power but that which is delegated to them by the representatives of the various districts in annual conference assembled, whose duties are arduous and responsible, some idea of which may be formed when we state that these men meet once or twice weekly, to transact the business of the Order. They read and consult upon all letters and communications, which average about one thousand per annum, for which the president and vice-president receive about as much at the year's end as a good mechanic receives for a week's wages. The secretary, whose business it is to keep the accounts and reply to all communications; to make up and transmit all parcels and packages to their respective destinations, receives a trifle from each lodge in the order, so that the sum total for the managing department does not amount to more than thirty pounds a-year. This is the principal grievance of which the seceders have complained! This is the enormous expenditure which the pretending economists have been so much alarmed about, which amounts to little more than a fraction per member!! Now we think that

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this is a sufficient proof that reform was not their object, but a Jesuitical scheme to get into power.

After all this, we have great pleasure in being able to state, on the best authority, that our society was never more prosperous. The calm serenity which every where prevails; the universality of purpose that has taken hold of the minds of our brethren; the reciprocal good feeling that exists, is a satisfaction which none can duly appreciate but those who have witnessed the turmoils occasioned by some half-dozen individuals. This circumstance has taught us a lesson we shall not easily forget, for we have seen the folly of tampering with men whom nothing but absolute power will satisfy. Men who never study the welfare of those who place implicit confidence in their pretended philanthropy. We appeal to the good sense of our brethren as to whether such parties are fit to be intrusted with the management of a society of such magnitude—a society whose funds are enormous, and where the comfort and welfare of thousands depends upon the responsibility of those intrusted with the directing power.

Though much has been done to injure our reputation in the estimation of the public, we have the pleasing satisfaction of informing our friends that we have opened fifty new lodges during the past year, with an acquisition of three thousand members, which in all probability would not have been the case had the infectious plague-spots remained a part and parcel of our invaluable institution.

THE LASS OF AVONDALE.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Most beautiful and blest the spot
  Where Lucy had her dwelling—
The lovely lass of Avondale—
  All other maids excelling.
To every place she lent a grace,
  The light was glad about her;
Her cottage neat so flowery sweet,
  No home had been without her.

Her cheeks made poor the rose of June,—
  Her's was the daisy's neatness,
She moved the cowslip of the mead;
  The violet's was her sweetness.
But most did tranquil Avon show
  The charm which made you love her,
For in herself did she reflect
  The heaven that was above her.

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Her brows were clear as orient skies,—
Hair dark, as clouds with thunder,—
And the sweet lightning of her eyes
Awoke surprise and wonder.
Beloved was she by many youths,
Both brave and comely many;
But though she scorned not any one,
She did not wed with any.

So easy were her manners sweet,
Each lover thought to win her,
But the sweet Lass of Avondale
A powerful soul had in her.
But little saw she of the rich,
But little was her reading:
But showed her mind a sense refined,
Her manners nicest breeding.

At length, upon a sick-bed long,
Sweet Avon's lass was lying;
And her fond parents o'er her hung,
With thoughts that she was dying,—
When came a youth unto her side,
Whose loving zeal amaz'd her,
And her pale cheeks with blushes dyed,
So tenderly he praised her.

Then might in her a strife be seen,
The filial and the tender,
And will habitual to refuse,
Unwilling to surrender.
At length she put the youth asi le,
Without one kindly token,
And half the love within his heart
Died from his lips unspoken.

But from that day did she amend,
Nor would she wed another;
And now the Lass of Avondale
Is blest as wife and mother.
For never did she disesteem
Plain path and homely duty,
And humblest household offices
She hallowed by her beauty.

Edingley Grange, Notts.

THE TRAMP.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

DIRECTLY after the late revolution in France (1848), an English mechanic, who had for some time been employed in Picardy, arrived at Dover completely penniless and destitute. In common, with many others, he was driven out with great personal loss and inconvenience, by the absurd and violent prejudices of the French workmen. He was alone, and at once set

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his face towards home, a manufacturing town in Lancashire. How to subsist by the way he knew not. After walking till he was throughly hungry, he tried begging, but either through want of courage or address, he was far from successful. He managed, however, by getting a supper and shelter in workhouses and vagrant offices, sometimes in a barn or under a hayrick, to leave Kent and London behind him, and enter Leicestershire. Of begging, and the filthy places he had been thrust into during the night, he had become now disgusted, and determined to have no further recourse to them. One night about ten o'clock he approached the town of Leicester. He had walked all the previous night and all day, and had been thirty hours without food. He was famished and weary. His mind was becoming unsettled and vindictive, and he begun to question the justness of the proverb,—"Honesty is the best policy." Hunger is a poor reasoner, and necessity has a tendency to swamp our morals, as those who have been so circumstanced best know.

Our poor artizan was plodding sluggishly on in the dark, when he reached a small lonely toll house. Through the windows, which were without shutters, shone a cheerful light. The tramp stopped before it, and heard a man's voice within, as if reading. Peering through a narrow opening in the curtains, he beheld an aged man and woman—no other being. The man was reading in a family Bible, which lay before him on the table, and the woman was stooping near him to listen. A wicked thought suddenly flashed through the wayfarer's mind. How easy to pounce upon that lonely and feeble couple, with the stout stick in his hand fell them to the ground, seize whatever he could lay his hands upon, and decamp, undetected, in the dark. The place was so isolated, too; there did not appear to be any other house within a long distance; there was no dog about the premises; all was in his favour. While he was endeavouring to "screw his courage up to the sticking point," the old man closed the Bible, and the aged pair knelt down to pray. The man prayed fervently and well, and our tramp, interested, in spite of himself, listened attentively. He wavered in his cruel intentions; but the pangs of hunger, and the recollection of his condition, kept him undecided. Their kneeling posture (the Devil prompted), gave him a better chance of overpowering them. He slid towards the door, then stole back to the window; good and evil were at conflict within him; which would have the mastery he did not yet feel. The old toll-keeper went on with his prayer. He returned thanks to God for past benefits, and implored his care and mercy for the future, when the attention of the outside listener was rivitted by the following words:—"We beseech thee, O Lord, to extend the shadow of thy protecting wings over us this night. Preserve us from disease, fire, and all dangerous casualties. Let not wicked or desperate men violate our lonely dwelling, and startle our feeble and defenceless age with terror and danger. If they follow the dictates of an evil heart, oh! change thou their nature. If they be poor, and necessity tempt them to do a wicked thing, oh! instil into their souls the belief that thy protecting hand is over them,

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and that 'the darkest hour is just before the dawn.'" Our artizan, on hearing these words, so applicable to himself, was astonished and humbled. He was convinced—he was softened—he was saved from his contemplated deed of iniquity, and he went on his way invoking a blessing on the inmates of that lonely house.

As he came within sight of the lights of the town of Leicester, he overtook a well-dressed man, to whom he had the courage to make known his destitute condition. "I am sorry for you," said the man; "you shall not want a supper and a bed, at any rate, if you will come along with me." Our tramp was very thankful, and accompanied the man into the heart of the town. The stranger turned into a respectable-looking public-house. "I am landlord here," said he, "come in." He took the artizan into the kitchen, where there was a glowing fire; set a huge plate of cold meat and bread before him, and a tankard of ale. The wayfarer set to with right good-will, stimulated by the encouraging words of his host. At length a number of workmen came in, to whom the landlord stated the wayfarer's case. Immediately, with a sympathy which the poor are seldom slow in manifesting towards each other, they each contributed their mite for his relief, putting into his hands some seven shillings. He got a comfortable bed, a good breakfast next morning, free of cost, and went on his way light-hearted and refreshed. When he got into the country he kicked something with his foot which jingled and glistened. He picked it up—it was a veritable five-shilling piece. The old toll-keeper's words flashed with double force across his mind,—"The darkest hour is just before the dawn." How gratefully did he acknowledge the truth!

The tramp reached home in safety; got employment and settled. Since then, when any little vexation or gloom comes over himself or family, and his wife is apt to murmur, he quits her with the indeliable aphorism—"The darkest hour is just before the dawn."

The above are facts, simple I allow, but not without their use, if to the desponding, the fretful, the despairing, they bring to mind the burden of those cheering words, and faith in an overruling Providence. Whatever may happen to us, however cheerless may be our prospects, however obscure the view before us, however desperate our position, let us make the best of the few means within our reach, hope on and wait, comforting ourselves with the sweet assurance, that—"The darkest hour is just before the dawn."

FEAR NOT TO BE HONEST, MY SON.

BY J. W. KING.

Come hither, my son, and sit down by my side,—
Hear a father's advice, ere we part;
You are leaving your country with no other guide
Than a buoyant and hopeful young heart.

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The world lies before you, its vices and snares,
Its honours—long sought for ere won;
Then with thy first step towards its pleasures or cares,
Fear not to be honest, my son.

Your path will be rugged, because you are poor,
Yet be not disheartened my lad;
It has been the hard fortune of millions before,
And may not be always so bad.
Go forward undaunted, with right for your aim,
Do *well* all that is to be done;
And though it should bring down contempt on your name,
Fear not to be honest, my son.

The haughty may scorn you, the heartless deride,
The mighty-self-righteous condemn;
Never mind, if you've honour and truth on your side,
You will find faithful champions in them.
In this every day world there are charms, latent charms,
To a life that is rightly begun;
Uprightnsss, fierce hatred and malice disharms,—
Fear not to be honest, my son.

Seek not the cold smile of the lords of the land,
Because they are wealthy and great;
If worthy and honest, unflinchingly stand
By men of the lowest estate:
Beneath a rude garb keeps a bosom of love,
Tis a pearl to be prized when 'tis won;
In whatever station or sphere you may move,
Fear not to be honest, my son.

Be not too confiding, it may not be wise;
For sojourn wherever you may,
There are wolves in sheep's clothing—false knaves in disguise,
Who make the unguarded their prey.
Resolve, be your watchword, and wisdom your guide,
Do good where'er good can be done;
In your dealings with others,—whate'er may betide,—
Fear not to be honest, my son.

The home of your childhood, its straw-covered porch,
Where the woodbine exuberant creeps;
The valley, the village, and elm shaded church,
The grave where your dear mother sleeps;—
All these, at the dawn, will receive your farewell,
And remember, you'll thence be alone!
Good fortune attend you wherever you dwell,
God bless you—be honest, my son.

MAN.—The ways of Providence are unsearchable; and among all the anomalies which baffle conjecture and afflict sensibility in the moral world, the follies, the fickleness, and the passions of man, are the most inexplicable and the most deplorable. He is a tyrant in defence of liberty: he is a plunderer for the support of law: he is an oppressor for the honour of government: he is a savage in the very bosom of society: he becomes the unrelenting persecutor of his species, for the imaginary glory of his God.—*Parr's Sequel to the Printed Paper.*

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ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE's personal appearance in no way corresponded with the brilliancy of his writings; in fact, it was almost inconceivable that such sparkling productions could have emanated from a pen held in the hand of such a crabbed, ill-tempered, shabbily-dressed old man. His usual attire consisted of a loose waistcoat reaching to his knees, long iron-grey stockings rolled over velvet breeches, and a large rusty wig, with a small black velvet cap placed on it. Altogether his general appearance was far from prepossessing.

A gay and brilliant circle was usually assembled round the distinguished author, at his Chateau of Ferney, on the lake of Geneva; and there Voltaire held a little court, comprising the most illustrious, learned, and witty men of the day, all of whom willingly acknowledged their host to be the brightest star amongst that dazzling galaxy. His well-known rather lax opinions on the subject of morality apparently induced his guests sometimes to overstep the strict bounds of rigid decorum, so that the circle assembled at Ferney, although perhaps the most charming and agreeable, was not one to be selected as a model of extreme purity. At the time of the following adventure, there were visiting at Ferney, three of Voltaire's most cherished friends, all of them witty, elegant, and agreeable men, perfectly well acquainted with the habits and peculiarities of their eccentric host, and conforming to them with the greatest good-will; in short, this select few converted the magnificent retreat into a literary paradise. These congenial spirits consisted of, first, the young and handsome, but dissipated, poet St. Lambert, who, gifted with talent of a first-rate order, and possessing a remarkably prepossessing person, was well calculated to captivate all hearts,—particularly those of the fairer sex. Then there was the Prince de Ligne, a great nobleman in title, and besides being an author, a munificent patron of deserving talent; and, lastly, the Doctor Trouchin, a gentleman enjoying an infinity of wit, but having a very slight knowledge of his own profession.

One morning early, Voltaire sent to request his three guests would visit him in his study, as he had something particular to tell them; they obeyed the summons with alacrity, and were soon seated round their host. After carefully shutting all the doors, he sank into an easy chair, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, knowing your friendship towards me, I think I may safely confide to you an adventure that appears rather absurd; but, at the same time, I am afraid it is of great import." "Does it regard, in any way, your pretty maid-servants?" said the amourous St. Lambert, "for, faith, when they bring the fruit and cream of an evening, I forget your eloquent and agreeable discourse." Voltaire, it was well known, always kept the most lovely girls he could find to place in his establishment. "Bah!" he replied, "I leave my maid-servants to the mercy of my guests. But at

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present I wish to speak of a young, lovely, and rich marchioness, desperately enamoured of a certain poet—"

"Indeed!" interrupted St. Lambert," regarding himself in a mirror, "and that poet is—"

"Myself!" quietly ejaculated Voltaire. At this announcement his three guests gave way to an outbreak of laughter, and demanded where this singular being could be found; the idea was too preposterous for any one to entertain who had ever beheld the illustrious poet's figure; so it must be one whose imagination had no doubt pictured the author's person equalling in beauty the excellence of his works. "As yet," added Voltaire, "I know nothing; but a letter dated from Geneva, announces for to day the visit of my new admirer, the Marchioness Celiane of Montfermeil. What think you, gentlemen, of such a conquest?" "That she is certainly mad!" laughed Trouchin, "and wants to be cured." "Not having much confidence in your talent for medicine, doctor," replied Voltaire, "I will undertake the cure myself. I have only further to remark, my friends, that the visit of this lady being strictly private, it will be conferring a favour upon me if her presence be not intruded upon."

At this moment a footman entered, and announced the visit of the Marchioness of Montfermeil. St. Lambert, who had determined to leave for Paris that very night, announced his intention of remaining a day longer; the prince promised himself much amusement in tracing the progress of an amour between the lovely, enamoured marchioness, and a crabbed old fellow like Voltaire. Trouchin was likewise delighted at the prospect of an intrigue that would doubtless give ample scope for the employment of his sarcastic talent.

The young and beauteous marchioness was introduced into the private room of the chateau, where everything appeared to her eyes poetic and ravishing. She became startled by her own audacity in penetrating the sanctuary of the illustrious author, whose divine compositions had created a frantic exaltation and blind idolatery for his person. The door was thrown open, and a valet announced Monsieur de Voltaire. The marchioness advanced a few steps without daring to raise her eyes to the object of her adulation; she trembled in every limb, but was proud and happy. "Come," said Voltaire to himself, "this lady is deeply in love with my poetry: let us behold what an opinion she will entertain of its author: my conceptions in writing having transported her ideas to heaven, it is but fair she should now see me upon earth."

Voltaire seated himself opposite Celiane, who, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, waited in breathless anxiety for the first words he might utter. "Noble lady," he said, addressing her in that cutting ironical style that frightened even his dearest friends, "on receiving your tender letter I had almost become much indisposed expressly for the purpose of denying myself to your ladyship." "Alas!" stammered the marchioness, "I should have returned again and again." "Your ladyship's husband is a citizen of Geneva, a place I detest," abruptly remarked Voltaire; "but

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you are, I believe, of French origin?" "Yes!" replied Madame de Montfermeil, "and neice to Madame de Martel, whom your beautiful verses have immortalized." "Immortality is no doubt a very fine thing in religion," drily observed the author,—"And in history?" faintly demanded Celiane. "History is all very well; but between ourselves, it will not bring the dead back again to life." This unpoetical remark shocked the enthusiasm of Madame de Montfermeil, and suddenly raising her eyes for the first time, with horror beheld her idol, in the person of a withered, crabbed, ill-tempered looking old man, dressed in a most unromantic costume, holding a large gold-headed cane in one hand, and a capacious snuff-box in the other. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "this cannot be he: it is a frightful deception!" "To whom do you allude?" quietly observed Voltaire, "the author whose works you so much admire is now before you."

Voltaire was in his glory; he revelled in the tortures he was about to inflict on his victim; he conversed with great volubility, touching on almost every subject; becoming in turn sarcastic, sceptical, and even sometimes brutal and impious, in fact, quite unsupportable. The poor marchioness, entirely disgusted, beheld all her fine dreams of love and adoration vanish; she sat down in a chair, exclaiming in an accent of despair, without remarking the malicious sneers of her delighted tormentor,—"My God, I am distracted!" Voltaire then addressed her with frigid politeness, saying,—"Your ladyship perceives it is late, and a great distance hence to Geneva, accept for this night my hospitality, and repose in the famous chamber lately occupied by the Duke of Richlieu. No person, except my housekeeper, will know of your ladyship's presence in my house. Having the pleasure of being acquainted with your husband, I will write and inform him that you are under my roof: let us trust he will not be jealous." So saying, Voltaire took a large pinch of snuff, bowed stiffly to the marchioness, and retired.

Late in the evening, after supping with Madame Denis, Celiane de Montfermeil found herself alone, broken hearted and dispirited. The works of Voltaire lay on a table before her unopened; she now beheld them with a species of horror and dismay, and shuddered when the image she had conjoured up before her beholding their author, flashed across her disordered mind. The door suddenly opened, and awakened from her unpleasant reverie by the suddenness of such an interuption, she lifted up her eyes and beheld a young and strikingly handsome man in an attitude of deep respect and admiration standing before her. Advancing, he dropped upon his knee, and in a tone of contrition exclaimed—"Noble lady, pardon the deception practised upon you, and attribute its origin to an extreme diffidence on my part in appearing suddenly before a beautiful critic already too much prejudiced in my favour." "Sir," cried the marchioness, crimsoning with indignation, "Monsieur Voltaire assured me that under this roof I should be free from intrusion; relying on that promise I have accepted his hospitality for one night." "Your ladyship is mistaken; this is the first interview Voltaire has had with his fair guest

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and he is now at your feet waiting his destiny." "Gracious heavens!" joyfully cried the marchioness, "can it be, are you, in truth!"

"Voltaire, and your humble admirer," gracefully replied St. Lambert, for he it was who thus unscrupulously appropriated the name of his illustrious host; "afraid to appear in your presence too abruptly, and desirous of obtaining a correct opinion of her whose opinion caused such exquisite delight, I determined that my cross-grained old physician should personate the delighted author, whose works you have so graciously eulogised. I shall however never forgive myself in allowing such a brutal old cynic to have approached so much loveliness, which he must have been quite incapable of appreciating."

The enraptured marchioness, blinded by her head-strong infatuation, and beholding all her dreams thus realized in the person of the amourous and elegant St. Lambert, easily credited the rather flimsy story he had invented. The sequel is soon told; St. Lambert was so certain of success, that he had made all necessary arrangements for his journey to Paris, in company with the Marchioness de Montfermeil; and, early the ensuing morning, before the inhabitants of Ferney were afoot, the young poet with his fair companion entered a post-chaise, and were whirled rapidly on the road to the capital. On arriving in that city, the marchioness soon discovered the mistake she had committed; but it appears that she heartily forgave the deceiver, and was more than reconciled to the deception, for she ever afterwards evinced a decided preference for the poetry of St. Lambert.

The host of Ferney found on his breakfast table next morning the following pithy epistle:—

"Dear Voltaire,

"You are a brilliant poet, but a bad instructor; for that reason the Marchioness de Montformeil has chosen for her future master

"Your friend,

ST. LAMBERT."

Soon after this incident the Marquis de Montformeil died; and, in due time the marchioness bestowed her hand upon St. Lambert. The king heard of their adventure and conferred a marquisate upon him; but his genius gained for him a renown eclipsing the adventitious fame which royalty thus bestowed.

STANZAS.

Taken from the Leeds Times of January 11th, 1851.

SCENE—The sea-shore in Van Dieman's Land. TIME—The midnight-hour, when a convict, standing on the sea-shore, watching the billows as fast as they roll away from the land, begins to address them in the following strains:—

Gentle billows, softly stealing,
Lit up by the moonbeam's smile;
Still your onward track keep wheeling,
Go, and kiss my native isle.
Home, for ever fare thee well!

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Tell it that an exile, weeping,
Wanders on a distant shore:
Thus his nightly vigils keeping,
Brooding o'er what's gone before.

Childhood's dearest recollections
Twine around my aching heart,
Kindred joys and sweet affections,
Make the inmost soul to smart.

Blooming hopes have quickly faded,
Smitten by the passing gale;
Fortune has my grasp evaded,
Black eyed sorrow fills the sail.

There my parents low are sleeping
In the cold forgotten clay,
Noxious weeds o'er them creeping,
No one tears them now away.

These to me are lost for ever,
Fate has bound me in her chain;
Nought but death that chain can sever:
Nought but death remove the stain.

Home, in England, how I love thee—
Thee to memory ever dear—
Cruel fate has torn thee from me,
Hide me in the desert drear.

Here, till death, I'm doom'd to wander
On this far forgotten land;
Doom'd my life's last days to squander
'Midst a savage hostile band.

And when death life's ties must sever,
And these faltering lips shall swell,
May my last words be for ever,—
Home in England fare thee well.
Home, for ever fare thee well!

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Time, the universal destroyer, is nevertheless the universal beautifier. It confers the ripeness of manhood, before it brings on the chilly winter of age; and it sheds the mellow tranquility, and the repose of centuries on the lofty tower, which, ere long, it will level in the dust.

Were reality to be reversed, and could modern times boast of architects superior to those of past ages, the pile of to-day would still be unable to cope with its more aged brother, in impressing the mind of the beholder with that deep and retrospective thought into which we are led by gazing on some hoary ruin, sanctified by time, and pregnant with recollections of romance and chivalry. The newly erected church has an appearance of

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freshness which seems to insinuate the novelty of the religion it is dedicated to promote. The venerable tower of a village church speaks in a far different language. The stillness of age is upon it. The green youth of the ivy is forcibly contrasted with the grey old age of the mouldering stone. He who died yesterday, reposes by the side of him who died centuries before. The past and the present are strangely interwoven. On viewing the newly erected house of God, we certainly may rejoice in the structure, as a proof of the spreading influence of the Gospel, and a consequent increase of civilization. But the shrine, hallowed by age, stands like an ancient landmark to tell us that despite the wrath of man, the deluded fanatic, or the attacks of infidelity, our religion has survived the shock, and claims our affection for the perils it has surmounted.

The appendages of the old village church add greatly to the beautiful ideas with which it is invested. The bell, that early offspring of music, is indispensable in almost every stage of life. We can tell by its gay and lively pealing that hands, and, we hope, hearts have been united. Its slow murmur utters a tale not to be mistaken—a warning differing from the former, inasmuch as the latter proclaims that death must inevitably overtake us all. Buonaparte, walking upon the terrace at Malmaison, heard the evening bells of Ruel. His ambitious thoughts assumed a tinge of momentary sadness, and a recollection of less troubled and more innocent days rushed across his mind,—"If such is their effect with me, what must it be with others." Did not his conscience say to him, if such is their effect upon you, so deeply stained with crime, so deaf to every voice, human and divine, how beneficial must be the effect when these sounds fall upon an ear that has never been closed to the voice of mercy and peace? Such thoughts might have flitted across his brain for a moment; but they were too pure to fix their resting-place. It is an instrument breathing a rude music; but, in spite of civilization, it loses not a single charm. The camel and the ass refuse to proceed when their bell is removed and the tinkling ceases, and many of us could with difficulty bring ourselves to believe we were going to church, were we not invited by the sacred and accustomed summons. We live in days when it no longer reminds us of slavery No curfew quenches the cheerful blaze on the hearth, or robs a winter's evening of its social happiness. The half merry, half melancholy peals that swell the evening breeze, glide gently over the tranquilized senses, and leave us doubting whether we will yield to sadness, or resign ourselves to mirth.

Another feature in the old English church is the venereble-looking sun-dial, a stone indeed in which there is a sermon, or at least a subject for one, namely, some Scripture text rudely carved. The inanimate index of revolving time, it looks with indifference upon all around it, and though wanting the tone of the bell to give utterance to its speechless admonition, the silent shadow that it casts express a language,—a visible rhetoric,—that the poorest peasant can understand. It is true it will not go ten degrees backward for us; but, if properly applied, it may

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enable us by its warning to live a life, though short in days, yet long in deeds of goodness and Christian charity. And can we forget the favourite old seat at the porch. Here the rustic pilgrim, before he enters the house of God, rests his toil-strung limbs. Here the villagers congregate in a knott and discuss the politics of the village—the last wedding or the freshest grave are themes of discourse. Here the ancient dames, with the prayer-books neatly folded in their handkerchief, and attired in their scarfs, canvass the merits of the parson's wife, or reprobate the vanity which induces some Cicely or Phœbe, to deck her perishable body in such an unprofitable gaudiness. Alas! did not they in their spring-time, love to bask in the sun, and to heighten their charms by a gay riband, or an envy-exciting lace? Observation will find an ample field to roam over in the church porch; and the benevolent Christian will rejoice in contemplating the unpolished throng, approaching the altar of God, with their countenances clad in the smiles of Sabbath peace. He will reflect on the sweet repose of that everlasting Sabbath, when we shall rest from our labours in the presence of our Heavenly Father.

Opposite the church, and in a sheltered corner, stands the vicarage house, such a one as Hooker would have loved; where he could eat his bread in peace and privacy. Who can read Goldsmith's beautiful lines on the *Village Curate*, and not admire the simplicity of truth, and the vivid purity of the picture he draws? And such a pastor here resides, active as Gilpin, learned as Hooker, and pure in spirit as Herbert. He is the physician of his flock, spiritual and bodily—a counsellor to the foolish—a reprover of the wicked—an encourager of the lowly and meek-hearted—a father to the fatherless—a husband to the widow—the prop of the aged, and the guide of the young. He is even hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two by his cheerful giving it. Lying on his death bed he bequeaths to his parishioners his precepts and examples for a legacy, and they in requital erect every one a monument for him in their hearts. *Many* village churches in England have such a pastor—would they *every one* had! Let a blind guide depart, and be succeeded by a faithful minister. The change will fully prove that the bulk of mankind is well inclined to follow righteousness, when it is inculcated by one who practises what he preaches.

THE INEVITABLE.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN FORSTER.

BY L. HUNT.

Foster, whose voice can speak of awe so well,
And stern disclosures, new and terrible,
This were a tale for thee, my friend to tell,
Seek for it then in some old book; but take
Meantime this version, for the writer's sake.

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The royal sage, lord of the Magic Ring,
Solomon, once upon a morn in spring,
By Cedron, in his garden's rosiest walk,
Was pacing with a pleasant guest in talk,
When they beheld, approaching, but with face
Yet undiscern'd, a stranger in the place.

How he came there, what wanted, who could be,
How dare, unushered, beard such privacy,
Whether twas some great Spirit of the Ring,
And if so, why he should thus daunt the king.
(For the ring's master, after one sharp gaze,
Stood waiting, more in trouble than amaze),
All this the courtier would have asked; but fear
Palsied his utterance as the man drew near.

The stranger seem'd (to judge him by his dress)
One of mean sort, a dweller with distress,
Or some poor pilgrim; but the steps he took
Belied it with strange greatness; and his look
Opened a page in a tremendous book.

He wore a cowl, from under which there shone
Full on the guest, and on the guest alone,
A face, not of this earth, half veil'd in gloom
And radiance, but with eyes like lamps of doom,
Which, ever as they came, before them sent
Rebuke, and staggering and astonishment,
With sense of change, and worse of change to be,
Sore sighing, and extreme anxiety,
And feebleness, and faintness, and moist brow,
The past a scoff, the future crying "Now!"
All that makes wet the gores, and lifts the hair
All that makes dying vehemence despair;
Knowing it must be dragg'd it knows not where.

Th' excess of fear and anguish which had tied
The courtier's tongue, now loos'd it, and he cried,
"O royal master, sage, Lord of the Ring,
I cannot bear the horror of this thing:
Help with thy mighty art. Wish me, I pray,
On the remotest mountain of Cathay."

Solomon wished, and the man vanish'd. Straight
Up comes the terror, with his orbes of fate.

"Solomon," with a lofty voice, said he,
"How came that man here, wasting time with thee?
I was to fetch him, ere the close of day
From the remotest mountain of Cathay."

Solomon said, bowing him to the ground.
"Angel of Death, there will the man be found."
—*New Monthly Magazine.*

ORGANIZATION.—Every man has his own individual organization. This may serve to explain the difference of constitution and temperament.—*Struve.*

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THE POET'S VISION.

When the last sunbeams were slanting through the trees, Hyas rose up and came and stood by the margin of the spring. A faint shadow had crept over the dream-land which lay imaged in its bosom. Hyas gazed into its depths, and as he beheld, a strange phantom appeared to rise therein. Two beautiful eyes looked at him from beneath the still water. They were not the reflection of his own, for he stood in the shade, so that his figure was not pictured, Narcissus-like, in the stream. Nor were they the heavenly eyes of planets, for the evening sky was starless. Hyas trembled, and yet gazed on, until he saw the shadowy eyes assume form and brightness, and the phantom became a face of surpassing beauty, less like a woman's than an angel's. The young Greek instinctively looked behind him, but he was alone; it was only imaged in the water that he could see the shadowy face.

"It is the Naiad of the fountain," he whispered to himself, instinctively recurring to the belief which his countrymen held. "Yet the philosophers tell us that all such are but types of the invisible spirit of nature —dreams of man's imagining, and only dreams. Still the priests deny this: and if so the tale of Hyas is no fable, and this lovely face is that of a nymph—I will dare to prove it."

As he spoke, Hyas knelt down beside the fountain; the face seemed to rise nearer and nearer to the surface, and two white cloud-like arms were stretched out as if to meet his.

"Beautiful shadow, I will tempt all for thee!" cried the impetuous boy, and he plunged his arms downwards towards the phantom. They only met the chilly waters of the spring, which bubbled up as if in resistance to his vain energy, and foamed and dashed against the flowering reeds which fringed its margin. Yet, from the clear depths beyond, the beautiful face looked at him still.

"I will come to thee, if it be to death," cried Hyas. "Oh thou lovely one, where art thou?" He would have plunged headlong into the fountain, but that he felt himself restrained. A touch, light as the memory of some beloved embrace which has haunted us in dreams, and only dreams can restore, was laid upon his neck. The strength of Antæus could not have had more power. He sank on the grass like a child whom his mother overwhelms with her loving caresses, his eyes still fixed on the waters, and his voice still murmuring, "Where art thou?"

"I am beside thee, above thee, around thee!" was the reply. It was not like a human tone, yet it imparted nothing of the strange supernatural awe of a spirit visitant. It was more like that which we hear in solitary day-dreams, when the beloved face rises up before us like a vivid presence, and the beloved voice whispers in our ears words which are only the echo of our own hearts—words to which fancy alone gives a life-like reality, and

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yet we start and we hear them still. Such was the voice that answered the impassioned call of Hyas. His eyes wandered around.

"I see thee not, dream of my soul,—I cannot find thee," was his mournful cry. How oft has it been echoed since!

"Look in the waters, and thou shalt behold me," answered the voice. "I am the ideal of beauty, of purity, of happiness. No man living ever saw me face to face, but the true poet may behold my shadow reflected in the deep waters of his own soul, when it is still, untroubled and unstained. There he may see me, floating between himself and that heaven to which he ever looks, and whither all his aspirations tend. Thus and only thus, when the poet takes heaven into his soul, as the still wave takes the sky, can he see that perfect ideal, which he alone is able to comprehend."

Hyas drank in these words as a parched plant drinks in the droppings of April rain. The clouds passed away from his spirit, and it received new strength; his dim dreams took form and shape, and became "a living soul." As leaf by leaf a blossom opens, until at last one glorious burst of sunshine reveals the perfect flower, so at once his spirit passed from the vagueness of infancy to the full stature of manhood; the poet rose up from his dreamy sleep, as Adam awoke at the touch of God in Paradise, conscious of his existence, and glorying and rejoicing in his power.

"This, then is the image of bliss which I vainly sought," he cried. "This is the pure ideal which I found not in the pleasures of human life and human intercourse; for which I looked in the temples of the gods, in the schools of the philosophers, and, lo! it was not there Now I recognize it—now I am strong. Let me go forth to the world, and bring all men with me to look on thy face, O dream of beauty! Let me shew forth light to their darkness; let me speak to them of purity and holiness, until the ideal is re-born in mortal clay, and men become themselves the realization of the inspired dream."

Such was the first outburst of the poet-heart, and such it ever is. Hyas did not notice that even while he spoke the well became dark with the darkening sky, and the face that had looked out from its depths was no longer seen. But when he turned and saw nothing in the waters but the stars, as they came out one by one, then his heart sank within him, and would have become weighed down with sorrow but for the dream like voice, the consciousness of indwelling divinity, which never forsakes the poet. He rose and prepared to return; but first he stooped down, drank, and laved his forehead in the waters of the mysterious fountain. It was the baptism of his soul, consecrating it to the highest mission of man upon earth—that of the God-sent, God-hallowed poet.

THE POET'S IDEAL.

At last Eurymedon called his only child to him, and told her that the time was come when the bridal chariot must bear her from her father's house to that of another. Then it was that a terrible fear fell upon the

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art of the young dreamer, and the real shut out all the dim visions of ncy.

"Oh, father, I am so happy, I seek no bridegroom! Let me stay with ee!" implored the girl.

Eurymedon answered her gently and kindly, but told her that the last his house must die unwedded, and that of the three wooers who sought r she must choose one. There was a flitting smile on the father's lips, he took her by the hand and led her to where these suitors awaited her esence; and the old nurse, as she met her master's eye, arranged ithyma's veil, kissed the blushing, weeping face of her darling, and bade r be comforted, for she was happier than she deemed.

Eurymedon's daughter glanced fearfully at the three who sought her nd. Eryx, whose attire was a very rose garden of perfumes and hues, ng himself at her feet. Lycaon, drawing up his tall person in all the de of learning, seemed to think that he did great honour to the shrink- girl in making her the bride of a philosopher. The third stood a little ired, looking on with eyes of speechless love. Euthyma met them, and eep joy beamed in her own; her whole soul drank gladness from the esence of Hyas.

"Beautiful Euthyma!" cried Eryx, "I have loved thee ever since I thee, three years ago, in that exquisite white peplos, with gold lilies, the Panathenæa. I do not speak of myself—I scorn it—but I am the iest man in Athens; and the bride of Eryx shall have a peplos as fine Minerva's, and jewels and palaces without end."

"Peace, chattering fool!" said the stern Lycaon, stepping before him, ie daughter of Eurymedon regards not such vanities. Maiden what I thou seest. I am not rich, but the chosen wife of Lycaon the Pytha- ean will think less of her husband's wealth than of his wisdom. isfied of this, I take thee, if thou art willing."

The loud, self-confident tones of the philosopher, were followed by nce; and then Hyas said, in that low voice for which he was remark- , whose exquisite modulations fell like music on all hearts—

"Euthyma, I have nothing worthy of thee but my love! Look on me, I love thee!'

"My daughter, choose," said Eurymedon. "Thou alone art the arbiter hy destiny."

"Then Euthyma covered herself with her veil, like Penelope of Ithaca, laid her hand in that of her heart's beloved. Her choice was made.

An hour later, and the betrothed ones sat together in the olive garden, ring out their full hearts to each other. Hyas lay at the feet of hyma; her head rested on his neck, and wandered lovingly amidst his . He had told her of all his life, his early dreams, his errors, his ntance.

"I am not worthy of thee, my beloved! How can I bring to thee my t with all its waywardness, its gloom? How can I darken thy young by uniting it with mine?" sighed Hyas, as even then all the doubts

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and mournful fancies of old came across his mind. "Dost thou know that even amidst the joy of love I have been sad—that all my life has been a vain pursuit after happiness—that I am fitful and dreamy—that I have been very proud and vain, and even now the faint shadow of that cloud lingers on my spirit? How wilt thou bear with all this?"

But Euthyma answered,—

"I love thee! Thou to me art all that is noble, and good, and fair. I desire no higher lot than to bow my spirit before thine; to worship thee, to encompass thee with love,—love that asks no greater meed than the right to make thee happy. Come to me, beloved of my soul! repose thy heart on mine, and it shall bring thee peace. Art thou weak? I will be thy strength. Art thou sorrowful? I will soothe thy sorrow into gladness. Take me, oh, thou who art my life's blessing! Let that life be given for thee, be spent in ministering to thee, until it become absorbed in thine!"

As he spoke, Euthyma leaned over her betrothed until her forehead rested on his, and her long dark tresses fell around him like a cloud; and the poet knew that his soul had found a haven, a blessed resting-place, where, encompassed by all pervading, all-satisfying love, it would be at peace, and wander no more.

Then Hyas grew strong, and is spirit was renewed in all the pure feelings of its youth. He now knew why it was that the face in the fountain had been invisible to him, from the evil that defiled and darkened his soul. Love, the refiner, had purified it; love, the sun of life, had swept away its clouds, and Hyas felt that he dared look once more into the depths of the mystic spring. Therefore, when the daughter of Eurymedon went with her maidens to gather, with customary solemnities, the bridal garland of wild thyme, and the bees on Hymettus were scared away by the merry laughter of girlhood, Hyas, following ever like a shadow the steps of his beloved, was drawn to the olden spot.

Trembling, doubting, yet hoping, he stood under the smilax tree, and gazed into the waters. They were still and pure as when he first beheld them; and lo! gradually the clouds formed themselves into shape on the bosom of the sky, out of the clear heaven reflected in the spring arose the beautiful image. The eyes, full of deep, tender joy, looked into the poet's soul, and thrilled him with a holy rapture.

"Oh, blessed dream of my youth, leave me never more!" he cried; "let me ever behold thee as I do this day; keep my heart pure, that my eyes, all unclouded, may be able to look on thy beauty!"

While Hyas spoke, the sky reflected in the waters seemed overflooded with a burst of sunshine, so radiant that beneath its power the shadowy face melted away as the moon fades in the glowing splendours of mid-day. It was not overshadowed, but absorbed in light, its own beauty swallowed up by a still greater glory.

Hyas marvelled and grew sorrowful; but, as if in answer to his fears, the voice remembered of old, spoke to his heart:—

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"Despair not, though thou seest me no more; thou hast no need of me; the shadow of thy soul has become a dream no longer. Rejoice, and go on thy way with a strong and earnest heart, for thou hast attained the poet's true ideal as near as earth can bestow."

Still vaguely comprehending the meaning, Hyas cried sadly,—

"Oh, beautiful image! shall I see thee no more? Where then shall I find my spirit's desire, its guiding strength, its inspiration?

"Look once more into the waters, and thou shalt behold it."

He looked, and reflected in the spring was no airy phantom, but a woman's face, the wild-thyme garland waving over the clear brow, and the calm, loving eyes. Hyas turned, and felt round his neck the warm soft arms of Euthyma; and while he clasped his bride to his bosom, the young Athenian knew that the poet's best ideal on earth is a true-hearted woman's love.—*Hyas, the Athenian, in Frazer's Magazine*

TH' BALLIES:*

A TRUE LANCASHIRE TALE.

BY J. B ROGERSON.

Aw'r stondin by Dick Livesey heawse,
The Fleece, i' Withy Grove,
His woif an' he wur foin eawt,
So in aw thowt aw'd shove.

An' theer, on th' sonded kitchen floor,
Aw seed Dick glooarin stond,
Wi' face as red as th' kitchen foyer,
An' th' poker i' his hond.

Aw fix'd on Dick my awful een,
Aw ne'er had known to fail,
An' sed, "Neaw Dick, lad come wi' me,
An' drink a gill o' ale."

His yed it tumblet on his breast,
An' th' poker tumblet too;
Aw sed "Come, Dick, an' sit thee deawn,
An' dunno be a foo."

We seet us deawn, an' geet some drink,
When in Dick wife hoo sallies,
An' at my yed wi' o' hur meet
Hoo bang'd a pair o' ballies.

The ballies whistled i' my ear,
An' smash'd on th' aleheawse wall,
Or aw shud ne'er ha' towd this tale,
Or stood besoide my stall.

* The Bellows.

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Aw fix'd on th' woife my awful een,
Boh fun it wudna do,
So aw thowt aw'd take my'sel away,
If hoo'd boh lemme goo.

My yure stoode up, my pluck wur deawn,
Aw wackert cowd an' pale;
Aw thowt aw'd grope my way to th' dur,
Boh first aw swoipt my ale.

Dick wife hoo glooart, an' aw'r so feort,
Aw cudno take my woint,
Boh aw bolted into Withy Grove,
An' never look't behoint.

So neaw awm safe—tak' my advoice,
An' keep fro' Dicks an' Mallies;
For if yo' goo 'tween mon an woife,
Hoo'l split yo'r yed wit' bullies.

Manchester.

ANNUAL MEETING.

We are only enabled to give a brief report of the annual meeting, which was held at the Temple of the Sun Lodge, at the house of Mr. Bates, Grapes Inn, New Mills, Derbyshire, April 21st and 22nd, 1851.

At nine o'clock C.S. Thomas Frith took the chair, supported by D.C.S. Robert Willis. After some preliminary business, the Cor. Sec., W. Hall, called over the names of the various districts and delegates, when all were present with the exception of Haslingden, Bishop Auckland, Driffield, Wetwang, Levisham, Exning, South Elmsby and York, who assigned sufficient reasons for not having sent representatives according to the rules of the conference. Selby, Malton, Rudston, Great Grimsby, and Bolton districts subjected themselves to a trifling fine for not having sent their full compliment of delegates. There were present forty-four in number.

The Chairman rose and said: Respected brethren,—It affords me infinite pleasure to meet and preside over you upon this interesting occasion. I am most happy to meet you, because I know your labours will be comparatively light, inasmuch as we have no complicated cases of appeal, such, as on former occasions, have taken up too much of your valuable time. Should there be any of our laws which we find, from experience, requires altering or amending, I trust you will give to each subject a full share of your best consideration.

Since we last assembled, many important changes have taken place, not only in our society but in our domestic circles. Some of you, no doubt, have suffered bereavements which you deeply deplore; others may have friends and relatives who have gone to other lands; and last, though not least, the separation which has taken place in our own order, is a cir-

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cumstance much to be regretted, for there are amongst those who have seceded, men who have been active and useful members in their day and generation.

Some time since a document was circulated through every lodge in the order, by the separationists, which contained unfounded charges against the Ashton district; but those charges have been satisfactorily answered, and I need not take up your time by a recapitulation. When the seceders met at York, I attended with Mr. Chappel to enter my protest against their proceedings; but to no purpose. They formed another union, of which I do not complain. During our stay in Yorkshire, we called and addressed meetings at Leeds and Wakefield, to show our brethren the folly and illegality of their proceedings, which had a good effect; for but few, in comparison to our numbers, have left the ranks of the Ashton Unity.

The great grievance of which they complain, is the expence of our order. Now you all know that this meeting has the sole control of the expenditure which is but a mere trifle. As to the expence of districts.—That entirely depends upon their own local governments. Much has been said by the seceders with respect to the inefficiency of the officers of the order, as regards their intellectual capacity. However this may be, there is one redeeming quality in the straight forward, honest conduct they have pursued since the foundation of this society. They have appropriated the funds to their legitimate purpose. They have discouraged all pagentry and show. They have denounced every thing that is gaudy and frivolous, as it is at variance with the principles of our institution. If we take a retrospective glance at the conduct of certain parties at Hull, Wakefield, Pontefract and Bacup, and compare it with that of the parties who have had the official department for the last twenty-five years, without a single defalcation, we ought to rejoice in having escaped from falling into the power of such men. It would be presumptuous in me to request you to divert yourselves of party feeling, and to be guided by the force of reason, for I know you too well to be under any apprehension on that account. There are a few propositions that will require your serious attention, which you will dispense with, according to the best of your judgment. The accounts of the past year will be laid before you, in which you will see the state of our financial department, which I trust, will be satisfactory. With these few observations, I declare this meeting to be duly opened for the business which will be brought before you.

The following gentlemen were then appointed to audit the secretary's accounts: Mr. James Smith, Rochdale; Mr. George Baily, Ossett, and Mr. Edward Hague, Stalybridge. At the conclusion of their labours, the following resolution was presented to the meeting:—

> "That we, the Auditing Committee, having examined the secretary's books, and having found them correct, we recommend a vote of thanks to be given to Mr. Secretary Hall for his valuable services.
>
> "JOHN WARD, Charman."

The above resolution was passed unanimously.

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A spirited discussion then took place on the subject of the Magazine, which resulted in reducing the price from four-pence to three-pence per number, and in making some new arrangements in the editorial and printing departments. The business of granting new districts, and an appeal case or two, of little interest being disposed of, a string of propositions from the Ashton District were negatived, and a vote of confidence in the officers of the order, was passed unanimously. A proposition also received the sanction of the meeting, justifying the officers of the order in calling a meeting of P.C.S., and in sending Messrs. Frith and Chapell to York to attend a meeting of seceders. We are happy in stating that no party feeling was manifested in the choice of officers for the ensuing year. There were two candidates for the presidential chair. Mr. Robert Willis and Mr. Davis. The votes were in favour of Mr. Willis; and Mr. John Beardshall was elected to the vice-chair. Mr. W. Hall was re-elected Cor. Sec.

The names and addresses of the relieving officers, an inventory of the property belonging to the order, and a table shewing the number of lodges and members, also the number of deaths, members suspended and expelled, &c., will be found at the end of the reports, which are circulated through the lodges.

A vote of thanks was given to the host and hostess of the house where the meeting was held, and to the officers and members of New Mills district for the comfortable accommodation provided for the delegates who attended the meeting A vote of thanks was likewise given to Mr. Daniel Scott, of Ossett, and to Mr. John Ward, of Leeds, for their valuable services to the interests of the order during the agitation of the seceding party. A vote of thanks was awarded to Mr. James Rothwell, for the very able address delivered at the close of the meeting.

On the evening of the 21st of April, a soiree, consisting of the officers, delegates, and members of the district was held, over which Mr. Councillor Grundy presided. The meeting was enlivened by occasional songs and speeches, many of which were given in excellent style, and elicited rapturous applause. The members seemed to vie with each other in adding to the pleasures of the evening, until a late hour, when a vote of thanks was given to the chairman, and each departed to his respective quarters.

THE MAN WITH THE DOLLAR.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

INNKEEPERS are generally wide awake, for guests of all kinds put up with them; and, if they were not pretty sharp, they would be cheated continually. And of all innkeepers, German ones are especially shrewd; for in Germany the innkeepers are proverbially careful of the pennies. However, sometimes even a German innkeeper may find his match, as the following story will prove.

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One evening there came to a tavern in Ichweissnichtwo, a man whom neither the host nor his butler knew what to make of; for he might be a student, a travelling artist, a musician, or even a count in disguise. So the innkeeper showed the mysterious guest into his most genteel dining room, ordered a chamber to be prepared for him, and had the table set.

The stranger made himself easy and was soon at home in the inn. He resolved to take advantage of the fine evening and visit the source of the Danube hard by. The host called a servant to conduct the stranger.

"If these gentlemen and ladies," said the guest, blandly, turning to the other guests, "will honour me with their company, I will cheerfully pay the drink money." For at that time the source of the river was built over, and the man keeping the cabin charged a fee for visitors.

The gentlemen and ladies answered "yes," and the new comer, smiling, bowed, stroked his beard, and shook the dust from his cap.

The butler now came softly behind him, and laid before the guest the visitors' register and a pen, and smiling pleasantly, "If it is convenient sir!"

"Quite willingly," said he. He took the pen in his right hand, and with the left drew from his purse a crown piece, and handed it in a friendly manner to the butler, saying very placidly, "You will please to change the dollar in the mean time."

Surprised, the butler blinked to the innkeeper, who transciently saw the dollar, which he knew to be genuine coin; and promptly, with a light heart, proceeded to make the change.

"This time we were mistaken in our guest," said he to his butler, after the stranger had gone away. "Here stands in black and white, in the book, 'Alexander Graf, of Mannenbach, living upon his rents; is come from Tryberg, going to Schaffhausen.' *A la bon heure*—writes a handsome hand, this Mr. Graf; and, *apropos*, my dear fellow, give him the better chamber, next to that which was first intended for him. It will suit best, and I myself will carry his knapsack.

The company of guests came back in very good humour. Mr. Graf Alexander, or Alexander Graf, of Mannenbach, had entertained them delightfully. Of his multifarious knowledge the gentleman had much to say; the ladies laughed immoderately at his anecdotes and drollery, and the more so as the admired Alexander was not present, he having lost his company in wandering through the garden of the Prince. His new friends, much to their mortification, were obliged to retire to bed without seeing him again, and to depart next morning without bidding him adieu.

But the innkeeper waited patiently for his guest, and kept supper warm for him, and punctually he came before the watchman had cried the hour. He appeared cheerful, full of life, but railed a little at the want of lamps in the streets of the village, and the obscure pavements, and at the wagon poles, "which, in a dark night," said he, "plant themselves in the way without warning, endangering the breast and stomach of the solitary traveller on foot. This town is a neat, an elegant little place of retirement,"

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he continued; "the environs, too, are so charming, that I am desirous to tarry here a few days. Sir host, have the goodness to favor me with one more pint of wine, for I am really in a merry mood."

One ought himself to be an inhabitant of Ichweissnichtwo, and to have heard a traveller—which does not often happen, whatever be the country of his residence—speak in praise of this, his native town, to sympathise really with the innkeeper, whose heart fairly jumped as he eagerly filled the flask for his noble guest. One word brought on another. The innkeeper naturally asked, with much discretion, about the how, when, whence and whither of the Herr von Mannenbach, and supposed he must have seen a great part of the world.

Graf smiled in his sleeve at this, and said,

"I think so too, my dear sir. Was I not—to give an example at the outset—born in New York, (by the bye, a son of German parents, who had a country seat near Niagara;) and did I not lately return with them by sea to London, and after a few years' travel, to Petersburg, where I soon found a place in the horse guards? Had I not there the misfortune to kill a comrade in a duel, and was I not compelled to flee over Orenburg to China, and thence to Calcutta? It is, indeed, not worth the pains to tell how long I staid in New Zealand, and extended civilization among the Friendly Islands. Enough that I entered Cairo in time to find my uncle, the old General, yet alive; but who positively insisted on being buried in Jerusalem, which was accomplished on the part of his heir at law. I forgot to tell you that I am the very person. I do not like to talk about it. I have retained the scanty allowance of my destitute youth. A prudent man does not put all his eggs into *one* bag. Was it necessary that the Bedouins, the Teherkesses, Calabrians, Saxons, and all other thievish nations through whose territory I travelled—was it necessary that they should know that I cared then no more for ten thousand pounds than before that for one penny? Boasting is not my practice—keep this in mind, my dear sir—but prudence, on the contrary, is my hobby-horse. Prudence and water—let me have another pint of your excellent Markgrave— On my honor, I have not drank such but at Basle. So, as I say, prudence and water; a man is thereby kept sober and comfortable to nature—And water, sir, is my passion. Have I not, when a boy, bathed in the Niagara—in the great cascade itself? Have I not in a boat sailed on the Thames, in the canal, in the Black and Red Sea? Am I not come direct from the waterfall of Fryburg, from the source of the Danube, and will I not go on foot to the falls of the Rhine, and thence to Staubbach, to Aarfall, to the source of the Leuk, to the Venetian lakes, to the Neopolitan coast, to the Faro whirpools of Messina, to the wonders of Propontis and the Bosphorus? As I shall not go in the mail coach—it is too inconvenient and common—I presume I shall not fail, in this place, to obtain a suitable conveyance to Schaffhausen?"

"By no means, Herr Graf," replied the host.—"You can be accommodated in a moment."

"Ha! if so," said the strange gentleman, courteously, "I will rest my

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feet a day or two longer, and enjoy this charming village, this excellent house. Yes, that I will. Swift horses will soon make up for the time I spend here in idleness.—

"What think you?"

"All is entirely at your command. It will be an honor," answered the innkeeper, picking up the candlestick that his guest in yawning had knocked from a chair.

"And a gratification to me, sir host. Your kitchen is distinguished. Such delicious fare is my passion. At my palace, you should only see—I do not wish to say much about it—how my kitchen is arranged. But in travelling—in hotels of the first order, a man loses his appetite with their artificial cookery. I am altogether for the practical, sir host. Therefore, suffer me to sleep it out undisturbed to-morrow. Sleep, water, and honesty are my hobby-horse. And a first-rate cup of coffee, without addition, good and strong, and right hot—I was used to heat in Sierra Leone, and am still very fond of it. You will see to this, my excellent host."

He yawned as he spoke, and bade his host "good night." The innkeeper departed, quite amazed at the colossal recitals of the stranger; and dreamed from 12 to 5 o'clock of nothing but inhabitants of the wilderness, waterfalls, roaring rivers, and dangerous places in Saxony. Nevertheless, when he wakes, he thought it best to be sure of his man, and so said to himself, "I will, at any rate, present Herr Von Mannenbach his bill to-day. Sometimes these travellers, who talk big, are not much, after all." And the innkeeper chuckled at his own shrewdness.

So saying, he drew out the reckoning in a clean, neat hand. The small items were about as follows:—supper, 52 kreutzers; three pints of extra Markgrafler, 54 kreutzers; lodging, 30 kreutzers; lodging, 30 kreutzers; breakfast, 28 kreutzers; total, two guilders thirty-four kreutzers.

"At the worst," thought the innkeeper, quite reasonably," "if the gentleman had but that single dollar, and even if he had to part with some of it for *extra muros* yesterday, I shall lose but a few kreutzers of my reckoning—and Heaven knows how many of such lost kreutzers I have scored on the black chimney of my house! If, on the contrary, my stranger, as I think in a small degree likely, should indeed prove a solid customer, I may then with confidence let him know that it is the custom of my house to settle the reckoning every morning,"

He then went into the kitchen, gave orders to the women who were accustomed to the temptation, not to adulterate the coffee with succory or such like, but to observe the utmost fairness in preparing breakfast for Herr Alexander Graf von Mannenbach; and as, in a few minutes, the clock above stairs would strike, and the coffee would be wanted, it soon stood in readiness to be brought up. On this, mine host put the reckoning—designed, like a probing needle, to try the heart and veins of the guest—into his pocket, and heroically went up stairs.

The door of the mysterious traveller's room being opened, the considerate man lost courage.—A charming stillness reigned in the chamber.

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Alexander Graf, or Graf Alexander, rested so calmly on the settee, and had such pretty little slippers on his feet, and smoked his sweet-scented tobacco out of a nice little pipe, and played like a child with a familiar kitten, while a young pigeon sat on the shelf, before a small, open window, and was as little afraid of the frolicksome kitten and of the friendly little man with his oderiferous little pipe, as of the falcon that sits threatening on the sign.

The guest nodded pleasantly to the host, and composedly said,

"Since the day when I slept eighteen hours in Caucasus, after a victory, I never indulged so sweetly, quietly, and peacefully in sleep, as in your house, my dear host."

"It rejoices me exceedingly," the host assured him without guile, and asked himself mentally as he thought of the reckoning, "Shall I do it or not?"

The Herr von Mannenbach took to the coffee, and smelt and smacked, and praised the pearl-white cream, the aromatic Java, the mellow cornicle.

In Vienna they call this kipfel," remarked the great tourist; "these are my passion, kipfel, water, honesty, &c., are my hobby."

The last common-place caused the host's hand to lay hold on the bill, as if it were a sword. At the same moment the guest made a demonstration reached into his pocket, and drew out a dollar, and in a friendly tone said,

"Have the goodness, while opportunity offers, to change me this dollar, my dear sir?"

The stupified host let go the bill, and looked in vain for small change in his purse.

"It is not urgent," said the guest, smiling. "I was not in want of small change until this morning, when I go out for a small purchase. Of my yesterday's spending money there is but little left. You have all kinds of enticements in this village," observed he.

The host, while he hunted among the change, pushed the reckoning into a corner, and reproved himself in strong terms for his stupid mistrust of so fine a cavalier!

"The gentleman is a little loose, perhaps," he said to himself, "since I know not, for example, how I, living here in the village, should, in two hours in an evening, have changed a large dollar! But, truly, youth has not virtue. Still, it is a good thing if it has money, at least."

So he carried the money up, took his leave of the stranger, who was lounging at his ease unconcernedly, and went without care after his other business.

The stranger soon went out to satisfy his new whim. The weather was fine, with sunshine on woodland and meadow. The finches flitted about—the thrushes sung. Finally, the mid-day hour sounded from the church steeple. Alexander at last returned to the house. With the appetite of a genuine traveller, he sat down to table. The other guests looked on with amazement; but he made up to them for what he had usurped of

their due share, by his copious powers of conversation, and good humour, without limit, prevailed.

After dinner, the inn changed itself to a coffee house, at the earnest request of the townsmen and employers. The dice rattled, the cards rustled, and even billiards had their amateurs.

"Shall we make a party?" asked a stout young man of Herr von Mannenbach.

"With all my heart. How do you play in this country?"

"Oh! 'tis not worth speaking of: for the coffee or for the billiard money."

"That is little, said the stranger, laughing—"Since having been in Vienna and Pesth, I have played by each of the party staking precisely but two guilders; but, as is the custom of the country, a stranger must suit himself to the ways of the country. To your order, consequently, sir. Butler, my good fellow, will you please to change me this dollar?"

Complaisantly and obediently the butler did what was desired.

"Why, why," he whispered to the host, "we *have* mistaken this man!"

"Mark this as a consequence," answered the upright principal, "that clothes do not make the man, and that it is the duty of an innkeeper to treat every man with humanity and without prejudice.

Graf Alexander played a few games. His adroitness in playing, his plans, his imperturable quiet, excited universal interest. His adversary lost continually, but lost with a good grace. "You are my master," said he, concluding the game, and handing the queue to the victor.

"A devil of a fellow!" pleasantly whispered a stout forester.

"A slippery fellow!" cried a traveller in cotton, with energy.

Alexander withdrew from their homage, to enjoy the evening in freedom. Weary, but highly pleased, he came pretty late to his lodgings, but found the innkeeper alone.

(To be concluded.)

COAL MINES OF BOHEMIA.—The following is an interesting description of the vegetable appearances presented by this mineral, in a place where the traces of its origin are more distinctly observed than in the others:—"The finest example I have ever witnessed is that of Bohemia, just mentioned. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces, bear no comparison with the beauteous profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal mines are overhung. The roof is covered as a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black colour of these vegetables, with the light groundwork of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees, of forms and characters now unknown upon the face of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigour of their primeval life; their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians. Such are the grand natural herbaria, wherein those most ancient remains of the vege-

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table kingdom are preserved in a state of integrity, little short of their living perfection, under conditions of our planet, which exist no more.—*Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater's Treatise.*

SHEPHERDRY.

Halifax District.

The members of this district assembled at the Black Swan Inn, Brighouse, on Tuesday the 10th of June, where a procession was formed, which moved through the principal streets in the village and its vicinity, headed by a band of music. Immediately behind, was carried a handsome flag, belonging to the Poor Man's Protection Lodge; the officers of the district followed next in succession, viz.: Mr. Henry Smith, P.C.S.; Edward Shaw, D.P.C.S.; Benjamin Clayton, Cor. Sec., all dressed in the official robes; a little boy mounted upon the back of a pony, bearing upon his knee a pet lamb, was accompanied by two men, representing David and Jonathan of old; then followed the brethren of the Order, two and two, dressed in their best holiday clothes, all looking happy and healthy, comfortable, and proud of the position they held in the social family of man. On reaching Brighouse Wood, they proceeded to the house of Mr. Samuel Cliffers, where a new lodge was opened. After the ceremony of opening, several excellent speeches were made, for which we cannot possibly find room.

Oughty Bridge District.

The Officers and Brothers of the Lilly of the Dale Lodge, No. 140, Oughty Bridge, held their Anniversary on the 4th day of June, at the house of Br. Job Littlewood, Butchers' Arms Inn, Hepworth, on which occasion they had a procession. About one hundred members moved on horse and foot through the neighbouring villages, and round the hills, accompanied by an excellent band of music. After a walk of five or six miles, they returned to their lodge room, where an excellent dinner was provided by the worthy host and hostess; one hundred and seven brothers partook of the repast. After the cloth was removed, the secretary read over the last year's accounts. When the business was gone through, P.M. George Barrow was appointed chairman; assisted by Br. Ben Brook, as vice-chairman. The evening was spent in songs, glees, and recitations, when, at a late hour, all departed to their respective homes, highly gratified with the day and evening's entertainment.

Rudstone District.

Anniversary.—On Tuesday, June 10th, being Whit-Tuesday, the members of the Health and Prosperity Lodge of Ancient Shepherds, Rudston District, A.U., assembled at the Langley Arms Inn, Hutton Buscel, for the purpose of celebrating the return of another anniversary of their lodge. Notwithstanding the unsettled state of the weather for some days previous, and the heavy and gloomy appearance of the morning, the day turned out very fine, which added much to the pleasure and comfort of the members, some of whom were from a distance. At 11 o'clock, a.m., a procession moved to church, headed by the Snainton Britannia Lodge Band, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Vicar of Hunmanby, from Gal. c. vi, v. 2:—"Bear ye one another's burdens."—A more suitable and appropriate sermon could scarcely have been delivered. The Rev. gentleman being himself a member of our ancient and honourable order, knew well how to explain the benefits of such a society, and to apply the subject to the hearts of his hearers. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the beauty and excellence of this discourse, without the whole were transcribed and submitted to the press. After service, the members again walked in procession through the village to the inn, where a goodly number of brothers and friends sat down to a most excellent dinner, provided by the worthy hostess, Mrs. Halder, to which ample justice was done by all. After the cloth was drawn, Mr. John Wood, honorary member, and a hearty good Shepherd, was, as usual, called to the chair. The usual loyal toasts were given by the chairman, all of which were heartily responded to.

Rochdale District.

Procession of Ancient Shepherds.—On Sunday the 20th of April, 1851, a numerous and respectable body of the Shepherds of this district moved in procession from the Waggon and Horses Inn, Newhey, to East Crompton Church. On their arrival, they were immediately conducted to the centre seats, Mr. Littler having kindly kept the doors closed for that purpose until they came up; they had likewise printed a number of hymns and service pieces. The Choir also got up a special service for the occasion; the Rev. Mr. Joseph Littler, B.A., Incumbent, preached a very suitable Sermon from the First Book of Samuel, 16 chap., 18 verse. He enlarged much upon the antiquity and honour of Shepherdry, and drew some very excellent comparisons from the Shepherds of the Divine Writings, impressing on all present the necessity for following such worthy examples. He afterwards proceeded to show the value of institutions of this sort as serving to uphold the honest, independant man in time of need, and that they made him more manly from their being of a self-supporting character, still he was afraid that their holding their meetings in public-houses was, to say the least, dangerous; he felt a timidity lest the good effects of these societies should be counteracted by the evils resulting from the over indulgence in intoxicating drinks. He said he had read their general laws, and felt confident from the perusal, that they were founded on the best of principles; and, if followed strictly, must lead to prosperity and happiness. At the conclusion of the service, the procession re-formed, and went through Shaw to the Pine Apple and White Lion Inns, where they expressed the highest approbation of what had been said, and passed a cordial and unanimous vote of thanks to the Rev. Gentleman, for his kindness

Golden Fleece Lodge: Rochdale District.—On Saturday the 10th of May, 1851, the members of the Golden Fleece Lodge held their usual Anniversary, on the voluntary principle, at the house of Host Nuttal, Drake Inn, Drake-street, Rochdale, who provided an excellent Dinner of good old English fare. After the cloth was removed, Mr. John Smith, junr., W.M., took the chair; and Mr. John Whitehead, junr., P.D.M., the vice-chair.

Ashton District.

Zionites Lodge.—The Anniversary of the Zionites Lodge was held on the 10th of May, when one hundred and thirty members sat down to an excellent Dinner, provided by Host Woodhall, of the Buck Inn, Stalybridge. After partaking of the bounties of the table, we made our way to the lodge library, which contains from two to three hundred volumes of choice works. When the cloth was withdrawn, W.M. Isaac Chadwick was called to the chair, who was ably supported by P.M. Bearer. In opening the business, the chairman made some good remarks on the state of the lodge, and on the subject of the library, which we consider the beginning of a new era in our order, and we thank our brethren of the Zionites, for they are the pioneers of improvement. One end of the room was appropriated as an Orchestra, which was occupied by the Shepherd's Band, which consisted of about twenty brass instruments, all in the finest tone imaginable. We listened with great pleasure to some of the finest music of Auber, especially the overtures of Massaniello and Zanette, which were played in good taste and style. The manner in which Sonnambula was given, and the overture, Semiramede, by Rossini, was a further proof of their ability to cope with some of the finest passages of our best composers. The chairman gave the health of the Queen, which was responded to with a general burst of loyal feeling. Several glees and songs were given by Brothers Mitchell, Buckley, Band and Mellor, which elicited great applause. In responding to the health of the Magazine Committee, P. C.S. G. Smith made some lengthy remarks on the beneficial effects of education, and recommended the formation of reading rooms, libraries, and adult shools for Shepherds. In the course of his address he made some original remarks on the subject of Widows' and Orphans' Funds, which are worth the consideration of our brethren; after a very lengthy speech, he resumed his seat amidst great applause. The spirit of harmony and good feeling was kept up till a late hour, when each departed, highly satisfied with the pleasures of the evening.—We had prepared a full report of the above meeting, but a press of matter has compelled us to curtail it.

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HEARTS OF OAK LODGE.— June 7th, a friendly visit was made to the above lodge, which is held at the house of Mr. Thomas Moss, Grapes Inn, Ashton, by the District Officers, and their friends. A number of our brethren from Manchester were expected to be present, but the severety of the weather prevented them. A good concert of vocal and instrumental music was got up for the occasion. At the conclusion of the lodge business, Mr. W. M. Charlesworth, introduced in an appropriate speech, an excellent party of glee singers from the Good Samaritan Lodge, who opened the concert with the beautiful Glee, "Oberon in Fairy Land" which was sung with good taste and fine execution. The chairman next introduced the Hand-bell Ringers, belonging to the "Hearts of Oak lodge", who played "The Elfin Waltz" in a style which reflects upon them much credit. "O! share my cottage gentle maid" was well sung by Brother Denison. The Glee of the "Greenland Hunters" was such a treat as we do not often meet with, which was followed by a set of Irish Quadrilles, played upon the Hand-bells, which produced a lively sensation amongst the company. P. C. S. Samuel Hadfield produced an entire new song written by himself, entitled "Walker's Tea Party", which being in the true Lancashire dialect, afforded much amusement. Several other Glees, songs, and choise pieces of music on the Hand-bells were performed, which we have not room to notice. On Mr. Hadfield's health being drunk, he replied, in an energetic speech, in which he alluded to the prosperous state of our society, and to that good and kindly feeling which every where prevails. He also recommended every member of the order to read the Shepherds' Magazine; a periodical said he, that ought to be introduced into the family of every member, which may be done at a cost of one shilling per year. At the conclusion of his address, he resumed his seat, when three cheers and one cheer more, were given by the old veteran. This was a most pleasing meeting, and we wish such meetings were more common in our lodges, for nothing can be more refreshing to a labouring man at the end of a week's toil, than the harmony of sweet sounds, which elevate us above those growling pursuits which are so common amongst the working classes. We auger much from this state of things, for now that we have libraries and concerts in our lodges; we expect to see reading-rooms and schools, for adult Shepherds established.

Mathematics.

SOLUTIONS TO THE ASTRONOMICAL QUESTIONS.

BY W. G.

1*st*. Put v = the velocity, t the time, and d the distance; then t^2 is proportional to $d3$; but t is proportional to $\frac{d.}{v}$ and to $\surd\, d3$, or to $d \surd d$; hence $\frac{d}{v}$ varies as $d\surd d$; divide by d, and $\surd d$ varies as $\frac{1}{v}$; that is, v the velocity varies as $\frac{1}{\surd d}$ or reciprocally as the square root of the distance.

2*nd*.—Let D = the density of the resiting medium, n the number of particles, F the force, and r the resistance. Then $F = r$, or varies with r; t varies as $n\,r$, and n as v D; hence r is proportional to $v^2\, d^2$; but D is proportional to $\frac{1}{d\,2}$; therefore r is proportional to $\frac{v^2}{d2}$; and v is proportional to $\frac{1}{\surd d}$, as proved above, or v^2 varies as $\frac{1}{d}$. $\therefore$ r varies as $\frac{1}{d3}$, but r, the resistance = F the force; therefore F varies as $\frac{1}{d3}$ that is, the centrifugal force varies inversely as the cube of the distance, whilst the resisting medium varies inversely as the square of the same distance.

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1847

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WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUNDS.

We have been favoured by Mr. Bird, the secretary, with a copy of the Rules of the Ashton District Widows' and Orphans' Fund, for which we tender our best thanks. Had we not been so favoured, it was our intention, as well as our duty, to have noticed this praiseworthy effort of our brethren; for it is a proof that they can sympathize with the unfortunate.

When we take a glance at the History of our Order, we find that many attempts of the same nature have been made in various districts. Some years ago the members of Pontefract made a strong effort; but they did not succeed. Several other districts have done the same, but with no better success. Latterly, our brethren at Bolton have exerted themselves vigorously in the same laudable undertaking; but with what degree of success we are unable to say: yet we well remember some sensible remarks made by Mr. Peter Lyne, in a lecture delivered by him on the above subject. With these results before our eyes, it is our duty to enquire into the cause of failure, with a view to avoid the same consequences, and, if possible, to improve upon what has already been done. If the cause which has operated against the success of these desirable institutions can be fairly traced out, we have no doubt but that our fondest hopes will be fully realized in the full establishment of a Widows' and Orphans' Fund; for, we believe the party who have originated this much to be desired object, have talent and perseverance sufficient to carry it out.

Many have been the attempts of other societies, whose contributions have been insufficient to meet their demands; consequently, they have

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been compelled to make strong appeals to the benevolent portion of society, who have no connection at all with their orders. To this system we decidedly object, as being contrary to the principles of our institution; for we profess to be self-supporting, and if we have not resources within ourselves, we must inevitably fail in our endeavours to carry out the good work we have so nobly begun. The recipients will be numerous in this densely-populated district, and our only doubt is, as to whether the small contribution of one shilling per annum will be sufficient to meet a continual drain upon the fund. The anxiety which every thinking parent feels for the future welfare of his wife and children, will induce him to make such a provision for them, in the event of his being removed by death, as his pecuniary circumstances will permit, and the only medium within the reach of a great portion of our brethren is—the Widows' and Orphans' Fund! The subscription is so small, that even poverty itself can form no excuse; and we sincerely hope, that if there be one amongst the vast number of Shepherds who is in the habit of indulging in any one of the useless luxuries which are too common amongst the working class, he will forego that indulgence from a pure feeling for those who are thrown fatherless and friendless upon a world, where but few of the unfortunate are cared for.

The subject of a provision for the Widows and Orphans of our deceased brethren, has long engaged our serious thoughts; for it ought to be one of the first and principal considerations of every father of a family; but having seen failures in the Commercial Clerks' Society, the Freemasons' Society, and the Oddfellows' Society, we have long since come to a conclusion that nothing short of a large investment in the public funds, or in good substantial property, will fully answer our expectations. We do not make this statement with a view to deter any one person from becoming a subscriber, for we know that the present scheme, circumscribed as it is, is calculated to alleviate a great amount of distress and extreme suffering. We believe that the present Committee of Management will be glad to embrace any plan that will place the society upon a sure and permanent foundation. The plan we are about to suggest embraces a wider field, yet we do not expect that immediate steps will be taken to forward our views; but we shall give a brief outline for the consideration of our numerous readers.

Independent of the Wisbech and Yorkshire Unities, the Ashton Unity will shortly number twenty thousand members; and, if "union is strength," we shall have a power within ourselves, which, with the aid of a few master minds, will be sufficient to accomplish the object we

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now aim at, viz., a fund that can never be fretted away so long as the funding system of Great Britain, or the security of private property is held sacred. The question now is, "How shall we accomplish this?" In answer to which, we propose a subscription of *twenty shillings* per member, throughout the whole Order, to be paid by instalments, in four years, which if agreed upon at our next Annual Meeting, will, in the year 1856, amount to the enormous sum of £20,000.! Each instalment, as soon as paid, to be placed in some of the respectable London or Provincial Banks, in accordance with the Friendly Societies Act. The amount of interest accumulated during the four years, will be more than sufficient to cover the expense of carrying our scheme into effect.

We propose to invest the sum of £20,000. in the Public Funds! Should there be any objection to this—as we suppose there would, because the amount of interest arising from that source would be less, perhaps, than the interest arising from some other description of property—we propose to invest the whole sum in some other way, for the exclusive benefit of the Widows and Orphans of deceased members belonging to the Loyal order of Ancient Shepherds, in the names of two or more trustees, as the Act of Parliament may direct. With an income of £1,000. annually, what might not be done in the way of relieving the Widows and Orphans? And as our income will increase with the increase of members, we might extend our philanthropy a little further in the establishment of an Asylum for the entire destitute children. If but one of these poor orphans can be snatched from crime and misery, we shall have done something worthy of the name of Shepherds!—ED. *S.M.*]

"LAUGH AND GROW FAT!"

"Laugh and grow fat!" is a good old rule,
Taught to the world in a good old school.
When sorrow comes, ne'er deign to sigh,
But bid the breezes waft him by:
The man who mourns for pleasures past,
Is like the flower before the blast,—
Awhile he braves the piercing storm,
And then—the grave engulphs his form;
And he who fears life's ills to come,
Anticipates, not checks, his doom.
Then laugh, good folk, grow fat with glee,—
For laughing hearts I love to see,
Though grief has laughter slain in me.

When cares surround, I shrewdly guess
Complaining never makes them less;

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The stream that foams o'er pebbles gray
Ne'er frets one harrowing stone away.
This truth the thoughtful soul can feel,
But knowledge sometimes fails to heal;
For though we scorn each ill to name,
If grief be *felt*, the pang's the same.
Fade, gloomy tints, from canvass fade,
Life's chequered picture needs no shade:
Bask in the day-god's golden train,
Ne'er let one sun-beam fall in vain,
Nor wintry thought crush summer flower—
Live, only live time's passing hour;
For who shall count each mortal sting,
That fear and memory round us fling?
The Indian, in his woods afar,
Whilst dancing to the god of war,
Sings with his wild peculiar tone,
The fate of foes by death o'erthrown;
Say, if he sang that fate his own,
Would rapture on his front be shown?
Or would such sad foreboding thwart
The shaft commissioned to his heart?
Then laugh, good folk, grow fat with glee,
For laughing hearts I love to see,
Though grief has laughter slain in me.

Manchester. SYLVAN.

THE SIDEREAL HEAVENS, AND OTHER SUBJECTS ON ASTRONOMY.

BY THOMAS DICK, L.L.D.

THIS earth, and all the huge planets, satellites, and comets, comprised within the range of the solar system, bear a very small proportion to that splendid luminary which enlightens our day. The sun is five hundred times larger than the whole, and would contain within its vast circumference thirteen hundred thousand globes as large as our world, and more than sixty millions of globes of the size of the moon. To contemplate all the variety of scenery on the surface of this luminary, would require more than fifty-five thousand years, although a landscape of five thousand square miles in extent were to pass before our eyes every hour. Of a globe of such dimensions, the most vigorous imagination, after its boldest and most extensive excursions, can form no adequate conception. It appears a kind of universe in itself; and ten thousands of years would be requisite before human beings, with their present faculties, could thoroughly investigate and explore its vast dimensions and its hidden wonders.

But great as the sun and his surrounding planets are, they dwindle into a point when we wing our flight towards the starry firmament. Before we could arrive at the nearest object in this firmament, we be-

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hoved to pass over a space of at least twenty billions of miles in extent, a space which a cannon ball, flying at its utmost velocity, would not pass over in less than four millions of years. Here, every eye in a clear winter's night, may behold about a thousand shining orbs, most of them emitting their splendour from spaces immeasurably distant; and bodies at such distances must necessarily be of immense magnitude. There is reason to believe that the least twinkling star which our eye can dis-cern, is not less than the sun in magnitude and splendour, and that many of them are even a hundred or a thousand times superior in mag-nitude to that stupendous luminary. But bodies of such amazing size and splendour cannot be supposed to have been created in vain, or merely to diffuse a useless lustre over the wilds of immensity. Such an idea would be utterly inconsistent with the perfections of the Divinity, and all that we know of his character from the revelations of his Word. If this earth would have been "created in vain," had it not been inhabited, so those starry orbs, or, in other words, those magnificent suns would likewise have been created in vain, if retinues of worlds and myriads of intelligent beings were not irradiated and cheered by their benign influence.

These thousand stars, then, which the unassisted eye can perceive in the canopy of the heavens, may be considered as connected with at least fifty thousand worlds, compared with the amount of whose po-pulation all the inhabitants of our globe would appear only as 'the small dust of the balance.' Here the imagination might expatiate for ages of ages in surveying this portion of the Creator's kingdom, and be lost in contemplation and wonder at the vast extent, the magnitude, the magnificence, and the immense variety of scenes, objects, and move-ments which would meet the view in every direction; for here we have presented to the mental eye, not only single suns and single systems, such as that to which we belong, but suns revolving around suns, and systems around systems,—systems not only double, but teble, quadruple, and *multiple*, all in complicated but harmonious motion, performing revolutions more rapid than the swiftest planets in our system, though some of them move a hundred thousand miles every hour, finishing periods of revolution, some in thirty, some in three hundred, and some in one thousand six hundred years. We behold suns of a blue or green colour revolving around suns of a white or ruddy colour, and both of them illuminating with contrasted coloured light the same assemblage of *worlds*. And if these systems were unveiled, what a scene of grandeur, magnificence, variety, diversity of intellect, and of wonder and astonish-ment would burst upon the view! Here we might be apt to imagine that the whole glories of the Creator's empire have been disclosed, and that now we had a prospect of universal nature in all its extent and grandeur.

But although we should have surveyed the whole of this magnificent *space*, we should still find ourselves standing only on the outskirts, or

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the extreme verge of creation. What, if all the stars which the unassisted eye can discern be only a few scattered orbs on the outskirts of a cluster immensely more numerous? What, if all this scene of grandeur be only as a small lucid speck compared with the whole extent of the firmament? There is demonstrative evidence, from observation, that this is in reality the case. In one lucid circle in the heavens, scarcely perceptible on a cursory view of the firmament, there are twenty thousand times more stars distinguishable by the telescope than what the naked eye can discern throughout the visible canophy of heaven. The Milky Way, were it supposed to contain the same number of stars throughout its whole extent, as have been observed in certain portions of it, would comprise no less than 20,191,000 stars; and as each of these stars is doubtless a sun, if we suppose only fifty planets or worlds connected with each, we shall have no less than 100,955,000, or more than a hundred millions of worlds contained within the space occupied by this lucid zone. Here an idea is presented which completely overpowers the human faculties, and at which the boldest imagination must shrink back at any attempts to form an approximate conception. A hundred millions of worlds! We may state such a fact in numbers or in words, but the highest and most expansive human intellect must utterly fail in grasping all that is comprehended in this mighty idea; and perhaps intelligences possessed of powers far superior to those of man, are inadequate to form even an approximate conception of such a stupendous scene. Yet this scene, magnificent and overpowering as it is to limited minds such as ours, is not the scene of the universe; it is only a comparatively insignificant speck in the map of creation, which beings at remote distances may be unable to detect in the canopy of their sky, or at most will discern it only as an obscure point in the furthest extremities of their view, as we distinguish a faint nebulous star through our best telescopes.

Ascending from the Milky Way to the still remoter regions of space, we perceive several thousands of dim specks of light, which powerful telescopes resolve into immense clusters of stars. These nebule, as they are called, may be considered as so many Milky Ways, and some of them are supposed even "to outvie our Milky Way in grandeur." Above three thousand of these nebule have been discovered; and if only two thousand be supposed to be resolvable into starry groups, and to be as rich in stars at an average as our Milky Way, then we are presented with a scene which comprises 2000 times 20,191,000, or 40,382,000,000, that is, more that forty thousand million of stars. And if we suppose, as formerly, five planetary globes to be connected with each, we have exhibited before us a prospect which includes 2,019,1000,000,000, or two billions, nineteen thousand one hundred millions of worlds! Of such a number of bodies we can form no distinct conceptions, and much less can we form even a rude or approximate idea of the grandeur and magnificence which the whole of such a scene must display. Were

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we to suppose each of these bodies to pass in review before us every minute, it would require more than three millions, eight hundred and forty thousand years of unremitting observation before the whole could be contemplated even in this rapid manner. Were an hour's contemplation allotted to each, it would require two hundred and thirty millions, four hundred thousand years, till all the series passed under review; and were we to suppose an intelligent being to remain fifty years in each world, for the purpose of taking a more minute survey of its peculiar scenery and decorations, 100,955,000,000,000, or a hundred billions, nine hundred and fifty-five thousand millions of years would elapse before such a survey could be completed; a number of years which to limited minds seems to approximate to something like eternity itself.

TWILIGHT SOUNDS.

BY G. SMITH.

Twilight sounds on a placid night,
On the wild fen drear and vast,
Are soul-springs of religious light,
In their holier vestments cast;
When the voice of the sea, and the amber beams,
Appear like snatches of mysterious dreams.

They come in the west winds odorous breath,
From the convent old and grey,
When the vestal sound or the knell of death,
Is borne on the twilight ray
Where the dulcet swell of the vespers sweet,
The care-worn and way-worn pilgrims meet.

They come when the wild fowl ride the wave,
And screech at the silv'ry queen,
Whose beams in the restless ocean lave,
In their pride of rippling sheen
As the glow-worm smiles at the pilgrim's feet,
And the hymn of the ocean and vespers meet.

Ashton-under-Lyne.

THE MAN WITH THE DOLLAR.

(Concluded from page 221.)

"I rejoice," said he, as he ate and drank in haste. "I rejoice in a manner that the public of this place use beer in the evening, and suffer undisturbed to converse with my beloved host—an excellent land—I say it on my honor—have I, among all grades in the world, not need to know? You are a genteel, a prudent man, and you already

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know that prudence is my passion. But—what do you not know, and what has also been my passion—guess it?"

The host shook his head. After a short pause, the guest complacently spoke.

"I have come to the conclusion," he said, "to purchase a residence here—what blockheads they are, who, when they talk of this fine country, omit to say something in favour of Kleinstberien and Dutch Kamptkatka! Like conceited fellows who do not know what they say, and how wholesome for their own barren skulls would be the fresh air that sweeps over these hills and groves. Their want of good sense, notwithstanding, cannot lead a man astray, a man such as I am, who have spent a whole winter in the Himalaya mountains hunting reindeer, and enjoying the Asiatic mountain air—a man who has gone to within two fathoms of the highest, very highest mountain top in all the world! Shame, that I should not have had courage thoroughly to reach the top! Snow and hail would not allow it! This, however, by the bye. Do you not know of a house of a noble appearance? It must not be too costly, still, I would willingly spend twenty thousand guilders upon it."

"If you are in earnest, Herr Graf," answered the innkeeper, "there can easily be obtained here one neat and genteel enough."

"You enrapture me. A residence here is my passion. I would love to spend a week here annually. I would enrich the people of my country by means conformable. You shall hear what I intend to do with these people. As I am passionately fond of tender greens and fine fruit, I like to enjoy them as often and as long in the year as I possibly can. On this account I have acquired in different places, property and houses both in city and country, and take my annual tour among them. Naturally, for example, in Naples the tender Verdura comes forward sooner than in Brescia, or in Brixen, or in Bordensee, or here, or in Regensburg, or in Fichtelgebirge, or in Mark, or in Petersburg. I therefore acclimate my people a long time. Even when it is winter here, I have green peas in Sorrento, and enjoy them still later quite fresh in Lombardy. I meet with them again at the sea of Geneva, in August, and so on to the borders of Lapland. It is the same with the fruits. I commence with oranges in the South, see to all my fruit gatherings in every place, find there sometimes in September the first strawberries, in North Germany the Meran grape, and soon, till in Moscow again I obtain the sweet orange of Portugal and Messina. Add to these the copious enjoyments of fish, oysters, and other luxuries, that step by step, so to speak, swim to me quite fresh, quite young and fine, and you will acknowledge that—"

The innkeeper hurried, while the guest paused, to protest that strawberries of the Fatherland were often on his table earlier than September.

Pleasantly smiling, as one would to a child that was vexed or angry

ithout cause, the greens and orange friend answered: "This ought not
o set us at variance or disturb us. I grant you, for my part, strawberries
ven in July. One reason more for my presence here a week or two
ooner. But in earnest, landlord, you must be my factor. Is it not so?
ive me your hand upon it, and let us drink another good pint together:
my expense, of course. I have fallen in love with you, forgive me then
e term, *I hr*, eh! In honest hearted Switzerland they say nothing
se to good friends, and good friends, honesty, water, and so forth—you
now me thoroughly, and my thoughts."

"*Which* wine do you prefer, Herr Graf?" asked the host, who him-
lf true hearted and good, believed in goodness and true heartedness.

"I should think a bottle of good Klingelberger would do," observed
e guest.

In a minute afterward the costly drink was on the table. "*A propos*,"
ted the Herr Von Mannenbach. "Do let me pay my reckoning to-
rrow, truly I spend my money in your house like a fool. What think
of it, my dear sir?"

"That the reckoning goes on well enough," replied the host blush-
. "That trifles are not worth speaking about, and with permission,
eg to drink Herr Graf's health."

Meekly and cordially the guest thanked him, and added, as if by
nce, "I must, however, at farthest, leave the day after to-morrow,
rder to get my trunk in Schaffhausen. I look, indeed, like a vaga-
d. Were I in possession of my uniform and appurtenances, I would
er going publicly. Still I have an eye to the future. If possible,
dear sir, try and find a new house for me in your neighbourhood."
y drank freely.

In the midst of their happiness, the servant knocked, with a pair of
s *in his* hand. "The shoemaker's girl brought them," announced
man, "they belong to the strange gentleman there, and are well
l according to the gentleman's orders."

'Charmingly," exclaimed Alexander, "finished very soon and very
. They cost?"

'One guilder, dear sir."

nstantly the stranger's hand was again in his pocket, and he smil-
asked, "Will you have the goodness once more to change this
r, landlord?"

'Bah! bah!" answesed the host, "the butler shall pay the money,
l charge it in the bill the day after to-morrow."

Long live credit," cried Alexander in a pleasant joke, while he
ned *his* dollar; you are a gallant man. I have been without rea-
comfortable in your house, if I did enter it weary and sad. But
your reckoning will be a formidable one, my good friend. Is it
? Ha! ha! ha! Keep it up!"

he servant withdrew. Host and guest remained, and still drank
blissfully.

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It is now time to say that the innkeeper, besides his hotel, had another house and a cousin, the first thirty, the other eighteen years old, both handsome neat and pleasant. With Herr Von Mannenbach, the innkeeper had drank three bottles of extra Klingelberg. Out of the last he had taken the drop that is too much; and consequently dreamed afresh, and indeed variously, and often of his house and his cousin, as they never had before appeared to him the solid married man. Nevertheless, the dream after the third bottle was proportionately the most agreeable, since he was bargaining but for a brilliant wedding between Graf Alexander and the self-same cousin, who were to live in the very same house, thirty years old well fitted up, and bought and generously paid for by the Graf. Alexander was a princely cavalier, his cousin as the bride would be introduced to the highest circles; while prosperity and honour waved their banner over the heads of the happy pair. Ah! how delightful! The innkeeper was vexed when the barking of the watch-dog aroused him from this most delightful of all fancy's sports. And while he was dressing himself, and making ready to appear like a decent man for the day, the thought did not leave him. "Why should not the dream be realized? My little Rose is handsome and engaging, the house is dressed up like that of a doll; the great traveller, Herr Von Mannenbach, seems to possess a free heart and great wealth, persons of distinction, remarkable and not remarkable, have married country girls. Then why not?"

"With these thoughts the innkeeper went into the bar room to see all to rights, and nodded in a friendly way, though somewhat absent in mind, to an early customer, who sat contentedly by his glass of drink. "Why, why, Master Stubig, so early, so early? A rare guest. It is a little eternity since you were here."

The other replied, "It is because I wish to go with the mail wagon to Stockach and further toward the sea. Grain is so scarce and dear, I can hardly procure enough to bake. I may, perhaps, find in market at Neberlingen, what I want. Moreover, I have been laid up with a swelled foot, and could not get out till now."

"So, so. I'm sorry to hear it. I hope you enjoy your dram, master. You have yet a quarter of an hour's time, and we shall hear the post boy blow his horn if you overstay."

"True enough, true enough. Another glass. The air is cool, and I have not been out before for seven weeks."

"I pledge you. Much luck in going and in returning. God send you honest people and no sharpers on the way."

"Well; as it comes it comes. It is not now as it was long ago, when honesty was in the country. Then there was nothing known of suspected persons, such as are to be met with every where."

"But one may mistake, too, dear sir. Every one is not a shabby fellow that looks like one."

"I allow that. So I tell you, landlord—"

"I have an example at hand in my house. Day before yesterday here came a stranger here—"

"Don't forget your discourse, landlord. It was but yesterday evening that a man knocked at my window shutter—"

"A travelling journeyman, no doubt, or a discharged soldier. This ust happen to bakers at the outskirts of the town. But mind you, my ranger is a high living man of rank."

"For my sake, hear a little more of my visitor that knocked last ening. He looked filthy, and I will close my window against any genteel fellow."

"Begging is forbidden."

"Aha! I nevertheless imagined that it was begging—"

"So the man drew a handful of grosh pieces and other small coins t of his pocket, and impertinently said, 'Changing is sometimes ngerous, Master Sourdough; yet I beg of you a crown-dollar for me spend, instead of this small money."

"A crown-dollar?"

"Well, we bakers have always some small change by the shutter, t yields no profit when we give small for large, seldom large for all. But I wanted small change, and I counted the fellow's money. was all good, and I freely gave him the dollar for it."

"Naturally. But I do not see —"

"Who the man was? That is what I do not know myself. Pers, however, a boxer and beggar; but of the noble ones found everyre, and an economist, I must say. For he came yesterday morning n, and bought another dollar with his two guilder forty-two. This he had twelves and twenties."

"Twelves and twenties? Yesterday? Say you so?"

"And mind you—in the evening, pretty late, it was dark, the same w brought the same sum in Casperlies and sixes. I had a mind to his thing, but he very coolly said, 'Grant me this favor but once . To-morrow I shall be off, and will never trouble you again.'"

'Said he so. Excuse me, master, I must instantly go out."

Now one might have seen the innkeeper springing like a deer, and to the Graf's chamber. He knocked and knocked, again and again, ll was still. Another, with the innkeeper's long face, would have ned the whole house, sent for a locksmith, and brought a scandal. innkeeper is, however, not of that sort, but of a different mind, and over, is a Jack of all trades. No man could break into a room or better than he, and very slyly too, for he knows more than many ksmith, though far from the profession. But the innkeeper is a of honour, and practises his art where he is at liberty. And here, own house he certainly dare do it. He therefore, brought, in all y, his small tools, and before you could count a hundred, the Graf's vas opened, though it had been barred and fastened from within. ! the nest was empty. The bird had slept finely and quietly

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therein, this was to be seen. But every remaining trace of him had vanished, and the open window left the conjecture why the carpenter had left the opening for him. The first start he made was, however, not high, luckily, for a tall man could almost reach with his hands to the window. In short, the Graf was gone, and all the plans about the house and the cousin were gone with him.

As the innkeeper came down, the postboy blew his horn, and the baker took his departure. The prudent host, very indirectly and unconcerned said, "There is no need of taking the coffee to number three. Herr Graf went away very early, and left this little dollar for the servants. Put it into the box. I wonder only that he did not, according to his custom, leave a present of a whole dollar."

Thus the innkeeper conducted himself before his people, and was not, therefore, laughed at by them. He afterwards drew a thick stroke over the bill of Herr von Mannenbach, laughed himself at the skill of the smart fellow in making change, and could not keep the secret long from his friends. He now of course did not laugh alone; but as it makes a man enjoy the joke in his heart, when another cheats him so cunningly, so the innkeeper often says, to the present day, when he speaks of the great traveller and money changer, Herr Graf, with a good natured laugh,—"If the fellow comes again, I must really give him a crown dollar, since he performed his part so well."

But the man in the beard must have known nothing of the innkeeper's intention, for to this hour he has not shown himself.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE VISION.

BY P. D. SCULLY.

One midjune day, as Sol an audience gave
Within the clouds, on his resplendent throne,
Surrounded by his courtiers, gay and grave,
Whilst Hebe in bright effulgence on them shone;
No jar amongst the elements arose—
All Nature lay in beautiful repose.

Along the margin of a limpid lake,
Whose mirror-surface seem'd another sky,
Reflecting also tree and tangled brake,
Which in profusion grew its borders nigh:
I rambled to enjoy the tranquil scene,
With mind unruffled, happy, and serene.

It was to me, in sooth, a witching hour,
Though nearer to meridian, far, than night;
I felt some secret spell, some holy power,
Inspire me with emotions of delight,—
So pure, so unalloyed with aught of earth,
That such in Heaven could only have their birth!

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And thus, while in this sacred frame of mind,
A sudden vision broke upon my sight;
I thought it must be of angelic kind,
It looked so noble, beautiful, and bright;
So dignified its air, so rich its smile,
And so celestial was its beauty's style.

Yet I discovered it was feminine
By sympathy or else by intuition,
And angels all, they say, are masculine,
Or were, at least, before man's first transgression;
And goddesses of old Mythology,
I knew to it bore small analogy.

To say 'twas cast in beauty's finest mould,
Divinely fair, are only common-place
Expressions, true, and trite, and very old
And still applied to any lovely face.
All the soul's homage it at once required,
And instant love and reverence inspired.

Still in my dreams that vision bright appears,
In all the glow of beauty, youth, and health,
When I, too, seem as juvenile in years;
For which to be, of both the Inds, the wealth
Had I to give,—O! do not deem it strange,
If doubled twice, I freely would exchange.

Still, in my dreams, that dulcet voice I hear,
Whose intonation ne'er can be forgot;
Its melody yet vibrates in my ear,
As memory shows to view the charming spot;
That angel-form where first I saw and last,
And vivid Fancy paints anew the past.

Whilst my mind its memory shall retain,
Or heart one trace of fond affection keep;
Or soul one spark of ecstacy maintain,
Till Death shall close mine eyes in endless sleep,
The recollections of that happy day
Will in me light, of joy, the brightest ray!

JACK AVONDALE.

BY G. SMITH.

At the conclusion of the wars of the French revolution, there settled upon one of the beautiful slopes of our valley, as fine a specimen of a British sailor as ever stood on the foretop of an English man of war. Being free and open-hearted, he never withheld from his neighbours any information that was calculated to amuse or instruct; consequently, they listened with delight to his amusing and somewhat horrifying tales of his own experience, for he had seen and suffered much, having been ten long years before the mast.

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His house commanded a fine view of the valley, which stretches forth its green meadows from east to west, where the two extreme points are several miles distant from each other. Between a long range of bleak hills, some parts of which rise rather abruptly, display to great advantage their bold sterile features, may be seen the river Tame, cheerfully receiving its little tributaries, which chant their never ceasing hymns of liberty as they meander through the deep gorges and defiles of the neighbouring mountains.

At the bottom of a furzy field stood Jack Avondale's grey stone cottage, behind which was an old gnarled oak, whose short thick trunk threw a few stunted branches over an old moss-covered well, which served for the use of the family. A few quaint holly bushes and thorns, which had been planted in the days of his grandfather, still remained to grace the place of his birth. Some snatches of green ivy still clung tenaciously to the sunny side of his cottage, as if afraid of being ejected from their peaceful place of abode, and, what added still more to the beauty of this rural spot, was the little diamond square windows, snugly nestling in the bosom of the green ivy, almost invisible to the eye at a short distance from the house. Over the door was a small square sign-board, bearing the following laconic inscription:—

"AVONDALE, Boot and Shoe-maker."

Whatever could have induced him to place a sign-board over the door of his half secluded cottage, I cannot, for the life of me, imagine, unless it was to catch a stray customer now and then, who might happen to pass along the foot-path, which led in a zig-zag direction, near the front of his cottage. The first thing that met the eye on entering the house, was an old oak chest, curiously carved, upon which was placed an antiquated looking glass. A little above the mirror, and flat against the wall, was a quaint old portrait of Admiral Benbow. On each side of which, hung two rivals for nautical fame, in the persons of Lord Howe and Admiral Lord Nelson, which formed a curious trio of sky blue coats and cocked hats. Admiral Benbow, contrary to all rule and good taste, was represented as strutting upon the quarter-deck of a man of war, in a pair of jack boots and tortoise-shell spectacles. A few old fashioned chairs, a three-legged stool, and a hoary old couch, which had stood in the self-same place since the non-conformist ministers gave up the loaves and fishes for a precarious subsistance, one of which was the ancestor of Jack Avondale. On the mantle-piece, which projected about fifteen inches over the fire-place, was a pair of ornamental figures, representing Tam o'Shanter and Souter Jonny.

"Tam lo'ed him like a very brither,
They had been fou for weeks thegither.

Between these worthies, were a pair no less worthy of the notice of those who take a fancy to ornament their dwellings with emblematic figures of the same description, viz.:—Jobson, the cobbler, and his wife Nell, who

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are the very prototypes of that almost shoeless class of craftsmen, who are to be found in every town and village in the country. Immediately above this conjugal pair, was suspended from a rusty nail, an old picture, purporting to be a true representation of the funeral barge of Lord Nelson, in the act of conveying his dead body up the river Thames.

The most remarkable feature in the interior of Avondale's cottage, was a moderately sized cabinet of curiosities, which he had collected in various parts of the world, and which proved him to be a man above the ordinary class. Amongst the most conspicuous, was a beautiful collection of shells, sea-weed, and portions of coral rock. There was a great variety of fish skins and other marine productions, such as crustaceous animals of the lobster kind. An extremely choice collection of beetles and moths, carefully arranged and classified according to the rules of entomology. One part of his little museum contained a couple of ostrich eggs, from the coast of Africa; an elephant's tusk, a lion's paw, the wing of a flying-fish, and a scalp of a south sea islander. In another part of the cabinet was prominently placed the jaw-bone of an alligator, the skin of a rattle-snake, a fine cormorant, three or four puffins, and a pair of mother Carey's chickens, from the Cape of Good Hope; all named and set up in a style little inferior to the best collections in the kingdom.

It was a fine purple evening, in the season of autumn, when Jack Avondale stood, with folded arms, before the door of his cottage, contemplating the beauty and grandeur of the scene before him. There was an awful stillness, save the veering sound of the river, which ever and anon died away, and again stole upon his ear in one of those soft gradually increasing tones, in which the spirit of sound comes forth in the sublime grandeur of a mountain land. The still evening air was richly tainted with the bracing quality of sere leaves and stubble fields, and now and then the distant voice of the mysterious corn-creak broke the thread of his meditations; but he relapsed again into the pleasing realmns of his own thoughts. He gazed upon the fleecy clouds which the departing rays of the sun had beautifully tinged with purple, and then upon the blue mist in the depth of the valley, which appeared like an arm of the ocean stretching itself between two huge promontaries on the rugged coast of an uninhabited island, such as he had seen in distant parts of the world. While revelling in the temple of his own imagination, he was roused from his reverie by the approach of his old friend and neighbour, Cornelius Chronicle, who had walked from his own house to pay his weekly visit. Had he done so earlier in the day, he would have prevented the accomplishment of a full day's work on the part of Avondale, for on such an occasion his lapstone, last, and hammer were never brought into requisition. They were kindred spirits, having the same views, sympathies, and feelings, lovers of books, botany, concology, and entomology. Cornelius was a man well to do in the world.

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In addition to the little freehold estate upon which he lived, he had a snug income of fifty pounds per annum arising from other property in a neighbouring county, so that, at the time of a general election, he was consided of some importance, having two county votes.

Mrs. Avondale, who was just issuing from the cottage at the time of his approach, exclaimed, "Ah! Mr. Chronicle, I am glad you are here, for my husband has been fretting, these two hours, lest you should not come, and what is still worse, he seems low spirited."

"Hold thy tongue, prattler;" said Jack Avondale, "I am not low spirited. Women always arrive at conclusions without reasoning." To this gentle rebuke she returned one of her good-natured smiles, which evidently found its way to his heart.

Avondale was naturally of a lively disposition; but at that moment there appeared a lack of vivacity, a passing cloud that overshadowed his fine countenance, which was not dispelled until each had finished his second pipe of tobacco. The little museum was then inspected in due form. The various specimens which it contained were examined. A number of grubs and caterpillars, in different stages of transformation, showed the wonderful working of animated nature. A case of beetles, which had always commanded the admiration of Cornelius, called forth a long disquisition, which ended in the production of a fine specimen, which he had picked up on his way to Avondale's house. "By the power of Amphetrite, but that is a shardborn," said Jack. "Right—right," exclaimed Cornelius, who was well versed in the language of Shakespear—

> "Ere the bat hath flown
> His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
> The shardborne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
> Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
> A deed of dreadful note."

Avondale had often read this passage, but did not exactly understand what the author meant by shardborne, nor did he wish to betray his ignorance by enquiring of those who better understood the language of Shakespear. "Now, hark ye, my good man," said Cornelius, "none of the numerous commentators of the world's great bard have as yet cleared up this passage, or rather the two important words; and, believing as I do, that you, in common with most of the admirers of the never-dying poet, are entirely ignorant of the true definition of the words shardborne, or rather *born*, which I believe is the original. Now, sir, between you and I, I will set this question at rest, by endeavouring to elucidate their true meaning. Shakespear thoroughly understood, and could solve all the great problems of nature, from the sublime planetary system, down to the minutest movements of the insect tribe. His capacious mind clasped within its vast circumference all that was necessary to form the basis of a fabric, from whence emanated the true portraiture of human character. The nicest operations of animal, vegetable,

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and insect existence, did not escape the power of his penetrating eye; and, if proof were wanting, I have abundance at command, I know my *opponents* will array Sam Johnson against me, but I care no more for Sam Johnson than you care for a star-fish; my dictionary is common sense," said Cornelius. "And now, hark ye, Jack, Shakespear never said a foolish thing, there was depth and breadth of meaning in every thing he wrote; and though he used many provincial words, they were just fitted for the very spot in which they were placed. The word shard, as applied by our forefathers, is now obsolete, and but few of the oldest inhabitants remember its ever being used in our parish. Even in Shakespear's time, I believe, it was on the wane."

"Avast," said Jack Avondale, "I think I have heard my mother use it." "Yes, I dare say you have; I'll not dispute that point with you, Jack. I have it, upon good authority, that the word shard was used at a very early period in some of the remote districts in the north of England, and signified, in a provincial acceptance of the term, the *droppings of cows*. In Scotland it is still known by the name of *sharn*, which you, as a very acute observer of human nature, know that it produces in the summer season, when parched in the fields, a species of black beetle, such as the one I have presented to you this evening, and hence the shardborn beetle of Shakespear, which ignorance has corrupted into *hardborne*."

Avondale was perfectly satisfied with this explanation, and as Cornelius was preparing to depart, he grasped him earnestly by the hand, and said: "I have one curiosity which you have not yet examined. Nay, it is not yet twelve. Its history shall be brief." Cornelius resumed his seat by the side of his friend, who still retained a firm hold of his hand.

Mrs. Avondale had retired to rest, and all was still, save the chirp of the cricket, and the monotonous tone occasioned by the oscillating movement of the old cuckoo clock, when Jack Avondale said: "In the late wars with America, I belonged to the Maidstone frigate, seventy-four, commanded by Captain B——, belonging to which there was a young man of the name of Barnett, to whom I was ardently attached. We often," said he, "over a can of grog, vowed fidelity to each other, that nothing but death should sever our friendship. He was a bold, courageous seaman, who possessed that generosity which always characterizes a British sailor. One day, after the toils and dangers of an engagement, in which some of our messmates had fallen, and others wounded the glorious independence of Greenwich, by the loss of a limb, congratuled ourselves on our many hair-breadth escapes, vowed vengeance against the Yankees, and swore that the American standard should never wave triumphant over the union jack.

After we had consigned our dead companions to the deep, and the wounded to the cock-pit, Barnett produced a flask of old Jamaica. We drank alternately, until our heads began to gravitate, when, suddenly,

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he sprung upon his pins, and swore, that should he fall in the next engagement, he hoped I would preserve one of his limbs. To this proposal I readily agreed, and should it be my lot to fall, said I, I hope you will act in the same way towards me. We pledged our vows in a bumper, shook hands, and retired to our hammocks. In a few days Admiral Cockburn gave orders for the storming of one of the forts in Virginia; his orders were immediately put into execution, when my faithful messmate and myself were ordered to the same boat. We rowed with alacrity towards the place of destination. We had scarcely time to survey the spot, ere the work of death began. We fought manfully, side by side, for a considerable time, when, at length, he was struck on the right thigh, by a cannon ball, which almost severed it from his body, and he died in a few moments from the loss of blood. Judge of my state of mind. I gazed upon him, for a moment or two, uttered a silent prayer, imploring Almighty God to receive his soul into the congregation of just men, made perfect; for a more pure and disinterested a friend never met his death at the cannon's mouth, than my old messmate, Jack Barnett. I viewed the dead body of my friend with as much sympathy as time and circumstances would permit. The promise I had made rushed upon my mind. I struggled with conscience, yet could not think of violating my vow. Honour; yes, honour was the result, and amputation was the consequence. This," said he, taking from his pocket a large clasp-knife,—"this," said he, gazing steadfastly upon the knife, "which has often shared the mess of my old friend, was the instrument. I concealed the cold limb of poor Jack Barnett beneath some tarpauling, and, when opportunity served, I took out the thigh-bone, which I kept for some time, at sea; but never saw it without dropping a tear of sympathy for the loss of my poor Jack. Time put an end to the war. I obtained my discharge, and returned again to the place of my birth. During my ten years absence, I fought in twenty-six engagements, without sustaining any material injury; collected my natural curiosities, and, now, sir, I blush to own, that I have converted the thigh-bone of my old and faithful messmate, Jack Barnett, into the handle of a hammer, by which I maintain myself and family, with as much credit as any shoe-maker in the parish."

During the recital of this story, Cornelius listened in breathless silence. "I devoured each word," said he, "as it fell from his lips, which was free from that sea-faring slang, for which he was at times notorious. If I loved him," said he, "when we waded the brown heather on the mountain tops, when we rested our weary limbs on the huge masses of rock, which had been detached by some eruption in nature, how strong was my attachment to him, when I found in him all those amiable qualities which constitute an honourable man?" Many a time, and oft," "said Jack Avondale, "has the sweat of my brow, occasioned by hard labour, dropped upon this invaluable relic; a relic, which I prize above all I possess. You look at me," said he, "as if I were a

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monster in the shape of a man; but let me tell you, I would not have been guilty of such an inhuman act—a circumstance at which my heart would have revolted—had he not often and earnestly pressed me to fulfil the vows I had made, while draining the cup of inebrity; but, thank heaven! I have renounced the poison for ever; and I also promise, before you, and the great disposer of events, that this remnant of mighty battles shall find a resting place in the consecrated ground of our valley, Ashton-under-Lyne."

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SONG OF DEATH.

BY J. B. ROGERSON.

Author of "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," &c.

I in wrath am walking forth,
Who my course shall stay?
All that dwell on sea or earth,
I may sweep away.

Yon gallant vessel gaily goes
Over the sparkling wave;
The breeze that now so softly blows,
Shall waft it to a grave.

Yon chosen band of warriors see,
Whose arms gleam in the sun;
One half of them must dwell with me,
Ere yet the day be done.

Those fond young lovers in the shade,
Appoint the bridal-day,
But, ere that day arrive, the maid
Shall sleep in couch of clay.

The youth is quitting home—in vain
The hope dwells in his breast,
That he should see it once again,
For he with me must rest.

The mother of those babes of woe
Prefers to heaven a prayer
That their sick sire may live, but no!
He must my dwelling share.

See, yonder strays an infant boy,
An only child is he,
His parents' sole delight and joy—
He shall my victim be.

Behold yon glittering diadem,
Starring a proud queen's brow;
Oh what care I for pride or gem!
I will lay her low.

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Those servile courtiers lowly bend
Beneath a tyrant's frown;
Millions on his will attend—
I will strike him down.

I, in wrath, am walking forth—
Who my course shall stay?
All that dwell on sea or earth,
I may sweep away.

And a voice answered thus to Death:—
"Thou mays't take away
Human state and moral breath—
These are of the clay.

"Thou art but as the dungeon-slave,
That opes the captive's gate;
There is a home beyond the grave,
Close barr'd, gainst thee and fate.

"There shall the prison'd spirit fly,
When thou hast set it free:
The soul of man can never die,
And fearless lists to thee!"

EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The Star Chamber was gone beyond revival, and the Old Bailey became the court where sinners against the press were arraigned. The new statute soon captured a few victims, and a Tyburn audience was assembled to witness the execution of a troublesome printer. On an October night in 1663, the licenser, L'Estrange, having received secret information, set out on a search for illegal publications. He had with him a party of assistants, which included four persons, named Dickenson, Mabb, Wickham, and Story. These men were called up after midnight, and made their way, by L'Estrange's directions, to Cloth Fair. This had been Milton's hiding place, when he had "fall'n on evil days:" and here now lived another heterodox thinker, a printer named John Twyn, whose press had been betrayed to the authorities as one whence illegal thoughts were spread. When called on afterwards to give evidence as to what happened, Wickham described how he met Mr. L'Estrange near Twyn's house, and how "they knocked at least half an hour before they got in;" and how they listened, and "heard some papers tumbling down, and heard a rattling above, before they went up." The door being opened by its unfortunate owner, Wickham was posted at the back door, whilst another stood in front, and the rest of the searchers went over the premises. Efforts had been made to destroy the offending sheets; the type had been broken up, and a portion of the publications had been cast into the next house. Enough.

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however, was found to support a charge. Twyn's apprentice was put into the witness box to give evidence against his master, and the judges were ready to coincide with Mr. Serjeant Morton, who appeared for the crown, and declared Twin's offence to be treason. The obnoxious book repeated the arguments often urged during the commonwealth, "that the execution of judgment and justice is as well the people's as the magistrates' duty; and, if the magistrates pervert judgment, the people are bound by the law of God to execute judgment without them, and upon them." In his defence Twyn said, "he had certainly printed the sheets; he thought it was mettlesome stuff, but knew no hurt in it; that the copy had been brought to him by one Calvert's maid-servant, and that he had got forty shillings by printing it. He pleaded moreover, in excuse, that he was poor, and had a family dependent on his labour for their bread. Such replies were vain, and the jury found him guilty. "I humbly beg mercy," cried Twyn, when this terrible word was pronounced. "I humbly beg mercy; I am a poor man, and have three small children: I never read a word of it." I'll tell you what you shall do," responded the Chief Justice Hyde, to whom this plea for clemency was addressed, "ask mercy of them that can give it, that is, of God and the king." "I humbly beseech you to intercede with his majesty for mercy," piteously exclaimed the condemned printer. "Tie him up, executioner," was the only reply, and Hyde proceeded to pronounce sentence. To read this sentence in the record of the trial makes the blood run cold. "I speak it from my soul," said this sycophant chief justice, "I think we have the greatest happiness in the world in enjoying what we do under so good and gracious a king" (this was spoken of Charles II. be it remembered); "yet you Twyn, in the rancour of your heart thus to abuse him, deserve no mercy!" After some further expressions of loyalty, and a declaration that it was high time an example should be made to deter those who would avow the killing of kings, he ordered that Twyn should be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution; that he be hanged by the neck, and, being alive, that he should be cut down, and that his body be mutilated in a way which decency now forbids the very mention of; that his entrails should be afterwards taken out, "and, you still living, the same be burnt before your eyes; your head to be cut off, and your head and quarters to be disposed of, at the pleasure of the king's majesty"—"I humbly beseech your lordship," again cried Twyn in his agony, "to remember my condition, and intercede for me." I would not intercede," replied sanguinary Judge Hyde, in the cruelty of his heart, "for my own father in this case, if he were alive." And the unhappy printer was led back into Newgate, only to leave it for Tyburn, where the sentence was soon afterwards carried out; his head and the quarters of his body being set up to fester and rot "on Ludgate, Aldersgate, and the other gates of the city."—*The Fourth Estate.*

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ADVENTURES OF TWO HUNGARIAN LADIES.

It was on the second evening after Razga's execution, that a carriage stopped at the door of a nobleman's mansion in the county of T—. This country house was situated in one of the finest parts of the noble valley of the Waag, aside from the high road; it was formerly much visited by connections of the family among the nobility from a distance, and by friends in the neighbourhood, who, in the cheerful pleasures of social intercourse, used to enjoy the hospitality of the family and the beauties of the surrounding country for several weeks in autumn. During a whole year all had been quiet in this mansion; its possessor had followed Kossuth from Pesth to Debrecsn; his beautiful wife and her younger sister kept house along with a few trusty servants. The two ladies had hastily stepped on to the balcony to see whether the visit was to them, and what guest could have wandered into the solitude of their retired valley. In a few minutes the stranger stood before them, and delivered a letter from Debreczin. The master of the house introduced him as a friend and patriot, adding that he was the bearer of papers of great importance, which had to be conveyed to Vienna, and forwarded thence to Teliki, at Paris. The ladies were requested to do all in their power to assist him. Half the night was passed in taking counsel together, and relating occurrences. The young man, who was here first informed of the execution of Razga, his friend and tutor, took a solemn oath to avenge his death. His passionate spirit, which might endanger the enterprize, the difficulty of reaching Vienna at that time, when the frontier and the line of the Waag were doubly watched, together with the importance of the mission, inspired the two ladies with the adventurous idea of undertaking the journey, and executing the commission themselves. The scruples of the guest were removed by the force of circumstances: the same night he returned, and at an early hour the following morning these two delicate ladies set out on foot, clad as peasant women, on their way to Presburg. Two days and two nights lasted this wearisome journey, which, at other times, with their fine horses, they would have accomplished in a few hours. Frequently they had to climb steep mountain paths, to avoid the piquet of an Austrian outpost; and when, exhausted by fatigue, they reached the spot where they had expected to find an open path, they descried in the distance a horse patrol of the enemy, and had to crouch down half the night in a thicket, almost dead with fatigue, tormented with hunger, in nervous dread of discovery, shivering on the damp ground in the forests, two noble, rich, proud ladies of Hungary. One moment was the most dreadful of all. They had, in the darkness of night, entered the border of a thicket, without observing a post of the enemy which was on watch there. Suddenly, they hear, not far off, a voice, "Who goes there?" then again, and yet a third time. In alarm, they retreat behind the

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trees, a flash startles them at scarcely fifty paces distance, a shot, a rustling in the branches, the whistling of a musket-ball, then cries, exclamations, and the steps of men close to them. The younger countess had sunk fainting on the ground, and her sister, who believed her struck dead, fell on her knees in despair beside her. To this circumstance they owed their safety; the low bushes between the slender stems of the trees concealed them from the observation of the soldiers in search, who, with lanterns, were scouring the thicket and firing at random. It was not until after an hour of unspeakable anguish that the sisters recovered strength to steal back again. The following evening they reached Pressburg in safety, and were there concealed by a female friend, who sympathized with them. All preparations were made for the journey back to Vienna, and a befitting dress provided. In the evening they made a pilgrimage of love to the Danube. In the so called Water Barracks, on the bank of the river, their younger brother was confined. An Austrian officer, who passed that way, charmed with the appearance of the ladies, invited them home with him. He was not prepared for a decided refusal, for the solitary evening walk at such a late hour, without the accompaniment of any man, looked less like apostacy to Austria than to virtue. But the escort of the officer might be dangerous; and the elder lady, therefore, told him, with that presence of mind which is so peculiar to women of highly-gifted natures in critical moments, that she had a rendezvous with one of his comrades, requesting that he would fetch him from the barracks, when, if he liked, he might be a fourth in their company. The officer hastened to the barracks; meanwhile, the ladies ran, like hunted roes, through dark back streets, to their houses,—the importunity of the Austrian having caused them more alarm than all their laborious and perilous wanderings. The following night they slept in Vienna, in the apartment of a student, to whom they had been referred from Pressburg. The young man, happy in being able to shelter two of the noblest ladies of his country, took charge of their despatches, and, like a faithful guardian, slept through the night outside the door of their room. The despatches were written in the language of the country, provided with the great seal of the government, and destined to be transmitted to the ministries of France and England. These noble ladies journeyed by Oedenburg back to their quiet valley of the Waag, where they remained until the conclusion of the war.—*Max Schlesinger's War in Hungary.*

THE SOUND OF INSECTS.

To descend to present times and native performers, first, there is our own familiar representative, the hearth cricket, for whose cringing chirp even *we* can scarcely challenge much intrinsic merit, yet do we reward it as a song, and a merry one; and why? because the faggot

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always crackles, and the kettle sings, if not in actual, in imaginative chorus. In like manner the music of the cricket's country cousin (of the field), or that of the grasshopper, though designated by some, of more critical ear than pleasant temperament, "a disagreeable crink," can never grate harshly upon either ear or heart which are in themselves attuned to nature's harmonies; for to these, as it rises from the dewy ground it assumes the tone of an evening hymn of happiness, mingled in memory, if not in hearing, with evening bells and the shouts of emancipated village children. For the revival, doubtless, of some such associate memories, even the grave Spaniard is said to keep these insects after the manner of birds of song; and those that like it may do the same in England; Gilbert White assuring us, on trial of the experiment, that the field cricket, while supplied with moist green leaves, will sing as merrily in a paper cage as in a grassy field. To the man of transparent skin and opaque fancy—or no fancy at all—the hum of the gnat is suggestive, we know, of nothing but angry cheeks and swollen temples, with corresponding sounds of pshaws! and buffets; but to those who are less outwardly but more inwardly sensitive, the "horn" even of this insect blood-hunter is not without its melody, with sylvan accompaniments, such as the ploughboy's whistle "o'er the lea," and the gurgle of pebbly brooks, red in the glowing sunset. When and wheresoever a bee may happen to flit, humming past us, be it even near an apiary in the Adelphi, or a balcony hive at Hammersmith, is one not borne at once upon her musical wings to the side of some healthy hill; and does not one forthwith hear in concert of the bleating of the rocks, the bursting of ripened furze-pods, and the blithe carol of the rising skylark? or, our thoughts taking a turn more homely, we listen in fancy to the sound of tinkly cymbal, played by rejoicing housewife to celebrate and accompany the aerial march of a departed swarm. Thus sweet and infinitely varied is the concert of concordant sounds, all of the allegro character, which may be assembled for the pleasing of the mental ear, even by the simple and single, and passing strains of the above and other insects which make melody in their mirth; and then how numerous are the corresponding images—glowing, smiling, dancing, waving, glittering,—which are wont at their bidding to be conjured up before the mental eye! Glowing embers, smiling flowers, dancing leaves, waving corn fields, glittering waters, all intermingled in a haze of merry motion—an imaged dance of life got up within "the chamber of the mind," at the stirring of, sometimes, but a note of nature's loving music. But beside the sensations of involuntary pleasure which we have often owed, without knowing it, to insect minstrelsy, it affords (though on this subject few persons ever think) matter for thoughtful inquiry, concerning the way in which it is produced. It is all of an instrumental and not vocal character; and among the varied mechanisms of natural objects, the instruments of sound furnished to insect musicians are none of the least curious. That of the celebrated cicada

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(the classic lyre-player)—an insect rarely seen in England, but still common in the south of Europe,—consists, as described by Reaumur, of a pair of drums fixed one on each side the trunk; these are covered on the exterior by two membranaceous plates, usually circular or oval; and beneath them is a cavity, part of which seems to open into the belly. These drums form, however, but one portion of a compound instrument; for besides these, there is attached to another drum-like membrane in the interior, a bundle of muscular strings, on pulling which, and letting them go again, a sound can be produced even after the animal's death. For the issue of this sound a hole is expressly provided, like the sound hole of a violin, or the opening of the human larynx. The chirp of the cricket, both of house and field, is said by Kirby to be produced by the friction of the bases of the tegmina or wing-cases against each other at their base; but the insects are also provided with their drums. In the large green field cricket this drum is described as a round plate of transparent membrane tensely stretched, and surmounted by a prominent edge, or nervure. The instrument is to be found in that part of the right wing-case which is folded horizontally over the trunk, and is concealed under the left, in which there is also a strong circular nervure corresponding to the hoop of the drum beneath. The quick motion with which these nervures are rubbed together producing a vibration in the membrane, is supposed to augment the sound. What we call familiarly the singing or chirping of grasshoppers or locusts, is outwardly produced by application of the left shank to the thigh, rubbing it smartly against the wing-cases, and alternating the right and left legs; but these, as well as the cicada and the cricket, are provided with their *petits tambours*,—membrane-covered drums, or cavities of somewhat varied construction, to augment the sound of exterior origin. Be it here observed, that the above-named professors of the *joyeuse* science—the cicady lyre players—the crickets of our field and household bands—the roving grasshopper troubadours, are all, like feathered minstrels of grove and garden, of the masculine sex; each doubtless playing his mid-day sonata, or evening serenade, with intent mainly to tickle the ear and fancy of his listening lady. On the muteness of the latter was founded a sly joke on the Xantippes of antiquity, which is equally applicable to scolding and musical matrons of the present day. "Happy," says Zenachus, the Rhodian,

> "Happy the cicadas lives,
> Since they all have noiseless wives,"

Episode of Insect Life.

TITLES.—A Quaker, vindicating the pertinacity of his sect in refusing to give titles to men, gave this whimsical account:—"I had the honour," said he, "one day to be in company with an excellency and a highness. His excellency was the most ignorant and brutal of his species, and his highness measured just four feet five inches without his shoes."

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THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child."—*Proverb.*

REFORMATION is the order of the day; and, among the manifold modern improvements, Mr. Strap, the schoolmaster had his.

"I instruct," said Mr. Strap, "on an entire new system."

"You do," said old Mrs. Gosling.

"I do," said Strap, oracularly.

"Now, do tell," said Mrs. Gosling.

"Madam," said Mr. Strap, "the world is six thousand years old."

"Law!" said Mrs. Gosling, admiringly.

"And it has been all that time wrong on the subject of the education of youth."

Mrs. Gosling opened her eyes and ears. She knew Mr. Strap was one of the wisest of men. He saw she liked to hear him talk, and he went on.

"Madam, children should never be whipped."

"No?" said Mrs. Gosling, interrogatively and with a guilty look. She had flagellated her little son, Jim, every day of his life, once, at least, on an average. If ever she had omitted one day, from absence, illness, or any other accident, she made up the dificiency by flogging him twice the day after.

"Children," said Mr. Strap, "should never be whipped."

"No?" asked Mrs. Gosling.

"Never," said Mr. Strap.

"How would you govern them, then?" asked Mrs. G., with simplicity.

"Kindness, madam," said Mr. Strap.

"But when kindness won't answer!"

"Reason, madam," rejoined Mr. Strap, with a magisterial wave of the hand.

"Reason may do well enough for *some*," said Mrs. Gosling, shaking her head doubtfully.

"It will do for all, madam, if properly applied. We are created with reason. We are not brutes. We are—we are—that is—"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Gosling.

"I shall hereafter conduct my school on an entire new system," said Mr. Strap. "I sha'n't have a rod in it. I shall make my boys love me—respect my kind intentions—bow to my reason—and obey me for their own good."

"What do you charge a year?" asked Mrs. Gosling.

"Fifty pounds per annum; and each boy to bring a silver spoon, two suits of clothes, and two pair of sheets," said Strap.

"I've been a-thinking," said Mrs. Gosling, "whether my son, Jim, is not old enough to be put under your care."

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"What is his age," asked Strap.

"Ten, last June."

"Certainly," said Mr. Strap; "I'll take him with pleasure."

"I must tell you frankly," said Mrs. G., "that I have had trouble with him."

"I'll take him, madam, and the trouble too," said Strap.

"He's very wild," said Mrs. G.

"No matter, madam," reiterated Mr. Strap, with a smile of self-confidence; "I'll take him."

"He's a boy of good parts," said Mrs. G.; "but he's beyond *my* management."

"I think *I* understand his case, madam," said Mr. Strap, smiling again. "When shall he come?"

"When you please."

"Send him to morrow."

"I will," said Mrs. Gosling.

"And come you and see him this day four weeks."

The next day Master James Gosling, with two suits of clothes, a silver spoon, and two pairs of sheets, arrived at Mr. Strap's boarding school in the country, not far from the town where he had hitherto resided. He was a little red headed boy, with short sandy hair standing straight out like a shoe-brush—a forehead half an inch high—a little pug nose—an enormous mouth—no eyebrows—and a pair of small eyes which looked green in the morning and red at night. Four of his front teeth had been knocked out with fighting. He bit his nails half way down, so that you could not look at them without setting your teeth on edge. His hands were covered with warts, and he had a shrill, cracked voice. Jim was a sad fellow; and one would think from the number of whippings he had received, must have led but a sad life of it. It appeared, however, that he had accommodated himself to his situation, and that he lived, amid his multifareous flagellations, almost unhurt, like a salamander in the fire. He had been literally whipped through life, and had become hardened to it, soul and body, as a camel's knees are to the sand. Such was the lad sent by the overwearied mother to Mr. Strap, not more, if the truth must be told, to get rid of a heavy trouble, than from curiosity to see what Jim would do in a school where they "never whipped."

On arriving at the school, Jim was let loose among the rest of the boys to play. He got into a game of marbles, but his antagonists soon perceived that he "cheated," and turned him out. He then took to the top, but the *fellows* found that he had brought into the arena a great long-pegged thing, that cut their little handsome tops to pieces.

The next morning the rope of the *swing* broke, when a person who was swinging fell, to the imminent danger of his life. It was found that it had been *cut* two-thirds through. In the afternoon the pair of *globes* were scratched to pieces with a nail or knife; and when the usher went

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to ring the bell for bed, that necessary instrument was no longer to be found. A chain of circumstantial evidence fixed these things on James Gosling. Mr. Strap took the boy into his private room.

"James."

"Sir."

"Did you scratch the globes?"

"No, sir."

"Do you give me your word of honour?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what an oath is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Should you be willing to swear?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Strap then said: "My son, to be candid, I do not believe you. I know you to be the author of these delinquencies."

James looked up into the mild face of his instructor with astonishment.

"If you will confess the truth I will forgive you. Are you not guilty?"—"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. Now you have imagined yourself here, doubtless, among *enemies*. I wish to show you that you are not so. If you do wrong, you do so against those who love you. Is that *right?*"—"No, sir."

"Well, then, I am willing to believe that you have done these things from bad habits—from want of reflection—from ignorance of the character of the instructors. I pardon you. Go down among your companions. Be a better boy for the future. I shall never have cause to complain of you again. Shall I?"—"No, sir."

"Go then, my dear child. Remember that the way to be happy is to be virtuous."—"Yes, sir."

"That if you intend to be respected in society, you must begin as a boy the honourable conduct which you mean to practise as a man. Go then, remember I love you, and trust to your generosity that you will not hereafter infringe any of the rules. Good morning, my dear son."

"Good morning sir," said Jim.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WOMAN'S TALK.

THE savages say that monkeys do not talk for fear they should be made to work; women, on the contrary, the more they work the more they talk. There seems to be a magnetic influence in their needles, to keep their tongues in perpetual motion. I have often thought what the reason of this could be. At first I supposed their fondness for repetition was only intended for the developement of truth, as Kant and Jacobi maintain that demonstration is nothing but a continued advance in identical propositions; so that women, in continually repeating the same

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thing, were endeavouring to demonstrate. But I soon discovered the cause lay still deeper,. Naturalists affirm that the leaves of trees are constantly in motion, in order to purify the air. Now the incessant vibrations of women's tongues produce the same effect as those of leaves. Hence it is a wise disposition of nature, that women talk most in large cities, in winter, within doors, and in large circles, because these are the very places where the air is most impure. Some petty, narrow-minded philosophers, who cannot understand the great designs of nature, but are always imagining some little supplementary object in all her operations—some such, I say, with whom I am very far from agreeing, reject the above theory, and suppose female loquacity to have been intended to express some ideas or sentiments of an intellectual being—perhaps of the female herself. This is one of the things which Kant says can neither be proved nor disproved. I should rather be inclined to believe that talking is with them a sign that thought and internal activity have ceased, as the bell in a mill never begins to ring till all the grist is ground.

SHEPHERDRY.

MANCHESTER DISTRICT.

PRESENTATION.—On Monday evening, August 4th, the members of the Loyal Hearts of Oak Lodge, No. 484, assembled at the Bridge Inn, Fairfield-street, when upwards of one hundred and twenty members sat down to an excellent supper. On the withdrawal of the cloth, P.M. Ellis took the chair. After a few preliminary observations, he said: Brother Shepherds,—I have a most pleasing duty to perform this evening, in the presentation of a valuable silver lever watch to P.P.C.S. Morris, late district officer, for the valuable services he has rendered to our Order. I feel myself quite inadequate to the task imposed upon me; and regret that some other brother has not been chosen to present this gift, who could have paid Mr. Morris that compliment which he so worthily merits. My feelings on this occasion are of no ordinary character; and, as an officer, I can duly appreciate his great moral worth, for the valuable services, untiring zeal, and patience which he has manifested in fulfilling the important trust reposed in him, and which are not of the ordinary kind. I sincerely hope that the example he has set, may stimulate us to the performance of those acts which will prove a blessing to ourselves and to those around us. Brother Morris, in presenting you with this small token of our regard, we sincerely hope that you may be long spared to guide and direct the Manchester District of Ancient Shepherds; and, when it shall please Providence to call you away, "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns," may we all have the joyful felicity of meeting you in the grand lodge above (loud applause). Mr. Morris, in an appropriate speech, thanked the brethren for the kind feeling they had shown towards him on that (to him) memorable occasion. He felt highly honoured by the gift so feeling bestowed; and if he had been of service to the district previously, the present thus made, would tend to create in him a greater desire than ever to render all the aid that lay within his power to carry out the objects of the institution, and make it a blessing to its members. After some further remarks, Mr. Morris thanked the brethren for the very handsome present he had received, and sat down amidst loud cheers. In the course of the evening P.C.S. Jones gave a very entertaining History of the Rise and Progress of Shepherdry, in Manchester, which

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was listened to with great attention by the members present, and elicited great applause.

ASHTON DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARY.—The members of the Nelson's Monumental Glory Lodge, held their anniversary at the Nelson Tavern, on the 12th July, when a good substantial supper was provided by Mr. W. Finnigan, the worthy host of the house, which was served up under the superintendence of his good lady, to about seventy-five of our brethren and their wives, all of whom expressed their entire satisfaction at the manner in which the landlord had catered for their appetites. On the removal of the cloth, the ladies manifested an ardent desire to commence dancing, which request was willingly complied with; when young and old entered heart and soul into the delightful exercise of the old country dance, which was kept up at intervals until a late hour. The evening was spent in a most agreeable manner, and especially to those who are not over fond of too much ceremony; and we must confess we were of that party. Several recitations were given, and some fine old sentimental songs were sung in a masterly style by Br. Shaw. The brothers Stafford, by their vocal powers, added much to the amusements of the evening.

The ANNIVERSARY of the Woodman's Hut Lodge, No. 106, Southam Arms Inn, Ashton, was held July 19th, when an excellent supper was provided by Mr. Thos. Schofield, the host, to which seventy-eight members and their wives did ample justice. When the cloth was withdrawn P.M. Oldham was called to the chair. On the table, before him was a beautiful pyramid of flowers, such as we have not seen during the present season. He addressed the company in a very neat speech, and concluded by passing a high eulogium upon the ladies. P.M. John Knott delivered a poetical address, which was received with great applause. Arrangements having been completed for a dance, some of the elder ladies and gentlemen tripped the "light fantastic toe" in good style. Several songs and recitations were given with good effect; after which quadrille dancing commenced, which was kept up with great spirit by the younger portion of the company, until the worthy chairman told them that the Sabbath was fast approaching. After thanks had been voted to the host and hostess of the house, and to the excellent chairman of the evening, each departed well pleased with the eighteenth anniversary of the lodge.

The brethren of the Shepherds' Increase Increase Lodge met on the 19th of July, to celebrate their Anniversary, at the house of Mr. Councillor Walker, Queen's Arms, Ashton-under-Lyne, when a splendid supper, consisting of almost every delicacy of the season, was served up, under the able management of Mrs. Walker, which gave entire satisfaction to a large party, when "Non Nobis Dominie" was sung by Messrs. Higham, Brierley, Hallos, and Hill. After the withdrawal of the cloth, P.D.C.S. Jabez Hollingworth was called to the chair, who was supported by Brother John Arrowsmith. The Vice-chair was ably filled by D.M. James Cooper, who was supported by P.M. Edward Whitehead. The chairman addressed the company in a very able speech, setting forth the beneficial results of our institution, and the wonderful rapidity with which it was ramifying itself all over the kingdom. He then gave "The health of our gracious Queen." Song, "God save the Queen." "Rule Britannia" was then played by the Shepherds' Band, which was in attendance, and gave, during the evening, several fine pieces of musical composition, on their brass instruments. Several other toasts were given by the chairman, and responded to by C.S. Willis, D.C.S. Beardshall, Brothers Wild, May, and others, also addressed the meeting. The glees and songs were well selected, and executed with good taste and ability by the gentlemen named above. In fact, every thing connected with this Anniversary was characterized by the spirit of progress. After votes of thanks to the chairman and vice-chairman, and to the host and hostess, they left the room, highly pleased with the arrangements and the manner in which the business of the evening had been conducted.

The brethren of the Safety Habitation Lodge held their Anniversary July 22nd, at the house of Mr. Robert Woolley, Navigation Inn, Ashton, where the members

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and a number of gentlemen, unconnected with the order, sat down to a splendid supper, served up in a style for which Mrs. Woolley has long been known to excel. Some very excellent speeches and songs were given. In fact, it was one of the most convivial meetings imaginable, for the spirit and conviviality never flagged till "morning dawned upon the drowsy world."

The members of the Loyal Abraham Lodge, celebrated their Anniversary, July 26th, when a good substantial supper was provided by Host Seddon, of the Wellington and Blucher Inn, to which the parties did ample justice. After the withdrawal of the cloth, P.M. Robert Fell was called on to preside, who made a very suitable address, in which he gave the members some good advice. The meeting was well conducted; and, after votes of thanks to the chairman and the host and hostess of the house, the members separated about eleven o'clock, highly pleased with their twenty-fourth anniversary.

July 26th, about 130 members and their wives, belonging to the Loyal Abel Lodge, No. 1, partook of an excellent supper provided for the twenty-fifth anniversary, by Mr. James Schofield of the Friendship Inn, Ashton. On the cloth being withdrawn, P.C.S. W. Shaw was called on to preside; and, after an able address, he gave "The health of our gracious Queen!" which called forth a burst of loyal feeling. "The Order of Ancient Shepherds," was the next toast given by the chairman, which was drunk with enthusiasm. Some very choice glees and songs were given by the glee singers from the Good Samaritan Lodge, who were ably assisted by Mrs. Band. "Shepherd, have you seen, &c.," was sung with fine effect; but the crowded state of the room partially destroyed the beauty of her (Mrs. Band's) voice. Some good waltzing and quadrille dancing produced a pleasing variety, which the young folks seemed to enjoy admirably.—Amongst other visitors, in the room, we observed Mr. R. Willis, C.S. of the Order; Mr. Beardshall, D C.S.; Mr. Secretary D. Scott, and P.M. Joshua Hollingworth, of the Ossett District; the latter gentleman gave several humorous recitations which were received with great applause. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the room, the company remained till near twelve o'clock, when a vote of thanks was given to the chairman, and to the host and hostess of the house, for their kind attention to the company.

The brethren of the Honest View Lodge of Ancient Shepherds held their Anniversary at the house of Mr. Joseph Siddal, Highland Laddie, Ashton, on the 26th of July, when a good substantial dinner, consisting of joints of the finest quality, *were placed* upon the table, to which ample justice were done. After the removal of the cloth, and the regular routine of toasts had been drank and responded to, several excellent speeches were delivered by S. Hadfield, P.C.S., and P.P.C.S. James *Whitehead*, setting forth, in forcible language, the benefits arising from self-supporting institutions, and urging their brethren to maintain those strict principles of economy and morality, which is the groundwork of our honourable Order. Sev*eral choice* songs and recitations were given by various members, and at intervals some quadrilles were danced by the younger portion of the members and their wives (for ladies are always admitted on such occasions). After votes of thanks had been awarded to the chairman, and to the host and hostess, each departed to his own comfortable domicile well satisfied with the entertainment.

The Anniversary of the Flower de Luce Lodge took place on the 4th of August, at the house of Brother James Hall, Brunswick Inn, Ashton, when seventy members and their wives sat down to an excellent supper, provided for the occasion by the worthy host. When the cloth was removed, Mr. Secretary Thomas Bird was called to the chair. After the usual loyal toasts, he made a very eloquent speech, in which he gave a financial statement of the lodge funds, which he was happy to find in a prosperous state. He descanted fluently on the merits of the Shepherds' Order, which he believed would eventually take the lead of all others, in consequence of the strict economy in every department. He set forth, in glowing terms, the benefits which would result from the Widows' and Orphans' Fund; and con-

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cluded by passing a high eulogium on the Shepherds' Magazine. Several good songs and recitations were given, and the evening's amusements were concluded with a ball, which was kept up till a late hour.

SHEPHERDS' CONCERT.—A grand Miscellaneous Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music was given in the Town Hall, Ashton, on Saturday evening, Septr. 13th, when from twelve to thirteen hundred of our brethren and their friends were present. Every thing necessary for the comfort of visitors was fully considered. In one of the ante-rooms a choice assortment of wines, spirits, ale, and confectionery was provided. The programme contained an excellent selection of overtures, glees, and songs, and some fine music arranged for the hand-bells. The Shepherds' Band, which is deservedly popular, played remarkably well. Of the overtures by Rossini, Brepsant, and Carmody, we know not which to prefer, all being played in a style that reflects much credit upon the band. "Lord Hardwick's March," "Mary Blane," "The Irish Quadrilles," and "My skiff is on the shore," were beautifully played upon the hand-bells. Much praise is due to Mr. Broadbent, the conductor, who must have bestowed much time and trouble in bringing his pupils to such a state of perfection. In noticing the glees, we cannot omit—"Hail! to the Chief!" "See our oars," "Here in cool grot," "From Oberon," and "Awake! Æolian Lyre!" as being executed in a style worthy of notice; for when we consider the difficulty of retaining true harmony of sound, where twenty-four voices are engaged, is more than we could naturally expect; but we were agreeably deceived, for the excellent training of the party, and the steady adherence to time and tune, by Mr. Higham, and Mr. and Mrs. Band, and several others who have had much experience, served to bring the performance to a close that far surpassed our expectations. Messrs. Broadhurst and Wright were severally encored in some of their popular songs.—This, we hope, is but the first of a series of Shepherds' Concerts; for it is a most rational way of spending a Saturday evening, after a week's toil, which is attended with no expense, for both vocal and instrumental performers give their services gratis—all the gentlemen performers being members of the order. The price of admission, though only one penny, is sufficient to defray the expense of the Hall, which is all that is necessary. In the event of a second Concert, we intend making a few private suggestions, which may be of service to those who have not had much experience in the management of monster music meetings.

ERRATUM.

In the Report of the Anniversary of the Zionites Lodge, in the last *Quarterly Magazine*, FOR "Shepherds' Band," READ "*Stalybridge Old Band.*"

MATHEMATICS.

NEW QUESTIONS.

1. Two persons, A. and B., traded together; A.'s money was three months in trade, and his gain was £800. less than his stock; and B.'s money, which was £20. more than A.'s, was in trade five months, and his gain £140. less A.'s stock. It is required to find each man's stock and gain?

2. If a a ball, whose elasticity is three-fifths (perfect elasticity being unity), be let fall from the top of a tower 300 feet high, upon a perfectly hard horizontal plane, determine the time it will continue in motion, and the whole space it will describe before coming to a quiescent state, the resistence of the atmosphere being neglected, or the ball supposed to move in a vacuum?

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THE

UARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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OUR ORDER.

this season of the year, it has long been a custom with Merchants, nkers and Tradesmen, to turn over the pages of their ledgers and e an account of their stocks, in order to satisfy themselves, as to the l position in which they stand, as regards profit and loss.

As partners in the great firm of Shepherdry, we shall endeavour to en the book of our Order, and ascertain, if possible, whether the spe- ation in which we have been engaged, for the last twenty-five years, s been a profitable one. In doing so, we shall have a long arrear of ounts to bring forward, before we offer a balance sheet. It has just urred to our mind, that this is the birth-day of our Institution, and little pet we so fondly nestled and nursed in its infancy, has now tained a giant's form, and is fast bestriding the empire with an irre- tible step. It has already made its way through cities, towns, villages d hamlets, leaving in its train the traces of comfort and happi- s amongst those of our brethren, who have been afflicted with ness. It is a messenger of mercy, sent into the world to proclaim d tidings to the sons of toil, regardless of creed or colour. Men of religious persuasions, and of all grades and shades of politics are nd in its ranks, mutually saluting each other as brothers, and cor- lly shaking each other by the hand, ready and willing to relieve each ier's wants. We well remember the time, when a few friends met establish a Sick and Burial Society, when one of the party said, that e old form of Sick Club was superseded by the introduction of Secret cieties; but we here take the liberty to state, for the information of general reader, that the Shepherds have no secrets, but those by ich they are enabled to detect impostors.

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Now let us candidly ask ourselves what Shepherdry has done. What it is doing, and what it will do. For upon these three questions, turn the whole amount of our profit or loss, and we feel a strong desire, that at the end of the first quarter of a century, to know something of our real position in the great human family. It will be seen that our Order has grown step by step, from one single lodge to the number of 760, numbering at least, if we include the Wisbeach and Yorkshire Unions, about 20,000 members, who contribute for each other's support as many pounds per annum. A structure of such magnitude and usefulness the founders never dreamed of. It has stretched itself from shore to shore, and is fast linking the whole island in one bond of brotherhood, and for one universal purpose. London has already begun to feel the benefit of our Order, through the agency of Mr. MIDDLETON, a man of more than ordinary influence, who has been visited by some of our brethren during the Exhibition. For our success hitherto, we are mainly indebted to a number of hard-working men, whose leisure hours have been devoted to the good of their fellow-creatures. We have never solicited the aid of the wealthy, nor the advice of the learned on matters of importance. All that has been done is the work of the poor and industrious classes, who have proved to the world, that they are capable of managing their own affairs, however complicated they may be. This is what we have done, and now let us see what we are doing.

When we first established our Institution, we had many obstacles to encounter, not only from other societies, but from the confirmed habits of our own members, for intemperance was then prevalent among the working classes, to remove which has been a work of time and great labour, which in some measure has been accomplished, and a visible improvement in the morals of our members has been effected. In addition to a great change in their social condition, a species of refinement is also visible in every place where our Order has been established. In the various districts by which we are surrounded, a taste for music and reading has sprung up amongst the members, which is rapidly spreading itself from place to place, and in lieu of indulging in their former habits, they may be seen with their families enjoing themselves at our Saturday evening Concerts. In the Ashton and Stalybridge districts there is, belonging to our Order, a fine band of music, an excellent party of hand-bell ringers, and a company of talented glee-singers: but what is still more gratifying, and what we have long and earnestly laboured to accomplish, is the establishment of lodge libraries for the use of the members.

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At an early period of the history of Mechanics' Institutions, we oured hard to secure their success, but we ultimately found from ex- ience, that the materials of which they are generally composed, are in accordance with the tastes and habits of the great body of the king classes, who only feel themselves at ease when mixing with se of their own order. That ease and grace which marks the well d man, is a task which they cannot master, and they retire with dis- t from the restraint under which they labour, for they cannot speak ly and fearlessly when in the company of those immediately above n. It has long been a prevailing notion, that the higher and mid- classes, look upon them as inferior beings, an opinion which can be eradicated by kindness and courtesy. We are extremely sorry these useful institutions have not realised the expectations of the ders, for but very few of the real hard working mechanics have led themselves of their usefulness, and we cannot attribute their nce to anything but a reluctance to mix with those above them. The pherds' Society has at length found a substitute in the establishment dge libraries, where the members can converse freely on the merits he various authors which they have read.

mong other benevolent projects, we are establishing Widows' and hans' Funds, and those districts which have not as yet considered subject, will, we trust, lose no time in calling district meetings for purpose. In summing up the various items in our Christmas nce sheet, we cannot omit to mention our own periodical, which was olished in the year 1845, and has lived much longer than many a ising work of the same date, and from the steady increase in its lation, we believe it will live to a good old age.

aving shown to our readers what our Order was, and what it is, we hazard an opinion as to what it will be, though we do not profess to with the future. Can any one of our numerous readers, after ng the progress of our Society, and observing the general improve- t of its members arrive at any other conclusion, than that we shall improving and progressing? Out of libraries will spring reading s, and evening schools for adults, which have already been spoken y the more intelligent of our brethren, where mutual instruction be given. Lectures will then be required on various branches of ature and science, which cannot fail to be a lasting benefit to those take an interest in the glorious work of improvement. In these ing rooms we shall meet and talk over the welfare of our Order. shall have our social tea-parties and concerts, cultivate a kindly and

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brotherly feeling, and many other advantages will arise, which we cannot at present foresee. Shepherdry is but yet in its infancy, but e'er another twenty-five years have passed away, its resources will be fully developed and its influence and bearing on society will be appreciated by a discerning public.

After hastily running over the pages of our ledger, and fairly analysing the various items, we think the impartial reader will conclude that the speculation has been a profitable one, for we have done something towards elevating ourselves above those low degraded practices which characterised the working classes when we first established our Institution.

In taking leave, for the present, of our numerous friends, we wish them a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year, and may they live to enjoy many returns of this festive season, when the Wassal Bowl, the Yule Log and the Savory Goose are, or ought to be, the predominant features in the house of every ANCIENT SHEPHERD.

THE WOODMAN'S BALLAD.

One morn, the first of beaming May,
While yet the night-bird tuned her lay,
I wandered with my youth's first love,
To view the sweets of hill and grove,—
To choose wild flow'rets, glistening fair,
To wreathe a garland for her hair.

We wove the crown with heart-felt joy,—
I placed it on her forehead high;
And ne'er before these eyes had seen
So rare a May-day village queen:
I viewed her with unbounded bliss,
My rapture sealing with a kiss.

The blooming lass is now my bride,—
The woodman's joy, the woodman's pride;
And should a few swift rolling years
Surround her with a mother's cares,
E'en yet more dear, though staid in mien,
Will seem my beauteous May-day queen!

Complete will be my earth-born joys,
If bless'd with smiling girls and boys;
In life's decline, a balm to give,
And bid my name and memory live;
E'en when the turf of simple green
Wraps Edwin and his village queen!

Manchester. SYLVAN.

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THE RIVALS: AN AMERICAN TALE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Lloyd's Ferry is a well-known halt on the Trinity River in Texas, situated at the conjunction of that stream with Potter's Creek; the flat-bottomed steamer, which some years back was used to ascend the Trinity in search of cotton, generally took in wood at the point of land between the rivers. A barn-looking building was inhabited by three hard working woodsmen, who were besides celebrated hunters in those parts. The region was rather populous for the wilds of America. About seven miles distant from the ferry dwelt a planter, owning a large cotton estate, and numerous slaves, while on the right bank of the Trinity, was Joseph Morgan, a settler, who had been some time located in the woods, and who had a log hut, a corn field, and seemed from his plodding industry likely to advance in the world; an aged mother and sister dwelt with him, with an Irish labourer, who, though he could if he liked, have owned land and worked for himself, preferred the board, lodging, and wages, given him all the year round by the farmer. On the opposite shore lay, at the time of which I write, an abandoned hut, it stood in the centre of a dozen well-cleared acres, and had only recently been the property of a Yankee, tempted away by wars and rumours of wars, in search of glory. But the fact is Josh Parkins was an idle fellow, with sudden impulses, which made him pursue an object energetically for a few months. He was no sooner on the verge of success, then his heart failed him, and he took a spell of loafing, until some fine morning a repentant fit came on him again, and he for a while was even over-industrious. Having failed in all his projects in the United States, he had like many others sought fortune in Texas. He began by spending nearly all his money in Galvaston, and then suddenly smitten by a determination to retrieve his position, had started "up country," built himself a log hut, and, aided by his neighbours cleared the space already alluded to. But here his energy cooled; years of patience and resolution were needed to porduce profitable results, and one day, after drinking hard on board the steamer, he started away for Galveston, with the intention of speculating on his impovements.

But apparently no one was tempted by his magnificent description of Parkinsville, as according to custom, his location was called, and it remained all the autumn and winter without a purchaser, and gave every sign of speedily relapsing into its former wild and savage state. Every steamer, the colony of Lloyd's Ferry looked for the new owner, but he never came, and the subject soon ceased to occupy their attention. The steamer came its usual journeys, and yet it brought not even any news of Josh Perkins. It was in May, 1844, and the colonists were engaged in their usual avocations, when the steamer once more was seen puffing and blowing in the distance; as usual, Morgan and his family, with the

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woodsmen of the point, were on the look out. The boat only came about six times a year, and its coming was an event. The river was remarkably wide at this particular spot, and the boat habitually headed for the deserted hut and then turning slowly round, sided down broadside to the point; it bore towards Morgan's house, its stern towards Parkinsville.

But this time, to the great astonishment of all, the steam was slackened and the wheels checked, when abreast of the last named place; a boat which was towed behind, was drawn up to the gangway, and some men proceeded to load it with a large quantity of boxes and furniture; then a woman, a tall lad, and two children, entered the boat which pulled towards the shore leaving the steamer to pursue its way. It was clear that a new family had come to seek fortune in the woods.

Inquiries were immediately set afloat, and it was found that Perkins had sold his hut, his land, and his "improvements," to a Mrs. Arnott, a young widow with two children and a brother, who had come out to settle in the wilds of Texas. Both Morgan and his sister went over at once to offer their services: they found a most lady-like and handsome woman of five-and-twenty, of a somewhat serious countenance, with two lovely children, a boy of three and a girl of one year old; the brother was about eighteen, a rough and taciturn lad, who looked at once suspiciously on the intruders. But Morgan, a sturdy fellow, very good-natured and obliging, at once saw how little used the strangers were to the woods, and, receiving a grateful welcome from Mary Arnott, set about aiding them in their instalment. The strangers had with them all the necessary implements, and Roger, the brother, was said by his sister to be a good shot. Morgan explained at once to the new settlers, that they must depend on game and fish for their first year's existence, with the exception of the corn, tea, sugar, and coffee brought from the towns. It would, he said, take the whole of that year to fit the fields for agriculture, save and except the portion devoted to sweet potatoes. Mrs. Arnott, who looked pale and delicate enough, replied, "that they came into the back woods to work, and were prepared for all its difficulties."

It was night before the house was in order; it had but one pretty large room, with an out-house for corn; here Roger made his bed. Miss Morgan volunteered to pass the first night with her new friend, an offer gladly accepted, and Morgan himself departed. The two women, both young and pleasant to look on—Miss Morgan, about nineteen—became friendly at once; they were separated from the world, and felt that in all probability each other's society would be henceforth a necessary. Mrs. Arnott was evidenly far superior in rank and education to her new acquaintance, but there was a fund of good sense, liveliness and heart about Lucy Morgan, that at once won the other's regard. Roger left them after supper. Mrs. Arnott had long since put her children to sleep, but though fatigued herself, felt no inclination for slumber. She made a cup of tea—the thoughtful Morgan had brought over milk—and entered into a long conversation with Lucy, as to the nature of the new existence

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she had entered on. She at once declared that she had means at her disposal to a moderate amount, that allowed her to draw from Galvaston clothes and all the little luxuries of the towns, which people can scarcely do without when used to them, such as tea, coffee, and sugar. Her object in settling in the woods was to form an estate and independence for her fatherless children—here the poor woman wept, and her face showed signs of extreme agitation—whom she hoped to live to see happy and contented farmers.

"They were meant for other things," she said, gazing at them, her eyes full of tears, "but Providence ordered otherwise. I have reason to detest the life of towns, and wish them to escape its temptations."

She said no more for some time, and then pursued her questions. About ten o'clock the two women retired to rest.

From that day, Mary Arnott and her brother began their emigrant existence; under the skilful guidance of Morgan, they soon began to put their fields in order, to sow yams and maize, and the young men rapidly improving their sudden acquaintance became inseparable. Morgan was an indefatigable and skilful hunter; Roger was a good shot, and after a few months practice was able to supply the family with abundance of game. But he did not neglect his other duties; the lad was most laborious, he rose early and worked every hour of the day, save only at meal time. The new settlers soon had pigs and fowls, and even cows, which they bought from their kind neighbours.

There was every prospect of their doing well; they experienced difficulties; Mrs. Arnott missed many of the luxuries of town existence, she felt some regret at first at the prospect of her children growing up rough back-woodsmen, but a mother finds compensation for much in the sight of healthy children. Their fields soon began to look as if they would produce large results, and without touching their cattle, and the denizens of the poultry-yard, they had ample supplies of animal food; deer meat, wild turkey, ducks, geese, with fish of varied kinds were found in plenty in the woods and rivers, and Roger seldom failed in an abundant supply. They went thus through the summer and autumn; the winter came, and with it the regular hunting season. The young men now laid out their whole days for the chase; they shot deer not only for immediate use, but to salt the hams: they also prepared quantities of fish for the summer.

Sunday was their day of rest; it was usually spent by all the party at the Arnotts', because of not taking the young children from home. A quiet, unassuming, but inexperienced English girl, who had gone out to Texas to escape the grinding poverty or crime which is often the fate of the unfriended in our land, had come to service with Mrs. Arnott for a year. Pale and thin when she left London, where she was a seamstress, she was already getting stout and rosy. She nursed the youngest child, while Mary Arnott in sober but neat garb, attended to her guests. Old Mrs. Morgan, a deaf little woman, was a great talker, and Mary

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Arnott humoured her, so they were all the best friends in the world. They talked, and walked, and laid plans for the following week, and spoke of past days, or listened to simple Susan's narratives of life in the modern Babylon—narratives which surprised and puzzled all.

One Sunday they were seated round the door of the hut. On the green prairie before the door—virgin as at the creation—played the two children; the elder was supporting the babe of eighteen months just toddling firmly, Mrs. Arnott was gazing fondly at them, Mrs. Morgan was talking loudly to Susan, Roger, and her daughter, while Morgan himself, a little in the back ground, stood gravely, his eyes fixed on the lovely widow with very undefined emotions. He looked now at the children, now at her, and seemed comparing notes, but the very expression of his countenance appeared to denote considerable doubt.

All eyes were suddenly turned towards a pathway leading from the West: a horsmen was seen emerging upon it, from a thick wood. The pathway led directly towards the door of the hut; next minute another form followed, also on horseback. Morgan immediately advanced close to the general group.

"Our neighbour, Colonel Brenton, Mrs. Arnott," he said, abruptly "I conclude he has rode over to take a synopsis of the locality. He once desired to fix this property."

The colonel—the planter, once before alluded to—was now close upon the house, and greeted Morgan loudly, adding "that report had peopled Parkinsville with a most interesting family, and that he had come over to judge for himself." Dismounting, and throwing the reins to his negro attendant, he advanced gallantly towards the young widow, paused to admire her children and then, with all the easy manner of a southern gentleman, saluted her warmly.

"Glad to see so fair a neighbour in these parts—I say Morgan how is it that I have not seen you these six months? Interesting company keep you close at home I guess. Well, madam, I hope you like our country, it is first chop, and that's a fact. I was rised in Kentucky, but I do declare Texas do whip the United States."

Mrs. Arnott replied "that she liked the country much," and then asked the colonel in. He was a handsome man, somewhat coarse in features, it is true, but still not disagreeably so. The whole party followed, and while Susan proceeded to lay the tea things, Mrs. Arnott offered the colonel the choice of punch or the milder beverage.

"Well m'am," replied the colonel," I like my liquor amazing, but it isn't every day I'm a miserable bachelor, m'am, and it is a whole creation since I saw anything female before, to say nothing of the first-rate beauty now present."

Both Mrs. Arnott and Miss Morgan laughed, but Morgan said nothing. He gazed on the colonel gloomily; the free and easy flattery of the slave-owner, and the evidently genuine admiration he felt for the young widow, had thoroughly opened his own eyes. He loved Mrs. Arnott, and the love

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honest man, secluded from general society, is no idle thing. In
s, where he would have been constantly with woman, and have had
reds to choose from, it is probable that Henry Morgan would have
ess deeply ; but living wholly apart from the sex for years, save his
er and sister, the idea of marriage had always presented itself faintly
m. Now, however, thrown into the society of youth, beauty, and
, with suddenly an audacious rival crossing his path, the pent-up
igs found vent and the back-woodsman felt all the force and energy
nuine passion.

The colonel, more experienced in the affections, at once recognised the
alue of the lady. He was alone on his estate with negroes, and
out from white society. Fortune now threw in his path the very
n to adorn his house, and he determined to win her. Brenton had
een in Mrs. Arnott's presence an hour, before he had fully made
s mind. He was rich, handsome, could sing, dance, and hunt with
nan in Texas, and could see no possible objection to his suit.

He had no sooner fully matured his design, then he asked a bed of
gan, to give himself a week's fishing on Trinity. Morgan, answered
le surlily, that he was welcome. The colonel smilingly beckoned
to come out, and then frankly stated his designs ; he told the asto
d back-woodsman that he knew they were rivals, but he hoped none
better friends. "I loved her right away," he cried, "and you seem
y deep in the mud too. But all's fair; there she is; I'll ask her to
me before a week is out ; if she won't, why you are the lucky man,
ll's settled. Give us your fist, Harry, and let each man do his best;
sorry to step in your way, old boy, but I can't help it."

Morgan, recovering all his good humour, shook his friend heartily by
and, and a compact was entered into on the spot ; both agreed that
t or victory in this matter should not alter in the least their mutual
will, and that whoever proved the conquerer, the other was to quit
ield without a murmur. This settled, they returned to the house,
after taking tea and supper, crossed over with the rest of the family
organ's residence. By the way, the colonel paid great attention to
Morgan, who had always rather admired him, and whose heart was
n a pretty flutter, on finding herself for the time the exclusive object
notice.

The very next day, the rivals took the field ; they went over early
e hut of Mrs. Arnott, to fetch Roger, who was to fish with them.
day's sport proved good, both with line and net, and at even-tide,
olonel had clearly the advantage of position, for while Morgan, as
l, left his spoil by the way for his family, the colonel, on the plea of
eing far from home, placed his at the disposal of Mary Arnott, who
rfully acepted it. This night the two men shared the sleeping hut
oger. They rose at dawn, and found Mrs. Arnott up; she was pale
rembling. Susan was already out with the children, she having sent
away on purpose. Both eagerly demanded the cause of her alarm.

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She said, "that about an hour after they had retired, she was sti up, righting the place, when a hand was placed upon the latch; it yie but the door being well bolted on the inside, it did not open; m alarmed, she listened attentively. The stranger then went round house to the back window, closed by a shutter, and felt it. All was He then lay down under the shelter of the house, and soon slept, for distinctly heard his heavy breathing. Just before dawn he arose, darting away disappeared down by the river; she then opened the do and going out, saw the mark where a man had lain on a pile of In corn stalks, under the window. Wishing to conceal any cause of al from the children, she had sent them to the fields, while she prep breakfast."

At this instant. Susan came darting into the house, shrieking as came, "the child! the child!" All stood astounded; the girl had baby in her arms, with which she sunk fainting on a seat. Mary Arn snatched the infant from her, and wildly asked for the boy.

"The strange man! the strange man!" she replied. "What of hi which way? speak," said the colonel, impatiently.

"My child! my child!" wailed the mother. Susan, amid her so explained "that a tall man, dressed in black and shabby clothes, suddenly risen across their path, as they went along the field near water. Seizing her arm, he checked her, and asked her whose the children. She, in an alarmed tone, said they were Mrs. Arn 'Tell her,' he said, 'I have a right to one.' With these words he cs up the terrified boy, and darted into the wood, after kissing the l girl."

"Point out the way he took," cried the colonel, while Mo examined his pistols. Roger moved not a muscle.

"Stay, said Mrs. Arnott, in a low tone, pressing her babe convuls to her bosom, "stir not. The boy must go; why should I be selfish? is its father has taken it away. My heart is breaking at losing beautiful boy; but God is merciful, I have this infant, *he* had noth

The two men stood annihilated with surprise. Mrs. Arnott wa widow, and yet the father of her children was alive. But their surp was not yet over; while they were yet irresolute, the tall, gaunt, pal figure of a man stood upon the threshold, with the boy in his arms.

"Mary," said he, in a low hollow tone," I cannot take away child. Cruel thou hast been, and unforgiving, but take thy Adieu," and setting the child down, he turned to go.

"Walter, my husband, my love, stay, in mercy stay," shrieked lovely young woman. "Be your faults as they may, I can bear this no longer; you are the father of my children. Come."

The man stood still and trembled like an aspen-leaf; next minute was seated in a rude arm-chair, in a fainting state. He was a han man of about thirty, very thin, carworn, and pallid. Death seemed his cheek.

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Give me to eat and drink," he murmured, " I am starving."

rs. Arnott heard these terrible words, and fell in a swoon upon the d. The scene was really fearful. Susan and Roger raised up and d restoratives to the woman; the colonel and Morgan hurriedly draught of milk to the man. Both recovered about the same Mary Arnott darted away from her supporters, and fell passion- at the stranger's feet. He seized her in his arms.

I deserved it all, Mary; but it is over now. I am dying. But ave me to see my wife—nay, no more my wife—but the mother babes, before I die. I am content."

You shall not die," cried she, passionately, " for if you do, I am deress. Live for me, for your children."

Here is more milk and bread with it," said Susan, eagerly, " eat usly, sir "

I feel much better. Mary tell these gentlemen our story; nay, I yself."

nd by degrees he did. He—Walter Arnott—had been a leading barrister in a southern city, where company was jovial and where ottle and cards formed the chief, if not the only amusement of men, ng and duelling being the only consequence. Of a warm excitable, maginative temperament, Walter plunged with his whole heart into whirl of dissipation. Full of good resolutions, but unable to reist tations, shortly after the birth of his second child, he had become firmed drunkard and gambler. His wife tried every art and blan- sent, suggested by love and duty, to wean him from his follies, but in he would fly the club and the gaming table for a week, and then ing to meet an acquaintance would allow himself to be led away. erhaps return home only when overwhelmed with drink, or when ared in purse, after several days' absence. Mary had some property r own, and she saw the time coming when this, the only hope of her t children would go too. Walter was incorrigible; he acknowledged ults, but he returned again to the glass and card-pack, when the tation fell in his way. Advised by her frends, Mary Arnott sought ction from the law, and with a half-broken heart, only sustained gard from her children, obtained a divorce—the law in America far more rational about marriage than in Europe, where it is called dissoluble tie, and is so in one sense of the word. The sweetest in life, marriage, should never be a chain, where moral defects and unfitness could be proved on one or both sides. Divorce should not adily nor lightly given, it should be come-at-able in certain cases.

Mary Arnott's decision for her future existence is known; accom- d by an attached brother, she went to Texas. From the day of the ce, Walter neither drank nor played. The loss of wife and children e him from his wild, and mad dream. Selling the remnant of his rty, the wretched man resolved to spend the rest of his days in ng the forgiveness of her who had been his wife. To fined her re-

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treat was not easy; her friends were inexorable. They had plan her flight cleverly and secretly. But he had patience; six months spent in hunting about for traces of her departure; at last he hit upo porter who had aided in the removal of her luggage. She had sailed Texas.

He followed when he could. On reaching Galvaston, he had o enough money left to pay his passage to Lloyd's Ferry. He went up three days had he been within sight of her hut, the two last he had pass without breaking his fast. But he dared not go nearer, he feared to l her, who had the courage to leave him. That night he had ventur near, and even tried to enter the house. He had meant to make a the child, but it recognised him, and called him papa, and then his he failing him he rushed back.

Mrs. Arnott was better in her self reproaches; she wept scaldi tears, as he spoke lightly enough of his hunger and his thirst, and cr aloud, "and we were feasting here while he was starving; wicked, sel woman that I am!"

"Too good, too generous," replied he.

"We're *gone coons*, Morgan," suddenly exclaimed Colonel Brent "Mrs. Arnott, I and my friend intended running a-sawyer race for y hand, but a prior claim steps in. I ask only one favour, ma'am—I magistrate—may I have the pleasure of re-tying the nuptial knot."

"Can it be possible!" cried Walter, trembling with emotion.

With all the blushing coyness of a maiden bride, did Mary Ar put her hand in his, and then they were left alone; an hour later, whole party from the other side had joined them, and the strange c mony took place on the spot. The gallant colonel made all laugh, as recited the story of his and Morgan's agreement. The farmer drop a tear he could not repress, but smiled with heartfelt satisfaction, wh Brenton, in the right gladsome humour, asked his sister's hand.

My story is now told: Walter Arnott recovered his health, at acceded to his wife's wish for a life in the woods. He was now t happy, and whatever the faults of his first experiment in matrim they occurred not in his second. Mary Arnott is now a right ha woman, with a sober, industrious, chastened husband, whose ruddy che and powerful frame contrast strangely with the form of her first husb the barrister. Colonel Brenton has married Lucy Morgan, who perhaps not so happy as Mary, for the colonel is a little rough and tyr nical, as slave-owners, even the best of them, are apt to be, while Mor is, I fear, a confirmed old bachelor. He laughs away all proposi of marriage, and treats Mary Arnott's children as his own. Roger Susan to wife a few weeks back, and the colony of Lloyd's Ferry is c plete; the day is not far distant, when it will be a populous town, the virtuous and good port-magistrate of Perkinsville will, in all pr billity, be the Divorced Drunkard.

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FIRE FANCIES.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

Author of "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery." &c. &c.

Musing I sit by my quiet hearth,
And the wild wind sighs without,
And the leaves are toss'd by the fitful breeze,
And I hear the creak of the bending trees,
As they quail in the stormy rout.

My household is hush'd in a calm repose,
For my children slumbering lie,
And my wife is engaged most silently,
In some fragile labour of mystery,
With an earnest and downcast eye.

Strange things appear in the changeful fire,
The offspring of heat and flame,
Dark frowning towers of the days of eld,
And shapes such as waker hath ne'er beheld,
And creatures without a name.

Before me rises a beetling crag,
And a cavern dark and dim;
And by the mouth of that yawning cave
There lieth a deep ensanguined wave,
And beside it a monster grim.

Now the fall of a fiery avalanche
Hath shattered the gloomy scene,
And I gaze on a bright and glowing land,
Where it seems as some glorious spirit band
Might dwell in the brilliant sheen.

Brighter and brighter the landscape glows,
Like the breaking of heavenly day,
And scarlet and gold are the splendid flowers
That dazzle and gleam in the crimson bowers,
'Neath the still increasing ray.

I think of the time of my faded youth,
Of my childhood's fabled days,
Of the visions wild, and fancies vast,
And the lovely spells that were round me cast
By imagination's maze.

They have vanish'd, as falls before me now
The blacken'd and sinking fire;
The halo of fancy hath from them fled,
They have fallen around me as cold and dead
As the embers which now expire.

Yet not like them, for a hope now springs
From the depth of my panting soul,
That a light from the ashes of death shall rise,
And cleave its way through the arching skies,
To a bright and lasting goal.

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THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

(*Concluded from page* 252.)

Two days after this occurrence one of the ushers found a pin very ingeniously placed in his chair, to the great derangement of his own ideas and the undisguisable merriment of all the school when the discovery was proclaimed. The next day the cat was killed, a creature which had been much beloved and was universally lamented, and in the evening one of the little boys was frightened actually into fits by a ghost fourteen feet high, with the head of a pumpkin and eyes as large as tea-cups.

The culprit was detected in James Gosling, and he was confined to a bread and water diet for three days, which did not prevent several of the boys' stockings being filled before they rose in the morning, with prickly pears ; and the usher, who slept in the room with the lads, on walking in the night found his toes tied together by a long string communicating with the toes of six boys, who where also thus tied, the whole being linked together. Mr. Strap looked grave at this, and James Gosling might thank his stars that he was the inmate of an establishment where "they never whipped." He had to wear a fool's-cap two feet high, with a pair of jackass's ears attached to the top; but one of the little boys near him being unable to repress his laughter, James gave him a blow on the eye which blinded him for a month. That very evening Mr. Strap's foot caught in a string laid across the top of the stairs, in such a way as nearly to break his neck. He took James again into the closet, and talked to him an hour. The arguments which he used would be quite too long for the limits of this article. Socrates could not have spoken more wisely. At the end he gave him a piece of cake, and sent him into the school-room, with a kindness more then paternal. James was this time melted. He wiped his eyes and blew his nose, and Mr. Strap went on with his argument, till at length the worthy disciplinarian of the new system felt assured of its success.

"He is mine !" said he to himself, with rather a benevolent smile. " He feels his error. He will do wrong no more. How much better thus to overcome errors then with the brutish use of *this!*" and he regarded a small bamboo cane, which he usually caried out with him in his walks.

The month had expired, and this was the day appointed for the visit of Mrs. Gosling. In the afternoon Mr. Strap went into his library, where he had sent James on some errand. The boy not retuning, he followed him. He had been detained by a curious attraction. A beautiful little canary bird accustomed to fill the house with music, had been hanging in its cage against the wall ; the repentant boy had taken it down and plucked off all its feathers, and was amusing himself by regarding its contortions and distress with a grin of delight.. Mr. Strap forgot his system, but, obeying the honest and doubtless correct impulse of his soul

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seized the young reprobate by the collar, and, having accidentally in his hand his bamboo cane, gave him what people in the every-day world would term a regular *trouncing*. Mrs. Gosling entered while he was in the act. The naked canary-bird revealed the story.

"I ought to apologise," said Mr. Strap, taking breath.

"For thrashing my Jim ?" asked Mrs. G., surprised.

"No, madam, but for having ever been such a fool as to suppose myself wiser than Solomon. I shall renounce *new systems*, and hereafter take the world *as it is !*" and poor Jim, after his brief reprieve re ceive his daily portion as regularly as ever.

Birchfield Academy. T.S.F.

CHAPTER II. ON RELICS.

BY J. BOWKER.

In my last paper I made some observations on the subject of household relics; but in this I shall be more general. In whatever country or locality we travel, we are sure to find some interesting relic of the past. The moss-covered stone, the decayed oak, the dilapidated building, or the hoary-headed patriarch, are relics of bye-gone days, which we cannot look upon with indifference. If we traverse the country of Assyria, we are surrounded with objects which are identified with scripture history. The ancient city of Nineveh, which once stood upon the east bank of the Tigris, has been lost for ages beneath the surface of the earth, and contained, in its palmy days, a population of 2,000,000 of people, and was three days' journey in circumference.

The relics, which have recently been discovered there by M. Botta, the French Consul, are viewed with astonishment, even by antiquarians themselves, for the vast length of time which has elapsed since that proud city reared its mighty battlements, has not been sufficient to efface their beauty and grandeur. Some remarkable bronze figures have been taken from the ruins, which show that the art of moulding was thoroughly understood and practised. At a very early period, Lion Worship was very prevalent in Assyria, for, in *Ezek.* xix., a young lion is said, symbolically, to have been brought in chains to the king of Babylon; and what is very remarkable, a lion made of bronze, of a beautiful stature, has been brought to light from these vast ruins. Rich has also discovered, at Babylon, a lion of colossal dimensions, standing on a pedestal of coarse granite.

Setting aside these valuable relics, which have been discovered and brought into this country by a number of enterprising men, we have sufficient in our own nation to command admiration. Our venerable abbeys, churches, and ruined farm houses, whose hoary heads still bear up against the northern blast, are objects which we still revere even in this utilitarian age of locomotive enterprize. When we leave the sordid

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city, the noisy frivolities of the fashionable world, and plunge into the dark recess of an old abbey; or climb the ivyed tower of some village church, what an association of ideas present themselves, and especially when we look through the dim mist of departed years, and read the history of those relicts of antiquity, what a lesson of mortality do they present. Those who are fond of the dilapidated features of old religious establishments, will do well to direct their steps to Furness Abbey, Bolton Abbey, and Kirkstall Abbey, whose mouldering ruins will afford a transcient glimpse of the past, and an impressive lesson of the future. Kirkstall Abbey is situated on the banks of the river Aire, a few miles from the town of Leeds, where it may be seen in the plenitude of its beauty. Whether we view the beautiful crypt, the dark cloisters, the mouldering columns, or the dilapidated arches, we are struck with astonishment at their strength and grandeur. What mighty changes have been effected in society, what inroads of the sea, what revolutions of empires have taken place, and what myriads of human beings have been swept into eternity, since this edifice first raised its head, seven hundred years ago. These wonderful relics of antiquity measure, from north to south, 340 feet; and from east to west, 445 feet; and a quadrangle of 115 feet by 143 is enclosed with a wall. The church is built in the form of a cross, from the body of which rises a square tower, which was built in the reign of Henry VIII. This vast structure, which is the wonder and admiration of all who see it, derives its origin from Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who, to atone for his sins, made a solem vow that he would build and endow a monastery of the Cistercian order.

Passing over relics of greater magnitude and importance, which are to be found in various parts of the country, and which the limits of a small paper will not permit me to notice, I will just take a passing glance at the ruins of a small edifice in my own locality, the bare mention of which throws me back to the sunny days of my childhood, when the relics of fays and fairies were turned up by the ponderous ploughshare.

The small edifice is the little picturesque chapel of Dukinfield Hall, which was built at an early period, whose gothic roof and windows have been destroyed by the hand of time. Within its ancient walls lie the remains of several branches of the Dukinfield family. Amongst the rest are Sir Robert and his lady, and it is supposed the remains of Sir Thomas Kelsall are deposited here. Sir Thomas and Sir Robert were colonels in Cromwell's army, who distinguished themselves in the cause of liberty. These relics of power, who in their day and generation received the homage of thousands, are now covered with the filth of cows and pigs, which take shelter in the ruins, when the "winds of heaven visit them too roughly."

There are a class of men who idolize the relics of war; but I would rather see an old edition of of the Bible, or a musty copy of old Geoffrey

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Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrimage," than the sword of Sir William Wallace. I would rather see the chair of the venerable Bede, than the bones of a whole army of soldiers bleaching in the wind. The British Museum, which is a repository for every thing that is curious, will afford far more instruction to the student than the Tower of London with its thousands of deadly weapons, which are relics of unholy wars. In the cabinets of the curious, many valuable relics of ancient coins may be found, the study of which forms one of the most pleasing pursuits immaginable. I have derived much pleasure and instruction in inspecting some valuable collections, both ancient and modern, from the Roman Denarius, or penny, to the English five-guinea piece. I have inspected a whole set of coins, the property of one gentleman, from William the Conqueror down to Victoria the First.

Congregational, or religious relics, are perhaps more highly prized than any other. They are viewed with a reverential feeling,—a part and parcel of the very souls of men are centered in them. Blood has often been shed by parties who have differed respecting their genuinness. The holy coat at Travers, which is said to have been worn by our Saviour, is esteemed by our Catholic brethren as the most valuable and sacred relic upon earth. Another equally as remarkakle, is the martyr's hand, which we are told is as fresh and fair as when cut from the arm of the holy man, two hundred years ago, and possesses the power of curing all diseases when applied to the parts affected. Paintings by old masters, ancient sculpture, and carvings which adorn the walls of our churches and cathedrals, or a tablet to the memory of a respected minister, are relics which Christian worshippers know how to value. There is in my possession a relic of the founder of Methodism, which I esteem in no ordinary way, though its intrinsic value is but a mere trifle. I am no follower of the late Mr. Wesley, yet I prize it because he was a great and good man. At the time Mr. Wesley's effects were sold in London, a young soldier, who was about to embark with his regiment for the East Indies, happened to pass when the auctioneer was offering a few small articles for competition, one of which was a portable reading-stand. He made the highest bid, and the reading-stand became his property; he carried it with him to India where he fought in several engagements, still keeping the little relic of the founder of his faith. At the end of thirty years he returned to England, full of reverence for the mute companion of his toils and dangers. He is yet alive and in good health, though near ninety years of age, a member of the Wesleyan body, and a sincere Christian. What a valuable relic of the last century.

LIBERTY.—Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by man; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—*Bolingbroke.*

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INNS OF COURT.

BY W. J. C. THREAPLETON.

CENTURIES have rolled away, and great changes have been made in our codes of law, since Inns of Court were first established in England. There is no direct evidence as to the exact time, but they were doubtless first settled in Westminster. Magna Charta proves that common pleas were not to follow the King's Courts, but were to be held in some place apart, which was carried into effect by Henry III., who confirmed the great charter wrung from the hands of his predecessor. The Court of Common Pleas was then held at Westminster, and we are informed by Dugdale, that those who studied the law knew best where to settle themselves. The contention about common and civil law, which at that time ran high, was instrumental in settling the foundation of these establishments. In the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, the clergy were the only lawyers, and the great religious establishments the only repositories of learning, and those who were the most expeditious and expert in arriving at the decision and judgment were considered the best lawyers. Edward the Confessor, caused a digest to be made of the laws, customs, and decissions of the laws peculiar to the Saxons and Danes, and this digest applied itself to all England, and from this circumstance, it is said, sprung the title of common law. These laws were again revised by William the Conqueror, who added some of his Norman institutions; but on the revival of literature in Europe, the Roman or civil was much cultivated. About this time a number of ecclesiastics flocked into England from Rome, who brought with them their predilections for the civil and common laws, and associated them with divinity in their schools, when the nobles of England looked with great alarm at the attempted innovation. The nobles patronised the common law, as having descended from their forefathers, but the clergy excluded it and set themselves in opposition to the nobles, and the consequence was the establishment of schools where lawyers might study the common law, which was favourably regarded by the higher classes, who assisted by their benefactions; notwithstanding this, the clergy for a long time engrossed the legal profession. Up to the reign of Henry III., the judges of the courts were ecclesiastical persons, and for a considerable time afterwards the officers in the Court of Chancery were in holy orders.

The inns of court were originally lodging-houses of the retainers of the court. They were called inns, because the students studied there, not only law, but other exercises which might make them more serviceable to the King's Court, such as dancing, singing, playing upon musical instruments, and likewise divinity. Sir G. Buck, in his description of the inns of court, says, "Anciently, here in England, the houses of the great lords, both spiritual and temporal of this kingdom, here in London

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were called inns, as Oxford, Warwick, and Eli Inns, which are now called Oxford, Warwick, and Eli houses. Malcomb does not understand how the term inns can be given to houses of nobles and prelates, unless to convey the idea of plenty and hospitality. The word applies to mansions, as well as houses appropriated to the reception of travellers and lodging-houses of the students of law. The inns of court, says Sir John Fortesque, who was Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, in the reign of Henry VI., and Edward IV., are four in number. In the least of them about two hundred students frequent. In the largest inn a student cannot be maintained under £28 a year, and if he has a servant to wait upon him the expense is probably more; for this reason students are the sons of persons of high rank in life. Those of inferior rank, not being able to bear the expense of maintaining and educating their children in this way. As to tradesmen and merchants, they seldom care to lessen their stocks in trade by living at such expense.

THE ABSENT POET.

(*Translated from the German.*)

On the July quarter day, a most amiable man, whom, not to divulge his real name, we will call Raymond, was sitting alone in his room in a house in Paris, when a knock at the door announced a visitor. "Come in," he said, and a messenger from his landlord entered, bringing a receipt for the rent due. The poet, a very orderly man, opened his desk, paid the money, and all seemed arranged; but the messenger, though he had received the money, remained and looked around the room in astonishment. "Do you want something else?" at last asked Raymond. "Excuse me, sir," replied the man. "I was surprised that you seemed to have made no arrangements for moving your effects, as my master's sister has hired these rooms. I know that notice was given you at the regular time. It is now eleven o'clock, and at twelve the lady will come." The poet struck his forehead in dismay; with his peculiar absence of mind, he had forgotten the notice, and looked for no other lodging. He seized his hat, and rushed out of the room, but when he had walked a few moments, he reflected that it would be impossible to find a suitable dwelling and clear his old one before noon: he therefore determined to pack his things first, and then seek another lodging. By a lucky chance, he met an empty cart—such an one as is usually employed for removals—that saved time. He hired it, and returned with it to his dwelling. The carter asked where the things were to be taken to? "I do not know that myself yet," replied Raymond, "I will pay you by the hour, and keep the cart till the evening."

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The man was content with the agreement, and had soon loaded the vehicle. When this business was done, the cart moved on; the poet walked a little in advance of it, with upturned head, examining every house which exhibited a ticket, "To let." In about ten minutes he stopped the cart, and looked at rooms; but they did not please him. The *cortege* again moved on; a new locality was viewed, but with similarly unfavourable result. In this manner the pilgrimage was continued interrupted by constant stoppages, for the poet was very fastidious. Sometimes the room was too large, sometimes too small; in one the ceiling was too low, in another the stairs too high; the price was too dear, or the neighbourhood unpleasant; nothing would please him, and the afternoon was spent in vain endeavours. At last the horse grew tired, and Raymond, who had ascended thousands of stairs and wandered over miles of streets, was excessively fatigued; he determined quickly to end the matter, and hired a room which was much worse than any he had yet seen. He soon agreed upon the price; the furniture was unloaded, and the carter paid. Our poet, glad at last to find a home, and tormented by hunger, left his things as they were, took a cabriolet, and drove to the Palais Royal, where he compensated himself for the day's troubles by a delicious dinner and exquisite wines. He met several friends there, and the time passed so quickly in cheerful conversation, that it soon struck eleven, and all thought of returning home. Raymond, unsuspiciously, wandered to his former lodging, but at the door he remembered that he no longer lived there. But where did he live now? This question, addressed to his memory, could not be answered. He might break his head as much as he chose; it was in vain; he had not noted the name of the street in which his new house stood; he could do nothing but beg a night's lodgings from one of his friends. Early the next morning he started to try if nothing could recall the spot where all his possessions had been transported to; but in vain. How could he recover from this embarrassment? But poets can always draw on their phantasy, and Raymond found an expedient in his. He presented himself at the prefecture de police, and addressing one of the officers, said, "Sir, I come here to denounce a man who has, I am convinced, taken an active part in the last insurrection. He is a poet, and his name is Raymond. On this card his last address is mentioned, but he has left it, and it is unknown where he has taken a residence now; he has not communicated it to his best friends"—not even to himself, he added, in thought. "This secrecy is very suspicious," added the official, "and you think we shall find suspicious documents in his possession?" "Yes, but the chief point is to find his new lodging." "That will be easy for us to do; in two days we shall know it." He wished to know the name of the informer, but for evident reasons Raymond eluded this question. After two days spent in a furnished hotel, our poet again repaired to the prefecture. "Well," he asked, "what have you done?" "We have found the house," was

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the reply, "made the strictest search, but found nothing in the least suspicious, you see." At these words the officer showed Raymond a card, on which the address was written. "That is it: what could I have been thinking of!" exclaimed the poet, joyfully, "thank goodness, now I shall easily find it!" "You! what do you want there?" "I am Raymond! Listen to me a moment." And he related how he had adopted this mode of extricating himself from his embarrassment. He spoke with such winning, amiable sincerity, that the official who at first frowned rather ominously, was quite disarmed by his manner and the strangeness of his adventure, and dismissed him with a friendly warning to remember his address better in future.

THE TELEGRAPH WONDER.

(*From Blackwood's Magazine.*)

Does any marvel exceed this in apparent absurdity—that you, in London or Edinburgh, shall be able to communicate instantaneously with your friend or relative at St. Petersburg or Vienna, for which purpose you have but to touch a few keys denoting letters of the alphabet, and under water and over land your whole thoughts pass as soon as your fingers have delivered them to the keys—nay, the letters are forestalling your thought, and those before it? Does not it seem very absurd to say that all the foreign news may be at your breakfast table, fresh from every capital in Europe, before the *Times* can be published and circulated? How will the practice of the press be affected by this novelty? "The latest intelligence" becomes a bygone tale, "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Far greater things than the poet dreamed of become daily realities. Richest in fancy, Shakespear apologetically covers the incredible ubiquity of his "Ariel" with a sense of fatigue—of difficulty in his various passages—"Ariel," the spirit who

> ——thought it much to tread
> The ooze of the salt deep.

Our government officers will have ready on the instant, messengers far swifter than "Ariel"—wondrous performers on the "slack wires." They will put you

> A girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes.

No: that was the lagging, loitering pace of the old spirit. It will not take forty seconds. What are thousands of miles to a second of time? Time is, as it where, annihilated; the sand in the glass must be accelerated, or the glass, held for ages, taken out of his hand, and some national exhibition ransacked for a new hour instrument. The Prospero's wand broken, and newer wonders to be had for a trifle. Fortunatus's "wishing-cap" to be bought at the corner shop, and the famous

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"seven league boots" next door—and to be had cheap, considering that you may tell all your thoughts at ever so great a distance, by a little bell and a wire, while you are sitting in your arm chair. It will be quite an easy matter to

Waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Railroads and the submarine telegraph more than double man's life, if we count in years by action. History itself must now begin as from a new epoch. All the doings of the world, through the rapidity given to person and to thought, must be so altered as to bear no parallel with the past. The old locomotive and communicating powers are defunct—they are as the water that has passed the mill. It must grind with that which succeeds. They are new powers that must set the wheels of governments and of the world's machinery in motion.

There is in the *Spectator*, a paper of the true Addisonian wit, descriptive of an antideluvian courtship, in which the young couple, having gone through the usual process in the early art of love, complete their happiness in the some hundredth year of their ages. Theorists have entertained the notion that this long life was bestowed upon man in the world's first era, that knowledge might be more readily transmitted, there being few generations to the flood. To the lovers of life, it would be a sad thing to be led to the conclusion, that, transmission being quickened, life will be shortened; or that, as the winding up of a drama, events are crowding into the last act of our earth's duration. It may relieve their apprehensions to read of the advance the medical science is making simultaneously with all other sciences, so that they may look to a state in which a man may live as long as he likes, and at the same time do ten times the work: a man's day will perhaps be a year counted by his doings. Morose poets and philosophers have lamented over us as ephemeral: if so, we are at least like the antideluvian butterflies, and our day long. And now, with all our sanitary inventions, it stands a fair chance of a tolerable lengthening.

We have observed that it has been said that the world is not fifteen years of age; and, indeed, it looks like enough. Hitherto nature has treated us as a kind mother does her children—give us toys and playthings, to be broken and discarded as we get older. We are throwing them by, we are becoming of age, and nature opens her secrets to us, and we are just setting up for ourselves—as it were commencing the business of life, like grown men in good earnest; and every day we find out more secrets, and all worth knowing.—*Article: The Submarine Telegraph.*

Of Punishments.—There are dreadful punishments enacted against thieves; but it were much better to make such good provisions, by which every man might be put in a method how to live, and so to be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing and dying for it.—*Sir T. More's Utopia.*

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THE FLOWER LESSON.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Cousin Marion, come and see
What these pretty flowers may be.
Yester-morn my brother John,
Ere the shining dews were gone,
He and I set out to go
To the heights of Eder-low.
And these flowers grew by the way;
What their names, I pray thee say?"

Thus, upon a summer noon,
In the flowery month of June,
Spoke a little country maiden,
To her cousin, flower-laden;
"Here is bud, and here is bell—
What their names, I pray thee tell?"

Down the merry maidens bent,
Each upon her task intent;
Happy-hearted child was each
This to listen, that to teach.
"Here is bud, and here is bell—
What their names, sweet Marion tell?"

Marion. This, the Ladies'-mantle, see—
Silken, as it ought to be,
Folded, fan-like, with such care,
As for rare Queen Mab to wear.
That, in way-side woods it grows,—
Is our English Guilder-rose.

Amy. In a little running brook,
Where came never fisher's hook,
Where the birds build all unhurt,
Grew this flower—

Mar. 'Tis Money-Wort;
Well I love those shady nooks,
Love this flower, and love those brooks.
This,—the Water-Violet,—

Amy. In a meadow-pool we met,
Where the stately Water-Lilly
Lay so marble-like and stilly!

Mar. This,—O yes, I know it well,—
Is the English Asphodel;
In the turfy bogs ye found it,
Brown Asmuda growing round it.

Amy. Where the shining lizard hideth,
Where the speckled viper slideth.

Mar. Where the spicy Sweet-Gale springs,
And afar its odour flings;
All among the Mosses many,
On those wilds so brown and fenny,
'Mong the Wortle-berries crude,
In a trackless solitude,
Shining out like sun-shine yellow,
In a picture old and mellow,
Lay the beds of Asphodel;—

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Golden flowers!—I love them well!
These—the Columbines, dark blue—

AMY. In the woods of Eder grew,
Nodding on their graceful stems,
Like the sapphire diadems.

MAR. This,—the bearded Way-side Barley—
Groweth late and cometh early,
Dry and husky, crisp and hard,
Like the grass, the wiry Nard.
Ah, and here's the Wormwood hoary,
And the yellow Fumatory,
And the trailing Snap-dragon;
These love ruins, every one,
In some ancient place they grew.

AMY. Cousin Marion, that is true,—
On the Abbey's ruined wall,
In the dry turf grew them all;—
This sprang in the woods above—

MAR. That strange plant is called True-love.
Four round leaves and one dull flower,
Fitted for enchanter's bower.

AMY. Here's the sky-blue Periwinkle.

MAR. There the Sundew's diamonds twinkle!
This,—its name I scarce need tell,—
Is the scarlet Pimpernel:
'Mong the budding corn it grew,

AMY. Marion, look! this flower so blue,
On the rocky heights we found,
In the cairn-stones' mossy round,
Where the cool, fresh breezes blow
On the top of Eder-low.

MAR. Yes; I know the breezy hill,
Solitary, stern, and still,—
Yes; with eager feet I've ran,
For the blue Valerian.
Dear to me that old hill's crown,
With its turf so dry and brown
And its ring of mossy stone!

AMY. Would that we that love had known!

MAR. Dear to me the raven's cry,
Sounded as it soareth by;—
Dear to me the grey-faced sheep,
Standing timidly to peep,
But one moment, then are gone!

AMY. That we this love had known!
But, sweet Cousin Marion,
On the morrow let us go,
Thou with us, to Eder-low,
Brother John right glad will be;—
We shall make a merry three;
Let us on the morrow go!

MAR. Happy thought!—to Eder-low.

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SHEPHERDRY:

ASHTON DISTRICT.

OPENING OF A NEW LODGE AT PADFIELD.—November 8th, 1851, a new lodge was opened from the Prosperity Lodge, Water-side, by the officers of the district. A procession was formed, headed by the Water-side brass band, which took a circuitous rout to the house of Mr. Siddall, sign of the Dido, Good Dog, in the village of Padfield, near Glossop. After the opening of the lodge, eleven healthy members were admitted, and a number of others proposed. During the evening, the band played some excellent overtures, together with several fine pieces of music on the hand bells. At intervals, a few good speeches and recitations were given, which, with a number of songs, kept the company in good humour until a late hour, when the lodge, which had been named the Quiet Shepherd, was left to repose in peace, until the next meeting, when, we understand, a number of peaceable young men are about to be added to the list of the members of the Quiet Shepherd.

OPENING OF A NEW LODGE.—On the 6th of December, 1851, a lodge of Ancient Shepherds was opened from the Shepherds' Increase, at the house of Mr. Lowe, sign of the Land o' Cakes, Stockport, by the officers of the Ashton district. A goodly company were present, who, after thirteen members had been initiated, spent the remainder of the evening in a social and convivial manner. Several excellent speeches were delivered on the subject of Shepherdry. Mr. Lowe, we believe, is a braw norland man, from the land o' cakes, who has given the name of his lodge "The Shepherds Glen," which, from the public spirit of the landlord, and the character of the new members, is likely to be a popular one.

STALYBRIDGE DISTRICT.

OPENING OF A LODGE LIBRARY.—On Saturday evening, October 25th, 1851, a concert and ball took place at the Eastern Star Lodge, held at the house of Br. Elijah C. Broadbent, Stalybridge. P. D. C. S. J. Hollingworth was called to the chair. On the platform we observed C. S. Robert Milles, Secretary Hall, Secretary Hampson, P. C. S. George Smith, and several other influential persons. At the upper end of the room was a handsome book-case, with a plain glass front, made by the secretary of the lodge, in which he had placed, as his donation, Goldsmith's *History of England*, in four volumes, Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*, with two other volumes. The worthy host, Mr. Broadbent, whose liberality is almost proverbial, presented the library with fifty volumes. Such an example, we hope, will not long remain a dead letter. For this splendid donation we tender our hearty thanks. The chairman, in the course of his address, thanked the donors, and spoke at some length on the subject of education, and of the good effects which are likely to result from the establishment of lodge libraries. At the conclusion of his address, he gave the health of the Queen. The chairman then gave the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, which was ably responded to by C. S. Willis. The next toast upon the list, he said, was the toast of the evening, which he knew would be well received by every one in the room. He then gave, Prosperity to our lodge libraries, and a speedy increase in the circulation of the *Shepherds' Magazine;* he should then do himself the pleasure of calling upon P.C.S. G. Smith to respond. Several others having addressed the meeting, votes of thanks were given to the donors of books, the committee of management, the host and hostess, and to the worthy chairman, when the note of preparation was sounded for the concert. Mr. Jacob Newton presided at the piano-forte. The vocal performers were Mrs. Band, Messrs. and W. Band, Mr. H. Heap, Mr. D. Moxon, and Mr. J. Brooks; such a combination of talent can only be met with occasionally. The opening was a rich

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performance on the piano-forte, accompanied by Mr. Jackson on the violin, which was followed by a glee, Sweet Mirth, which was well sung. We cannot omit to mention Mr. Moxon's song of Time hath bereft thee, which was an excellent treat. In the glee of, Shepherds have you seen, which is always a treat, when sung by Messrs. Band, Mr. Heap's fine bass voice was displayed to good effect. Greenland Hunters, Hail! Smiling Morn, and several other glees were equally well performed. The duet of, When thy bosom heaves a sign, by Mr. Newton and Mr. Moxon, elicited great applause. Mr. Brooks sang in is usual pleasing style. Mr. Newton gave the song of, When is a man less than a man, with great energy and good taste, accompanying himself on the piano-forte. The whole of the performance was highly creditable to the performers, and gratifying in the extreme to the lovers of genuine music. The ball commenced with some very superior quadrille dancing, and at intervals we were treated to a few graceful waltzes. Dancing was kept up till near twelve o'clock. We are extremely sorry that the attendance was not more numerous. Whether the price of admission operated as a stumbling block we cannot say, but this we can affirm that those who did not attend lost the opportunity of a rich treat.

ANNIVERSARY.—The members of the Noah's Ark Lodge celebrated their anniversary on the 22nd of September, at the house of Brother Robert Allen, Royal Oak, Stalybridge, when the brethren and their better halves sat down to a good substantial supper, to which ample justice was done, and which, we are happy to say, gave general satisfaction. After the withdrawal of the cloth, Mr. Secretary Edward Hague was appointed to preside, and P. M. James Buckley was called upon to fill the vice chair. On opening the business, the worthy chairman spoke eloquently on the benefits of Shepherdry, and on the prosperous state of his own lodge, which consists of 104 members. He then went on to show the progress they were making and concluded by stating that during the last twenty-four months they had enrolled forty-three new members. He then gave the health of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, which was drank with applause. God save the Queen by the Shepherds' band, after which Brother Bottomley sung with good effect, Our country and our Queen. The Chairman then gave the officers of the Noah's Ark Lodge, which was responded to in a very able manner by the vice-chairman. The Chairman gave, as the next toast, the members of the lodge. Song—Live and let live, by Brother Higginbottom. The next toast upon the list was, the health of the Editor of the *Shepherds' Magazine*, to which P. C. S. G. Smith responded. Song—The old house at home, by Brother William Lees. Several excellent songs were given by Brother Samuel Hague and others. During the evening the band played some fine overtures and marches. Amongst the rest, we have only room to notice the Caliph of Bagdad, and the Republican March, as being played in a superior style. Our report would be incomplete were we not to notice the excellent comic singing of our old friend Brother W. Sidebottom, who never fails to create roars of laughter. After votes of thanks had been given to the excellent chairman, and to the worthy host and hostess of the house, the company separated a little before twelve o'clock, highly pleased with their evening's entertainment.

MANCHESTER DISTRICT.

QUEEN'S VISIT.—For some time previous to the Queen's visit to the city of Manchester, great preparations had been making in every quarter, and by every party, in order to show their loyalty on that important occasion. The various religious denominations assembled their Sunday Scholars in Peel's Park, to the amount of 84,000. The societies of Shepherds, Odd-Fellows, Foresters, and others, were requested by the corporation to show themselves on that auspicious day. Our brethren, being second to none in their attachment to the Queen of these realms, commenced the work of preparation in right good earnest. The district officers and others waited upon their brethren in the surrounding districts, and requested their co-operation, who seconded their efforts in a praiseworthy manner

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As early as eight o'clock in the morning of the 10th of October, the members from Ashton and Stalybridge, who had been brought to town by railway, assembled at the Hearts of Oak Lodge, Bridge Inn, Fairfield-street, where they were met by the officers and members of Manchester. A procession was formed, which moved from Fairfield-street along London-road, Piccadilly, Mosley-street, Peter-street, and to Camp field, where they were met by their brethren from Bolton, Rochdale, Oldham and Bury. This was indeed a splendid sight, about seventeen hundred brother Shepherds, well dressed, wearing white gloves and white rosettes, with a blue star in the centre, could not fail to make an impression. The Shepherds' band was in attendance in full uniform, in the front of which we observed a splendid new blue silk banner, which had been prepared for the occasion. On one side of which was painted, in rich colours, the arms of our order, and on the other was a beautiful figure of the good Samaritan, arrayed in the rich costume of the east, who seems to have taken compassion upon a wounded Jew, for, having bound up his wounds, he is about to lift the poor man upon the back of a finely painted camel, which is in a reclining position, ready to receive his burthen, and carry it to the next inn. At the feet of these interesting figures, is the following motto:—"Go and do likewise." The grand procession moved from Byrom-street to Peter-street, which had been previously assigned to our order, as the place in which we were to stand during her Majesty's progress through the town. We stood three deep on each side, leaving the whole breadth of street for the royal procession. During the interval, the band played several overtures and marches, which were highly applauded by the numerous spectators. After remaining for some time upon the tiptoe of expectation, the royal procession was seen in the distance, and as it approached the Museum, Theatre Royal, and the Free Trade Hall, it was received with tremendous cheers. Her Majesty, her Royal Consort, and even the Duke of Wellington, seemed highly pleased with so numerous a body of respectably dressed men, who gave them a hearty welcome on their arrival, which the Prince acknowledged by repeatedly bowing as the royal carriage passed between the extended lines of our brethren. In a few minutes after the Queen had passed, we formed six abreast, in the front of which was the band, followed by the grand banner, the conductors, the officers of the order, the cor. secretary, and the editor of the magazine. The officers and members of the various districts followed in regular succession. The procession, which attracted the notice of thousands, moved from Peter-street down Lower Mosley-street, through Hulme, and after a route of many miles, separated in Portland-street, when our brethren retired to the different lodges to partake of the good things which had been provided for them. We cannot conclude this brief notice, without stating that the officers and members of the Manchester District deserve the special thanks of the whole order, for the very superior manner in which the business of the day was conducted, and for their kind attention to their visiting brethren. We have been requested to give insertion to the following extempore song, which was written and sung by P. C. S. Samuel Hadfield, at the Nottingham Castle Lodge, Crown and Cushion, Manchester, October 10th, 1851:—

All hail to thee, Victoria, thy peaceful flock are we,
Whose honest hearts and blistered hands this day from toil are free;
We greet thy coming cheerfully, we hail our gracious Queen,
Whose bright example to the world this lovely day hath seen.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for Queen Victoria, and let us strive to do
Unto her gracious Majesty as we'd be done unto.

Before the sun was up and bright, we left our homes to meet,
One thousand brother Shepherds in the heart of Fairfield-street;
To give a grace and loyal tone, it had been wisely plann'd
To head our long procession with the ancient Shepherds' band.

Chorus—Then hurrah, &c

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"The flag that braved a thousand years" the battle's awful sound,
Inverted, droops its weary head on Albion's peaceful ground;
While the banner of our order bears the good Samaritan,
And the Shepherds' truthful motto is, "Do likewise, if you can"
Chorus—Then hurrah, &c.

We gave three hearty cheers unto our gracious Queen and suit,
When strains of harmony came from the bugle-horn and flute,
To greet the royal party, when the Prince obeisance made,
To thousands of our artizans of every grade and shade.
Chorus—Then hurrah, &c.

Long life to our Chief Shepherdess, and may she reign in peace,
And mingle with her people long with all her grace and ease;
Then firmly sit upon her throne, with justice in her hand,
And we shall long have cause to bless the Sovereign of our land.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for Queen Victoria, and may we strive to do
Unto her gracious Majesty as we'd be done unto.

GREAT GRIMSBY DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARIES.—The brethren of the Shepherds' Delight and Good Intent Lodges celebrated their fifth anniversary on Tuesday, the 22nd of July, when about 130 members walked in procession through the town, to the celebrated bathing place of Cleathorps, about five miles route, returning to the Good Intent Lodge, where a dinner was provided on the occasion, when about 160 sat down. After the cloth was drawn, Mr. Keetley, surgeon of the Delight Lodge, was called to the chair, and after a short address, gave the health of our most gracious Queen, with musical honours. Mr. Atkinson, vice-chairman, gave, Prince Albert and all the Royal Family, with musical honours. William Shrew, of the Delight Lodge, gave Prosperty to Shepherdry, and may we flourish. Mr. Myring, a member of the Odd-Fellows, gave a most suitable address relating to such Societies, and gave, The Army and Navy, and may they never lose a fight. Brother Hallaran gave, The Strangers that dined with us; after which the Cor. Sec. gave a statement of the prosperity of the Great Grimsby District since its formation in April, 1848, by the means of planting Shepherds in the city of Lincoln, city of Bristol, and likewise the great Metropolis of the world, which statement was drank with musical honours. P. P. C. Booth gave a statement of the prosperity of the Delight Lodge, and an account of its sick expenditure in three years and a half, which amounted to £255. 10s., shewing the good done, in the time of sickness, by such societies; after which a great many songs and toasts were given, and the company separated at a late hour, highly pleased with their meeting together. The next day the wives and friends of the society had tea and dancing to close their fifth anniversary.

ROCHDALE DISTRICT.

PRESENTATION.—On Saturday the 18th of October last, a deputation of Ancient Shepherds, of the Rochdale District, consisting of Brothers Wm. Kershaw, P. C. S., John Kershaw, P. C. S., Jonathan Hilton, Cor. Sec., Samuel Buckley, P. P. C. S., Thomas Lord, P. M., John Smith, jun., P. M., and James Parkinson, the chairman of the committee, waited upon the Rev. Joseph Littler, B. A., at his residence, Shaw, to present him with a testimonial from the district, for his services to them. (Our worthy and respected Brother James Smith, P. P. C. S., and R. O., was on his

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way to join the deputation, but owing to an unavoidable accident he had to return.) The testimonial consisted of a very elegantly Embossed Card, in gilt frame, and a copy of Whiston's *Flavius Josephus*. On the card was the following inscription, in beautiful calligraphy, by Mr. Robert Hampson:—"This memorial is presented, with a copy of Whiston's *Flavius Josephus*, to the Rev. Joseph Littler, B. A., Incumbent of St. James's Church, East Crompton, by the Rochdale District of Ancient Shepherds, A.U., as a token of their esteem and gratitude for his kindness and affability to them on Easter Sunday, April 21st, 1851."—Brother Parkinson briefly adverted to the causes which had led to the getting up of the memorial, assuring Mr. Littler of the general esteem in which he was held by the body, and then presented him the testimonial, which evidently gave satisfaction. Mr Littler then responded as follows:—My Christian friends, in the very exercise of benevolence there is a rich reward; the pleasure is undoubtedly increased to the benevolent on perceiving its appreciation by others. It cannot but be grateful to any one's feelings to see that his kind offices have been received in the same spirit in which they were performed, especially if this be manifested in a way altogether unexpected—this happiness is mine on the present occasion. It is, I assure you, with feelings of no ordinary pleasure that I receive such a token from a body of men, very few of whom are personally known to me: it is scarcely necessary to say that I could not have the least expectation of such a reward for my late services. When solicited to preach to the members of your order, I immediately asked myself, can I do so consistently with my duty? I do not know that the question of trouble ever suggested itself; but finding upon enquiry that the rules of your society were such in point of morality as would justify a compliance with your request, I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded of preaching to you that gospel which has been committed to me, and which it is my delight to make known, believing it to be the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, and more particularly as I had reason to fear that some of you at least were but occasional listeners to its life-giving sound. With respect to the musical arrangements of which you have so kindly spoken, I must by no means take the whole of the credit to myself; this would be to wrong my kind and spirited teachers, by whose orders the hymns and anthems were printed, as well as my affectionate choristers, who with their accustomed good will were most ready to second my wishes.—I beg you will accept my sincere thanks for the honor you have done me. After some further conversation, in which all parties joined, the deputation took its leave, much gratified by their kind reception.

BOLTON DISTRICT.

TEA PARTY AND BALL.—On Monday evening, October 13th, 1851, a tea party and ball was held at the Baths Assembly Rooms, Bolton, for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, in connection with the district. The rooms were handsomely fitted up for the occasion, and Mr. Lees's quadrille band being in attendance, added much to the pleasures of the evening. Peter Ainsworth, Esq., of Smith-hills Hall, Deputy Lieutenant of the county, occupied the chair, and was accompanied on the platform by Joseph Bell, Esq., Mr. Lawson, Mr. Entwistle, treasurer of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, P. P. C. S. Suttle, P. P. C. S. Lyne, P. Pro. C. S. Tumner, and several of the committee. The trays being removed, and order restored, the Chairman rose and said, Ladies and gentlemen, the first toast which I have to propose is the health of our gracious Sovereign. In doing so, I am quite sure, from what I have seen of the reception she has met with in her progress through Lancashire, that there needs no eulogium on my part, for I am confident she has the good feeling of all classes of her subjects in this part of the country, and in giving her health I am sure the company will agree with me, that she is highly deserving of their respect. I will, therefore, give, the health of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, which was received with loud cheers. Song—the National Anthem, by the glee singers. The Chairman said, the next toast

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which he had the pleasure of introducing, was, Prince Albert, Albert Prince of Wales, and the rest of the royal family. In doing which, he passed a high eulogium upon his Royal Highness as a patron of the arts and sciences. His exertions in carrying out the Great Exhibition had done him immortal honour. He could not but notice the demonstrations of loyalty which had been shown by all classes to her Majesty and her Royal Consort on the occasion of their recent visit. He had, therefore, much pleasure in giving the toast, which was received with loud cheers. The Chairman said, the next toast which he had to propose was, the Widows' and Orphans' Fund in connection with the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, which was received with great applause. P. P. C. S. Peter Lyne was called upon to respond, who rose and said, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—I feel on the present occasion quite inadequate to the task which has been imposed upon me, and I much regret that some other person, more competent than myself, has not been called upon to respond to a toast of such vast importance. However, I am proud to stand here to say, that we have a Widows' and Orphans' Fund established in this district, to protect that portion of the human family which from their position amongst us most require to be protected. I am also proud to say, that during the two years which it has now been in existence, that its fund has gradually increased, in addition to having rendered assistance to the widow and orphan in the hour of need. But some of our members are still inclined to think it inconsistent that females should come into partnership with us; but I look upon the wife of every Shepherd as being part and parcel of our society, although they have not the privilege of attending our meetings to make a claim and plead for their own wishes and their wants. Still they are connected with us as husbands and as fathers; on them depends the care of our families, and the comfort of our homes. They are equal sufferers with ourselves when want appears upon the threshold or sits brooding by the cheerless fireside; the same in sickness, or when we are otherwise exposed to the miseries or contempt of the world. Seeing, then, that we, in a great measure, depend upon the tender sex for sympathy and assistance, and that they are equally interested with ourselves, it behoves us, as brethren, to legislate for them, for their cause is our cause; and however and whenever we have an opportunity of mitigating their wants, it is our bounden duty, as brethren, so to do. We appear here to-night apparently in the vigour of life, still life is uncertain; every day's experience affords sufficient proof of this; scarcely a week or a day passes that we do not see or hear of the death of some one with whom we are connected. Our own families and the circle of our friends are dropping off around us; we see and hear this so often that we cease to be impressed with the solemn warning which it ought to convey to our minds: we pass a funeral in the street on its route to the house appointed for all living, without reflecting upon the deserted home which that corpse so lately tenanted, and where, perhaps, a bereaved widow and starving children are left the only occupants, not knowing which way to turn for their future bread, or some kind friend to console or direct them. Which of you, I would ask, that is now before me, can lay his hand upon his heart and say in truth, before this assembly, that I will meet a portion of you again to-morrow, or on some other occasion; God only knows this; perhaps some one that is now here present, before many days, may be called from amongst us to another and an eternal state; which of us can tell who that may be? Of one thing we are certain, however long the day may be protracted, death is sure to come. Both rich and poor must part with the last lingering rays of life, and every human compact must be broken up by death. Our popular and beloved Queen when that fatal hour arrives must resign her crown. The dignitary must lay aside his honour; the debauchee must give up the intoxicating draught, and the man of pleasure the *ignis fatuus* of his hopes. Since this great change is inevitable, and that child, parent, husband and wife, must be separated, let us consider and ask ourselves how far we are prepared to meet such an awful change, and how far we have each of us performed our duty to those whom we have implicated in our fate, and who are depending upon us for their daily bread. Have we all made a sufficient provision

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for the support of our wives and children in the event of death? Have we all of us secured friends to whom we can safely consign them? Have we all saved as much from our weekly earnings as will supply them with the necessaries of life, until they have recovered from the awful and sudden shock of death? And are all this, if not, are we prepared to leave them friendless, without bread, or the means of procuring it; or are we prepared to leave them to become inmates of the union workhouse, or left entirely at the mercy of the parish for a paltry pittance; or are we prepared to leave them to become outcasts upon society, to beg, to starve, and to steal? Oh, my friends! this is a cause in which we are one and all deeply concerned What avails it to the starving widow to tell her that her husband has a many friends amongst us who still love and revere his memory, and at the same time turn round with a calm indifference upon her and her starving children. It is both unjust and ungenerous to do so. The prayers of the widow and orphan have a claim upon us as Christians, as husbands, and as fathers, and how far are those claims strengthened when we reflect that the widows and orphans, whose cause I now stand forth to plead, are our own, linked with us in the common bond which unites us as brethren professing to promote each others' welfare. The out stretched hand of charity never performed a nobler action—the throbbing heart of generosity never beat with holier emotions. There is not in the sight of man a brighter example, nor a benevolence meriting a greater blessing from on high, than that which sheds a ray of light over the widow's bereavement, and bids the helpless orphan to sing for joy.

"Let such as feel the widow's loss their tender pity share,
And let the hopeless widows door be your peculiar care;
Go let the hungry orphan be with your abundance fed,
Turn not aside from the door 'twas once a brother's—dead.

"But when, alas! in the earth so cold his body's laid and clad,
Be yours the blissful task to make the down cast mourner glad;
Thus Shepherdry will spread its light and peace will be its days,
Mankind will cheer the widow more, and sound the joyful praise."

Great applause was given at the conclusion of this address.—Mr. Bell said that he quite agreed with the remarks that had been made by Mr. Lane, and he was glad to see a society established where the object was to elevate the distress of the widow and orphan, and hoped they would go on and prosper in the laudable undertaking. —The Chairman said the time had arrived which had been set apart for another purpose, but he had another toast which he was quite sure would meet the approbation of all, as it concerned them all, and that was the town and trade of Bolton. He had great pleasure in giving them prosperity to the town and trade of Bolton. (Applause.)—Mr. Bell rose and said that he had another duty to perform, and that duty was to express their thanks to the Chairman for the able manner which he had presided, and he, Mr. Bell, moved a vote of thanks for his kind and able services as chairman that evening.—P. Pro. C. S. Layne, on seconding the motion of Mr. Bell, said that in his opinion Mr. Ainsworth was highly deserving of their thanks. The week before he had been a guest at the table with her Majesty and Royal Consort. That evening he had come forward to be the chairman at a meeting almost composed of the working class. He was also equally deserving of their thanks for the liberal manner in which he had come forward with his contribution. Mr. Ainsworth had that evening handed to him one pound as his contribution; he therefore had great pleasure in seconding the motion.—Three cheers was then given for Peter Ainsworth, Esq., and three for Mrs. Ainsworth. The Chairman returned thanks, and declared the room open for the ball. A promenade was commenced, and the dancing was under the direction of Mr. Haslam, master of the ceremonies, and was conducted with great spirit until an early hour in the morning.—The proceedings throughout reflected credit on the committee who were appointed for its management.—Mr. William Atkinson, of the Crown Inn, was the successful competitor for the refreshment rooms, which was ably conducted under the auspices of that gentleman.

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MATHEMATICS.

Solution to Question on page 192, *in Number* 24.

BY SCRIBO.

Let x be the time the first sum (£62.) was at interest; then will $20 - x$ be the expression for the second sum, (120). Also, put $y =$ the rate per cent. per annum.

The interest of a principal, at a given rate, multiplied by the number of years, gives the whole interest,

$$\therefore \frac{62y}{100} \times x = £10\tfrac{1}{3} \times 12,$$

$$\text{Or, } 62xy = 12.400;$$

$$\therefore zy = 200 \ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots (1)$$

Reasoning precisely the same with the second, we get

$$240y - 12xy = 3600 \ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots (2)$$

Multiplying (1) by 12, and adding, we shall have,

$$240y = 6000;$$

$$\therefore y = 25.$$

From first, $x = 200 \div 25 = 8.$

The times are, therefore, 8 and 12 months respectively.

To Questions on page 256, *No.* 26.

First.—Put $x =$ A's stock; then B's stock $= x + 20$; the gains are proportional to the products of the stocks and times; therefore, as $3x : (5x + 100) :: (x - 80) : (140 - x)$; multiplying means and extremes, and transposing, we have $8x^2 - 720x = 8000$; hence, by quadratics, $x = 100$. A's stock is, therefore, £100.; B's stock £120.; A's gain is £20.; B's gain £40.

For 800 given in the question, *read* £80.

Second.—Let a be the height from which the ball is dropped, and e the ball's elasticity; then the whole space described is expressed by $a\left(\frac{1+e^2}{1-e^2}\right)$ and the time the ball is in motion by $\sqrt{\frac{2a}{g}}\left(\frac{1+e}{1-e}\right)$ where $g = 32\frac{1}{6}$ feet; hence, in the above examples we have $a\left(\frac{1+e^2}{1-e^2}\right) = \frac{300 \times 34}{16} = 637\frac{1}{2}$ feet, the space described $\sqrt{\frac{2a}{g}}\left(\frac{1+e}{2-e}\right) = \sqrt{\frac{600}{32\frac{1}{6}}} \times 16 = 69{\cdot}1024$ seconds, the time.

NEW QUESTIONS.

First.—Find two numbers, the sum of whose squares shall be 34; and if the square of the greater be multiplied by the lesser, and that product increased by the said less number, the result will be 78.

Second.—If a young lady, on the surface of the earth weighs 140 lbs., wheresbouts must she be placed that she may only weigh 5 lbs.?

SCRIBO, *Oswlt.*

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

BR. JOHN WILLIAMSON, PRINTER, ASHTON-UDER-LYNE.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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THE APPROACHING SHEPHERDS' CONFERENCE.

We think it will not be presuming too much to address a few observations to the members of the approaching Shepherds' Conference, which will be held, in a few days, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. On looking over the programme which is about to be submitted to your meeting, we find a few propositions upon which we might offer some remarks, were we not afraid of forestalling the business of those in whose wisdom and judgment we have every confidence. It is at all times our province to make such suggestions as we think are likely to conduce to the welfare of our Order at large.

There is one great evil existing in our society, to which we wish to draw your attention,—for we have no fear of approaching an evil,—the removal of which may affect the interests of a few individuals only. In almost every district of our Order, it is well known that there are a number of weak lodges, and yet there is a constant application for new ones, and a constant acquiescence in their demands, without taking into consideration the almost bankrupt state of their weaker brethren. How long this state of things will continue, we know not; but let it be known to the public that we cannot meet our demands, and our now prosperous society will become unpopular, and the same results will follow that have degenerated other Orders of a similar description. How is this state of things to be remedied? The answer is at hand. By uniting a number of weak lodges, we constitute one powerful body of men, capable of working out to the fullest extent the spirit and meaning of our general laws. We never remember a single instance of a man, who was desirous of becoming a Shepherd for the purpose of benefiting himself

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and family, who did not inquire into the pecuniary circumstances of the lodge, and whenever he found a weak lodge with an empty exchequer, he would turn aside and enquire for a richer one. While this state of things continues, there is danger to be apprehended. Cold empty rooms, with a few spiritless members struggling for existence, is a sure sign of decay, which must result in disgrace and injury to the whole Order. Men are naturally fond of meeting together in large numbers, where they can have the most enjoyment in the least space of time, and where they know they are secure in the event of sickness. Officers of districts ought to weigh well these matters before granting dispensations. A lodge of ten members is just as much expense to the district as a lodge of one hundred, which is a serious drawback upon the funds. An union of ten weak lodges would soon effect a saving in delegation expenses, that would meet the demand of a funeral. A little dry statistical calculation would convince the most sceptical of the loss we annually sustain from the want of more judicious consideration. We do not estimate the prosperity of a society from the number of lodges opened. Our standard of estimation is cheap government, economical management of districts, and well regulated lodges, with a numerous and respectable body of members. We hope that a question of such vast importance will not escape the notice of some one or other of the members of our next conference. We wish to draw your attention to another subject of no less importance to the Order at large. As our society is composed almost exclusively of the working classes, it has long been our study to elevate our brethren, both physically and mentally. When we say physically, we do not mean to say that they should be relieved from labour, for there must be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," which all rational men will admit to be absolutely necessary to our very existence; but their monotonous employments may be so diversified and relieved by the acquirement of knowledge, that their stultifying round of toil might be rendered comparatively light and pleasant, in proportion to the amount of intelligence acquired. We have nothing to do with the phrenzy of political excitement, for that is property with which we do not interfere. It is the elevation of the human mind that engrosses our thoughts, and gives a more elastic movement to our pen. It may be said, that all men are thinking men, for a regular succession of ideas are constantly passing through their minds; but with the ignorant these are but the impulses of the moment, just as a brute is impelled by common instinct, which receives no lasting impression. A machine, however complicated, is with the ignorant but a machine. The ingenuity of

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the inventor is overlooked in the low degraded state of the mind, the cultivation of which is necessary to the formation of *God's* true *nobility*, for when the rust of ignorance is rubbed from our minds, and we are fully enabled to see and appreciate the beauty and grandeur of all things created by *Him*, we then find ourselves in that noble and dignified position.

We now call upon you to aid us in our onward movement of regeneration. We have already laid the foundation in the establishment of a periodical, and the formation of lodge libraries, which must eventually make us an intelligent and prosperous body of men, which is all that is wanting to enable us to develope those resources which have hitherto been hidden within the veil of all self-supporting institutions. You have a power invested in you that will enable you to do much, and our earnest desire is that you will second our efforts in endeavouring to elevate our brethren both physically and mentally.

THE MOCK PATRIOT.

I mark'd him, 'mid the motley train,
The man with magnitude of brain,—
Of fair address, of specious whole,
And form'd of every thing—but soul:
Of ancient name, of gentle blood,
And heir to every thing— but good.
I've seen, thought I, from time to time,
The great, the pure, of many a clime;
I've view'd with pride each glorious name,
That crowds each avenue to fame;
And now mine eyes shall gaze on thee,
Bold type of selfish sophistry.
I mark'd the man whose specious guile
  Had wrung his lands, his ample purse,
From Erin's lorn, ill-tutor'd isle—
  At once her glory and her curse.
Oh, ills beset the heartless knave
Would wrest the green grass from the grave.
I view'd him as he rode about;
I heard the poor enthusiasts shout;
And much it griev'd my breast to hear,
So mean the wretch—so loud the cheer.
But men, alas! are blindly led,
And thus are vice and folly fed;
'Tis thus the purest motive fails,
While powerful villainy prevails.
Within that crowd, perchance, there stood,
  Or dress'd in neat, or mean attire,
Some dauntless soul, by heaven endued,
  That burned with patriotic fire;—

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Whose creed, whose universal plan,
Was peace—was happiness to man;
Whose heart, for ever prone to feel,
Forsook its own for others' weal;
Who, panting for his country's good,
Would seal her freedom with his blood.
Such is the man by nature great,
Though crush'd by unrelenting fate;
Such is the man who spurneth dross,
Nor counts his gain by others' loss;
And such the man, whose soul sublime,
May vanquish destiny and time.
But when do plaudits greet his ear?
When crowd the mob his course to cheer?
When rob the poor their scanty meal,
In tribute to the good man's zeal?
I'll wish for no man's speedy fall,
For soon will Death surprise us all;
And lead to his all-searching view,
Where seeming mocks no more the true.
But still, methinks, when Janus fades,
And sinks for ever to the shades;
No man may heave the bitter sigh,
Nor tears bedew one mourner's eye;
Save that he act the lost one's part,
And weepeth with a laughing heart.
The world will miss to give his due,
The brightest knave it ever knew;
His country lose, at one twin blow,
A seeming friend, a certain foe;
And earth receive a sordid elf,
"A wretch, concentred all in self."

Manchester. SYLVAN.

WHY SNAPDRAGON DID NOT WIN THE DERBY.

(FROM CLEMENT LORIMER.)

IT is the night before the Derby, and the whole of sporting London—and for the matter, a great part of London to which the term cannot in strictness be applied—is in a state of nervous restlessness, anticipating the change of the morrow. The thousands who have risked money upon the race are on the *qui vive* for any stray information which may enable them even at the last hour, to improve their prospects of success. Reports and rumours fly hither and thither from month to month. The last editions of the evening papers are ransacked for hints from sporting correspondents, and the latest shade of variation in the betting at the Corner. The sporting taverns are crowded with those who are knowing on the turf, and those who desire to be thought so. Mysterious intimations—half-spoken, half-retracted hints of one horse, which is to be made "safe," of another which, at the eleventh hour, will be "scratched," of one stable

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which has "declared to win," of another which boasts a wonderful "dark horse;" secret information touching one steed which, it is whispered, has mysteriously fallen lame; dark doubts flung out as to a flaw in the pedigree of another, and certain news of the style in which a third had that morning taken its sweating gallop—all this class of hints, nods, winks, morsels of exclusive intelligence, and scraps of secret information is discussed, amplified, canvassed, and disputed, amidst the fumes of tobacco and sprits, until the young gentleman who has started a "book," and dropped into the sporting public-houses in quest of imformation for his hedging projects, drops out again, utterly bewildered by the mass of contradictory intelligence and diverging advice which a dozen of high authorities, each in possession of authentic and exclusive particulars, have favoured him with.

And the excitement is not confined to the more vulgar haunts of gentlemen who speculate on the turf. Wherever you go the words, "Snapdragon," "Odds," "Field," "Favourite," "Safe to win," strike your ear. You catch them in the whispered converse of the opera box, you distinguish them in the noisy hum of the theatre when the act-drop has fallen; even ladies catch the universal epidemic, and lay reckless wagers of gloves and flasks of eau-de-Cologne; the Clubs echo with the changes of to-morrow; and the debate in the House of Commons must be exciting indeed if groups of members, under the galleries and in the galleries, be not clustered together, eagerly discussing the merits of the line of horses which will be to-morrow drawn up before the starter on Epsom Downs.

Snugly ensconced in his well-littered stall, in the training stables of Hawleyden, stands one of the unconscious objects of all this excitement, all this anixiety. Snapdragon, as he arches his neck, tosses his head, and neighs and snorts in the flush of his rampant energies, has little idea of the noise his name is making in the world. The animal itself, muffled in warm clothes, and the padded sides of his stall, show the care, the comfort, and the health of the racer.

The hour of ten can be faintly heard tolled by Epsom clock, when the door of Snapdragon opens, and three gentleman, attended by Flick the jockey, and one or two of his subordinates, emerge into the yard.

"Bring the horses out, and we'll ride over to the Spread Eagle at once," said one of the group; "I think, Flick, we may sleep sound upon the chances of to-morrow."

"Your-self saw the 'oss, Mr. Lorimer: he coldn't be in better condition for running," replied the jockey.

"Mind you keep him so, my old Trojan," said another of the party in the hoarse voice of Sir Harrowby Trumps.

"For if you don't," continued the third," my address, in twenty-four hours from this blessed moment, will be the Hotel de Suede, Brussels,—a good house that, Trumps: and if Snap's heels should not be the speeder, I would recommend you to patronise it. The air of Belgium is always my specific for complaints of the money-making organs."

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So saying, the party mounted their horses.

"I shall be over to-morrow morning by six, Flick,—meantime don't leave the horse—I know your people here are honest, but they may be tampered with; and this is just the nervous night."

"Never fear, Mr. Lorimer; I sleep over the stable for about a month, and I sha'n't go for to be caught napping the last night: whoever touches Snapdragon, sir, must put me out of the way first."

"Good, I have trust in you. Come, gentlemen, supper waits at the Spread Eagle." And the party rode briskly away without noticing the figure of a man, who crouched behind a cart in a dark corner of the stable-yard.

Flick watched his patron and his friends until the ring of their horses' hoofs died away in the distance. He then turned into the stable. It was a small building, containing four stalls, of which Snapdragon and another racer occupied the two centre ones, while, in each of the other, was chained an immensely powerful dog of the Saint Bernard breed. Both of these animals lay with their grim muzzles resting upon their outstretched forepaws, and their deep dark eyes twinkled suspiciously around, as Flick moved about the stable. The place was dimly lighted by a large dusty lamp suspended from the roof; and at one end a ladder, rising upwards through a trap-door in the ceiling, led to the garret apartment above, which, as Flick had intimated, had lately been occupied by himself.

The jockey carefully locked and bolted the stable-door, and, after casting a hasty glance at the horse, took from a large chest, which stood in the far corner of the stable, a light racing-saddle, and commenced an examination of the girths and leathers—so minute that it seemed as if every particular thread in their stitching underwent an individual scrutiny.

"All right," he murmured, as he laid the article down; he then cautiously proceeded into the stall with Snapdragon, and, stooping down, appeared to occupy himself in feeling and chafing with his hands the joints and legs of the noble animal.

"Not a bit of stiffness or swelling," he muttered, as he rose and patted the neck of the racehorse. "You'll do your work to-morrow: won't you, old Snap?" he continued, speaking in a caressing voice to the horse. "You'll show 'em the blood you come of—ay, and how Tim Flick can ride you—won't you? eh! old Snap?"

The racer, as if he understood the questions put to him, tossed his delicately-moulded head upwards, and answered by a loud shrill neigh. It had hardly subsided into silence when a low growl rose from the next stall.

"Hey! Odin!" said Flick, "what makes you angry, old dog?"

He left the racer's stall and entered that of the Saint Bernard mastiff. The dog was on his legs, straining upon the strong chain which bound him to the manger; his outstretched muzzle sniffing anxiously in the direction of the stable window, and his muscular tail lashing his sides with long measured sweeps.

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"The dog scents someting," said the jockey; and just at that moment Thor, the mastiff, in the other and further stall, took up the growling concert.

"Can there be any-body lurking about the stable?" thought Flick. He went to the window and glanced out. Every thing was dark and silent. He then cautiously undid the fastenings of the door, slipped out, examined narrowly all around, but saw or heard nothing to alarm him. Then after lingering for a moment upon the threshold, he re-entered the stable and closed the door as before. As he did so, a man cautiously slipped down from the lower branches of a huge elm which overshadowed the stable, and took up his position behind its trunk.

The night waned slowly. One by one all the lights in the buildings of Hawleyden were extinguished, except that which gleamed from the window of the stable in which stood the favourite. Eleven had long ago struck upon the distant Epsom clock. The night breeze made a moaning music over the bare Downs, and in the creaking branches of the old elm. The stars appeared and disappeared as sailing clouds passed between them and the earth. Now and then a swallow, accidentally awakened, would twitter in the eaves. Now and then, with a loud buzzing hum, a flying beetle would shoot past upon the damp night air; and now and then the rusty weathercock which surmounted the stables would creak and rattle as a gust, fresher than ordinary caught and twisted its painted vane. With the exception of such night noises, there was the silence of midnight over Hawleyden.

It might be one hour towards the morning when the man who descended from the elm advanced cautiously to the stable-door, and looked through the key hole. The light still burned. He stood a moment as if undecided. Then there was heard a recommencement of the former growling. Neither Thor nor Odin had gone to sleep. This seemed to decide the lurker, for he immediately rapped not loudly, but distinctly at the door. The dogs replied with a volley of hoarse baying, in the midst of which Flick's voice, demanding, in startled tones, who the knocker was, could be barely distinguished.

"Are you alone?" was the answer of the applicant.

"What's that to you? What do you want?" returned the jockey. "Be off! or I'll loose the dogs on you!"

I am armed, "replied the stranger; and if you do, I must shoot them, which I should be sorry for, I dare say they are fine animals."

There was a pause.

"I must speak with you!" continued the stranger.

"About the race?" inquired the jockey.

"About that in the second place—there is a more important matter for the first."

"But you said you was armed. How do I know you're not come here to do some mischief to the 'oss or to me?"

"Will this prove to you that my purpose is inoffensive—see here

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are my pistols." He produced the weapons he spoke of, and shoved them beneath the stable door. "Now, I am defenceless," he said.

Apparently the jockey was satisfied with this demonstration of confidence, for he undid the fastings, and, partially opening the door, held up the lamp, which he had lowered from the ceiling, to the stranger's face. It was one he had never seen before—the face of an eldery man, with keen, black eyes, an aquiline nose, and thin grey hair.

"What do you want with me, and at this hour of the night?"

"Admit me, shut the door—and I will tell you," said the jockey's visitor.

"No, d—— me, tell your business first!"

"It is about your son."

"My son!" exclaimed Flick, starting backward, and evidently alarmed. The stranger took advantage of his movement to make good his entrance.

"I trust in God, sir," said the jockey, "that there's nothin' wrong?—nothin' turned up against the lad! Richard is a good boy, sir! It would break my heart if there was anything wrong—

"I know that," said the stranger; "that is the reason I am here. Shut the door and silence those dogs." Thor and Odin were still growling at the intruder. The jockey hastily did as he was directed, and, then turning to his visitor, saw him seated upon the corn-chest, over which Flick had spread a small mattress, and upon which he had been dozing when disturbed as we have seen.

"Now, sir, if you please," said the jockey, with considerable nervous anxiety—"now, sir, if you please about my son—about Richard ——"

"So this is Snapdragon—that is the favourite!" said the unknown.

Flick's suspicious as to his mission, revived at the keen glance the stranger cast upon the horse, and he flung himself between his visitor and the racer.

"You need not be afraid, Mr. Flick," observed the intruder, "I shall do anything to the horse without your full permisson."

"You had better not try," muttered the jockey.

"Nor will I —— To business."

"Ah, to business—the sooner the better."

"Good! You have a son in the firm of Shiner and Maggs——?"

"General agents and commission-brokers, Curney's Alley, Fenchurch-street, City," continued the jockey, with volubility.

"A fine lad—I see him often," replied the stranger. "Shiner and Maggs bank with us—with Smith, Payne, and Smith, I mean—I am a cashier in that house."

The jockey rubbed his hands nervously. He could not divine what was coming, but he feared all was not right.

"I do a little in the sporting way however," continued the cashier. "One must have some other amusement than counting sovereigns all the day long, which don't belong to us—eh, Mr. Flick?"

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The jockey assented. "But what's all this here got to do with Richard?" inquired he.

"Oh, every thing in its proper time," replied the cashier. "We are very methodical, we bankers."

Flick stamped with impatence, and cast his eyes towards the dogs, who from time to time showed their teeth and snarled

"I have invested largely in this Derby, Mr. Flick," pursued the cashier, "and I've backed the field against the favourite."

"Then, as sure as Snapdragon stands in that stall, you'll lose!"

"No tricks!" he exclaimed. "Hands off— no tricks!—I'm awake! —I am! Oh, the d—— fool I have been to let you in! But lay a finger on that 'oss, or stir a step towards him, and by the God above us I'll blow your brains out with your own pistols!"

And so saying, Flick presented one of the weapons at the head of the cashier. The eyes of the latter flashed, and his nostrils dilated, but he neither shrunk nor quailed, but looked stedfastly into the muzzle of the pistol, which was not two feet from his forehead.

"To return to your son," he said, with the most perfect coolness; "one of two things will happen, either Snapdragon will lose, or your son will be hanged!"

The jockey's face grew ghastly pale, and the pistol dropped upon the ground.

"What's that you mean?" he stammered pressing his hand forcibly upon his heart, has if to control its throbbings, "Nothing can be clearer," returned the cashier. "Look at this; and he produced from a closely-clasped pocket-book a cheque.

"Do you know the hand in which this cheque is drawn?" said the cashier.

"Oh, God! Yes, it is Richard's!" gasped the father.

"Do you know the hand in which this cheque is signed—"Shiner and Maggs?" continued his questioner.

"—Yes—yes it is the same as the other—it is Richard's!"

"So the hanging I spoke of, Mr. Flick, is not quite such an improbable business as you seemed to think."

The poor jockey staggered against the wall, hid his face in both his hands and sobbed convulsively.

Benosa—he must have been recognised—looked at him, his big black eyes flashing with excitement. Yet the expression of that terrible face was not a vindictive one; but the contrary, there was an undefinable look of pity in the gaze.

"Your son, Mr. Flick," continued Benosa, in his former unmoved tones, and putting the cheque carefully away in his pocket—"your son Mr. Flick, presented the document I have showed you, this afternoon. Fortunately for him he presented it to me. I saw the forgery at once and I could have guessed it from the boy's manner, if I did not hold the proof in my hand. But there it was—in black and white. Now, Mr.

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Flick, I do not pretend to be better than my neighbours, and a notion came across me as I looked at that forged cheque. I told your son that the hour for paying money was past, but that he had better leave the cheque and call the first thing in the morning. He was afraid to object ; so here I am, now, to await your decision."

"My decision on what, sir ?" faltered the jockey.

"On your son's life," said the pretended cashier.

"It is in the hands of the law," murmured Flick, wriging his hands. "O Richard—Richard ! that it should have come to this ! You I always though the best—the best of boys. O my God, but this is hard to bear !"

"Your decision !" said Benosa, sharply.

Flick looked vacantly up.

"Listen. I have told you I backed the field against the favourite. If the favourite wins, your son hangs ! You understand that ?

"Snapdragon must win," murmured the jockey. "He could do it in a canter."

"Not if he had half-a-dozen drops from this bottle down his throat," said Benosa, drawing from his breast a phial filled with a dark coloured fluid.

"It is pison !" exclaimed Flick. You would pison the 'oss."

Benosa uncorked the phial, and allowed a drop or two of the liquor to trickle into his own mouth.

"What is poison for horses in poison for men, Mr. Flick; except for throwing him off his speed for four-and-twenty hours or so, the mixture is as harmless as mother's milk."

"No, by G—! no ! I won't do it, nor suffer you do it. There stands the swiftest horse in Europe, and he sha'nt be doctored. Keep off, I say—keep off, !" and the jockey, snatched the pistol, stood between Benosa and the stall.

"Did you ever see a hanging ?" muttered Benosa.

The jockey shrunk backwards, as though bitten by a reptile.

"Hinder me from giving this dose to the horse, and you'll see one that will interest you. Permit me, and by the time the news reaches London that the favourite has disappointed her backers, the cheque will be in your son's hands ; and I presume he will not again try the experiment of cashing it in a hurry."

The jockey groaned in bitterness of spirit. Benosa's keen eye saw the inward struggle which was going on.

"A gambler's interests," he said, "or a son's blood—choose !"

But the jockey remained dumb.

"O, Mary—Mary !" he murmured at length, "that your boy,—that our boy should have done this thing !"

Benosa saw the direction of his thoughts, and skilfully availed himself of them.

"Richard is like his mother, is he not ?" he enquired.

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Flick writhed in mute agony at the question.

"It's hard—very hard," muttered the false cashier,—"a favourite son, and an only son, and one that reminds the father of a dear one gone."

The jockey uttered a loud inarticulate cry of agony, and then fell on his knees.

"Spare him!—spare him!—spare Richard! Spare my son!"

"Then you consent?"

Flick bent his head in answer. His hands were stretched before his face.

"Turn the horse in his stall," said Benosa, in as cool a tone as though he were giving an ordinary stable order.

The jockey quietly complied—undid Snapdragon's halter—and the docile animal, obeying his voice and the pressure of his hands, wheeled himself round, with his tail to the manger.

"Now fetch the lantern."

Benosa spoke in the composed but decided tone of a man to whom command was habitual.

Again Flick mechanically obeyed, placing himself between the racer and his visitor.

Benosa uncorked the phial. "Stand aside," he said.

Poor Flick flung his arms round Snapdragon's neck, and then, shrinking from the piercing gaze of Benosa's eye, staggered to the corn-chest, instinctively supporting himself upon it, while he held the lantern so as to light his companion.

"You swear it will do no lasting harm to the 'oss?" he exclaimed.

"You may enter him for the St. Leger, and win it too," replied Benosa. Only you will be in the ruck to-morrow."

The jockey groaned aloud.

"How am I to face Mr. Lorimer?" he gasped.

"Are you responsible for the horse's health or the horse's humours?" answered Benosa. "It is enough for you, that having watched all night in the stable, you know that he has not had foul play."

During this brief conversation, Snapdragon began to snort and move restively, as though his instinct told him that all was not right. Benosa stood upon the near side, soothing him with word and touch; all at once, with his left hand he grasped the nose and jaws of the horse. The animal snorted, and flung aloft his head; but the thin fingers of Benosa grasped its flesh like firmly-screwed iron bars.

"Open—brute! So—there!" he exclaimed, violently wrenching the upper jaw, and at the moment that the teeth parted, dashing between them the phial, which was rimmed with brass. The noble animal reared upwards, Benosa clinging to it, and still holding the phial between its open jaws.

The jockey stared wildly at the struggle. For a moment it was a terrific one,—the horse plunging and snorting in its terror,—and

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Benosa, with his long arms twined round its neck, and his bright black eyes flashing into those of the racer's, dashing upwards and downwards, as the animal wildly flung about his head, and struck out alternately with his hind and fore legs. But the strife only lasted a moment. All at once Snapdragon dropped down upon all fours—his ears which were laid back, assumed their natural position. He breathed hard and quickly, and then became motionless in his stall.

In a moment Benosa slipped from its side, recorking the phial.

"The sedative does its work at once," he said.

He took Flick's hand, it was trembling and moist with prespiration.

"I have lost the honesty," murmured the poor jockey,—"I have lost the honesty I was proud on for twenty years—I have sold a race!"

"You have saved your son," said Benosa, "and you have read him a lesson. Henceforth let him count as enemies all who have not proved themselves friends."

The jockey looked at the false cashier wonderingly.

"Richard will explain the rest. He is not so guilty as you think him. You may be a happy father yet—a happier father than I am. Farewell. God forgive you and me, and all of us."

Turning to the door, Benosa rapidly undid its fastening and glided out. Flick followed in haste, but his mysterious visitor was gone.

"God help us," said the jockey, turning back to the stable. "It seems like a dream of the night."

SINS OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

"Jones, I say Jones!" exclaimed Aunt Fanny, purple with excitement, as she bustled into the parlour, holding in her hand a paper,—"ain't you a philanthropic man?"

"To be sure I am, Fanny," replied Uncle Dick, as he raised his eyes and peered over his spectacles at his excited partner, "what's up now?"

"What's up now!" almost shrieked his spouse, "why look there," and she thrust the paper into his face, at the same time pointing with her right hand forefinger to a paragraph, "read that and weep!"

"Well, what of it," asked Uncle Dick, as he ran his eyes over it.

"Oh! you inhuman wretch you—you hard-hearted sinner—I thought you was a man with a little cream of human kindness in you."

"Why, Fanny, I believe you're going crazy!"

"Going crazy!" she echoed, "and isn't it enough to drive one mad, when such rascally things are taking place, and the cowardly men doesn't stop 'em. I only—only wish I wasn't a woman."

"But, Fanny, what's in the paper to make you act so?"

"Can't you read? Don't it say there—Women and children

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starving to death by Morse's Telegraph. Fatal spread of the cholera by Electric Telegraph.—Two hundred and fifty dying a day in New Orleans by Magnetic Telegraph. Horrible riot in New York, and twenty-seven lives lost by Telegraph. Terrible fire in Boston, an immense amount of property destroyed by Telegraph. Welch's Circus blown down, and life lost by Electro Magnetic Telegraph—and yet, you see men sit here, with folded arms, and never raise a finger to stay the progress of this inhuman, all-devastating and devouring monster,—I wish I was a man!—and Aunt Betty flew out of the room, leaving Uncle Dick wrapped in astonishment.

THE PENITENT.

BY G. SMITH.

I saw her form, her faded form,
Beside the window sill;
Whose features bore the hue of death—
But yet I knew her still.

I knew her when her youthful bloom
Upon those features smiled;
But, ah! the sting of fleeting years
Had touch'd this wayward child.

I saw, and loved her, ere she bore
Upon her lofty brow
The sign of woman's mighty power—
But where's the magnet now?

"Oh! what a falling off is there,"
Since first those beaming eyes
Awoke emotions in my breast,
Which burst in silent sighs.

I pluck'd the spring-tide flowers for her,
When buoyant, light, and gay;
Her feet the mountain path-way trod,
In merry, cloudless May.

I plung'd into the sylvan copse,
To gather blue-bells bright,
With which to deck her sylph-like form,
In azure chaplets light.

But many years have interven'd,
And many voices hush'd,
Since we exchang'd our solemn vows,—
But all my hopes are crush'd.

As erring mortals, we forgive,
As we would be forgiven;
For, oh! her penitental prayers
Have found their way to heaven.

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Now pale consumption's with'ring power
All earthly aid defied;
And while she gaz'd upon my face,
She droop'd her head and died.

I sigh'd, then took a last fond look,
For death had broke the spell;—
I kiss'd her clammy, clay-cold cheek,
And breath'd a last farewell!

Ashton-under-Lyne.

SERMON.

[*The following Sermon was delivered by the Rev. Joseph Littler, B.A., Incumbent of St. James's Church, East Crompton, to the Members of the Rochdale District of Ancient Shepherds, on Easter Monday, April 21st, 1851.*]

1 SAMUEL, xvi., 18.

"Then answered one of the servants, and said, Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse the Bethlehemite, that is cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him."

I HAVE been requested to address myself, this afternoon, more especially to those amongst you who are members of a certain Friendly Society. I have the more pleasure in complying with this request, since, not only is the principle of these institutions one that commends itself to my most cordial approval, but, having examined the general laws of the society in question, I consider them such as, in point of honour and moral feeling, become a society of Christian men. I approve the principles of friendly societies as one of honesty, self-support, and independence. It is good neither for the community at large, nor for the humbler classes in particular, that the latter should lean too much upon the poor-law, whose legitimate object is to befriend the helpless and friendless. Poverty, when *forced* upon a person by unforeseen or unavoidable misfortune, calls for commiseration and help; but that voluntary poverty, the result of idleness, intemperance, or improvidence, which drives many to the relieving officer on every trifling emergency, and frequently entails families from generation to generation upon the poor-rate, is not only a weight upon the skirts of the nation, it is also despicable and highly disgraceful in itself, and is subversive of that freedom which is essential to true prosperity. The man whose soul cannot rise to the nobility of honest self-support, but who, wasting his time and energies upon his lusts, leans for support for himself and family upon the poor-rate, though he may talk largely of freedom, and is often found the first to scorn his betters and calumniate those whose bread he eats is, nevertheless, often found in the character of a crouching slave, that can stoop to any meanness to obtain a supply for the wants of nature. Surely

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this is not the spirit most conducive to rational or individual prosperity. Slavery, my brethren, is anything but desirable. It is neither good for the slave himself, nor for his master. Indolent dependence engenders slavery, while honourable self-support is promotive of a wholesome freedom, both of thought and action, and leaves for the virtuous but unfortunate poor that relief to which, if it were not shared by the dissolute, they would be made more generally welcome. There is, however, I grieve to say it, an evil attendant on these noble institutions—a worm at the root of this excellent gourd which should screen the poor man's head in the day of adversity. The evil I allude to is, the too frequent connexion of these institutions with the ale-house, that school of intemperance and vice, the very atmosphere of which is productive of moral disease and death, and which is so ensnaring to youth. It is doubtful whether some of these institutions are not, in consequence of this, doing more harm than good, even in a temporal point of view; and it is to be feared that many a poor sinner will, to all eternity, curse the day he became connected with one of them, because it first led him to the ale-house, and that proved a snare to his soul. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not despise the honest Christian publican who conducts his house in accordance with the principles of morality and religion. I honour such a man. Would to God there were more of them. But as ale-houses are too generally conducted, they are, I repeat, schools of intemperance and vice—they are gins and traps by which the subtle enemy of man, the Devil, secures his prey. Drukenness, my brethren, is one of the greatest curses under which this country is groaning. It blasts the propects, beggars the families, destroys the happiness of man in this world;—it damns the soul in the world to come! Could not this evil of connecting your lodges with ale-houses, and thus introducing young men within their enchanted walls, be in some way avoided? Could not buildings be erected or hired, or the loan of school-rooms, or other rooms be obtained, where lodges might be held without incurriug this danger? Then would your societies be indeed a blessing. Allow me to press this matter upon your most serious consideration.

In looking over the rules of your society, I was much pleased to perceive the tone of morality which pervades them. Only enforce your rules with impartiality, having due regard to the principles they recognize, and you will do well. The title by which you are known "Ancient Shepherds," would seem to direct our thoughts, on an occasion like this, to the Shepherds of antiquity. In the text is introduced to our notice, one of that truly ancient and honourable class. David, at the time this character was given of him, was a shepherd. From this circumstance I would take occasion, first, to make a few observations on the calling itself; and, secondly, to place before you a model of an ancient shepherd, worthy of imitation. The calling we are to consider is one of the most primitive. Abel, the second son of Adam, our first parent, was "a keeper of sheep." It was also considered among the ancients highly

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respectable, not confined to servants and an humbler class of free-men, but pursued by the sons and even the daughters of the rich and great, who thought it nothing beneath their dignity to attend to their fathers' flocks. Hence we read of the seven daughters of Jethro, the priest of Midian, being thus employed, and even Moses, brought up in the court of Pharoah, after his marriage with one of these noble women, kept the same flock for his father-in-law. In the eastern manner of tending sheep, there were, and are yet, peculiarities worthy of a passing notice, as not only interesting in themselves, but also beautifully illustrative of Scripture truth. In an age and country where flocks were pastured on extensive and unenclosed commons, abounding with beasts of prey as well as thieves, the watchful care of shepherds was essential to the well-being of such flocks. By night they were protected in folds, or enclosures surrounded by walls, but without roofs; or if allowed to remain all night in the open country, then they were watched by the shepherds in turns, the night being divided into four portions, called "watches." During the day each shepherd attended to his own flock. He knew his own sheep, and they knew him, a sort of friendship being cultivated between them. Some had names of endearment given to them; and not only they, but the whole flock would answer to their own shepherd's voice, and follow him wherever he chose to lead them. This practice of leading, instead of driving the flock, still prevails in the east. The shepherd always walks first, and the sheep follow him. Indeed many of the ancient customs still prevail, and serve to confirm and illustrate the sacred records. While leading his sheep from one fertile spot to another, taking sometimes a range of many miles; also while watching them feed upon the mountains, the shepherd was frequently called upon to render assistance or protection, sometimes at the risk of his own life. For these purposes, he was furnished with a crook and a sling. With the former he could help them out of thickets and pits, or defend them when the destroyer was close upon them. The latter, the sling, was exceedingly useful in attack or defence when the enemy was at a distance. The ancients were exceedingly expert in the use of it. We read in the book of Judges of seven hundred Benjamites who could sling stones to an hair's breadth, and not miss. He was also provided with a scrip, in which he carried his provisions; and as his calling allowed frequent opportunity for peaceful contemplation or amusement, the harp was an agreeable appendage to his other accoutrement. The shepherds of antiquity, I have already observed, were an honourable class, were esteemed so among men. They were also honoured of God! The first of that noble army of martyrs who worship near the throne, having accomplished their warfare, was the noble Abel, a shepherd, the first of his possession. Moses, the leader and lawgiver of Israel, was called to his high office while engaged in this employment. Of David it is said, "God took him from the sheep-folds. As he was following the ewes great with young ones, he took him that he might feed Jacob his people, and Israel his

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inheritance." And when the Prince of Peace, the son of David, was born in Bethlehem, and angels were sent to announce his birth, it was to shepherds while tending their flocks, that the joyful tidings were proclaimed. But the most interesting view in which the office is presented to us, is that in which it is made to illustrate the tender love and watchful care of the Redeemer exercised towards his people, and their happiness in his favour and protection. In this view the sacred writers often bring before us some feature or other of the pastoral office. Thus the prophet *Isaiah* speaking of the hope of Israel, says, "he shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." And the Saviour, speaking of himself, says, "I am the good Shepherd—the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," alluding, doubtless, to the dangers which the faithful shepherd had sometimes to encounter, as when David ran after the lion "and delivered a lamb out of his mouth:" the hireling in such a case, would flee, because he was a hireling. But the Saviour adds, "I am the good shepherd, and I lay down my life for the sheep." "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." David describes the happiness of such in the 23rd *Psalm*, employing the most beautiful imagery drawn from pastoral life. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." How expressive of abundance! "He leadeth me beside the still waters. Though sheep seldom drink much in cold countries like ours, in eastern climes drink seems to have been essential, besides which, what a grateful coolness the still or deep waters must have afforded to flocks lying on their banks! Such is the refreshment afforded to Christian sheep. "He restoreth my soul." He assisteth me when in difficulties, and bringeth me back when I go astray. "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Thy rod and thy staff—

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ENDURANCE OF THE EVILS OF LIFE.—Never let us wonder at any thing we are born to; for no man has reason to complain, where we all in the same condition. He that escapes, might have suffered, and it is but equal to submit to the laws of mortality. We must undergo the colds of winter, the heats of summer, the distempers of the air, and the diseases of the body. A wild beast meets us in one place, and a man more brutal, in another. It is the part of a great mind to be temperate in prosperity, and resolute in adversity; to despise what the vulgar admire, and to prefer a mediocrity to excess. We are subject to ill accidents, unkind seasons, distempers or diseases, and why may we not reckon the actions of wicked men among those accidents? He who is truly tempered, will stand all shocks without perturbation. It is inward fear that makes us curious to know what is doing abroad.—SENECA.

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SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL.

"I thank you, ye relics of sounding titles, and magnificent names. Ye have taught me more of the littleness of the world than all the volumes of my library. Your nobility arrayed in a winding-sheet, your grandeur mouldering in an urn, are the most indisputable proofs of the nothingness of created things."—HERVEY'S *Meditations among the Tombs.*

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?"
GRAY'S *Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard.*

THE interment of a fellow-mortal will at all times, and in all places, awaken feelings of thoughtfulness in the mind of a rational being. There is something so solemn in depositing a friend or relation in the silent grave—the last cold and narrow bed of frail mortality—that even the most thoughtless and profligate are struck with awe, and pause for a time in their mad career, whenever the hand of Death smites one beloved form. Their countenances, which before shone bright as Sol himself with mirth and gladness, become suddenly clouded with sorrow; the eyes which but a few moments previous were darting their quick and piercing glances all around, intent alone on frolic, fun, and glee, become instantly dim with grief; and those cheeks which laughter had before drawn into a thousand grimaces, strange as a jester's mask, form now a channel for a flood of tears.

This solemn feeling is in some measure heightened by the sable garb worn on the occasion of a funeral, and the measured tread with which the whole body of mourners and attendants move towards the last resting-place of their departed friend; whilst the deep-toned bell in the old church tower mingles its doleful lamentations with the sobs and sighs of the bereaved; and when the lifeless corpse is lowered into its dark and dreary tenement, and the hoary-headed sexton drops the once animated dust upon the coffin, as the priest in solemn and impressive tone reads the beautiful language of the Liturgy,—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" there is a language in the deep, hollow, rumbling sound of the soil as it falls from the well-worn shovel down upon the breast-plate, which speaks with eloquence to every heart, and seems to tell us, with trumpet-tongue, that we also, ere many years are fled, must "lie in cold obstruction," must sleep with darkness and the worms. For, as the Roman poet, Horace (no great moralist), sang nearly nineteen centuries ago to Sestes, in his fourth Ode, as recently translated by Henry George Robinson:—

"At the poor man's lowly hut,
And the lofty towering seats
Of potentates, with equal foot,
Pallid Death impartial beats."

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And an earlier and truer poet than Horace,—one who sang, in a less courtly strain seven centuries before,—the Hebrew bard or prophet, *Isaiah*, the son of Amaz, truly as beautifully tells us, that "all flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth." "It is not only the mischief of diseases, and villainy of poisons, that maketh an end of us," says Sir Thomas Browne: "we vainly accuse the fury of guns, and the new inventions of death; it is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholden to every one we meet he doth not kill us." And the good bishop, Jeremy Taylor, very poetically observes:—

"A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escurial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more: and where our kings have been crowned their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetuous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crowns shall be less."

Oh! there are times when we had rather visit the house of mourning, and there dry the tears on beauty's cheek, and administer consolation to the broken hearted; there are times when we had rather kneel over the clay-cold corpse of one whom we have known in the moments of mirth, and with whom we have oft held converse. There *are* times when we had rather muse on our own mortality, and look forward with the eye of faith to more lasting and endearing joys, than run rioting in the ephemeral pleasures of the world, where Vice too often assumes the form of Virtue, and misery passes current amongst mankind as the height of enjoyment!

"Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tuned follower of the sacred nine
Soothe with his melody insatiate Death?

"No.—Though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,
Unerring and unseen, the shaft of Fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground."

JOHN CUNNINGHAM'S *Elegy on a Pile of Ruins.*

Although "the living know that they shall die," yet how seldom do they think of death,—as though it were a thing that concerned them not! One may imagine the unconscious lamb frisking in the flowery meads, with all the innocence of which it is the emblem, although the

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mercenary butcher may have already doomed it to die; or the whistling blackbird and the cooing cushat indulging in their pleasing melody, though the murderous gun of the sportsman be levelled at their warbling throats. The All-wise Ruler of the Universe has not blessed them with reason; instint alone is sufficient for them; and why should melancholy trouble them? But man, the noblest work of an Almighty hand—though he too may sport in lamb-like innocence in the daised fields, roam along the winding banks of some clear and murmuring stream, or midst the heat of a burning sun, seek the cool, refreshing shade of a venerable forest, and like the vocal minstrels that inhabit it, tune his soul to poet-strains, and live in peace and love with all around, yet MAN is endowed with reason; he possesses the power of discriminating between right and wrong, if he will but humbly listen to the "still small voice," the more than Delphic oracle within him; and that omnipotent, that all-merciful God,—who, ere he created man, provided every thing that is requisite for his comfort, in the greatest profusion,—that kind and all-seeing Father, who so bountifully furnished forth the feast before the guests were sent to partake thereof, will assuredly require an account at our hands, whether we have done good or evil. And shall man indulge in sin, and render the few short moments allotted to his existence here one agonizing torture, one scene of riot, confusion, and crime! Shakespear—that mighty monarch in the realm of thought—has told us by the mouth of his *Hotspur*, that

> ——————"The time of life is short:
> To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
> If life did ride upon a dial's point,
> Still ending at the arrival of an hour."
>
> *King Henry the Fourth*, part first, act v., scene 2nd.

I do not contend that man should always wear a sorrowful countenance, and brood over the ills of mortality, as though life was all bitters and no sweets. I do *not* agree with those gloomy fanatics who would make the whole stream of human life one muddy current of pain and misery; who would banish each angel-smile from every countenance,—and instead of looking upon fields, and groves, and brooks, and stars, and flowers; the towering mountain and the rolling sea; and reading God's almighty power and wisdom in his wondrous works,—would chain us to a tombstone, and bid us look for aye on the last remains of mortality rotting at our feet.

Methinks we are apt to make Death too terrible, my brothers!—to picture as an enemy him who is in reality our friend: and it is worthy of our most serious consideration whether we gain any good by so doing,—nay, rather, whether we do not lose much by our folly.

> "Death to the virtuous no terror brings;
> But in the tyrant's ear there ever rings
> A knell imaginary, which casts a fear
> Throughout his soul: he thinks the time is near

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When all his ill-got power must pass away;
And when he thinks on death, he dreads God's judgment-day."
PETER PROLETARIUS.

It is natural for children to fear darkness, and for ignorant men to dread every comet and aurora-borealis that appears in the skies; and superstition has peopled the whole universe with witches, fairies, ghosts, kelpies, wraiths, demons, and I know not how many other ridiculous monsters; but it is the province of Wisdom to banish for ever these mongrel offspring of Ignorance and Fear from the beautiful earth, which they have polluted too long. True Religion and sound Philosophy can see more in death than the fleshless skull and crossed thigh-bones which tasteless masons rudely carve upon the headstones in nearly all our English burial-grounds, to as little purpose as the fetters represented in bas-relievo on the front of Newgate. To my mind, the ancient practice of adorning the graves with flowers is infinitely preferable. Why should not the rose and the lily, the violet and the forget-me-not, bloom on every grave? There needeth not the useless mockery of crape-clad mutes,

"To mimic sorrow where the heart's not sad,"

to give solemnity to an interment. It were a more solemn ceremony without their hireling aid.

Professor Longfellow, the American poet, has a passage in his *Hyperion* containing a few such sensible remarks on the constant practice we have acquired of caricaturing Death, that I earnestly recommend it to the reader's attention:—

"In the temple of Juno, at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother Death were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients, the genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded, and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent Death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold. Strange, that in later days this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the 'land of the great departed, into the silent land,' should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing. Such is the spectral rider on the white horse;—such the ghastly skeleton with the scythe and hour-glass; the reaper, whose name is—Death.

"One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle Ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages it is written,—the apparition of the grim spectre putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the 'remarkable retirement' of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch inverted."

It is true that a mouldering skull may read a lesson to the con-

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templative mind far more impressive than any that the most eloquent orator could devise; but though "we must needs die," and return to that earth from which at first we sprung; though we may be called upon to attend the ashes of those dearest to our hearts in sorrowful procession to the tomb; yet there is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh," and he who spends his whole life in the one, seems to me to act at best with folly. Even the humble daisy that grows upon the grass-green grave, seems to point its silver petals towards Heaven, and whisper hope to man; and the stars in the firmament above him smile consolation to his troubled soul. The talented, but anonymous, author of the *Purposes of Existence* has clearly shown that the universe would have been created in vain if man ceased altogether to exist when his lifeless body decomposed in the tomb; that the immortality of the soul is a rational doctrine, and quite in keeping with science, as all true religious tenets are:—

"We see that the human frame remains on earth, is sooner or later dissolved, and returns into the elements out of which it was moulded. It can, then, only be in a spiritual condition that man continues to exist; and hence it follows that he constitutes that stage in this universal process, where Mind arrives at such a degree of maturity as to be fitted for an independent and separate state of being. What we call death is, then, the liberation of Mind from its nursery or school of Matter, and its entrance upon its higher sphere of existence. That hour, which mortals await with so much trepidation and fear, is the commencement of their true life: this world is but its portal, on quitting which the emancipated Soul leaves all its earthly frailties behind, and sets out on a free course of unimpeded improvement. This is the consummation of the great working principle of Nature—that Spirit survives the dissolution of the material frames in which it is evolved. From first to last this principle is maintained in all its integrity; the chain of operation shows an unbroken continuity. As the Spirit of Vitality, drawn by vegetation out of matter, perishes not with the decaying herb, but is transfused through a succession of animal bodies, gaining strength and power as it advances—so in man, expanded into mind, and having acquired all that it can derive from the most perfect organic structure, when that collapses it still survives, and is transferred to its destined home—the world of Souls. The last step in this progression is strictly analagous to the first, and is necessarily involved in it. The work cannot begin without going on—it cannot be arrested; and thus every blade of grass, as it springs from the earth, bears with it, to the calm observer, the clearest and most convincing demonstration of our continued existence after death. The stages of this process may be marked by the three terms, Spirit, Mind, and Soul: the first denoting the animating faculty, the breath of Intelligence, the inspiring principle, the spring of energy, and the prompter of exertion; the second is the recording power, the preserver of impressions, the storer of deductions, the nurse of knowledge, and the parent of thought; the last is the disembodied, ethereal, self-conscious being, concentering in itself all the purest and most refined of human excellencies, every generous affection, every benevolent disposition, every intellectual attainment, every ennobling virtue, and every exalting aspiration. To form such Souls is the purpose of human life. Man, by his habits and pursuits, either sensualizes or spiritualizes his nature. All that partakes of the former is of the body, and dissolves with the dissoluble materials to which it adheres; it is only the spiritualized part which enters permanantly into the formation of his mind, and survives in another world. His first degrees of eminence and happiness there must evidently be proportioned to his attainments here. A quicker perception of truth, divested of all earthly fallacies—a livelier and more remorseful consciousness of deficiency—a keener sense of degradation and

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advancement, of privation and enjoyment, as the natural and direct results of conduct here; these constitute the punishments and rewards, the hell and heaven, of that future state, both alike serving as the means to further improvement, and the developement of still higher powers."

"*Man, know thyself!*" should be engraven on every heart, and acted upon to the very letter. He that forgets that he is mortal, that he must, like the meanest pauper, sleep beneath the sod; however skilful he may be in worldly wisdom,—in the arts and sciences of money-making, and the ways and means of gaining honour and obeisance from men; though his heart be puffed up with the bubble pride, and his simple mind elated with the vain notion of his own superiority over his brethren around him; yea, though wealth and power be in his hands, and he say unto himself, like the rich man in that well-known parable of the Holy JESUS, recorded by *St. Luke*,—"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;" such an one, when he sits alone in sullen pride, and spurns deserving Merit from his door, may some day be surprised by Death's unwelcome visit, and made to feel the sharpness of his scythe. And truly is it said by the poet of *The Grave*:—

"When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we are something
Above the common level of our kind,
The *grave* gainsay's the smooth complexioned flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are."

BLAIR.

He, too, whose whole life is spent in drunkenness and debauchery; who, losing all self-respect and control over the passions, wallows wantonly in the vilest of crimes; who squanders over gamblers and prostitutes that income which should support a wife and family in comfort and true respectability; who never puts his hand to any useful occupation, yet can never spare one moment of time for mental improvement; may not the hand of Death be laid upon him during his drunken carousals, and find him, alas! unprepared? And yet such an one will be styled by the unthinking world a gay young man, a good fellow!

"Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name,
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his task,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed;
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe."

COWPER'S *Task*, book i.

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And thou, child of Avarice! whose only care is for the perishable things of earth; who for "filthy lucre" whould sell the very bones of thy departed friends; who toils and moils to amass wealth which thy sordid soul will not allow thee to enjoy;—come hither! look into the charnel-house, and behold the sole mortal remains of men within whose breasts beat hearts that could sympathize with the sufferings of others, and leap for joy at the welfare of a fellow creature. And canst thou expect to be exempt from death; *thou*, whose life is but a burthen to thyself, and, alas! too oft, a curse to all around. Thy money-bags and thy possessions will not protect thee; Death is not to be bribed like the unprincipled electors of a rotten borough; and for the use or abuse of thy wealth, there is One who requires an account.

Ye, then, whom Providence has placed in more affluent circumstances than your fellow-men! set not your hearts too much on your possessions: but let them be the means of giving happiness to yourselves, as far as worldly riches can, and of soothing many a bitter pang when the hand af Affliction is laid upon some less favoured neighbour; for no pleasure in the world is equal to that which the virtuous soul enjoys when alleviating the misery of others: Oliver Goldsmith, ever true to nature, very graphically calls it, "*the luxury of doing good.*"

In a single century, all those millions of human beings who now breathe the breath of life may reasonably be expected to have gone to their long homes. How foolish then is the conduct of those who spend the day of life in continual feuds with each other,—as though the world was not wide enough to contain us all! If such an one should cast his eyes over these pages, I beg his careful perusal of the following short and simple, but beautiful, song; it is from the inspired pen of one of England's sweetest living bards, Charles Swain:—

"Be kind to each other!—
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!—

"Then midst our dejection
How sweet to have earn'd
The blest recollection
Of kindness—return'd!—

"When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps!—

"Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove,—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!—

"Nor change with to-morrow
Should Fortune take wing;
But the deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling!—

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"Oh, be kind to each other!—
The night 's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!"

Would to heaven that the holy gift of poesy was never prostrated to mere ignoble purposes! To teach mankind "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God," is the highest effort of human wisdom, and the sure and certain way to universal peace and love.

MAZZINI, THE ROMAN PATRIOT.

The conspirator Mazzini, as he was called, was for thirteen years the marked man of European despotism. Had he dared to set his foot in his native Genoa, or in any other spot of the land which had exiled him, death by the halter or by the bullet would have been his inevitable fate. In Austria, in Russia, or in any other part of eastern Europe, his capture would have been paid for with purses of gold. France, Switzerland, and England were the only countries that could receive the fugitive. Now here, now there—watched, proscribed, feared—he still pursued his design, a wandering myth of insurrection, the very spirit of conspiracy incarnate. Wherever a plot against despotism was going on, there was Mazzini, either by person or by correspondence; sometimes to stir up, at other times to repress and inculcate prudence. Across the Alps, all Italy looked to him; young Italy, that dared not speak his name, thought of him, and prayed for him. At last, neither Switzerland nor France would give asylum to such a man; England alone could afford him a refuge. For some years, accordingly, he was an inhabitant of London—a poor, obscure Italian, as it seemed, earning a livelihood by literature. The great mass of the people he lived amidst knew nothing about him. Sometimes his name would appear in a newspaper, coupled with a calumny. Sometimes, in a room, one person would whisper to another, "There is Mazzini," and the eye of the person addressed would rest, with more or less interest, on the slight figure of a man, remarkable among a thousand for the burning keenness of his eye, and the intense and earnest melancholy of his pale countenance. Of those that knew him more intimately, we never knew one that did not speak of him as a noble and true man; a man of irreproachable rectitude, and the most exquisite sensibilities; the very soul of chivalry and honour. Even those who disagreed with him in the whole tenor of his speculations, and who were disposed to regard him as one misled by a restless enthusiasm that had nothing to do with facts, and that facts would never acknowledge, admired his indistructible magnanimity, and his heroic perseverance. And over such as were at once with him in political faith, his power amounted to absolute fascination. They were never tired of talking of him, of seeing him, of listening to him. They worshipped him with a fervour all but religious.—*British Quarterly Review for February.*

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SOME WILL SING OF THEIR WARRIOR BANDS.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL.

Some will sing of their warrior bands, and some of kingly pride,—
I sing the monarch of my heart, queen of my own fireside;
And when I pledge the best of queens that e'er sat on a throne,
I'll ne'er forget my household one, my beautiful, my own.

I love her not because she is the fairest of the fair—
I love her not because her head is crown'd with golden hair;
Or that her eyes for lustre can match the brightest gem
That sparkles on a monarch's brow in golden diadem.

Her form I own is lovely, and her cheeks are passing fair,
For red roses and white lilies are sweetly mingled there:
Yet Beauty, though at times my soul may worship at her shrine,
Could never round my simple heart her magic wreath entwine.

I love from ruby lips to hear the silver accents fall,
Like music from some poet's lyre in old baronial hall;
I love to see a sylph-like form dance nimbly on the green,—
The beauty of the village belles, proclaimed their rustic queen.

But though bright curls of golden hair, and eyes of lustre bright,
And cheeks where roses blended are with lilies virgin white,
And stately form of village belle, or city lady fair,
And silvery voice we may unto the minstrel's lute compare.

Though these may please the ear and eye, and wake the slumbering lyre
To chant a goodly song of praise, my soul did e'er aspire
To claim the hand of one whose heart can love through good and ill,
Link'd to the whole of Adam's race with peace and pure goodwill.

There is a mental love, which needs a kindred sympathy—
A soul to gaze on Nature's charms with warm idolatry;
A heart that glows with rarest love to all of human kind;
A mind to grasp each sternest truth, strong, dignified, refined.

Such is the nymph with whom I chose to link my lot for life—
Beauteous in mind as well as form, the enemy of strife:
All goodly aspirations in her bosom have a place,
And in her love she comprehends all of the human race.

The meanest insect, beast, or bird, the weed, the tree, the flower,
Read deepest lessons to her soul of great Jehovah's power;
She sees His might in ocean's waves, when thunders tear the sky,
When placid snow-flakes gently fall, or hailstones furious fly.

And when the gentle rivulet runs whimpling at her feet,
When blackbird, thrush, and linnet notes, in vocal concert meet,
When stars shine bright in the frosty night, or the moon holds on her way,
Her soul is subject, Poësy, unto thy hallow'd sway.

Often around my humble hearth when we sit at eventide,
As I gaze on her, and hear her songs, I feel an honest pride;
And when our infant hope she takes and dandles on her knee,
I feel more rich than if each Ind belong'd alone to me.

She knows each name in history deserving of record,
And on her heart is graven the Sermon of our Lord;
She even does unto each one as she would they should do,—
A Christian in profession and eke in practice too.

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In all innocent enjoyment she delights to have a share,
And oft she sings of belted knight true to his lady fair;
And many a legend she can tell of days for ever gone,
When castles and abbeys were in their pride that now are ruins lone.

Some will sing of their warrior-bands, and some of kingly pride,
I sing the monarch of my heart, queen of my own fire-side:
For her I will live, for her I will die, should there occasion be,—
Then a health to my wife, the joy of my life "till Death do us part" be she.

Stokesley.

ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE ORDER.

To the Editor of the "Ancient Shepherds' Magazine."

Sir,—It was with a considerable degree of pleasure I read your magazine of January last, more especially a portion of your remarks upon "The Order," in which you state that "the Shepherds' Society has at length found a substitute in the establishment of lodge libraries, where the members can converse freely on the merits of the various authors which they have read,"—such announcement from you, must, I am sure, have been received by the members of our order generally, as a happy omen of its future prosperity. In it we may see a glimmering hope that it is the beginning of a great end. Bacon truly observes, that "reading maketh a full man." Therefore, to effectually carry out the good work already begun, it behoves such of our brethren who have had the benefit of a liberal education, and thereby in a position to reap the advantages to be derived from lodge libraries, not to be unmindful of their more unfortunate brothers, who from a want of knowledge of either reading or writing cannot avail themselves of so valuable an auxiliary to the institution of which they are members.

Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age; they support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burden to ourselves; they help us to forget the crosses of men and things; compose our cares and passions, and lay our disappointments to sleep. When we are weary of the living, we repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation. Such being the advantages to be derived from books. Is it not our bounden duty to endeavour to obtain them, and also to instruct our members to read them? Let it not in years to come, be said, that we had the means to avail ourselves of a library, but heeded them not; nor that we are in possession of one; but a many of our members cannot read the books contained in them.

For some time back I have contemplated the establishment of evening schools for adults, to be available only to the members of the order; and in connexion with their reading rooms and libraries, where the evenings of our members could be spent with pleasure as well as profit, tending to the advancement of us all in the scale of society, both morally and physically. Many there are who have arrived at manhood, good and valuable members of the community; but in consequence of their incapacity to write or even read, are debarred the opportunity of contributing to our order in such a manner as their inclinations fain would lead them to do. This is a subject of no small importance to our well-being and future advancement. It is greatly to be desired that every district should be possessed of such a school in connexion with the order, or an independent establishment adopted by such members who choose to reap the fruits of them, and if conducted on a voluntary system, with a strict regard to economy, might be supported at a very small cost.

Education may be truly styled the prince of power—the highest gem which adorns the human character—the glorious beacon of truth, which sheds its resplendant lustre far and wide, hurling vice and ignorance from their thrones, and blessing every land with its benign and heavenly influence. It is education which gives

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wings to science—diffusing its diversified gifts both far and wide; and when we take a restrospective glance at the state of education, more especially among the adult portion of our population—our pity and compassion is excited.

The principles upon which our institutions are founded, are those of—philanthropy and charity. It is a noble cause we have espoused, let them not be clog'd.

"Whatever toil or genius can impart
To charm, inform, and purify the heart—
Sought and combined by education's hand,
Shall speed instruction round the illuminated land."

The importance of self-improvement is evident, and I earnestly appeal to the brethren of our order, to let the beginning stimulate them to exertion, and the work once well begun, will as certainly result in the general advancement of our members, as well as society at large,—Brewer, in speaking upon resolution, says,—"How many occasions of doing good, in great or less measures, are passed by from irresolution, while we are saying to ourselves 'shall I,' or 'shall I not,' the moment flies away, and the blossoms of joy which we might have given to it is withered and cannot often be revived by any tears of repentance." Let not this subject be thrown to the idle winds, but let us gird ourselves for the battle, the great foe of man—ignorance, must be vanquished; we must not cease in our efforts, and the victory finally will be ours.

In conclusion, my dear brethren in the order of Ancient Shepherds, I look forward for your co-operation, and invoke your patience in establishing this most excellent auxiliary to our order, feeling assured it would prove to be to our order what the heart is to the human body, the principle of vitality.

Sincerely hoping that we may prosper abundantly,

I beg to subscribe in true fellowship,

T. T.

Shepherds' Delight, Lodge 519, *Bolton, March* 1852.

THE SHEPHERDS' CHRONICLE.

In our last quarterly report we have the cheering intelligence of the opening of new lodges in various parts of the country. London has again honoured us with fresh applications, where we find the name of "Middleton's Progress" given to one of the lodges, in honour of Mr. Middleton, our indefatigable missionary in the metropolis, whose labours in the cause of Shepherdry deserve our especial thanks.

The good old city of Bristol is bestiring itself, and proud Preston is determined not to be in the rear. Lodges have been opened at Wigan, Saint Helen's, Stockport, Sowersby, Padfield, and other places in various districts. A statement of receipts and disbursements for the quarter is also found in the same report, which must be satisfactory to the order at large, for we find the expenditure but a mere trifle, when we take into consideration the magnitude of our institution.

Our annual meeting will be held on the 12th inst., at Holmfirth, when the number of deaths in each district of the order, during the past year, will be laid before the meeting, and a full report given in the July number of our magazine, so that we shall be able to ascertain the amount of mortality in our order, and expenses consequent thereon. Several other documents of great importance will be laid before the meeting. The late fatal catastrophe will probably occupy a portion of the time of our deputies, as there is no doubt the distressed state of our brethren there will be taken into consideration.

ASHTON DISTRICT.

The district quarterly meeting was held at the Good Samaritan Lodge house, host Band, Welbeck Tavern, January 20th. At five o'clock P.C.S. S. Hadfield

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took his seat and was ably supported by D.P.C S. J. Chadwick. Forty-four representatives of district lodges having taken their seats at the table, the chairman addressed them in a neat and appropriate speech. He stated, that during the past quarter, the officers of the district had visited a great many lodges, and upon the whole they had found them in a very satisfactory state. There might be an isolated case of two of negligence and a want of punctuality on the part of the officers at the commencement of lodge business in their non-attendance in due time; but setting aside these trifling matters, which he trusted a gentle hint would remedy, there was not much to complain of. He was happy to inform them, that the district was in a very prosperous state, numbering 1600 members, with a handsome surplus fund in the treasurer's hands. There has been twelve deaths during the quarter, but when we consider the season of the year, it is below the average. The business of the evening was gone through in a very satisfactory manner, and after the auditors' report, which was highly pleasing to every one present, votes of thanks were passed to the chairman, secretary, and treasurer,—the meeting separated at an early hour, much gratified with the future prospects of the society.

PROCESSION.—On Sunday, March 14th, about 250 of our brethren met at the house of Host Scholfield, Friendship Inn, Ashton, from which place they moved in procession to Guide Bridge, where arrangements had been made with the Rev. Mr. Eager, Incumbent of St. Stephen's, to preach a sermon, and to permit a collection to be made for the surviving sufferers of the Holmfirth catastrophe. The Rev. gentleman delivered an excellent discourse from *St. Luke*, chap. xiii. 4, 5, in which he gave a beautiful illustration of the eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell; then drew the attention of his hearers to the melancholy catastrophe in the valley of the Holm, and shewed that God, in permitting those awful visitations, intended them as a warning to the wicked, and hoped that such might be the result. After some touching remarks, he concluded an eloquent sermon, by a powerful appeal to the feelings of our brother Shepherds.

"You tell us," said he, "in your motto, that Christ is your Shepherd. Is he your shepherd? If Christ be your shepherd, you are his flock. But are you so in reality?" He addressed us not as a body, but individually; and we blush to confess, there was too much truth in his pointed remarks. At the conclusion of the sermon, a collection was made, which amounted to £13. 11s. 10d. It must be borne in mind, that most of our brethren had previously subscribed for the same purpose, at their various places of worship, and at the workshops in which they are employed.

STALYBRIDGE DISTRICT.

To the Editor of the "Shepherds' Magazine."

SIR,—I have great pleasure to inform you, and your numerous readers in this district, that the members of the Zionites lodge have thrown open their library to the members of the order residing in the neighbourhood, and hope they will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded, at so trifling a charge as one halfpenny per volume, per week. We hope this will not prevent other lodges from establishing libraries of their own.

J. HEMUS, Librarian.

[The Zionites lodge library consists of several hundred volumes of well-selected books, of which our brother Shepherds will do well to avail themselves. It is a generous offer.—E. S. M.]

QUARTERLY MEETING.—The quarterly meeting of the district was held at the house of brother E. C. Broadbent, Commercial Inn, Stalybridge, March 6th, when twenty-two delegates from the lodges in the district attended. The meeting was presided over and ably conducted by P.C.S. Edward Williams, who delivered a

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very suitable address, touching the various subjects to be submitted to the consideration of the meeting, and concluded by congratulating them on the prosperous state of the district *Funeral Fund*, which after defraying the expense of ten funerals during the quarter, leaves a handsome surplus. This being the meeting, at which the officers for the ensuing year are elected, we are happy in being enabled to state that Mr. John Higginbottom is the chief officer. Mr. Edward Hague was re-elected secretary, and Mr. E. C. Broadbent was re-appointed treasurer.

SHEPHERDS' CONCERT.—On Saturday, 13th March, another of these interesting meetings was held at the house of Mr. Robert Allen, Royal Oak Inn, Stalybridge. Mr. W. Byrom presided at the pianc-forte. The performance was opened with Muller's fine chorus glee, "Spring's delight," which was full and efficient. Amongst the most prominent of the choir, were Mrs. Band, Messrs. Band, Heap, Higham, Buckley, Wilson, Bleasdale, and Roscoe, whose voices harmonized most beautifully, and produced a fine effect. One of the most brilliant gems of the evening was, "England," by Hobbs, which was sung by Mr. Heap. It is one of the composer's happy hits, and we can say truly, that he will seldom find a better representative, than in the person of Mr. Henry Heap, whose fine bass voice brought forth the true spirit of the author in all its beauty and grandeur of patriotic feeling. Our limited space will not permit us to notice in detail all the various pieces. The duet, "O Albion," by Braham, was creditably sung by Messrs. Heap and Higham. The quartet "Come, gentle muse," by Cartledge, sung by Messrs. Buckley, Wilson, Bleasdale, and Roscow, was a performance not to be despised. These gentlemen evidently understand each other. "Mary o'More," by Lee, was sung by Mr. Higham with good taste, though a work of great labour, for the piano was too low, which partially destroyed the effect. "Great Apollo," by Webbe, brought out the whole strenght of the choir; in this grand chorus we had a delightful harmony of voices, which was highly and deservedly applauded. We must confess we were much surprised and delighted in the performance of a "Fantasia" on the pianoforte by Mr. Byrom. In noticing this, we cannot speak in too high terms of praise on the taste and execution displayed by him in his difficult task. Duet, "List! 'tis music stealing," by Blockly, was sung by Mrs. and Mr. J. Band, in their usual pleasing style. "The seasons," by Dr. Arnold, was a fine performance, and received its full meed of praise. The fine old England ballad, "Hearts of Oak," by Dr. Boyce, 1759, was sung by Mr. Heap, and was deservedly encored. Song, "Tell me, Mary," by Hodgson, as sung by Mr. Band, was a sweet little gem. Catch, "Would you know my Celia's charms," by Webbe, which is invariably a favourite with the young folks, was well received. Song, "O well do I remember," is a song of the heart, by Bishop, sung by Mr. Higham; what this gentleman is wanting in compass of voice, is counter-balanced by sweetness; his taste and modulation, reminded us of the palmy days of Sinclair, when our listening ears were ravished by his unrivalled powers. Several other pieces were sung which we have not room to notice. The concert was concluded with "God save the Queen," when a numerous and respectable audience retired about half-past ten, highly pleased with their musical treat.

HOLMFIRTH DISTRICT.

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.—It is our painful duty to record one of the most distressing accidents which ever occurred in this or any other part of the country, which has cast a gloom over this romantic district, in which our annual meeting will be held, on Easter Monday next. If the cord of our finer feelings ever vibrated with sad emotion, it was when we first heard of the bursting of the Bilberry reservoir, on the morning of the 5th of February, 1852, which was attended with a fearful sacrifice of life and property. The power of the human mind is inadequate to conceive, or the pen to describe, the terror which the bursting of such a vast weight of imprisoned water must occasion when rolling impetuously down the defiles of the mountain like an irresistible avalanche, sweeping in its onward course

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—mills, mansions, farmsteads, and cottages, and even the dead in their graves did not escape the fury of its mighty rage, for they were disentombed and left to bleach in the morning breeze! It was the hour of midnight, and the peaceful inhabitants of the village were wrapt in sleep, gathering new vigour for another day's toil, when the enemy stole upon them like a thief, and beneath the rays of a full moon, swept nearly one hundred human beings into eternity. We could scarcely suppose that amongst that number, the entire of our brethren had escaped, but, after eager enquiry, we found that only two of our order were numbered with the dead,* viz: Jonathan Crossland, P.C.S., and brother William Metterick. There is a curious coincidence in these two cases of accident; each at the time being a widower, with each a very young infant out at nurse, beyond the reach of the destructive element, Crossland having seven other children in the house at the time, and Metterick eight, whom with their parents were drowned, each of their houses too being swept away, without a single vestage being left to shew the enquirer were they had stood the previous night, so that the whole of these two respectable families, consisting of nineteen, are entirely gone, with the exception of these poor orphans, which we trust will not escape the consideration of our annual conference.—We cannot conclude our brief notice of this awful calamity, without stating that it is our decided conviction, that a heavy responsibility rests upon some party or other, and for the better information of our brethren, who have not paid strict attention to the evidence adduced at the inquest, we will give a brief outline of facts, which we believe will lead to the same conclusion, when our whole order will be unanimous in their verdict against parties guilty of the grossest neglect, to which we attribute the death of two worthy members of our society, and fifteen of their children.

In the year 1837, the manufacturers of Holmfirth, applied for and obtained, an act to make a number of reservoirs for supplying their mills with water in a time of scarcity. An engineer was engaged to make the surveys and specifications, when he fixed the cost of making the Bilberry reservoir at £13,000, which was let to a contractor for £9320,—so much for cheap contracts! A person was appointed to superintend the work in the absence of the engineer, who made frequent complaints that the work was not done to his satisfaction. The engineer came and directed certain alterations to be made in the puddle dykes, which would have the effect of stopping several leakages; but so little were his directions regarded, that he withdrew from the works altogether, which he had no right to have done, but to have enforced his authority. The works when called finished, were left in a most disgraceful state by the contractors. In the year 1846, the commissioners became alarmed; the embankment of the reservoir was considered in a dangerous state, and the same engineeer was engaged to make an estimate for repairs, which were never done, in consequence of a disagreement amongst the commissioners, which, from that time up to the day of the accident, was abandoned to its fate. For several years, the embankment had absolutely been considerably below the *waste pit*, and the commissioners knew, that in the event of a surplus quantity of rain, the embankment would be washed away, and the result would be attended with a fearful sacrifice of life and property, which might have been prevented by an outlay of about twelve or fourteen pounds, if the testimony of a respectable witness is to be relied upon. Everybody must feel indignant at the conduct of the commissioners, and regret that the lives of so many of Her Majesty's subjects should ever have been at the mercy of such men. We also regret, that the strong arm of the law will not reach them, for never did a body of men more richly merit their reward. The coroner, in addressing the jury, said,– "It was negligence, such as that, if they had been individuals, would have justified, and called for a verdict of manslaughter; but on the opinion he was about to put before them, the commissioners being a corporate body, could not be indicted for manslaughter, they were not as a body, answerable for the acts of individuals." It was well for them that it was so:—The following, so far as we have been able to ascertain, is a correct statement of the loss of life and property.

* Since the above was in type, we have been informed that Brother Samuel Midgely and his wife were amongst the number drowned.

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Lives lost, 90. Mills, 4. Dyehouses, 10. Dryhouses, 9. Cottages, 27. Tradesmens' houses, 7. Shops, 7. Bridges, 6. County bridge, 1. Warehouses, 10. Barns and stables, 8. Buildings, &c., injured:—Dyehouses, 5. Mills, 17. Dryhouses, 3. Cottages, 129. Shops, 44. Public houses, 11. Bridges, 5. County bridge, 1. Acres of land, 200. Barns, 13. Warehouses, 4. Places of Worship, 3. Iron-Foundries, 2.—Number of persons thrown out of employment, from 5000 to 6000. The number of our brethren who are almost destitute, must be very great, and we hope that that sympathy which has been manifested through the length and breadth of the land, will not be wanting in the order of Ancient Shepherds.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution to Questions on page 288 in our last.

1. The solution of this question rests upon the discovery of Sir Isaac Newton, that gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance.

Let x = the elevation of the person above the surface of the earth, then $(4000+x)^2 : 4000^2 :: 140 : 5$, *i.e.* $x^2 + 8000x + 16000000 : 16000000 :: 140 : 5$. But since the product of the extremes is equal to that of the means

$$\therefore (x^2 + 8000x + 16000000)\,5 = 16000000 \times 140$$
$$5x^2 + 40000x + 80000000 = 2240000000$$

Dividing each side of the equation by $5x^2 + 8000x + 16000000 = 448000000$.

Extracting the square root $x + 4000 = 21166$

$$\therefore x = 17166 \text{ miles.}$$

2. (1). $x^2 + y^2 = 34$
(2). $x^2y + y = 78$
(3). $x^2y + y^3 = 347$ Multiply (1) by y

$$y^3 - y = 347 - 78 \quad \text{Subtracting (2) from (3)}$$
$$\therefore y^3 - 35y + 78 = 0$$

Now by Horne's method of solving Equations we have

$$\begin{array}{rrrr} 1 & +0 & -35 & +78 \\ & 1 & -34 & +44 \\ & 2 & -32 & \end{array} \qquad (1)$$

$$\begin{array}{rrrr} 1 & +3 & -32 & +44 \\ & 4 & -28 & +16 \\ & 5 & -23 & \end{array} \qquad (2)$$

$$\begin{array}{rrrr} 1 & +6 & -23 & +16 \\ & 7 & -16 & +0 \\ & 8 & -8 & \end{array} \qquad (3)$$

$$\therefore y = 3$$

From the above equation y might be also found by substituting $\left(z + \frac{25}{32}\right)$ for y, according to Descartes' method. The above method however is preferable

By substituting the value of y in equation (1) we have

$$x^2 = 34 - 9 = 25$$
$$\therefore x = \sqrt{25} = \pm 5$$
$$\therefore \text{ The required numbers are 3 and 5.}$$

B. H. NIELD.

Dukinfield.

BB. WILLIAMSON, PRINTER, ASHTON.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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BENEFIT SOCIETIES FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

We have been induced to make the following remarks from having read a few extracts from a lecture recently delivered by the Rev. Dr. Beard, of Manchester. However much we admire his great talents and his goodness of heart, we do not agree with him in his attempt to destroy the foundation of Friendly Societies, for the purpose of raising another structure upon their ruins, unless he can prove that the working classes are likely to profit by the change; and in that we think he has failed. We have known the Rev. Doctor, personally, for the last twenty-five years. We have listened to his eloquent discourses with pleasure and profit. We have looked up to him as one of the most upright and useful ministers of the Gospel; and we are unwilling to impute to him a wish to disturb the social comforts which accrue to the working classes from their connection with Benefit Societies as at present constituted. From the number of years we have been acquainted with societies of the above description, it must be presumed that we know something of the materials of which they are composed, and of the machinery by which they are worked; for our whole life has been spent in close proximity to that class which the Rev. gentleman tells us ought to avail themselves of the Equitable Provident Society. We do not disagree with him on that account, for we think it is the duty of every one to make some provision for sickness, old age, and death, while he is in the vigour of health.

After making some general observations on prudence and forethought, the lecturer expressed his conviction "that the bulk of existing Benefit Societies, particularly those held at public-houses, are totally insecure, being based upon fallacious principles, pledged to higher

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payments, in cases of sickness and death, than is warranted by the rate of subscription, and badly managed." This is a sweeping charge, and goes to condemn all benefit societies of whatever denomination; but as we have no connexion with any other than the ANCIENT SHEPHERDS, we shall confine our defence to that alone; in doing which, we affirm that our institution is based upon a principle as firm and lasting as the Equitable Provident Society itself, which the Rev. gentleman so strongly recommends to the consideration of the working classes. We do not see that a society is less secure because it is held at a respectable public-house, the landlord of which being prevented, by the rules, from receiving more from the subscriptions than barely covers the expense of fire and gas, If the ANCIENT SHEPHERDS' Society is pledged to higher payments than the amount of subscription warrants, it is the fault of the government agents who calculate the tables for regulating the amount of subscriptions and payments. Though a great majority of our lodges are not under the Act of Parliament, still they are governed by precisely the same rules which regulate the receipts and disbursements of those which are under the Act of Parliament, and if based upon fallacious principles, the government itself is blameable, and not the poor men who compose the society.

The Rev. gentleman goes on to say, "that many of these societies have originated with publicans, whose object was to secure custom, and thus, besides the pecuniary losses sustained, great inducements are held out to dissipation, and vice of all kinds. He had met with many sad instances of mischiefs resulting from these mismanaged clubs. Amongst other illustrations of the evils resulting from these popular clubs, and their inability to meet their demands upon them, the lecturer stated "that in Birmingham workhouse, at one period, out of one hundred and fifty-two paupers, sixty-one had become inmates from a failure of clubs on which they had relied, and to which they had, on an average, contributed thirteen years."

We do not deny that many of these societies have originated with publicans, with a view to benefit themselves; but it must be borne in mind, that while they benefit themselves by originating self-supporting societies, they benefit the community at large. Surely the Rev. Doctor does not mean to infer that a publican cannot perform a good action; if so, he is labouring under a great mistake, and we will endeavour to set him right. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that some of our lodges have libraries attached to them; and, at the opening of one of these libraries, the landlord was so much pleased at the idea of their endeavour

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to improve their minds, that he presented the members of the lodge with fifty volumes of books, as a commencement!

The lecturer informed his audience, that in popular societies there were great inducements to dissipation and vice. Perhaps a reply from one who is unconnected with any society of the above description, may answer our purpose quite as well. Our rules have often been in the hands of the magistrates and clergymen, and we think their opinions ought to go for something. One quotation alone will be sufficient for our purpose. The Rev. JOSEPH LITTLER, B.A., Incumbent of St. James's, East Crompton, says, in a sermon preached to the members of the Rochdale district,—"In looking over the rules of your society, I was much pleased to perceive the tone of morality which pervades them. Only enforce your rules with impartiality, having due regard to the principles they recognize, and you will do well." A word or two on our inability to pay our demands may not be out of place. Suppose we took not the least notice of the tables published for the government of Benefit Societies, we have our own statistics of sickness and mortality for the last twenty-five years, and we know from data, as unerring as time itself, that a certain number of deaths will occur during a given period, according to the number and age of the members, and our payments are regulated in accordance with the demand, so that it will be seen that SHEPHERDRY is not established upon fallacious principles.

There are too many of that unfortunate class of human beings, whom the world calls paupers; but we hope the time is not far distant when their numbers will be less. The great agents by which the numbers will be reduced, are the self-supporting institutions, whose mottos are "Morality, economy, and frugality." "Out of one hundred and fifty-two paupers in the Birmingham workhouse," Dr. BEARD tells us, "that sixty-one have become inmates in consequence of the failure of clubs upon which they relird." A strange idea, indeed, that men should rely upon clubs for support. It is monstrous that they should so far forget their own interests, their own independency, and the welfare of the society to which they belong, to depend upon the labour of their fellow-men, whose little savings have been brought together for the purpose of relieving each others' wants when real necessity presents itself. It is a matter of no surprise to hear of the failure of clubs, and their members having become inmates of the workhouse, who depended upon the funds of their respective societies, rather then upon their own exertions. So long as Benefit Societies exist, we know there will be unprincipled men to take advantage of them, and the only preventive is in

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being as careful as possible in investigating the character and habits of each applicant for membership.

Dr. BEARD is one of those who can sympathize with the distressed—who can feel most acutely for the unfortunate—and we believe his sole object is to better the condition of the labouring classes, by drawing their attention to a society which he believes to be better suited to their wants than any other in existence; but it is our candid opinion that the Doctor does not understand, at least, the nature and working, of some of the societies which he has publicly attacked, and we are confident he does not understand the temper of the great body of the people. Like many other great and good men, who are wishful to do good, he flatters himself that he is acquainted with their disposition; but he is very much mistaken. The English artizans are like their old Saxon forefathers, bold and independent, and jealous of the higher classes whenever they attempt to interfere in matters that do not concern them. They are fully aware of their capability to manage their own affairs. As a proof of which, our own Order was established, and has been matured by them, and is now dispensing benefits which would absolutely astonish those who are ignorant of the magnitude and usefulness of the ANCIENT SHEPHERDS' Society. We pay thousands of pounds per year to the sick and distressed members of our Order. The amount paid for funerals is immense, which every ratepayer must be aware is a great saving to the parish funds. We seldom permit a brother, under any circumstances, to apply for relief, if he has been a worthy member. As a body, the SHEPHERDS are of sober and steady habits, and have times set apart for inculcating those principles, so that the lecturer's observations cannot apply to the Order of ANCIENT SHEPHERDS!

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

A FRAGMENT.

In Cleveland's lovely valley
Dwelt a gay and gallant knight,
Ever first in bowers of beauty,
Ever foremost in the fight.

Nor de Bruce, nor haughty Manley,
Meinell, Neville could compete
In the tournament and jousting,
In each festive sport and fete.

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Into Cleveland's lovely valley,
In the merry month of May,
Came a fair and stately maiden
Than the summer flowers more gay.

Light and beauty dwelt about her,
Hues that mock'd the setting sun—
Need I say that knight adored her—
To her vassalage was won.

How they walk'd the woods together,
When the wild flowers blossom'd sweet,
How he told his heart's emotion,
Humbly kneeling at her feet—

How he swore that nought should part them
Mortal hate, nor battle's spear—
How the gentle maiden answer'd
His emotion with a *tear!*

With the tear of Love's confession
Gushing upward from the heart,
As the lady gently answer'd
"Never more—*we never part.*"

So the summer hours flew lightly,
And the summer flowers decay'd,
And the chilly winds of autumn
On the sear-leav'd forests play'd.

When the gallant Cœur de Lion
Sent the red cross for a sign,
To each knight of his dominions
To defend fair Palestine.

Need I say how brave de Piercy
Felt his bounding bosom swell?—
How those faithful lovers parted
With a lingering long farewell!

To the wars he enter'd gaily,
To the gory field of blood,
For the sake of bold King Richard
For his love and country's good.

Did she sometimes to his vision,
Gentlest Ada, came she near?
Yea, as heaven's serene dominion
She o'ershadowed all things there.

In the torrent rush of battle,
When the war-shout sounded high,
'Mid the swarth malignant Paynim,
Her sweet presence hover'd nigh.

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As they fell in troops around him
'Neath the lightnings of his spear,
It was she, his guardian angel,
Lovely Ada, hovering near.

'T was her bright and beauteous image
Nerv'd his arm, confirm'd his heart,
Bore him scatheless through all danger,
Warded off the steel and dart.

* * * * * *

Into Cleveland's lovely valley,
Came a gay and gallant knight
On his shield the red cross blazon'd,
On his thigh the faulchion bright.

From each forest, field, and moorland,
Rush'd the vassels to his side,
And the banquet-hall rang loudly
With the Minstrel's song of pride.

Nobles, lords, and stately ladies
Sat around in bright array,
But sweet Ada, rose of Cleveland,
Was the fairest flower that day.

Louder yet the harp rosoundeth,
Music rolls in swifter tide—
"To the gallant lord de Piercy
And to Piercy's lovely bride."

JOHN WALKER ORD.

THE DEAD THRUSH OF GLENFIELD.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

Oh! what a thin partition doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge of evil deeds that have been done in darkness."—LONGFELLOW.

READER, fancy yourself in a quiet nook of the world, where huge rocks hang fearfully over your head, and the slopes of the mountains are covered with spruce-fir, fern branches, bilberry bushes, and brown heather, and here and there a solitary sheep wending its way along the beaten tracks, or nibbling the scanty tufts of grass that spring up about the margin of the brook, which winds its course through the depths of the valley, and you will have a correct idea of the spot where Peter Peers and his sister Margaret resided, about sixty years ago. A few stone

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cottages, or rather small farm houses, were scattered about the valley, in which several tributary streams uniting, formed a small river, upon whose banks grew a few tall trees and numberless quaint holly bushes. Some fine dappled hazels and black thorns beautified its banks, which served as a quiet retreat for the black ousel, with its yellow beak and glossy wings. The little crested wren twittered in the depth of the sylvan solitude, while the noble thrush poured forth its mellow notes from the lofty branches of the silvery birch, and, in the spring of the year, the lark soared into the heavens, and sent back its melody to cheer the labourer in the half-cultivated fields of Glenfield. Such a spot would induce one to believe that nothing but a pure reverential feeling for the Divine Being could possibly enter the minds of its inhabitants. The solemn stillness of morning, save the singing of birds and the bleating of sheep—the quiet noon, the crimson twilight, and the lowing of the cows as they neared their homes—were calculated to inspire a true spirit of Christian worship, and a perpetual love for our fellow-creatures; but a sad reverse is the history of Glenfield.

The inhabitants of the valley were "few and far between," and, like all others who have but little intercourse with the world, were steeped to the brim in superstition. The sight of three magpies portended sudden death. Five ravens issuing from the rock, was the harbinger of a storm. A grey-faced tup appearing upon the crest of the mountain, at sun-rise, was the indicator of an unwelcome visitor. The young moon's horns, when standing in an upward direction, was a sure sign of a dry reason; and the white drizzly mist of morning, which the inhabitants called "moor-grime," was the pilot of a sunny day.

"Well," said Timothy Tunstead to Mrs. Barnside, as she entered his little provision shop, which was situated at an angle of the road, which led from the valley to the bleak mountains, where, in the summer season, a string of pack-horses might now and then be seen wending their way along the old Roman pavement, which is a lasting monument of that once enterprising people, "have you any good tidings to communicate this blessed morning?" "Blessed! indeed!" replied Mrs. Barnside; "God's blessing does not rest upon the wicked; his curse will be upon the heads of some people, in our valley, before another moon has wained. An unwelcome visitor will be amongst us, for the grey-faced tup appeared upon the Dovestone rock at sun-rise." "What an awful visitation!" ejaculated Timothy Turnstead, in a voice as tremulous as a bashful maiden's, on her marriage morning. "My good man," continued Mrs. Barnside, "I saw him standing upon the rock, with his horns in the direction of Peter Peers's house; and three magpies flew from Dryclough to Fallowfield, as I came along the foot-path with this old crazy basket upon my arm, and you know," said she, "that is a sure sign of death!" A momentary pause was relieved by the warblings of a thrush, which came from the top of a tree that overhung the roof of Timothy's little shop. "Hark! ye;" said Mrs. Barnside, "did you ever

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hear the like? Yon noisy little creature, on the top of the tree, has followed me all the way from Fallowfield, because I have omitted its accustomed meal this morning, which I always place beside the old oak tree, which he takes, and then rewards me with a song." "Indeed!" replied Mrs. Tunstead, who stood in the door-way between the kitchen and the shop, listening to the conversation which had been carried on for some time between Mrs. Barnside and her husband. "Yes, indeed!" said Mrs. Barnside, "and then flies off to the wood, where everybody loves to hear him sing, unless it be Peter Peers and his sister Mag, who hate everything in this blessed world beside their old snarling companion, Nipshanks, the cur dog, who, like his master, shrinks from the gaze of every honest man's eye." "Aye, aye;" said Timothy Tunstead, "Peter Peers is one of those who would not scruple to add one or two of his neighbours' sheep to his own flock; which I believe has been the case, if Thomas Heathshot tells the truth—and he is reckoned a truth-telling man."

Mrs. Barnside made the best of her way towards her own home, which was situated not far from the house of Peter Peers, on passing which, she caught a momentary glance of the person of Margaret, who hastily retreated, to avoid being seen. The little intercourse which Peter and his sister had with the world, rendered them almost unknown, except to their immediate neighbours; for they lived entirely alone, and almost secluded from the world. There was something repulsive in the sight of these two beings, for the children, and even the dogs, retreated when they made their appearance.

Peter Peers was a person of the middle size, ill-formed, and of a swarthy complexion. His dress consisted of an old coat, covered with various coloured patches, the length of which almost covered an old pair of grey woollen small clothes, that bore a few additional folds, rudely laid upon each other, by his sister Margaret. This article of dress being buckled just below the caps of his knees, exposed his misshapen legs to the gaze of those who thought it worth their while to take a glance at a bad specimen of the lower extremities. His hat, which was of the conic form, had unfortunately lost a part of its brim by being pulled over his dark eye-brows, which hung like a piazza over a face pitted with the small pox. Margaret was of the ordinary cast of women; but from having lived apart from society, was rude in manner, and hag-like in appearance. The farm upon which they resided consisted of a few acres of pasture-land, and a considerable breadth of moor-land, upon which they kept a few hundred sheep, the tending of which occupied a good portion or Peter's time, while Margaret managed the dairy of a couple of half-starved cows.

The old house in which they lived was situated at a short distance from the mountain stream, which winds its course through a rough and rugged district, forming beautiful cascades as it tumbles from rock to rock in its onward movement from its source, in the mountains, to its

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junction with the river, in the valley of Glenfield. The house was gloomy, with a dwarf-like elevation, far more repulsive to the eye of the traveller, than imposing in appearance. There was something about it which always prevented the wanderer from paying a temporary visit, for its inhospitable features were far more forbidding than inviting. A dark narrow window looked into a deserted garden, in which grew a consumptive rose-mary, mourning its neglected condition by the side of its companion, a sickly rue-plant. A broken mug, a small turf stack, and a heap of ashes, were the only ornaments of a small plot of ground which might have been mode beautiful by a little labour. On the window-sill stood an old worn out jar, peering its head towards a few shattered panes of glass, partly covered by pieces of brown paper. The remains of a decayed cherry-tree sighed over an old worm-eaten door, which had not made the acquaintance of a painter's brush for fifty years previous; and, upon the chimney top, a moping owl, of the barn species, had taken its station, and was watching the gambols of an innocent mouse. Nipshanks lay basking in the sun, near a five-barred gate, which had fallen from its hinges—the corroding hand of time and neglect having done its work effectually—his long jaws rested upon the paws of his fore-legs, which were stretched out before his dark shaggy breast. He opened his eyes and slightly raised his head as Mrs. Barnside passed the house, and then resumed his former position with a growl and a look, which showed a want of good breeding. Nipshanks was naturally a bad-tempered dog; yet, had he been trained in another family, no doubt his habits would have been different. His appearance, too, was very much against him, for his colour was that of a dirty mottle; and what rendered him still more repulsive, he was like a Manx cat, minus a tail! He had incurred the hatred of the whole district, inasmuch as he was considered dishonest. All the dogs in the valley harboured a bad feeling towards *him*, and would not associate with him, so that poor Nipshanks was, in reality, an outcast, and much to be pitied. Like many poor unfortunate creatures, he was despised more on account of his shabby appearance, than from any other cause. He had good qualities which ought to have counterbalanced his bad ones, and yet he was not admitted into the society of his canine neighbours. One redeeming feature in his character was, that he never disobeyed his master's orders. He was ready and willing at all times to collect his scattered flock, however divided by deep defiles and rugged mountains. If he had any real friends in the world, they were John Barnside and his wife, for they pitied him, and often said to each other, that poor Nipshanks was worthy of a better master, and only required different treatment to make him a better member of his own order. Mrs. Barnside had just caught a glance at the person of Margaret, and was fully convinced that all was not right. Others of the neighbours who had seen her had arrived at the same conclusion. Their suspicions were buzzed about the valley, until they reached Timothy Turnstead's shop, where they were no longer a secret; for this

was the place where the garrulous commodity of Glenfield was dealt out more freely than Timothy's cheese; for, even in those days, a little scandal was a sweet morsel upon which the gossips delighted to feed. Mothers talked freely upon the subject; daughters listened attentively, and whispered to each other of what they had heard. Young men and maidens conjectured as to who was the reputed father; but the more mature in years concluded that the rotundity of Margaret's person was the result of an incestuous intercourse.

It was the season of the year when Nature wore her most lovely and refreshing appearance. The trees and shrubs were clothed in the green garb of spring, which renovates the weakly constitution of man, and gives a stimulent to the vegetable world, that John Barnside listened with more than ordinary pleasure to the sweet notes of the Glen thrush, when borne upon the evening breeze from the depth of Dryclough to his own residence, at Fallowfield. They fell upon his ear at sun-rise, as he wended his way along the sheep-tracks, beneath the over-hanging rocks, where many a legend of the two hostile giants, who fought for the nymph of the valley, has often been told by wandering lovers. Its peculiar style of singing attracted the attention of almost everybody, who, on hearing its compass of voice, were almost riveted to the spot. The farm labourers idolized their little favourite, for its sweet music and domestic habits had endeared it to all, save Peter Peers and his sister Margaret. Mrs. Barnside was so delighted with it that she had, for some time, been in the habit of feeding it as regularly as she fed her domestic fowls, and so familiar were they, that the thrush would sometimes alight upon her shoulder, and warble its "wood notes wild." The angler would, no doubt, have preferred the ousel, for its strong attachment to the brookside bushes. The poet is a greater admirer of the lark, from its frequent proximity to the heavens, where he accompanies its aerial peregrinations, and, in fancy, sits upon the variegated clouds, listening to its holy aspirations.

It was a dull cloudy evening, when large drops of rain were the precursor of a heavy shower. Vivid flashes of lightning swept through the valley, and there was an awful silence, save when the thunder rolled over the Dovestone rocks. The sheep herded together under the grey stone walls, close by the mountain stream, as if in deep consultation upon some important event. The Ravenstone rock, upon which the old elfin king once held his midnight revels, on the eve of the full moon, turned itself over and displayed the outlines of two infant faces in the rough granite of the surface. An universal gloom hung over the minds of the inhabitants, and yet no one could account for it. Mrs. Barnside tried to be cheerful, but to no purpose; she could not shake off the heaviness that hung upon her. Peter's house had the appearance of a wing of a deserted castle; it was dark and gloomy, and no one was seen to approach. The only signs of life was in a few domestic fowls, cooped up in a dilapidated pig-stye, though it was said that a raven had been

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seen perched upon the chimney top, at the commencement of the storm. On the approach of an old mendicant, whose wallet hung loosely under his paralyzed arm, Nipshanks betook himself quietly to the barn, as if guilty of some enormous crime, and wished to hide himself from the world. The thrush of Glenfield now deserted its favourite spot, and took up its position, for a brief period, upon an old yew-tree that stood at one end of Peter's barn, where its notes were of a mournful character, as if singing a requium over the dead body of its mate. For several days the house seemed to be entirely deserted. The windows were partially covered, and the doors entirely closed. More sober and sombre than usual was the old family residence, though it never had a lively appearance since it was erected by Godfrey Peers, in the reign of King Charles the First. Godfrey himself, it is said, was not over nice about laying his hands upon other people's property, especially sheep and horned cattle, and it is strongly asserted that the same propensity ran through every branch of the family, down to the last survivor.

The gloomy appearance of the house was not a matter of very great surprise, for sometimes whole days passed away without their being seen by their neighbours. However, after a short time, Margaret was seen about her ordinary duties; but she was very different in appearance to what she was when Mrs. Barnside noticed the rotundity of her person: in fact, the good wives of Glenfield did not scruple to assert that Mag Peers had given birth to a child. The report spread like wild-fire, and in a few hours reached Tunstead's provision shop, where the probabilities and improbabilities of such an event were freely discussed by his customers, who all came to the same conclusion; but what had become of the infant was a matter of conjecture. Mrs. Turnstead whispered to Mrs. Barnside, and Mrs. Barnside whispered to somebody else, and somebody else whispered again, until everybody said that the child had *been* put out of the world to avoid being thought guilty of an *incestuous intercourse*.

At the sheep-sheering, Peter Peers was openly accused of the crime by Thomas Heathshot, whose sheep-walk was adjacent to his. Peter made an effort to reply—but failed. He stood in the presence of his *neighbours* as if the hand of truthful accusation had fallen upon him with all the weight of retributive justice. His thick pouting lips quivered; his eyes rolled, and his whole frame was agitated; for it was the first time, if guilty, that he had supposed the crime, imputed to him, had come to the knowledge of any human being. Heathshot was bold and unflinching. He stood like one who was conscious of the truth of his assertion. Not a muscle was moved, nor the slightest agitation affected his person when he pronounced Peers guilty of the double crime of *incest* and *murder!* Peter having recovered the shock into which he had been thrown by the unexpected accusation, affected to treat the matter with indifference, and attributed the attack of Heathshot to a dispute which had existed for some time respecting the boundary of their

respective sheep-walks. At this moment, the thrush of Glenfield alighted upon a tall tree, a short distance from the place set apart for the sheep-sheering, which was in the form of an amphitheatre, and commenced its delightful notes; for it seemed to be its greatest pleasure to treat the inhabitants of the valley with its vocal music. The ale went round, and the young and thoughtless partook freely, when John Barnside, who was wishful to divert the tide of feeling, commenced singing, in his usual quaint style, the old pastoral ballad, which concludes with the following chorus:

> "The fat oxen shall draw, and we'll all hold the plough,
> While the lads and the bonny lasses a sheep-sheering go."

Peers and Heathshot, who had relapsed into a sullen mood of mind, reclined upon a quantity of new-shorn wool, and Mrs. Barnside sat listening to the notes of her favourite bird, and occasionally took a glance at her two antagonistic neighbours, when Heathshot rose from his fleecy couch, and advancing a few paces towards Peers, who still sat upon the ground, and stretching his brawny arm in the direction of the thrush, exclaimed, in the most emphatic manner:—"That bird is an instrument in the hands of God, for he also is thy accuser. It speaks in language which cannot be misunderstood. It cries aloud, from the top of its voice: 'Incest—incest! 'T will out—'t will out! Go to York—go to York!'" At these words Peter became overpowered, and made several attempts to rise from his seat before he could succeed; after which he silently rounded a narrow strip of land, by the brook side, and was out of sight in a moment.

The sun was fast declining, and the elongated shadow of the tall tree, from which the Glen thrush poured forth its enlivening notes, lay athwart the brook, where several pyramids of gnats were dancing fantastically over the stream. At a little distance was the crowning feature of a landscape, in the person of an expert angler, dexterously whipping the waters as thay rolled over their pebbled beds, which anon subsided into beautiful eddies, where small fragments of brackin from the mountain sides whirled round and round, and then proceeded on their onward course. The sudden disappearance of Peers caused a slight sensation, which for a short time interrupted the pleasures of the young, while those older in years contempleted something serious, for they knew the character and temper of the man. The thrush sat upon the tree singing its own dirge, for at that moment Peers reappeared upon the ledge of a rock, about forty yards above the sheep-wash, and raising his *gun* to his shoulder, was instantly enveloped in smoke. But, alas! the thrush had received a part of the contents of his gun, and with difficulty flew to its favourite spot amidst the thick green foliage of Dryclough, where its voice was heard no more.

Every inhabitant of the valley deplored the loss, for its domestic habits and its fine mellow notes had endeared it to every one who

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could appreciate its worth, and none felt the loss more keenly than the Barnsides of Fallowfield.

A short time after the death of the thrush, John Barnside was disturbed by a most extraordinary dream, which for several succeeding nights disturbed the tranquility of his sleep—a dream which verifies the old adage, "that truth is stranger than fiction!"

It was a beautiful night, when the beams of the full moon shone brightly upon the floor of his chamber, when he dreamed that he saw Peter Peers in the act of strangling two new-born babes, which his sister had given birth to. He was horror-stuck at the bloody deed, the sight of which almost paralyzed him. He awoke, when cold drops of sweat stood upon his forehead. He made an effort to rise, but found himself unequal to the task. Finding it was but a dream, he composed himself again to sleep; but the same horrid spectacle presented itself a second time, and the same results followed. When the deed was done, Peers disappeared behind an old hazel-bush, when there came from a white cloud the figure an angel, whose countenance was beautiful and placid. A smile played upon her lips, and she held in her hand the flower of the blue convolvolous, which was closed, because it was night; but as the day dawned, and the sun's beams touched its azure tints, it gradually expanded, and enlarged in size and beauty, from the bell of which came sweet sounds, the most enchanting he had ever heard. As the sun became warmer, the bell was inflated to an enormous size. He thought he saw within its brilliant cavity a group of beautiful figures, resembling cupids, weeping over two bleeding infants, and the mangled form of a dead thrush. After a short time the flower began to close its folds, which hid from his sight the interesting group of figures. The angel beckoned him away, when she led him through regions of never-fading foliage, abounding with millions of happy souls, in the full enjoyment of all their intellectual faculties. Near to the throne of the Monarch of all time and space were grouped together the great and good men of all ages and countries, enjoying each others' society, regardless of creed or colour. Beneath a bright halo of celestial light, there were innumerable infants, who had passed their brief hours of mortality untainted by sin; and amongst the number he recognized the two faces which he had seen in the convolvolous flower. The wandering angel again waved her white band as a signal to depart, and he was immediately transported to his own green fields. She led him through several closes of land, and along an unfrequented road, at the foot of the mountain, until they arrived at an open space beneath the spreading branches of a fine oak, in the depth of Dryclough, where the thrush of Glenfield once poured out its evening vespers. Here she made a stand, and pointing her beautiful flower to a spot of earth, more green and lonely thon the rest, she wept, dropped the convolvolous from her hand, when it rested upon the dead body of the *thrush*, which had fallen from its favourite tree after receiving the contents of Peers's gun, on the evening of the sheep-sheering. John

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Barnside fixed his eyes on the spot, which was studded with daisies and violets, when he thought there arose from beneath, two lovely infants. He lifted up his eyes, but the wandering angel had disappeared. At this crisis he awoke from his dream, just as the rays of the sun darted athwart the Ravenstone rock.

John Barnside was much troubled, though he well knew the ways of Divine Providence were mysterious, for His wisdom and wonder-working power had been fully manifested through the medium of an invisible agent; and of those who believed in his goodness and mercy, he was determined to take council. He consulted a few friends, who agreed to visit the spot to which the angel had led him during his nocturnal slumbers. They walked through the same green closes in solemn silence, and along the old Roman road at the foot of the mountains, where they entered the sylvan shades of Dryclough, in search of the dead thrush, which they found just as it appeared in his remarkable vision. The shovel was applied to the sod upon which the dead thrush was found, where they discovered the dead bodies of two infants shrouded in filthy rags, the discovery of which created a great sensation through the whole district.

Peter Peers and his sister Margaret were apprehended, whom, after a long investigation, were committed to take their trials at York, for the wilful murder of two infant children. Peter was neither poor nor penny-less, and he retained for their defence the leading council of the day, who exerted all their powers of eloquence for the benefit of their clients. But as there was no conclusive evidence, the jury gave a verdict of "not guilty." But the people of Glenfield were of a different opinion, for they considered their guilt thoroughly established by the interposition of Divine Providence, through the instrumentality of the DEAD THRUSH OF GLENFIELD.

Ashton-under-Lyne.

MUTE ELOQUENCE.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

THERE is a language in the silent flowers
That bloom and die, and rise and bloom anew,
And breathe their sweets amid the quiet hours,
When stars look down upon the midnight dew.

Strong types that shadow forth a future morn,
When man shall cease his visionary dreams;
For humble daisies, in their lowly form,
Sing of immortal life in spring-tide themes.

And there 's a language in the varied scent
That comes athwart the fields, and garden ground;
And o'er the whin-clad mountains, rough and rent
By storms, that ban resistless force around.

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Sweet flowers and stars are friends I 've cherish'd long—
Preceptors of my youth—companions yet!
For still I wander where the cuckoo's song
By silent eloquence is promptly met.

"A wandering voice," which Poets understand,
And love, and feel, as others cannot feel;
For God hath fashion'd with His powerful hand
Their nice perceptions, and surprising zeal!

The clouds declare, in language mute—yet strong,
The power and wisdom of the Great All-wise;
Whose goodness comes in one harmonious song,
Through worlds and spheres beyond the nether skies!

When darkness—save the studded gems of night—
Invite communion with the stilly hours;
And all is silent, all is hush'd—a light
Breaks in upon our calm reflecting powers,

That mirrors forth our frail and worm-like forms
Distinctly as they pass, in myriads vast;
Mere moving atoms in a world of storms,
Or specks of dust promiscuously cast.

Why should we foster foul Ambition's cry?
For wealth and power—vain transitory things,—
Which are but phantoms swiftly fleeting by,
That change or chance continually brings.

Mute moving pen! Thy voice is heard
Where mortals, bounded by the ocean waves,
Drink of the bitter cup of "hope deferred,"
Then sink into their dark rhetoric graves.

Ashton-under-Lyne.

COTTAGE HOMES: IMPORTANCE OF COMFORT AND NEATNESS.

THERE is nothing more demoralising then a slovenly home. Domestic discomfort, after a day's work, sends a man to the bright fire and clean sanded floor of the village alehouse. It is of little use to rail at him, and say that he is a bad father and a brutal husband. We do the same thing ourselves—only in a finer way, and with less excuse for it. Domestic discomfort of a far less vexatious and intolerable character, drives gentlemen to their gorgeous club-houses, and induces them to accept bachelor invitations, which, if home were sufficiently attractive to retain them, would be impatiently rejected. We cannot expect a man, who has been toiling from early morning, not to look for some comfort and pleasure when the day's work is done. If he cannot find it at home, he will go abroad in search of it; so his money is wasted; his character is demoralised; his wife is neglected; his children are starved. Everything goes wrong. The evil perpetuates itself. The house becomes more untidy; the wife more querulous; the children more troublesome. The man and all his family are ruined; when a little more thought, and very little more labour, on the part of the wife, might have saved them all from destruction, by securing them a comfortable home.

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This has been said very often before; but it is one of those commonplaces which cannot be too often repeated, if were only to indicate the incalculable benefits resulting from frequent intercourse between the rich and the poor. If the gentlewomen of our rural districts were in the frequent habit of visiting the village homes of the working classes, there would be fewer untidy cottages, and fewer disorderly families—there would be altogether more domestic cleanliness and regularity, and therefore, more domestic happiness. It will not often happen, that the lady-visitor will be compelled to say much on the subject. In most cases the visit often repeated, will have the desired effect. The cottage will be more cleanly; the children will be more tidy and better disciplined; every thing will be more in its proper place. There is an instinctive desire in the breasts of the humbler classes, to keep up a decent appearance in the eyes of their richer neighbours. They begin perhaps, by endeavouring to appear more cleanly and orderly then they really are, by preparing for the lady's visit, and after her departure suffering things to reassume their old aspect of untidiness and dirt. What they do, is more from respect to their visitor, than from respect to themselves. But if those visits are frequently paid at no regularly recurring intervals, and at all hours of the day, there can be no pretence of cleanliness; spasmodic bursts of tidiness and regularity will not avail. The practice must become habitual,; and the habit once formed, that which was irksome soon becomes a pleasure, and what was done in the first instance from respect to others, will soon be done from self-respect. The sympathy of the rich makes the poor think better of themselves. People who feel that they are not cared for by others, soon become careless of themselves.

Great things, indeed, are these which our gentlewoman may do. Their visits to the cottages of the poor can rarely be unattended with good results, even if there be nothing but a brief conversation on ordinary topics. But, if more active interest be taken by their visitor in what she sees, and what she hears—if she endeavours to aid, as well as to encourage, the orderly projects of the housewife—to help her, as the rich may always help the poor at small cost to themselves, to make her home more comfortable, of course the good results are proportionately great. Now, food and clothing are, doubtless, very important matters. The body must be protected against cold and hunger. But these are not the only evils of life; and there are other things besides food and clothing, which, from our over-abundant stores, we may sometimes bestow upon the poor. But we seldom think of giving them any thing but these bare necessaries of life, and there are many who would reproach their neighbours for "putting ideas into the heads" of the poor (as though any head could have too many ideas), if they were to hear of any articles being given to them, intended to contribute not so much to the sustentation, as to the embellishment of life. It would be held an act of folly, if not of something worse, to bestow any part of one's charities in the shape of what is, primarily, only ornamental But it is a mistake to draw a strong line of distinction between things useful and things ornamental. The ornamental is often, in the useful; and nowhere more so then in cottage parlors. The eye his its wants no less then the back and the stomach. Some small article of furniture—a scrap of carpet-drugget, or of curtain-chiniz—a little book shelf with a few books to range upon it, added to at different times—a print for some work of high art, if from a scriptural object, so much the better—or even some slight articles of crockery, making the tea-table a little gayer and brighter—are all things which may be given with advantage to the poor, for they are gifts of the reproductive class, and are sure to bear good fruit in the shape of increased household comfort and cheerfulness, and a larger stock of good temper. Women are often careless and untidy because they feel they have nothing worth taking care of. It is doubtless, a mistake; but when they look at their bare walls and floors, and the utter impossibility of extracting anything like cheefulness out of so much barrenness and sterility, they think that they may leave things to themselves, for nothing can make them worse. But a clean empty room is better then a dirty one; and the less furniture there is in it the more apparent perhaps, is the dirt. Still it is very hard to take a pride in bare walls and barren floors. A very well regulated mind will make

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the best of anything; and its possessor, if condemned to live in an empty room, will take care that it is the cleanest of empty rooms. But very well regulated minds are rare in any condition of life; and we make the greatest of all mistakes when we endeavour to exact from the poor an amount of magnanimity rarely or never to be found in the rich. If angels came to dwell in five-pound cottages, it would be a different matter. But as they do not, we must look at things as they are with the greatest amount of toleration, and not judge our poor neighbours too hardly, if they think it better worth their while to keep a nicely furnished room in good order, then one that has the desolate aspect of an empty barn.

Their is no practical lesson, therefore, that we would wish to have more forcibly and frequently impressed on the English housewife, then the necessity of providing, as far as her means will permit, a comfortable home for her husband and her children. To do this, it is necessary that she should stay at home. It is hard to say anything against the industry of the woman who goes out to work whenever she can, and makes up, by charring, harvesting, hay-making, gleaning, hopping, &c., a few stray shillings which are conveniently added to the weekly wages of the husband. But the increase of wealth derived from these sources of income is a delusion rather then a reality. The family loses more then it gains. The few shillings thus earned in the course of the year, are lost twice over by the neglect of ordinary household duties, and spent twice over by the husband at the alehouse, because his wife has been out at work instead of making her house comfortable and herself clean to receive, and the tea ready to refresh him, on his return from his accustomed labour.

There are, of course, always exceptional cases. The husband may be sick, may have met with an accident, or he may be out of work; and then it may be absolutely necessary for the wife to labour abroad for the support of her family, and a very fine thing it is too, to see the zeal and devotedness with which it is often done. But as a general rule it may be laid down that the wife is better employed at home then abroad; and that the truest thrift consists in looking well after household affairs. This is one of the things which people in a higher station, whose words are listened to as words of authority by their lowly neighbours, may profitably urge upon them. A wife has worked well and nobly, when she has done all her household duties, made her home cleanly and comfortable, and prepared herself to receive her husband on his return from the labour mart, wherever it may be. At the risk of offending some people, we may add that, perhaps a little spice of coquetry—we use the word for want of a better—is very pardonable in these cases. The husband will not be more likely to betake himself to the alehouse for the consideration that his wife has been making herself, as well as her house, ready to receive him, and for the knowledge that when he will find her looking very fresh and clean—her dress nicely arranged, and everything about her in the best state of comeliness of which circumstances will admit. All this costs nothing. Slovliness, indeed, is a very expensive article. They who are neatest in their persons generally spend least upon their dress. At all events, a little money well laid out will go a great way. Sixpennyworth of ribband lasts longer than sixpennyworth of ale. In all probability the man was first attracted by the comeliness of his wife, when, a young girl, she though it worth her while to make the most of her charms. He married her for her good looks, and he is disappointed when he finds that the neat little maiden has become the slovenly wife; that the fresh, smiling looks which so delighted him have given place to indifference and dirt.—*From the North British Review. Article: Village Life in England.*

The Passions.—The passions founded on the wants of the organization, are appeased by their gratification; and their indulgence, if not excessive, tends to health, vigour and happiness. But the factitious passions of envy, ambition, gaming, &c., increase in intensity with their gratification; and by their unrelenting tyranny, end necessarily and inevitably to disappointment and misery.—*Sir T. C. Morgan.*

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SONNET

To Charles Swain, Esq., of Cheetwood Priory, Manchester, on receiving a presentation copy of his finely-illustrated volume—"The Mind, and other Poems."

Thy many-beautied Mind all must admire,
Friend of the Muses, Heaven-inspired SWAIN!
Long may thy heart be warm'd with holy fire,
And such soul-soothing strains burst from thy lyre,
To cheer their drooping spirits who complain
Of numerous ills on this abused globe,—
Where man delights to mar the beautiful,
To curse his fellows whom he ought to bless,
To laugh and mock at Love and gentleness,
And e'en the olive-branch from Peace to pull;
That Hate, and Strife, and Jealousy, and War,
May bow each neck to misery's iron car;
But such sweet sounds peal from thy gentle lute,
They bid the discord of the soul be mute.

GEORGE TWEDDELL.

ON HEARING THE CUCKOO, AS I SAT AT MY LITERARY LABOURS.

Cuckoo, I love to hear thy simple cry!
Monotonous it is, yet seems not so;
How sweet it comes e'en now;—first high, then low,
To tell mankind that genial Summer's nigh.
I hear thy voice as, in my rustic cot,
Poring o'er books I love, I studying sit;
But from my books thou makes my mind to flit
On wings with thee, to some bucolic spot
Where hamadryads might delight to dwell;
Where wild flowers sweet in great profusion grow,
And where the hawthorn most delights to blow.
Bird of the spring-time, oh, I love thee well!
And though my body cannot fly with thee,
On Fancy's wings I'll bear thee company!

Stokesley. GEORGE TWEDDELL.

A SERMON

Preached by the Rev. Joseph Littler, B.A., Incumbent of St. James's Church, East Cromptom, on Easter Monday, April 21st, 1851.

[CONCLUDED.]

DAVID was a royal Shepherd. He swayed a sceptre, as he had in his youth carried a crook. To this he seems to allude, for the word *rod* sometimes means an ensign of government, as the rods of tribes to which Jacob alluded when, blessing Judah, he said, "the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet until Shiloh

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come." Thy rod, thy sceptre, and thy crook; thy authority, and thy succor, they comfort me.

My brethren, are these our privileges? Is the Lord Jesus our Shepherd? Are we his sheep? If so, happy—thrice happy—are we. How shall we know? David knew, and rejoiced in the consolation. Christ says, "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." Does he know you? Do you know him? Do you know his voice? Do you follow him? "My sheep know my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." There is yet another relation which is illustrated in Scripture by reference to the pastoral office, I mean that which subsists between the Christian minister and his people. Christ is "the Chief Shepherd," and his servants, to whom he has committed the care of his flock, are also called pastors or Shepherds. When the Lord confirmed to Peter the apostleship, after his grievous fall, he thrice enjoined him,—"feed my sheep." What a pity that the clergyman, the servant of Christ, is so often found rather "as a lamb in the midst of wolves," than as a Shepherd in the midst of his master's flock! What a pity that this endearing relation is so lost sight of in these parts, that the Christian pastor is looked upon as an intruder, a meddler, an enemy to his people's interest—his sacred office derided and scoffed at—his pastoral office refused, as though he were a wolf, and not a Shepherd! How much, my brethren, have they to answer for who, by misrepresentation and falsehood, have contributed to bring about this result? How sad the result to persons so misled! My brethren, is this the way that any of you think, and speak, and act, towards those who bear the sacred office? If so, allow me to warn you against the wickedness and folly of such conduct. In so doing, is there not danger in inflicting wounds utterly undeserved? Of rewarding evil for good-will? Of sinning against your own mercies? "If they have persecuted me," says Christ, "they will also persecute you; if they have kept my sayings, they will keep yours also." With these remarks on the calling whose title your society has assumed, I would proceed to notice the model of an ancient Shepherd, which the text brings before us. David was at this time a young man, about eighteen or twenty years of age, and this is the character he bore at that interesting period of life, when so many young men break forth from the restraint of paternal authority and of religion, turning their backs on every thing great, and honourable, and holy; and seeking to gratify their insatiable desires with every low indulgence which a charming, but false, world presents to them. Hear the character of the youthful David, given in his absence, by one of the servants of the king: "Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, that is cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him."

He was "cunning," that is, skilful in playing upon an instrument. I have already observed that the occupation of a Shepherd afforded him intervals of leisure. Far removed from the bustle of the world, seated,

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perhaps, beneath the cool shade of a projecting rock, near the summit of some mountain, his flocks safely feeding, or lying down, in the green pastures of the valley beneath, free for a time from care, he could fill up such intervals as his taste might lead him. On these occasions David was not unemployed, nor was his time spent in low demoralizing pursuits. Doubtless, the use of his sling occupied part of such leisure, for he seems to have attained great skill in this. When furnishing himself with stones wherewith to fight the champion of Gath, he only chose five—he needed only one. But music seems to have been his favourite amusement: his harp was tuned, his hand was practised, his voice cultivated, and his heart fired to the delightful exercise. He was not only skilful in playing upon instruments, but he was an inventor and maker of them. We find the prophet *Amos* (vi. 5.) reproving the luxurious Israelites of a corrupt age, for inventing instruments of music to grace their revels, as David had done for the honour and worship of God. Nor did he merely invent and play instruments, he was also the "sweet singer of Israel." He moreover composed many of his pieces, and these of no ordinary merit as poetical compositions. After the lapse of nearly three thousand years, the songs of David rank in the first order. Nor were they less elevated in point of moral and religious tone. The songs which David composed and sung to the harp and other instruments, were very different from those which too commonly proceed from the lips, or please the ear of young men in our own age and country. They were not the polluted effusions of an unclean imagination, whose tendency is to inflame the passions, and extinguish the last spark of piety and virtue. Nor were they merely amusing—not positively vicious, yet carefully exclusive of every thing sacred and divine. David knew nothing of the refinement which, in our day, carefully excludes God and Religion from our festive entertainments, cheerful recreations, and seasons of mirth. I am aware the plea is, that sacred and profane do not agree together, the former therefore ought to be excluded, that the latter may be indulged in. This might sound well from the lips of a refined heathen; but if,—which is most readily granted,—if sacred and profane do not agree together, surely a Christian man might arrive at a different conclusion from the same premises, and instead of excluding every thing profane, in other words, every thing inconsistent with things Divine—if either the one or the other must be abandoned, can, I ask, any Christian man be in doubt which? If the song of the drunkard, or the song of Sion is to be laid aside, can he for a moment hesitate to determine which? David had no difficulty in determining which. Whether he made instruments, and played them—whether he composed poetry and sang it,—he did so to the glory of God. His psalms are a standing witness. So also is it enjoined on us by apostolic authority, "Is any afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms." "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

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The youth before us was also pronounced, "a mighty valiant man, and a man of war." Though young, he was a man of undaunted courage. This, it appears, had already displayed itself, though we are not informed what are the instances alluded to. It was not a lion, or a bear, or a giant that he feared. But here, again, the *character* of his valour and warlike courage is what most commends itself to our admiration. If in the way of duty, whether it called him to the rescue of a lamb, or to the defence of his country, he feared no evil, because he trusted in his God. He knew the strength of his arm—he knew the use of his sling—he knew also that the Most High was his protection. Who can do otherwise than admire the devout simplicity with which he ascribes to God the glory of his conquest over the lion and bear? "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: the Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me." Who can do otherwise than admire the youth of twenty taking his sling, and his five stones, and going forth to meet the Philistine? When cursed by the proud heathen, he replied, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Isaael, whom thou hast despised."

Our young Shepherd was also "prudent in matters." Here, again, we know not the instances of his prudence alluded to, but his after life amply confirms this testimony. So wisely did he behave himself in the house of Saul, and in the army, that the king feared him, and the people loved him And even at this early period his prudence had already displayed itself. He was not a giddy, thoughtless, inconsiderate youth, acting from mere impulse, "he was prudent in matters."

He was "a comely person." This, it may be said, was the gift of God, and not his own acquirement. True—David could not give himself the lovely countenance; but, my brethren, do not many young men mar the comeliness of their persons by the indulgence of bad passions, intemperance, and debauchery? David did not act thus, but cultivating those noble feelings which do honour to him in whom they are found, his very countenance, the index of his soul, was comely. What an assemblage of qualities! But what graced the whole is mentioned last. It is added, that "the Lord was with him." David, you observe, consecrated his youth, his health, his bodily and mental powers, his flow of spirits, *his all*, to God, and God blessed the work of his hands, and made him prosperous and happy. "The Lord was with him." He was not a drunkard then, for the Lord is not with the drunkard. He was not an unclean person, for such are abomination to the Lord. He was not a profane swearer, for God "will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain." He was not a sabbath-breaker, or neglecter of public worship, for such put away good things from them, as though they "judged themselves unworthy of everlasting life." On the con-

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trary, when God said, "seek ye my face, his heart said unto him, thy face, Lord, will I seek." He walked in the way of God's commandments—he lived under his favour and smile—and he was happy. He needed not infidelity to quiet his conscience, nor did he find it needful to be profane in order to appear manly. He was lively, but he was also devout—he was bold and courageous, but he was also humble and believing—he was young and ardent, but he was also thoughtful and prudent—he was lovely in his countenance, but more so in his soul. Would I could persuade some of those before me to imitate so noble an example!

THE TRADESMAN AND THE POET.

A FABLE.

Though sages long have disagreed,
And each adduced a different creed
From learning's maps and charts, unfurl'd,
To guide the philosophic world;
Yet all adopt this golden plan—
"The mind's the standard of the man;"
All own that flesh is transcient clay,
And heir to nothing, save decay;
That God has thus its powers defined—
To serve, a handmaid, to the mind.
Say, where, through Nature's boundless plan,
Is creature found so strange as Man?
"The mind I love," his tongue implies,
But soon his deeds its truth belies;
For, mark the thrifty son of trade,
How soon, with care, his fortune's made;
Whilst he, who mental food supplies,
Too oft, neglected lives, and dies.

But lest our argument should fail,
We'll e'en enforce it with a tale.

A baker once, who just had brains
For two's in four, and what remains;
Commenc'd, 't is said, in public trade,
And sundry cakes and rolls display'd.
In manners he was most sedate,
He watch'd his shop both soon and late:
He dress'd not over spruce, nor fine,
Nor homage paid at Bacchus' shrine;
Nor gave he to the nameless poor
The wealth he labour'd to secure.
A few years pass'd in care and toil,
When Fortune bless'd him with her smile;
His shop, well fill'd, had larger grown,
And e'en, twas said, become his own.
Our hero, having *baked his bread*,
Now wisely deem'd it time to wed;

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And chose a partner fond of pelf,
A wife—a friend—a second self.
They strictly kept one end in view,
In concert press'd, in concert drew;
Till Fortune soon her whims display'd—
They left their son their stock in trade;
And liv'd retired at Thrifty Hall,
With servants at their beck and call.
And when, at length, he join'd the dust,
(As soon or late all creatures must),
They form'd a funeral rich as vain.
And splendid weepers led the train:
Above the place of sweet repose
A sculptured monument arose;
And on its front an angel lay,
To rouse him at the judgment-day:
While many a well-constructed line
Extoll'd his virtues, half divine;
Told how he bless'd the needy poor,
Who throng'd in fifties round his door;
That Friendship's consecrated tear,
To whom his name was ever dear,
Would sparkle in the sun's bright ray,
Till Friendship's self should fade away;
And that his wife and sons would weep,
Till they with him were call'd to sleep.

Now gaze, kind Sir, and gentle Miss,
"Upon this picture, and on this."

A Poet, who, with generous breast,
Rejoiced to find his fellows bless'd,
Who scorn'd each worldly, base desire,
And charm'd his country with his lyre;
Once hired, secure from public view,
"A first apartment—down the flue!"
God knows he dress'd not over fine,
Nor revell'd o'er his evening wine;
Nor frequent left his lone retreat,
Nor deeply drank, nor sumptuous eat.
The distant taper's glimmering light,
That shone out in the stilly night,
Told that the minstrel vigils kept,
And toil'd while all around him slept.
Still fortune cheer'd not with her smile,
His hours of unrewarded toil:
The faithless dame had lost her sight,
And could not climb to such a height.
Whilst noiseless Time his moments steals,
And Age comes tottering at his heels,
The minstrel yet attuned his lyre,
With all his sweetness, all his fire;
And many a simple rustic throng
Were charm'd to hear his sylvan song;
And lords and ladies deign'd to praise
The strength and beauty of his lays.
But he who gave such sweetness birth,
Repin'd, unnoticed, on the earth;

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And even when he join'd the dead,
No decent marble rear'd its head
To win the passing stranger's eye,
Or claim the tributary sigh.
But Nature soothes her favourite's rest,
And heaps her bounties o'er his breast;
For there the turf of vestal green
In vernal beauty still is seen;
And evening's star its vigil keeps;
And daisies flourish where he sleeps;
And kindred spirits press the sod,
While dwells his soul with Nature's God.

Manchester. SYLVAN.

A SCENE IN AN IRISH ASSIZE COURT.

THE love of fun is, as everybody knows, inherent in the Irishman, and he rarely allows an opportunity for its indulgence to escape. But we very much question whether all the tales ever told of the outpourings of this spirit on the part of the Hibernian contained aught half so much calculated to create laughter as the following true story of an incident in the Kerry Assize Court. A case was being heard as to the right of possession of a certain streamlet, a very paltry affair altogether. Mr. John Conway O'Connor, civil engineer, was among the witnesses examined.

O'Connor convulsed the Court by stating, in that poetic language peculiar to the quandam admirer of Jenny Lind, that, had the rippling stream which had turned out such a Pactolus to the gentlemen at the bar, and of whose refreshing influence they had partaken not only at the last but at the present assizes, flowed with that Corkonian beverage ycleped "Beamish and Crawford's porter," for the last two months during which its limpid waters had been diverted to irrigate the miserable field of one acre, some odd roods and perches, it could not have cost more.

John D. Fitzgerald put to Mr. O'Connor some questions as to how he took certain levels, to which Mr. O'Connor replied to the effect that, from the manner in which he had been hurried to and from the *locus in quo* to make some measurements and refresh his memory, he had not deemed it necessary to take the level with his instrument; the more particularly as the case before the jury was, whether the defendant had or had not a right to divert the course of that streamlet for two months.

Fitzgerald: You are now a witness, sir, and not a judge, though I am quite sure the judicial wig would gain additional dignity from that intellectual head.—(Loud laughter.) It is abundant in bumps.—(Laughter.) I can almost see the ideality next door to sublimity, and wit and locality culminating around them.—(Loud laughter)

O'Connor: You are a phrenological philosopher.—(Laughter. A point of your pericranium is a perceptible parabola.—(Laughter. Pardon the alliterativeness.—(Loud laughter.)

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Fitzgerald: Then you have studied Gall?—(Loud laughter)

O'Connor: Yes; but without losing the milk of human kindness.—(Laughter from Judge Monahan.)

Fitzgerald: True; your papillary prognostics are right well developed. (Loud laughter.) The lacteal tide is always at high water mark.—(Loud laughter)

O'Connor: The emulgency—(Laughter) of your comment is quite incomparable. Whatever betide me, there is a tide in the affairs of men—(Laughter) which, taken at the flood, leads you know where—you are at the top of it—(Laughter.) I congratulate you on your honours—you have won them well, and may you wear them long.—(Loud laughter.)

Fitzgerald: So you are deep in the drama, and quite at home in the sublime and beautiful. Kerry, I see, is not without its "Admirable Crichton."—(Loud laughter.)

O'Connor: *Coticueres omnes*—we are all county Kerry men.—(Loud laughter.)

Fitzgerald: Finish the line.

O'Connor: Pardon me, even the supernatural could not strike us silent.—(Laughter.)

Fitzgerald: Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of your waters!—(Loud laughter.)

O'Connor: (Looking round.) Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose.—(Loud laughter.)

Fitzgerald: Ah, you *ventilate* Moore!—(Loud laughter.)

O'Connor: And you are *au fait* in the national *airs*.—(Laughter.) But—(looking at council,) you have a singing face on you—(Laughter.) However, if music be the food of love, strike—(Laughter.) Lay on Macduff, and—

Fitzgerald: Well, tell me, most poetical sir, with as few of your heroics as you can, how could you take the level without a theodolyte?

O'Connor: Bless your stupid head—(Laughter.) It is easy to know you are not a Kerry man—(Loud laughter.) Don't you see I've a pair of eyes in my head?—(Renewed laughter.)

Fitzgerald: A very handsome pair certainly: lots of sweethearts, eh, Conway.—(Laughter.)

O'Connor: Oh, you flatter me—you do, indeed.—(Laughter.)

Fitzgerald: Oh, don't blush, Conway. But tell me how you took the level.

O'Connor: I ascertained the level of the land with sufficient accuracy with my eye, as I pride myself in having the eye of a fowler, as well as of an engineer, with which I can "fire along the line," *et nulla error*—(Loud laughter.)

Fitzgerald: Then the level is all "in your eye."—"The eye of a fowler as well as an engineer."

O'Connor: I play the angler, too.—(Loud laughter.)

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Fitzgerald: For hearts, may be?—(Laughter.) Do you ever throw the long line in that way?—(Laughter.

O'Connor: I do, "with a hook."—(Laughter.)

Fitzgerald: You sketch, draw, and write poetry, too, I believe?

O'Connor: Yes; and sing a good song too.—(Laughter.)

Fitzgerald: Poetry, painting, and music! What a paragon. Why, Cerberus was nothing to you.—(Laughter.) Why you are an agglomeration of graces!—(Laughter.)

O'Connor: Yes; I can afford to pity your parvity.—(Laughter.)

Mr. Brereton, in his closing address to the jury, made allusion to Mr. O'Connor's map, calling him an engineer, fowler, angler, and a man of all trades; but he particularly styled him "the Poet."

O'Connor: Yes; and a better man than you—(Laughter.)—as you have no pretentions to be a poet,—(Laughter.)—as you have neither the eye nor the forehead of a poet.—(Laughter.)

Mr. Brereton: "Shake not those gory locks at me."—(Great laughter.)

O'Connor: You should have three P's after your name, to signify that you are more fitted for a *pounder*, or *paver*, than a *poet*.—(Great laughter.) Do you know any thing of a parallelopipedon?—(Laughter.)

The whole scene was worthy of *Punch*, and we only regret that we are not able to give more than this outline.

LEGEND OF PARMA.

In a corner of that great oval edifice, on the left hand, near one of the side doors, and right behind the massy *pilier* where the faithful come to dip the tips of their fore and middle fingers in holy water, there is a broad slab of marble, greatly worn and darkened by age, and bearing, in the Gothic characters of the fifteenth century, simply this brief inscription—"*Iesvs Maria!*" Beneath this stone, people believe, is a bottomless pit. The legend runs as follows:—Two ill-fated lovers, at a loss how otherwise to bring together a meeting, appointed a rendezvous at this church, at the time of the celebration of the midnight mass on Christmas night. What sort of a supper they might have partaken of, or how many bumpers of *parfait amour* they had tossed off, is not on record. Only the transports of that longed-for encounter, the outburst of long pant-up feelings, seem to have blinded them to all circumstances of time and place. The lateness of the hour, the comparative darkness and stillness of that remote and shadowed part of the sacred edifice, the strains of ravishing music, the clouds of inebriating incense, the very awfulness of those august rites, conspired to lull them into the happiest abstraction from the world that environed them. They scarcely needed the dark and gloomy *pilier* that screened them from observation, for the mass was now at its highest, every eye was turned to the main altar.

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and the silence of death had succeeded to the irreverent whispers of the bustling crowd. Blind to all but their love, in the fervour of their hurried converse the two lovers rushed into each other's arms. It was at the elevation of the host—the climax of all that is truly appalling in that form of worship. Every one in that countless multitude was struck dumb, if only for a minute; every one, whether sober or otherwise, had, by mere force of habit, fallen on his knees, and lay prostrate on his face. The officiating priest stood alone with uplifted arms, turned from the altar, and holding the holy wafer high above the level of his eyes, when his hands were suddenly seen to tremble, and a piercing shriek of "Jesus Maria!" burst from his lips. On that very instant the earth shook with sudden violence, the tapers burned pale on the altar, and a ruddy light gleamed upwards from the very spot where the lovers had stood. Ere the attention of the terrified crowd could be turned into that direction, a dark flame had broken out of the ground under the feet of those miserable offenders; it had wrapped them in its lurid lambent tongues, engulphed them, and left no trace of them. A wide abyss had opened under their feet; an unfathomable pit, which has been yawning ever since, and will probably yawn till every one of the surrounding tombstones are equally forced open at doomsday. The names of those profane victims of inordinate passion are not inscribed on the monument, nor yet the date of their tragic catastrophe; but the monks aver how many cart-loads of rubbish have been shot into that black hole year after year, in a vain hope of choking it up; how many coils of hempen rope have been let down into it, in a bootless attempt to sound its depth. All in vain! A huge square flag was at last thrown upon the chasm, and dismal indeed is the hollow sound it gives under the heel that ventures to tread upon it. There are not many, however that like to stand upon that *aditus averni*; and especially on Christmas night he must, indeed, be a free thinker who would, even with all the elation of his midnight potations, come near it. The lovers' slab (*la lapida degli amanti*), are carefully shunned; the side door in its immediate neighbourhood is, like another *Porta Scelerata*, closed on that occasion, and striking from its very contrast is the silence, darkness, and loneliness, which reigns over that desecrated part of the building.—*New Monthly.*

THE CATHEDRAL MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

At length we reached a spot where a segment of the sky might be discerned, for nothing but a high wall, supported by massive buttresses, was before us. I then followed my conductor beneath a horseshoe arch in the supposed wall, and suddenly found myself standing on the threshold of the most singular of Christian temples. Looking straight before me, I beheld an assemblage of slender pillars that rose in countless numbers from the pavement, and formed a throng amid which no

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definite object was visible; nothing but columns, confusedly intermingled, caught the eye; those in the foreground standing out in relief, those in the distance closing in so as to perplex the vision and finally baffle its powers. All that I had heard and read of this sanctuary was completely realized. Before me was literally a grove of columns, as it has been truly called; and when a figure appeared in its depths, flitting across in the gloomy light, seen one moment and hid the next by an intervening shaft, I felt that a similar spectacle could only be witnessed within the heart of a forest. In proportion, however, as I advanced into the interior, though the illusion was still unimpared, traces of order and architectural regularity became apparent. The columns were planted in long ranks, at measured, though short, distances from each other, and at the height of ten or twelve feet were spanned by Moorish arches in double tiers. Upon these rested the roof, disproportionably low, considering the great dimensions of the edifice, but perhaps, on that account, enhancing the general effect, which, on the whole was strange and startling. The vacant spaces between these columns form what might be termed vistas, down which the beholder may pace until he reaches at the further end some chapel or gate, with which each terminates. Of these aisles as they would elsewhere be styled, there are twenty-nine ranging from east to west, and nineteen from north to south; the number of pillars exceeds eight hundered—a prodigious amount to be collected under the same roof; and while they are generally surmounted by Corinthian capitals, the shafts display every variety of hue and material—jasper, porphyry, and marble vieing with each other in all the colours of the rainbow.—*Murray's Cities and Wilds of Andalusia.*

THE SHEPHERDS' CHRONICLE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The Anuual Meeting of the Order of Ancient Shepherds, Ashton Unity, was held on the 12th and 13th days of April, at the house of Host Boothroyd, Rose and Crown Inn, Holmfirth, when the requisite number of deputies answered to their names as early as nine o'clock, a.m., with the exception of those from Hull, South Elmsall, Bishop Auckland, Driffield, Wetwang and Exning, whose absence was probably occasioned by the non-arrival of the railway trains in due time.

The C.S. of the Order, Mr. Robert Willis, opened the meeting with a speech replete with sound sense and good advice; laying down several rules for the guidance of the meeting. He hoped they would be as brief and explicit as possible, and confine themselves strictly to the subject, and the business would be conducted pleasantly and without confusion.

The following gentlemen were then appointed to audit the Secretary's accounts for the past year, viz.: P.P.C.S. Robert Hope, of Leeds, as chairman; Pro. Cor. Sec. Edward Hague, of Stalybridge, Secretary; Pro. Cor. Sec. Woolstenholme, of Oldham; Pro. Cor. Sec. of Selby; and Pro. Cor. Sec. Anderson, of York, whose report, when laid before the meeting, gave general satisfaction; and a vote of thanks was awarded to Mr. William Hall, Secretaey of the Order, for the correct and orderly manner in which his accounts had been found.

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After one or two appeals of no importance had been dispensed with, the lodges of South London, St. Helen's, and Castle Clough, applied for and obtained leave to form themselves into districts. Several propositions were discussed with that temper and good feeling which always characterises the meetings of our Order.

The election of officers for the ensuing year is a matter of some interest, inasmuch as the peace, prosperity and good government of our society depends, in some measure, on the choice of the parties, to fill the respective offices. Mr. John Beardshall, whose experience as D.C.S., during the past year, has fully qualified him for the onerous duties of C.S., was duly elected to that office. P.M. James Wild was elected to the office of D.C.S., who, in our opinion is well suited for the situation, for we know him to be a man of real business habits. Cor. Sec. William Hall, and Treasurer James Schofield, were re-elected without opposition.

In consequence of several propositions being withdrawn, the meeting was brought to a close much earlier than usual, when the members of the conference kindly voted £10. to the general fund for the relief of the sufferers at Holmfirth. A petition was also ordered to be circulated through each district for the relief of our suffering brethren in the Holmfirth circuit; but more especially for two orphan children of the late P.P.C.S. Jonathan Crossland, and Br. William Metterick, who are the only survivors of the two families, which consisted of nineteen persons. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee for the distribution of the fund, and to act as guardians to the two infants,—a better choice could not have been made, for they are fathers of families, and men of experience—Benjamin Clayton, Pro. Cor. Sec., Halifax; Robert Hope, P.P.C.S, Leeds; John Hague, P.M., Oughty Bridge; Daniel Scott, Pro. Cor. Sec., Ossett; and John Brook, Holmfirth.

Votes of thanks were given to the retiring officers, and to Daniel Scott, secretary of the meeting. A vote of thanks was given to Host Boothroyd, and others, for the accommodation afforded to deputies who attended the meeting, and also to the Committee of the district, for their kind attention to the wants of their brethren.

The returns which were laid before the meeting are a cheering proof of the prosperity of the Order. We are moving fast and fearlessly in the right direction. They show that we are progressing in numbers and intelligence, and what is of still greater importance, that a kindly feeling is springing up between the agricultural labourers of the farming districts and the artizans of Lancashire and Yorkshire, which cannot fail to produce a national benefit. Such a feeling is spreading itself over the length and breadth of our land, through the instrumentality of the Ancient Shepherds' Society.

The tables of mortality, which have been laid before the conference, are more favourable than we anticipated; but the manner in which they have been brought forward is far from being satisfactory. The returns, as far as regards the death of members, are, we believe, correct, which enables us to give the exact proportion, which is one death in every 76½ of our members throughout the Order. The returns of the number of members' wives registered not being made, we are not enabled to give the proportion of deaths of the wives of our brethren, a defect which we hope will be remedied at our next annual meeting.

Subscriptions received for the two orphan children of the late P.C.S. Jonathan Crossland, and Br. William Metterick:—

Ashton-under-Lyne District.....	£30	0	0
Shepherds' Retreat Lodge, Holmebridge	20	0	0
	£50	0	0

ASHTON DISTRICT.

SHEPHERDS' BALL.—The Shepherds' Annual Ball for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, under the patronage of Charles Hindley, Esq., M.P. for the Borough; Lieutenant Colonel Gold, of the Fourth Regiment of Foot, and the

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Mayor, Magistrates, and High Constables of the Manor, was held in the Town Hall, on the 8th of April. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the manner in which this ball was got up, for which we are indebted to the indfatigable exertions and good taste of the committee. Jackson's Quadrille Band was in attendance, and Professor John Wood was specially engaged as Master of the Ceremonies. Mr. Lingard, of the Railway Hotel, furnished the wines and spirits, and Mr. Moss, of the Arcade, provided tea, coffee, and confectionaries, of the choicest description. The robing rooms were replete with every convenience necessary to prevent confusion.

On entering the Hall, we ascended a fine spacious stair-case which was covered with a handsome carpet, from the top of which we entered the splendid ball-room by a pair of folding doors, beautifully shaded by white muslin flies.

The ball-room, which is capable of accommodating 250 couples, was decorated in such a manner as evidently astonished every beholder. From the centre of the ceiling was suspended the Manchester Shepherds' banner; and from the walls, on each sde of the room, hung the flags of all nations, about thirty one in number, the effect of which was heightened by four superb chandeliers, ingenuously covered with Chinese shades, in the form of tulips. Independent of the fine painting of Charles the II. and his favourite horse, which is the property of the corporation, the walls of the room were adorned by a collection of paintings from other sources. The seats were covered with crimson cloth, and the curtains of the windows, which corresponded, were tastfully festooned, which now and then threw their folds gracefully over the shoulders of the ladies as they sat upon the crimson seats beneath. The orchestra, which had a very imposing appearance, was designed and executed by P.M. James Cooper, the base of which was about twelve yards in length by four feet, from which rose four handsome pillars, surmounted by a beautiful pediment, in the centre of which was placed a Shepherds' surance, and from each side was suspended a Union Jack. Below the pediment, which extended for several yards, were painted in large letters—"The Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds." The base, pillars, and pediment, were covered with rich crimson woollen cloth, and executed in the Grecian style of architecture, the elevation of which was about fifteen feet. For the exquisitely decorated ball-room, we are indebted to the superior talents of D.C S. James Wild, P.M. Edward Brook, P.M. James Cooper, Br. Whitehead, and Mr Secretary Bird.

About half-past eight o'clock the company began to arrive, and about eleven o'clock they were fully launched into the spirit of enjoyment. The beauty and fashion, added to the brilliancy of the Hall, is a task beyond the power of our elastic pen to describe. Mingled amongst the west were several members of the Town Council, and many of the most respectable tradesmen, with their families,—in fact, we do not remember to have seen a ball more respectably attended or better conducted than the one we are endeavouring to describe. The grace and ease with which the programme was gone through, fully bears out the general received opinion, that dancing is "The Poetry of Motion." The ball was kept up until a late hour, when each departed, well satisfied with the pleasures derived from their innocent amusement.

We are happy to inform our readers, that after all the expenses were defrayed, there was a handsome surplus handed over to the treasurer of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

ANNIVERSARY.—The members of the Zionites Lodge, of Ancient Shepherds, A.U., held their Anniversary at the house of host Woodall, Buck Inn, on the 8th of May, when upwards of one hundred members sat down to an excellent dinner, provided for the occasion by the worthy hostess, to which ample justice was done. After the withdrawal of the cloth, P.M. Edward Beaver was called to the chair, and was ably supported by P.M. John Hague. The chairman, after delivering a very able address, gave the health of "The Queen!" which was received with cheers. The Stalybridge Old Band played in their usual style, "God save the Queen." The chairman next gave "Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family!" All,—

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"Rule Britannia." The health of the Officers of the Order, coupled with the Officers of the Ashton District, was received with cheers, and ably responded to by Pro. C.S. Isaac Chadwick. Several toasts and speeches were given in addition to the above. Amongst the rest we find the health of "The Editor and Committee of the Shepherds' Magazine." The health of "The Host and Hostess of the Inn," was drunk with great applause, and a vote of thanks was given for the handsome manner in which they had provided for the anniversary. Messrs. Taylor, Ratcliffe, Howard, Gatley, and Finnagan, who favoured the company with several excellent songs and glees, which with the very superior music of the Old Band, added greatly to the pleasures of the evening. A little before twelve o'clock the members departed highly pleased with their evening's amusement.

STALYBRIDGE DISTRICT,

OPENING OF A NEW LODGE AT SLAITHWAITE.—On Saturday, April 17th, the officers and a number of the members of the Stalybridge district proceeded by rail to Slaithwaite station, from which place they walked in procession through the village to the house of Mr. Jeremiah Cock, Bell Inn, where a new lodge was opened, and twenty fine young men initiated. After lodge business, a number of friends, and an excellent band of musicians, were admitted into the room, who played several fine pieces of music. The usual toasts were drank and responded to in a manner which reflects great credit on the speakers, which evidently made an impression on the audience, for this was the first Shepherds' lodge opened in that neighbourhood.

We are sorry to hear, since the opening of the above lodge, that certain parties in the village and neighbourhood shou'd so far forget those christian principles which they profess, as to attempt to injure our institution in the estimation of the public, by representing it as most extravagant in its expenditure, which is quite the reverse, for we have taken our stand upon the principles of economy and improvement. We move with the circumstances of the times, and those parties who have endeavoured, in vain, to stay the tide of Shepherdry, may be surprised, when we state, without fear of contradiction, that the government of our institution, which numbers nearly 20,000 members, does not cost £40. per annum. Any opposition to our success will not avail much. We have long been accustomed to such a line of conduct, and can bear it without any uneasiness. We are quite as sanguine for the success of any other self-supporting institution as that of our own, and we shall, with the most kindly feelings towards our enemies, endeavour to repel every attack that is made with a view to injure the reputation of our society.

MANCHESTER DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARY.—The brethren of the Shepherds' Rest Lodge celebrated their anniversary on the 7th of June, at the house of Mr. Crowther, Openshaw, near Manchester, when about fifty members sat down to an excellent repast. On the withdrawal of the cloth, P.P.C.S. Jones was called to the char, and Br. C. Hardy to the vice-chair. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman gave a most pleasing account of the progress of the Order, and its position at the present time. He spoke at great length on the economical principles of Shepherdry, to which he attributed its rapid progress. Manchester, he said, had nearly one thousand members, and they were rapidly opening new lodges in various parts of the town. A very able and eloquent address on the prospects of the Order was also delivered by P.C.S. Ellis, who concluded a lengthy speech, replete with sound sense, amidst great applause. After several appropriate toasts and sentiments, the tables were removed for a ball, many of their wives and sweethearts being present. In the course of the evening

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several fine glees and songs were given by Messrs. Bamford, Wilton and others. The amusements of the evening gave general satisfaction, and were kept up with great spirit till a late hour.

Obituary.

It is our painful duty to record the death of P.M. John Joseph Betts, of the Woodman's Hut Lodge, Ashton, which occurred May 3rd, 1852, when in the 52nd year of his age. Mr. Betts's life was an eventful one; for, we believe, up to the time of his death, a mystery hung over his birth and parentage. At an early period, he was, with many others, sent from a Foundling hospital, in London, as an apprentice to a cotton mill, in Derbyshire, where, it is said, he was bought and sold several times by different masters, which, perhaps, laid the foundation for that love of freedom which manifested itself so powerfully in him in after life. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he settled at Bollington, where he married a respectable young woman, and about the year 1826 he removed to Ashton-under-Lyne, where he was employed as an operative in one of the cotton mills.

Amidst the vicissitudes of life, Mr. Betts lost no opportunity of improving his mind. He read the best authors on the most popular subjects, and carefully treasured up every thing that was valuable, especially on the subjects of politics and physical labour. His powers of eloquence, and his clear method of reasoning, raised him, in the year 1831, to the highest pinnacle of popularity amongst the working classes in the manufacturing districts; but he soon became tired of the bustle of public life, and he withdrew from the atmosphere of popular excitement to the comforts of a narrower circle. About twenty-one years ago he commenced the business of auctioneer and appraiser, which he continued to the time of his death. For the last fifteen years he has been an excellent member of the Shepherds' Order; and, though he has not been a conspicuous one, he has been useful in giving advice upon all occasions when necessary. His death is much regretted by a numerous circle of friends, by whom he was highly respected, and will long be remembered for the many good qualities he possessed as a man, and a member of society. The following inscription, which he intended for the stone which covers his mortal remains, was written with his own hand a short time before his death, fully evinces the strength of his mind:—

"London gave me birth,
Enfield a cradle;
Bollington a wife—
Ashton-under-Lyne a coffin and a grave.
Eternity is a maelstroom or charybdis that will engulph all mankind
in its vortex."

P.M. JOHN WILLIAMSON, PRINTER, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

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THE

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SHEPHERDS' FESTIVALS.

The month of July may be said to be the Carnival of Shepherdry, for we find that no less than twenty anniversaries are celebrated in the Ashton District alone, within that period, where there is no lack of the good things of this world.

We have received many pressing invitations, with which we would gladly have complied, if time and circumstances would have permitted. It must always be borne in mind, that our domestic habits are at variance with the bustle of the world; but when our brethren meet to celebrate the establishment of societies for their mutual benefit, we are willing to make any sacrifice for the welfare of that Order to which we have been so long and so ardently attached.

There are narrow-minded people who imagine, or profess to do so, that such meetings are for no other earthly purpose than to indulge in scenes of intemperance. How absurd the idea. In these social gatherings there is much to be admired; for in them there is a strong tendency to cement still closer and closer those bonds of friendship, which are the great bulwarks of our Order. We have often noticed, in times of great public excitement, when men of all political and religious parties, including the two extremes, have formed the aggregate of these meetings, that the best feelings imaginable have existed, and that no allusion to passing events was ever made. To what may this be attributed? It is attributable to those principles of charity and good-will to man, which the officers of their respective lodges are constantly inculcating amongst their brethren! If men, high in authority, would follow the example of our brother Shepherds, scenes which disgrace our country might be averted, and the nation made happy by the timely interference of those

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who profess to watch over the spiritual welfare of their flocks, by endeavouring to allay a feeling of hostility between the two great religious parties.

Stockport is a district of our Order, which has lately been the scene of disgraceful proceedings, attended with loss of life and property; but we congratulate our readers that our brethren of that town have had the good sense to keep aloof from those scenes of riot and confusion, which reflects but little credit on civilized England. At our annual festivals we have the pleasure to see the Catholic take his seat by the side of the Protestant, where they shake each other by the hand with that cordiality which characterises the Shepherds' Order.

Festivals are of very ancient date, and were first instituted for religious purposes. They have been observed by all civilized nations, some of which have been conducted with great splendour and unbounded hospitality. So far back as the Mosaic period they were celebrated with that spirit and cordiality which would have done honour to a later date. Amongst Jewish festivals we find the feast of the "Passover," which evidently had a connexion with agriculture, for it was held at the completion of seed-time. The feast of "Pentecost" was celebrated with great pomp, when the seed was ripe, and the feast of "Tabernacles" was a thanksgiving for a bountiful harvest. According to ancient historians, we find that these festivals were carried on by the Jews with the same spirit, until the *new Dispensation*, when, it is affirmed by some, that the feast of "Tabernacles" was held in celebration of the birth of our Saviour. At the Passover he was crucified, and the effusion of the Holy Spirit took place at Pentecost. The ancient Egyptians were noted for the magnitude and magnificence of their festivals, and the Greeks, above all others, may be considered to have excelled. The most celebrated festivals the world ever saw, were those of Olympia, in Greece, which commenced about 1450 years before Christ. The Olympic Games were looked to by all the civilized world, inasmuch as the fame of the greatest men were acquired and sustained by their feats. Kings, warriors, statesmen, and philosophers assembled to witness the fine athletic sports of contending parties in wrestling, running, leaping, riding, tilting, and throwing enormous weights to a surprising distance, when emoluments and honours were awarded to the most successful competitors. Nearer to our own time, we have the great Carnivals of Rome and Venice, with all their solemn grandeur and fantastic show. Innumerable festivals are celebrated throughout the whole of Europe, and in our Indian territories, with a magnificence scarcely to be credited. We need not travel

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beyond the seas to find a precedent for the Shepherds, who hold their festivals without pomp or parade. Scarcely a flag is seen waving from the window of a lodge-room at the time of an anniversary.

The old English festivals are fast waneing away, for the steam-engine and the rail are revolutionizing the old customs and manners of the people. The rush-cart, with its morris-dancers—the rosy-faced lass and the coy country swain—are no more seen side by side, looking with wonder and astonishment as the ponderous load of rushes, ribbons, and tinsel wend their way to the green church-yard of their native village. These are now becoming matters of history. The feasts of *all* saints and all souls are scarcely noticed, and even the festival of the patron saint of our own parish—St. Michael the arch-angel—has been suspended by the over-bearing spirit of *mammon*. But, amidst the decay of customs, the revolutionary movement of modern times, and the blighting influence of conventionalities, the Shepherds' Festivals are still celebrated with that pride and good-feeling which is essential to the success of every institution. The anniversaries of our lodges are not set apart merely for enjoyment: the accounts of the past year, the increase of members, the amount of sickness and death, are subjects for the various speakers. Hints and suggestions of alterations and improvements are thrown out for the consideration of the members, and many other useful things are mixed up with our little concerts and balls upon these occasions, which serve to strengthen our union and increase our friendship.

"Friendship," says the author of *Wild Flowers*, "is the sweetner of our lives; it heightens our joys and lessons our sorrows Poor is he who cannot boast a friend though an empire is his dowry; but a true friend makes a poor man rich; for what greater earthly felicity do we enjoy than that derived from the countenance that brightens at our pleasures, the eye that weeps for our griefs, that watches over one in sickness and in pain, the lips that counsel us without guile, and the ear that will listen with patient endurance to our very tediousness?" All this, we aver, is a correct picture of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, when carried out according to the spirit of its laws.

TRIM'S EXPOSITION OF THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—Pry'thee, Trim, quoth my father, what dost thou mean by "honouring thy father and thy mother?" Allowing them, an please your honour, three-half-pence a day out of my pay when they grew old. And did'st thou do that Trim? said Yorick. He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby. Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator on that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.—*Sterne.*

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THE GISBRO' HALL GARDENS REVISITED.

Fairy garden, Eden garden,
Whose sweet walks I tread once more:
O, where now is Love, the Warden,
Love that oped and closed the door?

'Tis the glorious youth of Summer,
Singing birds and alcoves green,
Faery visions that outnumber,
All that Poet yet hath seen.

Every rose rich perfume sheddeth,
Pinks, carnations blossom there;
There the regal dahlia spreadeth
All its splendour on the air.

See the woodbine's fragrant blossoms,
And the Wild-rose clambering high,
Pouting forth their golden bossoms,
To the wild-bees murmuring nigh.

Yet awile, angelic maiden,
Listen yet, the tale is brief,—
Lo, the chesnut tree is laden
With rich flowers and spreading leaf!

'Neath the mighty boughs that cluster,
Branching fair in light and shade,
Joyous bards would oft-times muster
Many a happy youth and maid.

Through those tall and stately arches,
Where the glittering insects sail,
Would they track their lovesome marches,
Would they breathe the loving tale.

Mark you well that ruined temple?
Temple huge of giant size,
Whither pour'd the great and simple
To secure their heavenly prize.

Autumn's blast and Winter's shadow
For eight hundred years have come,
Sill it points across the meadow,
As the sun decendeth home.

Holy garlands, crowns of laurel,
Once were laid upon the shrine,
Now the worm-wood, now wood-sorrel,
O'er its traceries entwine.

Now the wild-ash, ivy, linger
O'er each hoary Patriarch wall,
And old Time's effacing finger
Points oblivion to them all.

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Even the tombs of priest and prior
Swiftly vanish to decay,
Even there the clambering briar
Freshly blossoms from their clay.

Lovely maiden, gentle maiden,
Lo, how years have passed away—
Oh, what hearts like ours love-laden,
Long have moulder'd to decay.

Faery garden, Eden garden,
Thus thou pictur'st human fate;
Still let Love be lord and warden,
Never more to close the gate.

Still with fragrant flowers entwining,
Let his temples circled be,
And away with all ripining,
Whilst thy heart is true to me.

JOHN WALKER ORD.

THE TEMPLE OF JANUS.

A MATRIMONIAL SKETCH.

From the German of Ludwig Borne.

"EARLY knowledge, late love!" * * Whenever my five-and-thirty-years friend (it was not our friendship, but himself, that was so old) repeated this original proverb, he put on a foolish look, and shook himself like a poodle just come out of the water. I visited him lately. I found him with his head leaning on his left hand; he had a pen in his right, and he seemed to have been writing in a paper which lay before him.

"How are you, Fritz? You look as if you might be the god of November."

"Early knowledge, late love!" replied he; and accompanied the words with a deep and long-drawn sigh.

"Where is your dear wife?" "Dear wife!" exclaimed he, springing from his chair; "ay, dear they all are, till you come to love them."

I laughed merrily at this. "Matrimonial troubles, oh! This is excellent! Wait, Fritz, while I make myself comfortable for the occasion." I threw myself into the softest seat, put one leg over the other and began to make myself cosy. "Now, tell me what's the matter, my dear friend; it will quite refresh me. It is pleasant from a safe harbour to look on the shipwreck."

"In the six weeks of my happy marriage I have already quarrelled eight times with my good Sophia, and have had eight cloudy days. According to Sussmilch's 'Divine Ordination in Life and Death,' I have yet twenty-nine years to live. Eight days in six weeks, come in a year to two months, four days, twenty-one hours, and twenty minutes; which in twenty-nine years, makes five years, one month, twenty-seven days, eleven hours, two minutes, and thirty seconds of a time of trouble, astronomically calculated."

"True, very true, Fritz! Marriage is certainly a mathematical misfortune."

"And if you, Karl, should die earlier, and, as the good Sussmilch would reckon, I should become the legatee of part of your years, I shall then have longer to live, and the total of my misery will be still greater."

"Do not trouble yourself about that, Fritz; I will show you no such spite.

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But whatever may these important things be, which you have differed about? They must be only the storms of the spring equinox of marriage, and will pass over."

"Ay, but see for yourself how they are passing over."

My friend pointed with his finger to a stove. The stove was of white porcelain, surrounded with brass rims; the two steps on which in was raised, and the marble slab with which it was covered, gave it the graceful appearance of an altar. On the slab was raised a brass column ending in a ball.

"Do you see that little open door?"

"You do not surely wish to have the fire kindled? There is a thunder-storm in the sky."

"What matters the thunder-storm; it is in my sky. Two days already has that little door remained open."

"Fritz, since your marriage you have become quite enigmatical; you must explain yourself more clearly."

"I am instructing my wife in mythology."

"Indeed, and for your paper fictions, does she generously give you practical experience?"

"On the day when we quarrelled, for the first time, we were just arrived at the god Janus and his temple, which the Romans used to open in war, and close in peace. It occurred to me to make a useful pleasantry out of it. 'Sophia,' said I, 'let this stove be our Temple of Janus. Whenever we quarrel I will open the little door. If you wish for peace, you may shut it without speaking. You know, dear Sophia, I am ready any moment for reconciliation."

"That was a good idea, Fritz. Janus ought to have been orginally called the God of Marriage. He has two faces; he opens and shuts the portals of heaven. In his right hand he bears the sceptre—that is the husband; and in his left a key—that is the wife. Have you told that too to your little lady?"

"Ay; but she knew it already. Heaven knows how she learnt it, for she never was much versed in mythology before."

"And does that surprise you, Fritz? In the knowledge of their own peculiar rights, women may be ranked with the best jurists."

"The joke took; my good Sophia cannot bear to see the stove-door open. When she has sulked a few hours, she shuts the Janus-Temple—sometimes laughing, sometimes in tears; then she embraces me and we are reconciled."

"And what is it about which she is so stubbornly angry now?"

"You shall learn, Karl; I will read it for you."

"How! Do you post your troubles into a ledger?"

"We call it poetically our 'fasti,' I have determined, when the book is full, to have it printed; I fear, however, I shall not last it out, and my heirs will receive the profits."

"Be wise, Fritz, have the price paid out to you, before hand; all our favourite authors do that now. But begin to read from the beginning; I am curious to hear what first set you by the ears."

"Wednesday, 25th June,——"

"Was not that the day of your wedding?'

"No, the wedding was the day before. 'Oh, ye gods, how happy have ye made me! For what a gift have I to thank your goodness! What a mind!—what a heart? Since I have known Sophia I have for the first time understood myself; she has waked my slumbering soul as if with the chords of a harp. How delicate is her appreciation of everything! She gives me something better then the most beautiful advice; she points out to me what I have said too much, too rudely, or ont of season. What wit, emanating from the heart! She not only satisfies all my desires, but knows how to raise others, that these also she may content. Every moment is a vigil against any intrusion on my peace and happiness. She knows always, half an hour beforehand, if I am going to have an headache."

"There is no great magic about that, Fritz. Such predictions never fail with any wife, who sets the least store on her credit as a prophet."

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"'Thou good Sophia, how shall I repay thy love? It is thy only joy to see me happy, and that joy thou thyself greatest.'"

"Do you mean to mock me, Fritz? I don't wish to hear of your transports. Misery, and misery only, is what I want."

"Have a little patience—it will come soon enough.—Ten in the evening."

"Of the same day?

"Alas, yes, it was the very same day. * * * 'O God, how sorrowful am I ——'

"For shame, Fritz! When you where happy, in the morning, you called, like a heathen, on the gods; and only when your trouble comes at night, you, become a good Christian, and apply yourself to God. You are a wicked worldling!"

"'We sat in an arbour and read *Romeo and Juliet*. How much dearer has Sophia become to me since I learnt that Shakespear is dear to her. She exclaimed, in agitated tones, 'What a love,' It is like Dulon's flute!' This would have raised a little jealousy in me, for I suspected she was thinking of my clarionet; but no, the good soul certainly thought of nothing; she had tears in her eyes. They had brought into the court-yard a clothes-chest, which I had sent for from my bachelor residence. Sophia, still in tears, went to take charge of it. In the mean time I read on. A whole hour I waited, but Sophia did not come back. I sent to her; the servant brought me word that 'Madam was busy, and could not come just now.' I waited another hour. At last I went, and found my good Sophia thoroughly heated with exertion, and standing before a great chest. She had my linen and articles of clothing, systematically arranged, according to cut and colour, the worn garments bound into great bundles, a tabular inventory of the whole made out, and the memorandum nailed inside the box lid. Fritz,' said she, out of breath,' behind, there, I have laid the fine neckcloths; in front are the commoner ones for every-day use.' I said to her kindly,' But, Sophia, how could you for the sake of such a beggarly business forsake me and Shakespear for more than two hours?" This vexed her, she put on a cloudy face, and said she had the headache.'"

"And that was the day of your marriage?"

"Ay. She sulked and betook herself to bed at nine o'clock.

"You must not interpret everything so badly, Fritz."

"'Saturday, 28th June.—Paid, with Sophia, a visit of honour, to one of her friends. The time was frightfully long to me. I made a hundred signs and winks to my wife, suggesting departure; but she would not notice them. At length, after three hours' torment, she rose. I became light-spirited, and for the few remaining minutes made myself pleasant company. Sophia opened the door, her friend held the candle in her hand.' O Karl, truly then first began my sorrows! A quarter of hour they talked inside the door, a quarter of an hour just outside the door, and a quarter on the step."

"That's the way all women do, Fritz. No woman can write a letter without a postscript, nor conclude a visit without a post-chat. If the visitors are real friends, the fact is just endurable; the after-speeches last only half an hour, and the door is closed before the room becomes *quite* cold. If the parties hate each other cordially, however, it is not to be endured. Their friendliness is in that case doubled; those who depart wish to show that they go unwillingly—those who remain, that they are unwilling to be left, and then, like the imperial arrangement of the Bohemian council, the most important things are treated of with open doors."

"At supper time, I begged Sophia not to talk so long in future on the step, as she might take cold from it. She begged me to observe that it was her principle to accommodate herself to other people. Only think, Karl, she has principles too! She began to sulk, and spoke not another word. But the next morning, very early, she shut the Janus Temple;—she was invited to a ball for the evening."

"'Thursday, 3rd July.— When I came home, Sophia met me with a kiss. She led me into my study, saying—'Only look, Fritz, how beautifully I have arranged your library.' I shrunk, startled, back. She had placed my books in such order that I could not find a single volume. Hartleben's translation of the French crimi-

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nal statutes stood next to Winkelmann, because both were quartos: and my tobacco case, which she had taken for a book, was leaning against Rousseau's Heloise, because both were bound in green morocco. I thanked her for her kind intentions but begged her, for the future, never to lay a hand on my books. This offended her, and for a trifle like this I must needs open the Janus Temple.'"

"Fritz, my mathematical teacher was accustomed to say that marriage was the theory of "the infinite little." Forty years had he laboured at the quadrature of his domestic peace in vain. His wife rolled from temper to temper, till she fell into the grave."

"And then, of course, the professor was well enough pleased?"

"Alas, no; he wept, and died."

"'Monday, 7th July.—Sophia came into my room and found me smoking. She opened all the windows, and said, with a quiet earnestness, 'Fritz, I shall wean you from smoking.' Karl, my dear friend, did you hear that? A doll of eighteen years is to wean *me* from smoking—me, a man of settled character!"

"You mean a man of a settled age?"

"If you will have it so—a man of a settled age, then Early knowledge, late love!"

"Monday, 14th July."

"Your Mondays are none of them blue Mondays, it would seem?"

"'My Sophia is really too timid. Something of caution suits a woman well; a bold woman is as disgusting as a cowardly man. But their timidity should not be carried too far. We were walking on the raised footpath which leads along the wood to the little spring. A flock of lambs were grazing on the road. Sophia would not pass on account of the sheep-dog. She remarked that the dog stretched out its tongue, and that boded no good. I drew her on with some force amongst the flock. Alas! amongst the lambs she became ——"

"Never mind saying it, Fritz; I will say it for you—Amongst the lambs she became a wolf."

"Now come two circumstances about which I must keep silence, Karl."

"Keep them to yourself, if you are sworn to secrecy. Mere freemason mysteries, which every grown man knows! I only wish to know the immediate occasion of your already thirty hours' war."

"Day before yesterday we spent the day at our country house. Before dinner we went to walk. At a distance I saw Frau Martha coming. Karl, when I was a freshman, I fought the wild Senior of Westphalia in your presence; if I do but catch a glimpse of that Frau Martha, I turn pale. Woe to the unlucky wight who meets her in the way. She will be your guide, rhetorically, to the house of every family, to every room of the house, to every mouse hole of the room, and relate what has taken place for the last twenty years. And when she has finished, she twists her eyes and tells you, that, out of charity she has not told you the best, that is, *the worst*. I cannot comprehend how my Sophia, with so much mind and heart, can find pleasure in such a vicious tongue."

"And does that puzzle you, Fritz? Then let me tell you, that in every lady, the most intellectual as well as the most stupid, a little of the goose is latent, when the hour for cackling comes; even a Madame de Staal cannot but sympathise with her chambermaid."

"There was still a little hill between us, round which wound several paths. I struck into the road, on which I hoped to avoid her. But, either I did not understand the topography of the district enough, or I am a bad tactician, for when we rose out of the low part of the way we met her exactly face to face. First, they exchanged womanly kisses, those secret signs of the order of sisterhood, and then it broke loose. Once when I was a student, I slept in a mill; but I at least found next morning that the miller's daughter was pretty. But Madam Martha is as ugly as night."

"Woe to you, poor Fritz! If Madam Martha is ugly, the bond of their friendship will not soon be loosed."

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"And then, their creeping pace, Karl! You know not what a torment that is. Women walk as if their feet were of porcelain. Like the minute finger round the hour finger, I make sixty strides about my Sophia while she makes one, but reach the end of the journey not a whit sooner. When I think on the happiness awarded to me, of walking through life with my Sophia, I can form no conception what would be my feelings, if I were only permitted to tread the way with her with a firm quick step. Frau Martha returned with us, and at last we came to our garden. I was glad. Sophia begged her to come in. I trembled. Frau Martha declined. What, then does my good Sophia? Says she, with her flute of a voice, "Dearest, you have accompanied us home, now we will do the same with you." *We*, said she, as if I were the mere comet's tail of her humour. I followed them, half unconscious, as if I were being led to judgment. On the way I felt myself nearly fainting, and I give my wife a gentle push. They then separated. I breathed freely, and not before it was needful. The anger of my good Sophia lay like a nightmare on my breast, and seemed almost to crush it. She said I had been rude to Madam Martha, and even pushed herself. I vow to you, Karl, Aurora, with her rosy fingers, could not have touched her more gently then I. But she stood to it that I had given her a shove, and she said I was a bear."

"A bear!"

"Yes, a bear! And that is the last word I have heard from her since the day before yesterday."

"No, Fritz, that I would not endure. There should rather be —— Philologist, what do you call thunder-weather in soft Greek? If your wife could patiently see you suffer from ennui, she is wicked enough to poison you. Obtain a separation, Fritz. I have read, for amusement, Charles V.'s criminal code, and the entire modern literature of the block and the prison. Heavens! what hanging, beheading, breaking on the wheel, burning, suffocating, quartering, drawing, branding, torturing, imprisoning, binding over, commanding, and forbidding, have the fathers of the people done! Every night when I go to sleep I admire greatly that I am not yet hanged. But of the greatest of all crimes they have never yet said a word—the crime of subjecting a human being, an image of God, *to ennui*. Certainly the lawmakers were great and distinguished gentlemen, who, at their pleasure, summoned or sent away, received or dismissed, everybody. They knew nothing of ennui, and thought as little of assigning a punishment to such a crime as Solon did to the murder of parents. Is not the causing of ennui a real parent murder? Is not Time the mother of us all? Who wounds or destroys me has only injured or killed my body, but he who causes me ennui injures or murders my soul."

"I think so too, Karl. I can bear everything—hunger and thirst, frost and heat, rheumatism and the quotidian in Paris toothache and undeserved reproches; but ennui, that is stronger then I. And not content with causing, perhaps undesignedly, this tedium, she still further increases it, for she sulks, and has left me two days alone."

"Lead me to her, Fritz; I will bring her to reason."

"Do it, dear Karl; but pray you, do not be violent."

"Leave me to manage it; I know an admonitory discourse off by heart, which has already done good service in twenty cases. In ten minutes you shall either have won her again, or in losing her, you will have lost nothing."

Fritz led me into his wife's room. The dear little woman sat quite content at a little table eating strawberries and sugar. The previous year's "Pocket-book for Love and Friendship" lay open before her. When we entered, she was for going out; but I asked her to remain; I had some needful things to say to her. I then began to speak, not with an adagio, but quite as terribly, as the overture to "The Thievish Magpies."

> "Fie, fie! unknit thy threatning unkind brow;
> And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
> To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
> It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads;
> Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

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And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman moved, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou lies warm at home secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt!
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,—
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am ashamed that woman are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey,
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world:
But that our soft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?

At first Sophia made a contemptuous mouth; then she smiled; then she was quiet; then she became serious; then a few drops fell from her eyes: then a perfect storm of tears; then she slid out of the room, shut the Janus-Temple, came back, and threw herself sobbing on the neck of her husband. Shakespear's spirit looked smiling down from the stars;—I hastened away and left the happy pair alone to their love.

THE MOON.

When Nature is wrapt in the mantle of night,
And the moon tops the mountains with silvery light;
The forest trees wave, 'neath the touch of her beams,
That mirror their forms in meandering streams—
Whose music enraptures, when Cynthia smiles,
And modesty peers o'er the depth of the wilds.
The old village spire, and the dark spreading yew,
Are prominent forms in my nocturnal view,
Which soften the selfish, and expand the mind,
When music and moonlight unite with the wind.

Shepherds' Glen Lodge, Stockport. PETER PYOTT.

WEEK-DAY WALKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IF I remember rightly, it was a beautiful summer day, a short time before the railway era, when I entered the village of M——y, which is delightfully situated on the margin of a narrow stream, which divides the counties of York and Lancaster. The mountain scenery by which it is surrounded bears the same hard features as when I plodded my weary

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way to this self same village school, unconscious of the ups and downs that awaited me in my pilgrimage through a world of care and catering.

After gazing upon the hills, valleys, foot-paths and quaint houses, the first object that attracted my notice was an old dilapidated smithy, which once belonged to old Laurence Lackington, a dark, swarthy, broad-shouldered man, who in politics was a stout defender of the constitution in church and state. The smithy, dilapidated as it was, had been the scene of many a knock-down argument, for in the early part of the French Revolution, it was the grand arena of village politics. The only newspaper which then found its way into the hamlet, was the joint property of those who assembled round the hammer and anvil to read, mark, but not inwardly digest. Amongst those who frequented the Vulcanic newsroom, were an amateur captain, two or three small manufacturers, one or two minor shopkeepers, and a number of small fry who assembled to read the *British Volunteer*, which, by the bye, always multiplied the number of French, killed in battle, by seven. Sometimes a slight difference of opinion led to personal abuse, and not unfrequently to something more serious, when a raking up of the ashes of scandal for several generations past, would be resorted to; yet when any one of a different shade of politics happened to interfere, which was sometimes the case when a stranger dropped in to have a loose horse-shoe readjusted, there would be a re-union of the parties, and a cry of disaffection would often compel the offender to put spurs to his horse, to prevent his head coming in contact with the grind stone.

Having satisfied my curiosity in looking over the remains of Lackington's smithy, which awoke in me emotions of reverence,—for even the old horsing-bench, the bearers of the grind stone, which were fast approaching towards the centre of gravity, and some fragments of an old pair of bellows, stood forth as proud memorials of the past, which serve to bind the bye gone with the present,—"Alas!" said I, as I gazed upon the grey stone walls that stood in mournful silence, "how many noble hearts have perished, how many of those we loved have been gathered to their fathers, and how many thousands have been slain on the field of battle to satisfy the cravings of an ambitious appetite, since this dilapidated smithy was the arena of village politics?

As I moved slowly along the principal street, I could not but admire a few well-cultivated gardens, several detatched cottages and groups of stone buildings, two or three good inns, and that which always gives a finish to a country village—a church. But this fine old place of public worship, which is larger than most of our parish churches, is yet called an episcopalian chapel, because it cannot boast the necessary appendage of a steeple! This far-famed village—for famed it is for its enterprising men and large mills—is overlooked by green hills, which shield it from the northern blast; while on the opposite side of the deep valley loom the dark heather mountains, perambulated by the white fleecy flocks of the neighbouring farmers. Having proceeded but a short

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distance, I observed a group of idlers opposite the principal inn, near to which was the residence of the village clergyman, where I met a lady of my acquaintance; and, in the hurry of offering my hand, my foot slipped, and I was well nigh stumbling upon my nose, at which accident the idles set up a horse-laugh, to the great mortification of myself and the lady, whose hand I was about to take within my own delicate fingers

"Heads up!" shouted a coarse looking fellow with a bronze face. "Why," said another, "he's drunk!" "Nay, nay," shouted a little puny fellow, with a squeaking voice not unlike a penny trumpet, "he's mist his way." "If so," said another, who appeared to have more wit than good sense, "he must follow his nose and bite the bridle." The reverend gentleman, who happened to be walking in his garden, silently glided into the house,

"With all his blushing honours thick upon him."

To relieve myself from the embarrassment, I walked towards the door of the inn, and turning my face to the window, I observed a number of letters conspicuously placed for inspection, a portion of which were addressed to the small manufacturers and little shopkeepers, who resided in the neighbourhood, which in all probability might remain a week or ten days, as there was neither post office nor delivery-man. Those who were then in the habit of receiving letters, made it a part of their duty, after divine service, on the Sabbath, to inspect the letters, in order to see if any were addressed to them. I had now time to take a glance at the idlers, whom I had every reason to believe took me for a preacher in the Primitives; but, alas! they were mistaken, as I never had the honour to hold forth.

The first person among the group who caught my eye, was a huge butcher, whose chest would not have disgraced the legs of Hercules, and whose face bore the hue of brandy and drippings, for its transparent brightness reflected the high cheek bones of the little man with the squeaking voice. His shoulders were a little rounded, but not so much as to give him a disagreeable appearance, and had his knees inclined a little less inward, he would have been the very prototype of dandy Dinmont, for he was surrounded by a number of dogs, which, I believe, were descendants of Dinmont's original breed of peppers and mustards. Another of the idlers, who had made himself conspicuous, was an uncouth looking fellow with a "carroty poll," over which was a "shocking bad hat," through the crown of which a tuft of lamb's wool protruded, which, no doubt, was the property of some respectable manufacturer. His long, meagre neck had never known the luxury of a neck-cloth, nor had the collar of his shirt ever been united by the faithful adherence of a button.

While contempling this singular group, I perceived a young soldier plodding his weary way through the village, almost ready to faint under the weight of his knapsack The little spark of sympathy which re-

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mained in me was rekindled, when I saw the sweat standing in large drops upon his forehead, and in a few moments we found ourselves seated in the travellers' room of the *Red Deer*. While discussing the flavour of a fine old Cheshire cheese, and washing it down with a glass of fine old ale, I found him to be a person of rather superior mind, who having been in the army but a short time, displayed but few of the characteristics of his profession. As he had been taking leave of his widowed mother, at the town of Bradford, prior to his sailing for India, our conversation turned upon the subject of the British authorities exacting a pilgrim tax at the temple of Juggernaut, and at the same time encouraging missionary labours for the spread of Christianity. "Is there any consistency in such a line of conduct;" said he, "and how can it be reconciled with the character of a Christian government." Such were the sentiments of this young soldier, whose principles did honour to his heart, and whose mind was the very reverse of the trade of war. "You may be wishful to know why I have adopted a profession which is repungent to the principles which I hold, but a few brief observations will suffice: I was bred in affluence, and educated in one of the best schools in the country; but the uncertainty of commercial speculations brought our family to ruin, and my poor father to a premature grave, leaving a widow and five children entirely unprovided for. Fortitude, in adversity, was no part of my nature. I could not bear the change, for I thought the finger of scorn was everywhere pointed towards me. I was shunned by those who had obsequiously bowed their heads when my star of prosperity was in the ascendant. Those whom my father had befriended were the first to withdraw their acquaintance, and to close their doors against the friendly calls of my mother, when their advice and assistanae was absolutely necessary; but the world is made up of such ingredients, and," said he, "if you will permit me to use the words of the immortal Shakespear, it is—

"A breach that craves a quick expedient,"

and I recklessly plunged into the vortex, without considering its consequences; but I will not complain." He shouldered his knapsack, and we parted for ever.

In sauntering through the village, I took a random glance at the small drapers' shops, the windows of which were then adorned with calico prints, cotton handkerchiefs, tapes ribbons, and a few soiled straw bonnets. Grocers and tea dealers, with their little square sign-boards, specifying, in small chrome-yellow letters, as if ashamed of the public eye—"Tobacco, Snuff, &c.," one of the etceteras being "Marland's white sand and rubbing-stones." A little lower down was a solitary huckster's shop, with a few decayed vegetables, opposite to which I met an old acquaintance, in the person of Bill Brackinberry, whom I had not seen for some years previous. Without uttering a single word, he seized the fingers of my gloveless hand and gave it three prodigious

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shakes, which convinced me he was happy in having met an old friend, for many a friendly confab have I had with Bill, whose wild theoretic speculations, legendary tales and ghost stories, were the very life and soul of a romantic mind. I know not how it is, yet I like the company of such men, though they are not always the most intelligent; still there is something pleasing in their very nature. I do not believe in ghost stories and fairy tales, yet the recital of them rekindles in me a spark of pleasing superstision, which I would not exchange for the prevailing utilitarian spirit of the present generation.

Bill Brackinberry was one of those important personages which are to be found in almost every country village, viz, a verbal vendor of foreign and domestic news, to whom the inhabitants look for their daily supply. After giving my hand three prodigious shakes, and wiping the crystal drop from a prominent part of his face—which sustained an old fashioned pair of spectacles—he exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, a full octave below its accustomed pitch, "Well, my old friend, how does the world use you? It is a long time since we met: any thing new? Any fresh agitation among the radicals? Something I must have for my customers." "Customers!" said I, with a degree of surprise which evidently astonished him, for I was not aware that he was removed from the sphere in which he lived, when I had the pleasure of seeing him some years previously, believing, from his habits of life, that he would never make the least effort to raise himself above the lowest pitch of poverty. If any of the villagers were desirous of spending an idle afternoon in discussing some political or religious question, or in listening to his traditionary tales of witches and wizards, he could always calculate with certainty on his company, for never did weaver's shuttle fly athwart his web more tardily than did Bill Brackinberry's. In my turn, I requested to know how the world used *him*, and before I had time to finish the sentence, he exclaimed, with Poor Richard,—"Now I've got a cow and a pig every body bids me good morning." "A cow and a pig!" I exclaimed, with my eyes open as wide as the lashes would permit. "Aye, a cow and a pig, sir; and if you'll have a little patience, I'll give you a brief account of my rise and progress in the world; but, first of all, you must understand that I belong to one of the most ancient families in the United Kingdom, and if any honour be attached to a long genealogical line of ancestors, I must be one of the most honourable men in the world, for, be it known, that the Brackinberries were found upon this island at the time of its invasion by Julius Cæsar, consequently a great portion of the land must have belonged to my family. Well, but setting aside all that, which is of very little consequence in these speculating times, and" pointing his finger towards a cotton-mill, which stood at some distance in the valley, "you know," said he, "that I never was fond of the power of steam, and though I owe my elevation in society to that wonderful agent, I cannot see distinctly that its existence, with all its productive power, is likely to give permanent happiness to the people; and if

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Watt had lived and died in his little spectacle shop, in the vicinity of Glasgow college, the wheel and distaff never would have given place to the buzz of the factory spindle, and the clank of the steam-loom. Now hark ye," said he, at the same time taking a check handkerchief from the pocket of a long sparrow-tail coat, and rubbing it twice or thrice over his upper lip, "if my prophetic calculations are based upon true principles, you may live to see the day when the name of Watt will only be esteemed by political economists and stock jobbers. But to the point," said Bill, "when my children grew up to a state of maturity, I could no longer restrain their desires to indulge in the pride of this 'base and degenerate world,' which induced them to forsake the pure air of their native hills, for the contaminated atmosphere of a cotton-mill, which was very much against my wish, and to the mill they went. Very soon an influx of money poured into the lap of my old wife, which made her heart as light as an elfin's wing. However, the sight of a golden sovereign or two, every pay day, began to clear away a little of the rust of prejudice, if such it may be considered, and I began to fancy myself a great man, and a man of some importance in the world, and being fond of the manners and customs of the ancients, I procured for myself an ass." I burst into a loud fit of laughter. "Aye, you may laugh;" said he, "but as the best generals, statesmen, and philosophers of olden time rode their asses, I was determined to ride mine, so I bought as fine a donkey as ever trudged before an honest pedlar. Notwithstanding what Shakespear says, through the mouth of that foolish fellow *Sampson*,

'O my word, we'll not carry coals,'

I began the business of coal carrying, and from little to much, and from much to more, I have got a larger number of cattle than any gentleman in the neighbourhood. I have fifteen as fine donkeys, one Welsh pony, two cows, and one pig, as ever belonged to a vendor of black diamond." I congratulated him on his good fortune, and assured him that no trade in the world was so well suited to his early habits as that of carrying coals, for the coal-pit was a place where he could collect a great quantity of local news, which was essential to his very existence, for every person he met, who knew him, was in full expectation of hearing something from him in the shape of news. It is necessary to state that the roads which led to the cottages, on the mountain sides, were inaccessible to carts, so that there was no alternative but that of receiving their supply of coals in the way I have mentioned; and of all men in the world, Bill Brackinberry was the most suitable for the purpose. He was an eccentric being of moderate information, nicely tainted with superstition, who told his legendary tales in a style peculiar to himself. He knew the genealogy of every old family in the neighbourhood, and would mention the exact date of every important event which had occurred within a reasonable period. Though his politics were of the extreme liberal cast, I do not believe he had one single enemy in the ranks of whig, tory, or radical.

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SUPERSTITION.

'Tis Superstition nerves the bigot's arm,
To plunge the glitt'ring steel within the breasts
Of those whose minds are cast in nobler mould;
Or, by fair Science train'd, do soar aloft
To heights the bigot never can attain.
Unlike blind Error's misled devotee,
The votary of Nature and her God
Leaves Superstition's dark and muddy pool,
To drink from Wisdom's clear and pearly fount,
And bask in Freedom's intellectual rays:
Leaving the fetters Priestcraft would inpose,
To those whose slavish souls boast of their chains,
And glory in the slavery they endure.
Yes! Superstition ever curses man;
Closes his ears against the shrieks and wails
Of those who suffer pain upon the rack,
Or groan 'midst fires by monkish hatred lit.
Know this, ye demons in the shape of men!
To torture those whom you can not convince
That your own dogmas only can be true,
Is never pleasing in the sight of God;
Whose essence being from pollution free,
Delights not in the woes of human kind,
Like those who to themselves do arrogate
The keeping of the oracles of Heaven.
Inhuman wretches! 'tis in vain your fires
Do burn, more worthy mortals to consume.
Is not the victim, suffering on the rack,
Your fellow-creature, countrymen, and friend?—
Your brother in all things but cruelty?
His pains, his shrieks, your inhumanity
And cruel exultation o'er his woes,
Will hasten on the tide of light and thought,
Which—sweeping Persecution from the earth—
Bids Reason, Knowledge, Truth, and Virtue reign.

Stokesley GEORGE TWEDDELL.

THE IRISH CLEARING.

MURTOCH DONOHOE'S house was the last to the cleared, and his cattle the last to be driven off the land; with the possession taken of his farm and dwelling, the day's proceedings were to close. Dick Mulchay had, in legal parlance, and according to the professional directions of "owld Slingsby, the 'torney," seen everything perfected in due form. "Sod and twig" had been yielded to him; no cat, or bird, or other living creature, had been left within the cottages; every requisite ceremony had been gone through; and the whole colony of Clough Fionn was shelterless and landless. The sheriff and the soldiers were moving away; and Dick Mulcahy was departing under their escort—he knew right well there was no safety for him with the outraged people of the hillside;

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Murtoch Donohoe was surrounded by his guards. Pinioned as he was, he made a desperate rush, and burst through his detainers. There was a hasty whisper between the military commander and his subaltern; and, although Mulcahy cried out for his recapture, there was no movement, made to follow him; it was evident that the sympathy of the officer and his men was with the suffering inhabitants of Clough Fionn.

Mutoch Donohoe hurried down the hill at full speed, and stood over his wife's bed; he stooped, and called her name as softley as he could. She gave no answer to the summons of him she had loved—she was dead! and her helpless infant was nestling against her pulseless heart.

Ever since Murtoch Donohoe had been a child, he had not shed a tear; but when, after stirring his wife's body with is foot—for his arms were tied tight—he was convinced that she was lifeless, the agony of grief that burst from him was harrowing to the listeners: it was a hoarse wail of hopeless sorrow—it was the harsh voice of a powerful and stalwort man weeping in loud agony; and the big tears ran along his sunburnt cheeks and fell on Sheelah's corpse. Some one cut the cords that bound his arms to his sides. It would seem as if the sense of bondage had had some effects towards the softening of his nature; for, with the freedom of his person, his violence returned He dashed his hands across his eyes, to banish away his tears—he looked hurriedly round him. At this moment the soldiers were only a few paces distant; they heard the cry of the bereft husband, and a cringing whisper had passed from ear to ear. Mulcahy was still under their protection when they came again in sight of Murtoch Donohoe. A few bounds brought the enraged sufferer amongst them; Dick Mulcahy was again dragged from his horse, and in the grasp of the maniac man. The suddenness of the movement had taken all unawares; the soldiers hastened to prevent mischeif, but they paused as if spell-bound; they saw Murtoch Donohoe, still grasping his pallid prisoner by the arm, place him at the head of his wife's dead body, and for a space, they stood as awed spectators of the scene. Every murmur was hushed, and involuntary stillness prevailed as Murtoch Donohoe addressed his captive. Murtoch Donohoe spoke in the Irish language; he was understood by Dick Mulcahy and by his neighbours; the soldiers were, ignorant of his meaning, but the impressiveness of his tone and manner arrested their attention.

"Richard Mulcahy," he said, "look upon your work; you are the murderer of my wife. The gentlest, the most affectionate soul ever imprisioned in a beautiful mould of clay was that of my own Sheelah! Richard Mulcahy, you have sent my heart's treasure, in the prime of her loveliness, to stand before the judgment throne; you have taken my wife from me—the wife I loved beyond the world or the world's wealth. You have made me a lonely, homeless begger. To be turned adrift from this pleasant hill of Clough Fionn might be forgiven; but, Richard Mulcahy, the untimly death of Sheelah I will forgive you never, never, never. Look at your work, Richard Mulcahy, and let fear be on you.

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You have soldiers to guard you now, and my hand cannot crush you; but I will meet you where no one shall curb the vengeance of my arm."

Murtoch Donohoe shook his injurer, and Mulcahy wavered and tottered as if he were in a giant's clutch.

"Betrayer and murderer, look upon your work!" roared the agonized widower; and loosing his grasp of the arm, he held, his hands were, a second time, at the throttle of his foe.

Their can be little doubt but that a short struggle would have satiated the vengeance of Murtoch Donohoe. The periled man was with difficulty separated from him; the soldiers encompassed the liberated and almost breathless Mulcahy. Nearly bereft of reason as he was, a glance sufficed to covince Murtoch that present attempt at outrage was impracticable.

There was a very lovely boy kneeling by the dead body of Sheelah; his gaze was on the face, now fast fixing in the ridgidity of death; and, with both his little hands pressed together, he was weeping and sobbing from the very bottom of his heart. This boy had been the leader of the flower gatherers in the meadows; he was Murtoch Donohoe's son Patrick.

The father suddenly stopped down and lifted the child to his feet. The little fellow turned up his tearful eyes to his parent's face evidently in terror.

"Father, father, don't put blame on poor Patrick." he petitioned; "don't put blame on me. I didn't kill my mother; I would not hurt or vex her, father. I didn't kill my mother."

"Stand there, Patrick," the father said; "stand there, Patrick." And he placed his son at one side of his wife's body, and stood on the opposite side himself. He still spoke in Irish, but not now in a boisterous tone, as before, but slowly, and with a deep, gutteral cadence, at the same time distinct and audible.

"Listen to the words I speak, Patrick. Are you hearkening to me?" "I am—I am, father."

"Then repeat over again the words of my mouth; word for word repeat them."—"I will, father."

Muortoch Donohoe paused between every word to catch the tiny echo of his son's childish trebble as it followed the deep, sonorous intonations of his own voice. He held both of the boy's hands in his, their arms extended accross the corpse; and whenever the little imitator faltered or misapprehended the dictation of his father, he screamed from pain, his hands were pressed so violently.

Murtoch Donohoe thus anathematised—

"I swear by the soul of her whose body lies dead before me—I swear by the name of Him to whom that soul is gone—that I will have life for life, blood for blood. I swear that fire or water shall not stop me. I swear that, night or day, I will not be at peace till this black murder be revenged upon the murderer."

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When satisfied that every word of this fearful oath had been distinctly syllabled by his child, Murtoch Donohoe loosed his grasp of the little swearer's hands, and flung himself on the remains of his wife, and there remained for hours.

Two days after, he stood by the grave of Sheela, hard-by the ruined church, while the clay fell with hollow thumps upon her coffin. The baby was buried with the mother; and when all the attendants of the funeral had gone away, Murtoch Donohoe remained, and the whole day and the following night he rested against the ruin, brooding over his loss.—*Article: Clough Fionn; by One of the O'Hara Family.*

LAMENT OF THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful,
The moon smiles on the sea;
But ne'er again my roving swain
Will smile with love on me.
No more these eyes shall mark his prize
Bound o'er the yielding wave;
His dauntless band, who spurn'd the land,
Have found an ocean-grave.

The voice of warfare, loud and long,
Went booming o'er the deep;
'Till, crush'd and cold, my corsair bold
Fell, like the winds, to sleep.
They hurl'd him to the dark green cave,
When Heaven reclaim'd his breath;
For Mercy watch'd not o'er the brave,
Nor Pity, e'en in death.

Adieu! my pride, my hope denied;
Thy fond heart, wild and free,
Though false and high to earth and sky,
Was ever true to me.
Oh! gently 'bove my ill-starr'd love
Ye nightly waters roll;
And may the Lord of fire and sword
Forgive my wanderer's soul.

Manchester. SYLVAN.

BENEVOLENCE.

A spirit of true Benevolence considers all persons as brothers, as creatures of one common nature, liable to the same wants and imperfections, capable of the same merits, sensible of the same evils, travelling the same journey, exposed to the same dangers and vicissitudes. It accepts and bestows service with the same simplicity. The emotion of benevolence fosters every other amiable emotion, as it softens the asperities of unamiable dispositions. It shows itself in charity, not only in act, but

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by looks and words. It not only bestows alms on the needy and unfriended, but dispenses candid opinions, mild reproofs, and animating plaudits. It is ever willing to receive the fairest construction of the conduct of others, ever more ready to expatiate on merit than to exaggerate defects; willing to disclose excellence and to conceal error. It is prompt in silencing the tale of scandal, in hushing the whisper of calumny; blunting the edge of satire, and calming the violence of anger. It supposes kindness in those with whom it has concern, as well as practises it towards them. It has no ear for slander, no eye for rage, no lip for vengeance, no heart for hatred. It listens to candid suggestions alone; looks only mildness; speaks only gentleness; feels only good-will, and in all its intercourse and operations, presents itself as the peace-diffusing spirit of society.

Yeadon. JOSEPH BRADLEY.

THE DOWNIE SLAUGHTER:

A LEGEND OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

ABOUT the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question. "Who murdered Downie?" Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between "town and grown," although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatised as murderers, when the accusers have probability on their side; but the "taking off" of Downie occurred when the gownsmen so maligned were in swaddling clothes.

But there was a time when, to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of Richard Downie, made the blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books thoughtful and subdued. Downie was sacrist or janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour, previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the Principal. Whether, in discharging this function, Downie was more rigid than his predecessors in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time then another, cannot now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescibed time, were shut out, and were afterwards reprimanded and fined by the principal. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took ever petty means of annoying the sacrist; he in his turn, applied the screw at other points of acedemic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that, in all his proceedings, he kept

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within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rules were uniformly against them, and in favour of Downie. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion had to be put in force; and, in the end, law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Downie. Various schemes of revenge were thought of.

Downie was, in common with teachers and taught, enjoying the leisure of the short New Year's vacation—the pleasure no doubt being greatly enhanced by the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings—when, as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentlemen at a neighbouring hotel wished to speak with him. Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered form one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place, about fifty figures, also dressed in black, and with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a Court, and Downie, pale with terror, was given to understood that he was about to be put on his trial.

A judge took his seat on the bench; a clerk and public prosecutor sat below; and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first set down the whole affair as a joke; but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity that, in spite of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students; witnesses were examined in due form, the public prosecutor addressed the jury, and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said Downie, "the joke has been carried far enough; it is growing late, and my wife will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in times past, I am sorry for it, and I assure you I will take more care in future."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict, and if you wish to retire, do so."

The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed; and, except renewing the solitary candle that burned beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement. The jury returned and recorded a verdict of *Guilty!*

The judge solemnly assumed a huge black cap, and addressed the prisoner.

"Richard Downie! The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberties and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death. In fifteen minutes the sentence of the court will be carried into effect."

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The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an axe, and a bag of saw-dust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared came forward, and prepared to act the part of doomster.

It was now past midnight, there was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.

"For any sake, gentlemen," said the terrified man, let me home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are now left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry and you are seized, and your doom completed before you can utter another. Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night: they are known to none but ourselves; and when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall disperse unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for death; other five minutes will be allowed, but no more."

The unfortunate man, in an agony of deadly terror, raved and shrieked for mercy; but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer; for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"Now!" exclaimed the judge.

Four persons stepped forward and seized Downie, on whose features a cold clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" cried the judge.

The executioner struck the axe on the floor; an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.

But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment—they laughed again—but still he moved not—they lifted him up, but Downie was dead! Fright had killed him as effectually as if the axe of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.

It was a tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein; but all was over; and the conspiritors had now to bethink themselves of safety. They now in reality swore an oath among themselves; and the affrighted young men, carrying their disguises with them, left the body of Downie lying in the hotel. One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual who was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give them all time to make their escape.

Next morning the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor

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Downie exhibited no mark of violence, internal or external. The ill-will between him and the students was known; it was also known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation—that Downie had been sent for by them: but beyond this nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred and fifty students at the college, who could point out the guilty or suspected fifty? Moreover, they were scattered over the city, and the magistrates themselves had many of their own families amongst the number, and it was not desirable to go into the affair too minutely. Downie's widow and family were provided for—and his slaughter remained a mystery until about fifteen years after its occurrence, when a gentleman on his death-bed disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.—*Household Words.*

The *Aberdeen Journal*, in quoting the above, adds:—"The preceding narrative is incorrect in one or two particulars. It was of *King's*, and not of Marischal College, that Downie was sacrist, and the locality where the mock trial and execution, attended by such a fatal result, took place, was in a hollow piece of ground, near Powies, still known by the name of Downie's Howe."

SUMMER REFLECTIONS.

If I have felt the chilling wintry blast,
And heard it sweeping through the leafless trees;
If o'er departed beauties, once like these,
I've seen a snowy shroud all coldly cast,
Should I not, then, love summer flowers more,
And catch their fragrance in the balmy breeze?
Not vainly wish them longer power to please:
The young and beautiful we must adore,
And they, by contrast, still more lovely seem.—
E'en summer were an irksome, common thing,
But for the changes which the seasons bring,
And day's monotony our nights redeem.
From youth to age are mortals surely blest,
Since God ordained these changes for the best!

Manchester. THOMAS NICHOLSON.

PERSEVERANCE AND SUCCESS:

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY LIFE OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

DR. JOHNSON has told us that "perseverance is genius," and however imperfect this definition of our great lexicographer's may be, yet we believe that a strong and persevering will is one of the most necessary elements of success in almost every pursuit which can engage the mind of man.

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It would, perhaps, be difficult to meet with a more striking example of the power residing in a resolute mind to achieve success in the face of adverse circumstances, than is presented to us in the career of a talented and popular French writer of the present day—M. Alexandre Dumas, Marquis de la Pailleterie.

In few cases has the tide of fortune appeared more directly adverse; but in few, also, has it been more bravely struggled against and resisted.

At the very outset of his course, M. Dumas had to contend with one of the strongest and deeply-rooted prejudices of the human mind—that of the distinction of *races*. His father was a mulatto, the son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie, a rich planter in the island of St. Domingo. At the age of twenty-four, the young mulatto enlisted as a dragoon in the regiment of Marie Antoinette, and having distinguished himself by his bravery during the French revolutionary war, as well as during Napoleon's campaigns, he rose to the post of Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Alps. His republican opinions having prevented him from attaching himself to the fortunes of the First Consul, when once the latter began to reach forth his grasp towards the imperial crown, he retired to the small town of Villars Cottrait; and there the brave Dumas, forgotten by the master whom he had served so well, gradually sunk into the grave, leaving behind him at his death, in 1806, a widow with three children, two of whom were daughters, the third, Alexander Dumas, the subject of our present sketch, who was only then three years of age.

Many days of sorrow and of penury now awaited the widow and orphan children of the brave general, and the education of the young Alexander was, in the meanwhile wofully neglected. His mother, who loved him passionately, could not bear to part from him. The cure of Villars Cottrait taught him a few words of Latin, and instructed him in the art of composing doggrel French rhymes. As to arithmetic, three schoolmasters, one after another, resigned in despair the attempt to instruct him in the four first rules! He excelled, it is true, in all martial exercises and games of strength, and was considered the boldest huntsman in the neighbourhood; but his *mind* was still uncultivated, and his life was without an aim, until he had entered upon his twentieth year.

At this period it was that the critical moment came—that moment which is the turning point in so many lives—when he suddenly found himself thrown upon his own resources, and obliged to exert himself in order to obtain even daily bread. But we must leave him to describe this important moment of his existence in his own words:

"I had just," says he, "attained my twentieth year, when my mother one day entered my room, and embracing me with tears in her eyes exclaimed:"—

"My child, I have just been obliged to sell all we possess, in order to pay our debts."

"Well, my mother?"

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"Well, my poor child, when our debts are paid, we shall have just two hundred and fifty-three francs left."

"Of yearly income?"

"My mother smiled sadly, and shook her head.

"*Altogether* then, do you mean?" I asked.

"Yes, she replied, "altogether."

"Well, then, give me the fifty-three francs, and I will set out to-morrow morning for Paris."

"And what will you do when you get there, my son?"

"I will call on my father's friends, the Duke de Bellune, who is Minister of War; Sebastiani, Jourdan, &c.

"This conversation resulted in the departure of the young Dumas for Paris with the fifty-three francs in his pocket, and possessed with the full conviction that the capital was a garden of Hesperides, where he had only to reach forth his hand to pluck the golden apples of wealth and of prosperity.

"These bright visions were, however, soon destined to be dispelled by the cold realities of life. He waited upon one after another of his father's friends; they barely seemed even to remember that such a friend had once existed. His fifty-three francs were rapidly melting away; and he knew but too well that when this stock was once exhausted, he had no friend on earth from whom he could expect a fresh supply. His poor mother, it is true, would cheerfully have shared with him her last penny; but she too, he was well aware, must now almost be as destitute as himself. Happily, however, before leaving his home, he had provided himself with a letter of introduction from an influential elector to General Foy, the deputy for his department, and though not very sanguine of success in that quarter, he determind to try it as a last resource. He gives a most graphic description of his interview with the general; an interview so pregnant with important consequences to the now almost penniless, and what was still worse, almost uneducated young man.

"Let me see, what can we make of you?" said the General.

"Any thing you please, General."

"I must first know what you are fit for."

"Not for much, I am afraid."

"What kind of education have you had?" I suppose you have some slight knowledge of mathematics?"

"No, General I have not."

"You have probably *some* acquaintance, at least, with geometry, or with physic?"

"None, whatever."

"You have studied law, perhaps?"

"No, General, I am quite ignorant of the subject."

"Have you learnt Latin and Greek?"

"Very little of either."

"Perhaps you are a good accountant?"

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"No, General, I am not."

"As the General asked me one question after another," added M. Dumas, "I felt my cheek glow with shame; this was the first time in my life that I had been made roughly to feel my own ignorance."

"General Foy appeared embarrassed. "Give me your address, young man," said he, and I will see whether I can do anything for you."

Alexander Dumas took up a pen, and wrote his address, whilst the General looked on. He had no sooner concluded, however, when the latter clapped his hands together, and exclaimed—

"That will do; your handwriting is good!"

"I hung down my my head," continued M. Dumas. "I was ashamed to raise my eyes from the ground,—*a good hand writing*, this was my sole recommendation."

It was, then, to this single talent that the future author was indebted for being placed, on the ensuing day, in a situation where he received a hundred francs (£4.) a month, as a copying clerk in the office of the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe's) secretary.

Scarcely was the young Dumas installed in his new office, before he formed a serious resolution that he would one day live by his *pen*, using the word in a higher term then that which merely implied the mechanical occupation of the scribe. With this object in view, he resolutely applied himself to the work of self-education. "And now," he says, "commenced that obstinate struggle of my will, a struggle which was the more singular inasmuch as it had no fixed aim, and required so much the more perseverance, inasmuch as I had everything to learn. Occupied daily during eight hours, at my desk, and obliged to return every evening to the office and work from seven till ten, my *nights* only were left to me for self-improvement. It was during these feverish watches that I contracted the habit I have ever since retained, of that nocturnal labour which renders the amount of work I get through inconceivable, even to my intimate friends; for they cannot understand whence I find the time to accomplish it. This interior life, which I led unknown to all around me, lasted during three years without producing any apparent result. During that time I did not produce anything. I did not even feel the want of producing anything. I followed, it is true, with a certain degree of curiosity, the course of the theatrical productions of the day, and watched their failure and their success; but as I neither sympathised with their dramatic construction, nor with the dialogue form of their execution, I merely felt that I was incapable of producing anything in a similar style, without ever dreaming that there was a far different style in existence.

"About this time, a company of English actors arrived in Paris, and 'Hamlet' was announced for performance. I had never even *read* one of Shakespear's plays, and now I went and *saw* Shakespear's 'Hamlet.' It was as though one who had been born blind had suddenly been restored to sight, and all the beauties of a world hitherto unknown

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to him suddenly displayed before his sight. * * Oh! this was what I had been seeking after * * Oh! Shakespear, thanks! thanks be to thee!"

Having received this new impulse from an acquaintance with the works of our immortal bard, the young author laboured more indefatigably then ever to perfect his style, and on the 10th of February, 1829, produced his drama of 'Henry III.,' which obtained an immense success in Paris. The duke of Orleans, who was present at its first representation, immediately raised Alexander Dumas's salary to six thousand francs, instead of twelve hundred, and he was no longer obliged to observe the office hours. Since that period the career of Alexander Dumas has been one of almost unexampled success. He is well known to the world both as poet, novelist, and traveller—in the latter capacity, more especially, his vivid and graphic descriptions cannot fail to render his 'Impressions de Voyages' popular with readers of all nations—and though we may often wish that talents of so high an order and perseverance so untiring, had been directed to loftier aim, we cannot but honour the energy of character which led the young clerk to educate himself in spite of such apparently insurmountable obstacles. Let us at least learn from his history the truth of the old proverb, "where there is a will, there is a way." Let us first take care that our aim be good—our intentions pure—and then, whatever be the obstacles in our path—however apparently hopeless our endeavours—never, never let us despair: but through all, even in the darkest hour, with a brave heart labour on, taking for our motto in all our undertakings, "Hope on, hope ever,"—so, uniting together cheerful *trust* and earnest *endeavour*, seldom shall we fail at last to reach the goal.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue
And joined in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold—
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow,
May traces of sorrow be seen;
O well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath,
With accents of kindness, then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.

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Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

AMERICAN PAPER.

THE SHEPHERDS' CHRONICLE.

ASHTON DISTRICT.

PRESENTATION.—The members and their wives of the Abel Lodge, No 1, met at the house of Host James Scholfield, Friendship Inn, June 26th, where an excellent tea was prepared by the worthy hostess.—After the removal of the trays, C.S. John Birchall was called to the chair, who was ably supported by P.M. Samuel Cooper. On his right was Thomas Scholfield Esq., late Treasurer, and on his left was P.C.S. G. Smith.—The Chairman in opening the business for which they were met, made some forcible remarks on the extent and usefulness of our order, but hoped he might be excused at that stage of the business, making any remarks on the occasion of their being brought together, as other parties would address them on that subject.—After the usual loyal toasts had been given, P.C.S. William Shaw rose and said, he was sorry the business of presenting the testimonial had not devolved upon some other person, for he believed there were others present who were more able to do justice to the task; in a long and elaborate speech Mr. Shaw gave a very interesting account of the rise of Shepherdry; in doing which, he stated that the order first commenced in the house in which they were then assembled, on the 25th of December, 1825, which was kept by Mr. Thomas Scholfield, the gentleman to whom he should have the honour of presenting a testimonial of their esteem. Mr. Scholfield was one of the founders of that great order, which had grown from a puny child to a mighty giant, in so short a period of time. He had been the treasurer of the first lodge for 25 years, and whether in prosperity or adversity, the treasurer's purse never relaxed its office.—We have not room to follow him through the details of his lengthy address, in which he spoke in glowing terms of the character of Mr. Scholfield as a Shepherd. He then begged his acceptance of a trifling testimonial with which the members of the loyal Abel Lodge of Ancient Shepherds thought it their duty to present him, as an especial mark of their esteem, which was a very handsome Silver Snuff Box, bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented to brother Thomas Scholfield, by the members of the Abel Lodge, No. 1. of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, as a token of esteem and respect, for his integrity as treasurer for the above Lodge, for a period of twenty-five years, June 26, 1852."

Mr. Scholfield, in thanking them for the handsome testimonial with which they had been pleased to present him, stated that he had always felt an interest in the prosperity of that institution which he had assisted in bringing into existence, and which he was proud to see was doing so much good in the world, an order which he believed would, in a very short time, be second to none. He had been treasurer twenty-five years, and during that long period he had always taken care that every sick member had received his full amount of sick pay, whether in times of prosperity or adversity. After some interesting remarks he sat down amidst loud cheers which were several times repeated. Mr. Wright then gave in his usual style "The fine old English gentleman."—P.C.S. G. Smith being called upon to address the meeting, he said that as P.C.S. Shaw had spoken of Mr Schofield as a

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Shepherd, he would now speak of him as a man and a member of society, whom he knew before Shepherdry was thought of. He had been an industrious man, who had worked himself up to a state of affluence in spite of all opposition. As a father and a husband he might be held up as an example. As a tradesman he had an unexceptionable character for honesty and fair-dealing, and as a member of the town council, he had rendered this large and populous town some service, for which the people felt grateful, and would at any time be ready to replace him in that honourable position. After some lengthy observations on which he dwelt on the many good qualities possessed by Mr. Scholfield as a citizen and a fellow-townsman, during the evening, several of the members spoke upon various topics, and at intervals some fine glees and songs were given by Messrs. T. and J. Shaw. The remainder of the evening was spent in a most convivial manner, and after votes of thanks had been given to the Chairman, and the Host and Hostess of the Inn, a handsome Walking Stick was presented to Mr. Scholfield, in addition to the Snuff Box, for which he returned thanks in a suitable speech, when Mr. Knott gave a recitation, "My Stick," and the company separated a little before twelve o'clock, highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

ANNIVERSARY.—The members of the Woodman's Hut Lodge of Ancient Shepherds, held at Mr. Thomas Scholfield's, the Southam Arms Inn, celebrated their eighteenth anniversary, on Saturday, July 17th, when about one hundred of the members and their wives partook of a good substantial dinner, served up in a very superior style, under the superintendence of Mrs. Scholfield, the worthy hostess. At the conclusion of the repast, P.M. John Knott was called to preside, who, in a very able address made some excellent observations on the method of conducting the lodge. Some fine music, together with a number of songs and recitations were introduced. The usual routine of toasts and sentiments were given and ably responded to. We cannot but notice the excellent style in which a few sets of quadrilles were danced by some of the younger members and their female friends. The spirit and good feeling which was displayed throughout the evening must have been very satisfactory to all present. After votes of thanks to the chairman, and to Mr. Scholfield the worthy host, and his better half, the party separated a little before twelve o'clock, highly pleased with each others' company.

ANNIVERSARY.—The Anniversary of the Shepherds' Increase Lodge, was held July 17th, when a large party sat down to a dinner, which would not have disgraced the worthy Aldermen of our highly respectable Borough, and which was provided by Mr. Councillor Walker, the worthy host of the Queen's Arms, to which fair and impartial justice was done. The room, which is a very elegant one, was beautifully decorated with a variety of flags, consisting of the Royal Standard, the Queen's Arms, several Union Jacks, and flags of all Nations. The usual loyal toasts were given and responded to After several speeches had been delivered by the officers and others, a most excellent concert was performed; Mr. W. Byrom presided at the piano forte, the vocal department being ably sustained by brother Higham and others. Not being present, and not having been furnished with a programme, we are not able to give the particulars, but from the well known ability of the party, we have no hesitation in stating, that the performance was of a high order, and we regret that we have not been furnished with particulars.

ANNIVERSARY.—The seventeenth Anniversary of the Honest View Lodge of Ancient Shepherds, held at the house of Mr. Joseph Siddal, sign of the Highland Laddie, was celebrated July 24th, when one hundred and thirty members and their wives sat down to a most substantial dinner provided in the usual style of the worthy hostess. When the cloth was withdrawn, P.C.S. Thomas Frith was called to the chair. In his address, he stated that since the Honest View Lodge was opened, they had opened two others, which were in a very flourishing state. As regarded their own lodge, he was proud to say, they had always been able to pay their sick members, notwithstanding in the year 1842, a time of great distress, they divided 18s. per member; and again in 1847, they divided 16s. per member. They had yet a good fund, with 112 substantial members, and a prospect of an increase.

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During the past year they had paid £50. to sick members, and £7. 1s. to extreme cases of distress, and yet they were well to do. During the evening the company were highly entertained with some excellent songs, given by P.P.C.S. Samuel Hadfield, Brothers Joseph Fitton, Stakes, and Knott. The usual loyal toasts were given and responded to, and at intervals a variety of quadrilles and country dances were performed, which both young and old seemed to enjoy with much pleasure. After votes of thanks had been awarded to the chairman, and to the worthy host and hostess, the brethren separated in high spirits

ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the Loyal Abel Lodge of Ancient Shepherds, was held on the 31st of July, at the house of brother James Scholfield, Friendship Inn, Ashton. The members and their wives to the number of 150, sat down to a dinner consisting of every thing that an epicure in good living could wish, which was served up under the direction of the worthy hostess. After the withdrawal of the cloth, P.M. John Cooper was unanimously called to the chair, when he delivered a very able address for which we have not room in our present number, at the conclusion of which, he requested each of his brethren to fill up his glass, for he was about to give a toast which he knew would be heartily responded to. He then gave the health of "the Queen," which was drunk with applause. Song, "God save the Queen." After other loyal toasts were given, a company of glee singers belonging to the lodge, sang several excellent glees in good style. We noticed in the room, the officers of the order and of the district, who responded to several sentiments given from the chair, on subjects connected with the order. In addition to the little concert which did great credit to both vocal and instrumental performers, some excellent dancing took place, which called into action both young and old, in fact, it was pleasing to see some of the elderly ladies and gentlemen tripping the "light fantastic toe" in a style that would not have disgraced their earlier days. Votes of thanks were given to the chairman, and to the host and hostess, when the company separated just as the scales of night were on the balance.

ANNIVERSARY —The twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Old Abraham Lodge, which is held at the house of Brother G. Seddon, Wellington and Blucher Inn, Ashton, was celebrated on the 31st of July. There was a very superior dinner provided for the occasion by the worthy hostess, which consisted of every thing good and substantial, and many luxuries, with which the company might have indulged, but there was another feast, "a feast of reason, and a flow of soul." Some excellent speeches followed the usual toasts and sentiments, and the business of the evening was interspersed with songs and recitations. We are bound to confess that this was a very pleasant gathering, and we are sorry that some of the members were absent from unavoidable circumstances. Votes of thanks were awarded to the chairman, and to the worthy host and his good lady, when the company left to resume the comforts of a quiet home.

ANNIVERSARY.—The members of the Flower de Luce Lodge, held their Anniversary on the 4th day of August, at the house of Brother James Hall, Brunswick Inn, Ashton, when a goodly company of the brethren, with their wives and friends, partook of an excellent dinner provided for the occasion, and served up under the immediate superintendence of the worthy hostess, which gave entire satisfaction to all present. After the fragments of the feast and the cloth were removed, D.C.S. James Wild was invited to preside, who made a few proper remarks on the subject of their being met together that evening. Our space will not permit us to do justice to the beauty and grandeur of the room, which was beautifully set out and tastefully decorated with flags of all nations, amongst which we noticed a few Union Jacks, the Queen's Arms, and the Royal Standard of England, which waved beautifully over the heads of the votaries of terpsichore, as they gracefully waltzed beneath their pendant forms. Amongst the company we observed Mr. Secretary Hall, C.S. Birchall, P.C.S. Isaac Chadwick, Secretary Hampson, and D.P.C.S. Whitehead Several toasts were given on the subject of Shepherdry, and ably responded to by the above gentlemen. About ten o'clock the room was cleared for the ball, when the young men and their female friends with all the buoyancy of that period of life.

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ntered into the enjoyment with great spirit, which never relaxed till the day lawned upon them. We must not omit to mention Mr. Secretary Bird's able speech m the financial management of Shepherds' Lodges. Votes of thanks were given to he chairman, and to the worthy host and hostess, when the parties retired to their omes, to refresh their weary limbs.

BOLTON DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARY.—The brethren of the Nelson's Glory Lodge of Ancient Shepherds No. 476, A.U., held at the house of brother John Tongue, sign of the Lord Nelson, Bingley, celebrated their sixth anniversary on Saturday, August 14th, 1852, when one hundred and thirty sat down to a sumptuous dinner provided for the occasion, by the worthy host. The dinner which was a most excellent one, was served up under the management of the worthy hostess. The cloth being withdrawn, W.M. James Warburton was called to the chair, who was most ably supported by P.M. John Wardle. The chairman in his excellent address gave some good advice to his brethren, who no doubt will act upon it. After the usual loyal toasts were given and responded to, there were some excellent songs, glees, and recitations, by the members of the lodge, which added much to the pleasure of the interesting gathering of Shepherds, and which terminated at a seasonable hour.

STALYBRIDGE DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the old and respectable lodge, the Laban, was held at the Royal Oak Inn, Stayley, on the 4th of July, when the members in this romantic district sat down to a substantial dinner provided for the occasion by the worthy host, to which justice was done by all present. After the repast, P.C.S. George Smith, who had been specially invited, was requested to take the chair, which request he complied with. He did so, he said, because their kind invitation brought him from the noise and bustle of the world to the foot of his own native hills, over which, in his youth, he had often bounded like a roe; the very sight of which conured up many pleasant associations. He gave some sound advice to the young members on the subject of self-improvement.—The usual loyal toasts and sentiments were drunk and responded to, after which, P.P.C.S. Bredbury made a very eloquent speech, in which he gave some valuable financial statistics. After showing the difficulties which the lodge had encountered in years of distress, the lodge, he said, was now worth one guinea per member. This announcement was received with cheers.—During the evening, some of the old members, who are upwards of seventy, sang, with very pleasing effect, a few of the old English ballads, which are still extant in the country districts. The chairman, together with the worthy host and hostess, received the thanks of the meeting, when the members separated highly pleased with each others' company.

ANNIVERSARY.—The members of the Prosperity Lodge held their anniversary at the house of Brother Samuel Hawley, Organ Inn, Stalybridge, on the evening of July 31st, when a most excellent supper, consisting of every thing substantial for the occasion, was provided by the worthy host of the Organ, and served up under the superintendence of his amiable partner. After the removal of the cloth, W.M. Henry Harwood was called to the chair, who made a lengthy address, in which he said he was extremely happy to congratulate his brethren on their future prospects, which were very cheering, which he attributed in some measure to the exertions of the officers of the lodge. Such conduct, he trusted, would stimulate others to "go and do likewise." Many toasts and sentiments were given and responded to. There was some fine sentimental and comic songs sung with good effect. Upon the whole, this was a very interesting anniversary, and will not soon be erased from the minds of those who had the good fortune to be present. Votes of thanks were awarded to

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the chairman, and to the worthy host and hostess for the handsome manner in which they had provided for about forty members, who separated highly pleased with their annual treat.

ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the new lodge, Chadwick's Delight, held at the house of Brother Jeremiah Cock, Bell Inn, Slaithwaite, near Huddersfield, was celebrated August 21st, when the worthy host provided a very excellent dinner for the occasion. On the removal of the cloth, brother Ephram Hamer was called to the chair. After some preliminary business connected with lodge affairs, the chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, and also made some well-timed remarks which met the entire approbation of the company. Messrs. Carter, Armitage, and a few friends from Marsden, gave some fine glees and songs, which rendered the evening's amusement very agreeable. The latter part of the evening was devoted to the healthy and pleasing enjoyment of the dance, which was kept up with great spirit until a late hour.

To the EDITOR of the SHEPHERDS' MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you will feel a delicacy in permitting me to inform your readers, through the medium of your valuable Journal, of one of the most agreeable meetings at which I ever had the pleasure to be present, because it is in connection with yourself; yet I trust you will forego anything of a delicate nature, and allow me to inform your brethren at a distance, that those entirely unconnected with your Order have a high opinion of your character as a man and a member of the great community at large.

ONE OF THE PRESENTERS.

PRESENTATION.—The hands employed in the spinning department of Walk Mill, Ashton-under-Lyne, belonging to Messrs. Robert Lees and Sons, met at the Cock and Horses Inn, Whitelands, on Saturday, September 4th, and presented Mr. G. SMITH, their late foreman, with a beautiful Silver Pencil Case, as a small token of the estimation in which he was held by them, and which bears the following inscription:—

> "Presented to Mr. GEORGE SMITH, as a Testimonial of esteem, by the hands under his superintendence at Robert Lees and Sons' New Mill, Ashton-under-Lyne, August 22rd, 1852."

The above testimonial was presented on the occasion of his leaving the establishment on account of declining health, where he has most satisfactorily held a most responsible trust for the last twenty-seven years.—The chair was occupied by Mr. John Saxon, the head cashier to the firm, who stated, after some excellent remarks that he deeply regretted the loss of his old and valued friend.—The testimonial was presented by Mr. Thomas Filds, in a very effective and impressive manner, to which Mr. Smith replied in a speech that did honour to himself and those connected with him. Perhaps I may be permitted to say, that Mr. Smith's general conduct as foreman was such as will long be remembered with the most kindly feelings both by employers and employed; and we have not the least doubt but that his valuable services in the cause of Shepherdry will be properly appreciated and long remembered.

[There is, indeed, a delicacy in permitting the insertion of so flattering a proof of their approbation of our conduct. If we have behaved well to those hard-working men who have been under our superintendence, we have done no more than that which every man in our position ought to do, namely, to treat the working classes with kindness, and endeavour to lighten their burthens as much as possible by proper treatment—a line of conduct which may be pursued with entire satisfaction to both masters and men.—*Ed. S. M.*]

BR. J. WILLIAMSON, PRINTER, ASHTON.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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SHEPHERDRY IN CANADA.

In our January number of last year, we hazarded an opinion as to what Shepherdry would be, and we are happy to say that our anticipations are being realized. Since that time, a rapid incaease in the number of lodges and the number of members, has taken place. The great commercial towns, and also the rural districts, have entered into the spirit of our Order; some of which have been partially electrified with the spirit of benevolence. Men who have any regard for themselves and families, will make some provision for sickness and death; and vast numbers, during the past year, have availed themselves of our Order for that purpose. London, the greatest and most enlightened city in the world, has done more than we anticipated, which may be ascribed to the exertions of a few enterprising men, who are acting in the same spirit as many of those of our brethren who have passed from the stage of existence, whom we rejoice to see succeeded by others imbibing the same sentiments and the same sympathies. Manchester, with its Merchant Princes, its Manufacturers, and industrious Artizans, has inhaled the same healthy atmosphere. In whatever cause did the men of Manchester ever engage, in which they did not succeed? No work is too enormous,—no difficulty is too great,—no charitable object too extensive,—no project too vast for their accomplishment; and from the character of the men who are at the head of Shepherdry in that city, we augur much. Bolton, Ashton, and Stalybridge, are extensive districts of our Order, which do not lag one jot behind, for they are truly Lancashire, and possess the same characteristics as their brethren of the great emporium of calicos.

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It would be a task too great for our feeble pen, to enumerate the various towns and localities which have won for themselves honours by their great exertions in our glorious cause. Yet we should be wanting in our duty, were we to omit to place in our catalogue of compliments the name of *Great Grimsby*, which has rendered itself conspicuous, and will long be remembered as the place which produced the man who first planted the standard of Shepherdry on the shores of America! We honour the man who has done immortal honour to our cause!

It will be fresh in the recollection of our readers, that a young man of the name of JOHN MIDDLETON, was residing in London some time ago, who was a member of the Great Grimsby District of Ancient Shepherds. He spared no pains, he lacked no exertions to establish Shepherdry fairly in the great metropolis of England After several fruitless attempts by other parties, Mr. MIDDLETON succeeded in opening a lodge, which is called "The Middleton's Progress," and was joined by others, equally as zealous in the cause; and from that time our Order may be said to have had something like a footing in London. We hope, one day or other, to be able to do justice to other worthies with whose names we are not yet acquainted.

A short time ago a letter was put into our hands by the Corresponding Secretary of the Order, bearing the American post mark, and dated August 15th, 1852, which was from this self-same JOHN MIDDLETON, requesting from the proper authorities their consent and credentials for the opening of a lodge of Ancient Shepherds, at Montreal, in Canada. The very name of Canada operates as a charm upon us, because it is a home for the wretched, and a *refuge for the slave*. He cannot breathe where England's power exists; and if Shepherdry should once stretch its powerful arm from the falls of Niagara to the Rocky Mountains, there will not be a slave to fan the tyrant while he basks in the sunshine, or to moisten the cotton-fields with his precious blood.

> "I would not have a slave to till my ground,
> To carry me,—to fan me while I sleep,—
> And tremble when I walk, for all the wealth
> That sinews bought and sold have ever earned."—COWPER.

It will be necessary, for the better information of our brethren, to say something of this young man, whom it appears, from the nature of his letter, was induced to leave his native country by an offer which was never realized. Being disappointed and reduced in circumstances, he at once saw the necessity of establishing Shepherds' Lodges. In his very

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elegant letter he says, "It is beyond the power of my pen to describe the sufferings I have endured from the treachery which induced me to leave my native land; but, thank GOD, I have triumphed over my enemy, for I have now an excellent situation, but a dangerous one. I will tell you why it is dangerous: I am employed in driving a locomotive steam engine from Montreal to St. John's. In this part of the country they are nearly all French people, who are very much prejudiced against the English, and especially against the engine-drivers on the railway. The railways in this country are not like those in England; they are not fenced in, and the cattle stray along the lines in droves, and if by chance we run over any of them, which we cannot always avoid, they are sure to place something on the rails to throw off the engine, which *has* been done to some of the drivers; but, thank GOD, I have yet escaped; still I dread the coming winter, for here we have no police to guard the rails. In this country there are vast rivers, lakes, woods, wild orchards, and every thing that is pleasing to the eye; but yet there is something wanting to make the poor wandering Shepherd happy. When he arrives here there is no lodge in which he can be received—there is no one to care for him—no one to sympatise with his sufferings, not even a parish to relieve him when entirely destitute." He then goes on to say that he hopes his letter will be read in the "Shepherds' Friend" and in the "Middleton's Progress Lodges," in London; "and tell them," says he, "that Shepherdry is taking root in a new soil, upon the spot which, not long since, was covered with trees and over-run with wild beasts. The very spot which, but a few years ago, was the home of the Indian, will be the meeting place of our Christian brethren; and such will be the tidings of great joy, for if any of our brethren should feel disposed to cross the vast Atlantic, there will be a refuge here, and especially if GOD permits me to accomplish my great work! The first lodge which I shall open will be at the house of Mr. IRVING, sign of the Old Countryman, Claude-street, Montreal, Lower Canada, the name of which will be 'The Star of the Earth,' of the New World District, A.U. Will you be kind enough to inform Mr. HELL that I am near a family from Ashton, of the name of DUNKERLEY, who know him, one of which will be my Vice-Chairman; and also inform Mr. JENKINS that Mr. ROBERT STRANGE, from Grimsby, will be the Secretary, and another of our Grimsby friends is one of the thirty-seven who are about to open the Star of the Earth Lodge; and we hope, ere long, to open another at New Brunswick." Mr. MIDDLETON concludes his very interesting letter with his best wishes for the prosperity of our Order.

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After reading the above extracts, we think no one will doubt the sincerity of his heart. His very soul seems to be absorbed in the promotion and welfare of our society. What sacrifices would he not make to alleviate the distresses of his brethren? Every now and then there is ushered into existence, active men, whose superlative genius, industry, and talents push with astonishing rapidity every thing in which they engage. Either a spirit of emulation, or an overwhelming force of philosophy, or perhaps, a combination of both, are the principal ingredients in the formation of their minds. Mr. MIDDLETON is one of those who are designed by Nature to accomplish great undertakings, and we are fully satisfied that he will not content himself with establishing Shepherdry in Canada, but he will try it in the United States, where many of our brethren are already located, which will be a wider field for his exertions.

In taking a glance at what has been done in the way of progress, during the last year, we cannot but express our entire satisfaction. The very fact of having established Shepherdry in Canada, ought to elicit an expression of feeling in favour of the man whose untiring exertions have been the means of accomplishing so desirable an end.

In concluding our brief remarks, we beg to tender the compliments of the season to the numerous readers of our little periodical.—[*Ed. S.M.*]

THE VOICE OF CHRISTMAS.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING THE CHURCH BELLS RING THE OLD YEAR'S KNELL, AND THE NEW YEAR'S WELCOME.

What music wakes the midnight air?
The voice of mirth—the tongue of prayer;
What mean those sounds so blythely given?
They speak of earth, remind of heaven.
They breathe the warning breathed of old
To thoughtless hearts now wrapped in mould;
The truth, forgot as soon as told,
That time with life resistless flies—
Earth's meteor shooting to the skies!
They tell the tale that daunts the brave—
Another year salutes the grave;
And youth and age, and hope and fear,
Are crush'd, for Death has triumph'd here.
Yet Joy laughs loudly o'er the bier,
And mocks the mourner and the tear:
"Why do ye droop, by grief dismay'd?
Come forth, the sun shall gild the shade;

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Why do ye weep for pleasures flown ?
Lo! here I reign, and joy's your own ;
Let music thrill through festive hall,
And fairy feet like whispers fall."
And why, in truth, should bright eyes weep
For treasures buried in the deep ?
Or why those earth-ties fruitless mourn,
That never can to earth return ?
Thus reason's philosophic power
Would pluck the sting from sorrow's hour ;
But reason yields to Nature's aim,
And thought to Feeling's stronger claim.
Thus fitful, like some wandering bird,
Or whispering leaf, by soft winds stirr'd,
The Voice of Christmas will be heard.
Hail, misletoe! bless'd emblem fair,
Thy presence seals the death of care ;
How sweet thy fate, to charm the young,
And bloom an evergreen in song.
For, time long past, the Druid bard
High held thee in his soul's regard ;
Still in our own more polish'd day,
Thou minglest with the poet's lay ;
And ages hence the minstrel-choir
Shall laud thee with celestial fire,
Pure touchstone of the heart and lyre!
Yes, whilst the mind can deeply feel,
Thus will the harp deep thoughts reveal ;
Despite the change of scene or clime,
Despite thy envious touch, Old Time.
Ye fairy elves, with gladsome brow,
Who trip it 'neath the sacred bough ;
Ye amourous youth, with graceful mein,
Who mingle in that sylph-like scene ;
May thus your hours, ye fair, ye brave,
Flow changeless as the ocean-wave,
Nor catch one shadow from the grave!
But *should* you mark the *vacant* chair,
And memory, battling with decay,
Triumphing over Death's stern sway,
Bring back some once-loved image there,—
Let not your bliss be dash'd with fear,
Nor dim your bright eyes with a tear ;
They wear, 't is hoped, their heavenly gem,
And Christmas fondly speaks of them.
Whene'er my towering soul, at last,
From this frail tenement hath pass'd,
From time into eternity,
Say, Christmas, wilt thou speak of me ?

Manchester. SYLVAN.

ANGER.—To be angry about trifles, is mean and childish ; to rage and be furious is brutish ; and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils ; but to prevent or suppress rising resentment, is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.—*Watts's Doctrine of the Passions.*

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THE OLD SHOES:

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Towards the close of the last century, when the horrors of the first French Revolution had nearly reached their height, the French merchant ship, La Fidelite, sailed from Martinique, having on board, amongst other pasengers, the wife of the Vicomte de Beauharnais—then president of the National Assembly of France—and her young daughter, Hortense. Separated from her husband, whose coldness and neglect had been a source of bitter suffering to her, and reduced, by the troubled state of the times, to the verge of destitution, Madame de Beauharnais was now determined on again visiting France for the purpose of compelling her husband to make such a settlement on her and her childern as should, at least place them above want. Her son Eugene, was, at the time of which we write, pursuing his studies in Paris; and the only companion of her voyage was the little Hortense, a lovely and interesting creature of about eight or nine years of age. Being the only child on board, the little girl soon became the pet and plaything of the crew. Gifted with a quick ear, and a voice naturally sweet, Hortense had, during her stay amongst the negroes picked up several of their simple melodies, which she now sang, to the delight and amusement of the sailors, accompanying them with the wild dances and agile movements peculiar to the natives of the West Indian Islands. Poor child! she little dreamed that the sweet voice then exercised beneath the blue sky of heaven, before no more distinguished audience than a few rough seamen, was destined, at no very distant period, to awake the echoes of the regal hall, amidst the plaudits of admiring courtiers. Her mother, believing that poverty and hardship lay before them, could not bring herself to intercept the one ray of sunshine which beamed on the path of her darling, and permitted her to remain on deck as long as she pleased, and to amuse herself in her own childish way, confiding her, however, to the especial care of the first mate, Baptiste Ferrand—an honest, weather-beaten tar, who, from the beginning of the voyage, had taken her under his protection, and when his avocation did not interfere, was constantly by her side.

When tired of dancing, Hortense would seat herself, with the old sailor, on a coil of rope; and while the scarcely perceptible breeze, laden with the thousand perfumes of tropical shores, wafted the vessel gently over the calm blue waters, would listen attentively to his account of many wonderful things he had seen in his voyages, and of the perils he had encountered by land and sea Sometimes, he would tell her of the little children he had left in Provence; and his eyes would fill with tears while speaking of his favourite and youngest born—the little Louise—who was, he told her, about her own age; and who, when he had last seen her, was just beginning to prattle.

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So passed the long days and glorious nights of the early part of the voyage: but soon a morning of sorrow dawned on poor Hortense. She found that her shoes—the only pair she possessed in the world—were fast wearing out, and that a few more days of her joyous dancing were all to which she could look forward. She kept this, for some time, a secret from her mother, who would, she felt sure, forbid her going on deck, if she knew the truth. But, at length, Madame de Beauharnais, perceiving that the child's foot was bleeding, insisted on seeing, it; and found the shoes literally falling off, and the poor little feet bruised in several places, and freshly torn by a nail. The grief of the mother almost equalled that of the child. She could not bear to think that the little creature should be, during the remainder of the voyage, confined to a close cabin where her health and spirits must inevitably suffer from want of air and accustomed exercise. But what could she do? There was no remedy for it. While she sat in a desponding attitude, with the little old shoes in her hand, Hortense weeping by her side, a knock was heard at the cabin door. It was Baptiste, who had missed his little favourite, and had come to seek her He inquired the cause of her tears, and on being told the truth, exclaimed—"Is that all? Cheer up, little woman! We'll have you all right again, soon. You'll be singing and dancing as well as ever to-morrow—if your mamma isn't too proud to take a present from an old sailor!"

He left the cabin, but soon returned with an old pair of shoes, which he had brought to light from the depths of his capacious sea-chest. "You see, madame," said he, "they are very old, but that can't be helped. People are never over particular at sea. I hope the leather won't be too stiff for her little feet Now, if you'll lend me a pair of scissors, I'll have them cut out for you in less then no time."

It was strange enough to see the rough looking tar handling the delicate scissors of Madame de Beauharnais, and, with them, cutting the upper leathers of his old shoes to the size of Hortense's little feet. This done, he gave them to the lady, desiring her to bind them with a piece of bobbin or tape, and took the soles away. In the evening he returned with soles and inner soles ready cut, and, with his assistance, the parts were soon put together, and Hortense once more equipped for a race on deck. This little incident only made her value more highly the liberty she enjoined during the remainder of the voyage, and the friendship between her and Baptiste became stronger then ever.

But at length they arrived in France, and, amidst the horrors of the Revolution—the pressure of pecuniary distress—the execution of her husband—and her own escape from death, Madame de Beauharnais ceased to think of her voyage in La Fidelite, and also of Baptiste Ferrand.

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We must now pass over a period of eighteen years, the events of which must be familier as 'household words' to our readers, and, in the

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spring of 1808, we find Madame de Beauharnais, now the Empress Josephine, accompanying the mighty conqueror of Europe in his progress through France. And poor Hortense—where was she? Did she never regret the days of her poverty and obscurity, or wish to exchange her queenly state and regal robes for the ragged attire and the merry heart of the young passenger in La Fidelite?

Napoleon and the Empress arrived at Bordeaux, where they were received with all honours: the vessels in the harbour were decked with flags, and fired minute guns, which were answered from the fort. It happened that the horses of the imperial carriage, terrified at the noise of the guns, became restive, and the leaders, in their efforts to free themselves, knocked down an old man who was standing near the edge of the pathway, leaning on a young female. The speed of the horses was quickly checked, and the Emperor and Empress reached their destination without further accident; but the anxiety of Josephine was so great that, although repeatedly assured of the old man's safety, she insisted on seeing him herself, in order to ascertain that he had received no injury. Being quite blind, he was led into the saloon by his daughter, a very interesting looking young woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age. The Empress immediately recognised in her poor and infirm visitor the former mate of La Fidelite, and, addressing him by name, recalled to his recollection the voyage which, eighteen years before, she and her daughter had made in his company. The astonishment of the old man may be better imagined than described. He had little thought that the mighty Empress, whose gorgeous equipage and prancing steeds had well nigh crushed him in the dust, was the same whom he had years before assisted in an hour of need; and for many minutes he stood like one in a dream, unable to convince himself of the truth of which he heard. At length, encouraged by the kindness of Josephine, he told her that his wife and all his children, except the one now with him, had fallen victims to a malignant fever; that, in consequence of his sight gradually failing, he had been obliged to relinquish his calling, and that, being now quite blind, he was only saved from the to him, fearful alternative of begging his bread, by the exertions of his daughter, who contrived, by taking in needlework, to earn a scanty pittance for their support.

While he was yet speaking, Napoleon entered the room, and the Empress herself, leading Baptiste towards him, presented him as the person to whom she was indebted for the most valuable gift she had ever received. The Emperor, whose temper was just then chafed by some evidence of disloyalty which he had perceived in passing through the town, replied sternly that he supposed she wished to jest with him.

"No, sire," replied Josephine; "I repeat, that no gift I have ever received even from your own imperial hand, has equalled in value a pair of old shoes once presented to me by this honest sailor."

She then, with the grace and amiability peculiar to her, related

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what had occurred on board of La Fidelite. The rectial drew tears from the eyes of the ladies-in-waiting, and provoked from the Emperor an immoderate fit of laughter, which dispelled the clouds gathering on his brow.

With Napoleon's consent, Baptiste and his only remaining child—the little Louise of former days—were removed to Paris, where the old man was placed under the care of M. Horeau, physician to the Empress. His disease was found to be cataract, which, in proper time, was removed by an operation; and he lived for several years after as park-keeper at Malmaison. On his death, which took place a short time before that of his benfectress, Louise was taken into the service of Queen Hortense, who treated her with the greatest consideration and kindness. Exempt, like her illustrious mother, from every feeling of false pride, that amiable queen would frequently say to her *protegee*, that one of the happiest periods of her chequered life was that during which she had danced on the deck of La Fidelite, in Baptiste Ferrand's old shoes.

SONG OF THE REDBREAST.

My name is Cock Robin, I'm very well known,
In castle or cottage; in country, or town;
And always about harvest time of the year,
My musical voice you are certain to hear.

I'm a minstrel most welcome, wherever I come,
Even children all throw little Robin a crumb;
And never with stick or with stone am I struck—
To hurt poor Cock Robin is very bad luck.

When round your lone dwelling the Winter winds blow,
And the hills and the valleys are covered with snow,
A shelter I seek; for the frost and the cold,
Although I am timid, make me very bold.

Then I plaintively twitter, and hop on your sill;
Or tap at your window with my little bill:
If you open the casement, I hop in so tame,
And you say, to catch Robin 's a sin and a shame.

For time out of mind, and the feeling is good,
Robin's friendship with man has been well understood:
Whenever his choice is, in confidence made,
'T is seldom or ever poor Bob is betray'd!

Should I then be content with cold hip or haw,
When a sweet little song will such sympathy draw?
And you never will miss, be you ever so poor,
The few scattered crumbs that I peck from your floor,

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Wherever I visit, my presence will bless;
For I soften the heart to remember distress:
Where Charity dwells, oh, 't is thither I'd roam:
'T is always the cheerfulest, happiest home.

But when early spring displays its green buds,
Oh, then! and oh, then! my home is the woods;
And happy am I in my country sojourn,
When I find my kind friends do my visits return!

Manchester. THOMAS NICHOLSON.

HAYDN.

"ONE may paint, compose, and sing the very blue down from the sky," philosophised Haydn the next morning, "these barbarians take no notice of it." He was accustomed to rise early, but this morning the new daylight was painful to his sight; he tried to fall asleep again, but closed his eyes in vain. Haydn had dreamed a most lovely dream, but he did not trust it. It might be worth while to describe this dream, but as such a description would only be interesting to those who feel, and the author having as little faith in the hearts of modern readers, as Haydn had in *his* dream, he could only consent to give an account of the latter, if particularly requested to do so. This, however, he will state, that it consisted of spring, sunshine, flowers, angels, love, religion. It was a strange *mixtum compositum*, but still a heavenly dream. Haydn, as we have said, tried in vain to sleep longer; the morning grew colder—at least so Haydn fancied, and he had no firewood. He lived six storeys high, in a garret immediately under the roof, where winter as well as summer are particularly effective. As he considered himself a mere cipher in the great world of Vienna, he did not think it necessary to rise out of bed and sit shivering in the cold, but preferred to stay where he was: and drawing a table close to his bedside, began the sketch of a new symphony, descriptive of his present state of mind. It did not at all commence as mournfully as many people should have fancied that it would. That day he merrily wrote down the principal melody, and was just in the middle of the *scherzo*, when two persons entered to remind him of the attorney. They came to carry him to prison according to the will and pleasure of the master tailor, Mr. Windman, and his conscientious lawyer, Dr. Jagor. An unexpected difficulty, however, prevented them from carrying out their benevolent design. No wearing apparel was to be seen in Haydn's chamber; and although the latter at once expressed his readiness to follow them in his shirt, for he had his own peculiar ideas about the creation and paradise, still the case appeared so perplexing to Jagor's myrmidons, that they thought it necessary to leave him and ask for fur-

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ther instruction before proceeding to the proposed extremity. Haydn remained in bed, but they did not return. The *finale* of the symphony became uncommonly merry. * * * *

Haydn, as may be imagined, had a happy time of it whilst engaged with his proof-sheet and arrangements, to which he even devoted whole nights. Of course, he did nothing but laugh, for the work was so pleasant, and to be half-starved and half frozen is such fun! Often, indeed, did he think of doing away with himself, for that he considered no sin; but as yet only fragments of his "Creation" and "Seasons" were ready, and Haydn thought it absured for a man to kill himself before he had secured his immortality. More then once did he fall on his knees before the publishers and music sellers, but they railed and laughed at him. He who is obliged to appeal to the pity and mercy of man is worse off then the slave who breaks stones, for a stone will fall to peices if the blow be repeated, but the heart of man contracts like leather in the cold, and the ear grows more deaf at every word of supplication. Empty brained and soulless caterers for the fashionable and musical world dwelt in mansions, with gorgeously furnished apartments, and Haydn lay in bed the whole day for want of fire, money, paper, ink, and clothes; he had not even an instrument to comfort him in his solitude. His ideal love he was obliged to forget. A feeling of utter despair began to creep over the heart of the young man, whose spirits used to be so buoyant; he looked upon his life as a punishment; he even cursed the world and his God, to whom he had composed the most glorious psalms and chorusses, and who seemed to take no notice of him until — ay, reader, for this you will have to wait a little longer. * * * *

How the others rested that night the author does not know; but Haydn had again a dream, which it is absolutely necessary to describe. At first it was all darkness and confusion; mysterious apparitions floated through the stormy night; gigantic heads were thrust out of the heaving mass below, and tried to catch poor Haydn. But Joseph despaired not; He that had rescued him out of Jagor's clutches would also guard him against all other demonical power. To Him he raised his voice in fervent prayer—as he was wont to do in every trouble—and the storm abated, horrid shadows fled, a sound of soothing harmonies came stealing over the waters, a rosy tinge spread over the distant horizon, and, all at once, a voice cried out—

"Let there be light!"

and the soft strains burst into one glorious peal of a thousand voices and instruments; the rocks, and the trees, and the silver clouds borders, swimming in the azure sky—they all joined in the chorus, singing, "Glory! glory be to Him!"—for

"There was light."

At this moment Haydn awoke from his dream; but the strains he

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had heard in his sleep that night he never forgot—they had resolved the dissonance of his life; they cheered and fortified him in his onward career; he put them upon paper, as well as he was able to do so; and when, fifty years after that dream, he was sitting in the chair in which they had borne him in triumph into the brilliant and over crowded concert-room, when by the side of his "affectionately revered" friend the Princess Esterhazy, and surrounded by a circle of illustrious admirers and celebrated artists, he listened again to those strains; when, at the ever-glorious passage where the light appears, the whole assembly rose and drowned the music with its enthusiastic applause; then the old man once more lifted up his feeble hands, and cried:—

"It did not come from me, it came from heaven!"

Article: Haydn's Youth.

TO A CLERGYMAN ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BY ELIZABETH TWEDDELL.

Joy, joy to the bridegroom and bride!
Thrice welcome to your home!
May you be blest in each other's love
For many years to come.

Long may our shepherd tend his flock,
With all a father's care,
With his dear bride e'er by his side,
The shepherd's toil to share.

Joy, joy to the bridegroom and bride!
Thrice happy may you be;
May you be blest with health and peace
Across life's troubled sea.

And when you reach that happy shore
Where sorrows never come,
May you be found accepted then,
And gain a heavenly home.

Stokesley.

MAHOMET.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL.

Curst be the man who could believe
Women debarr'd from Heaven!
A wretch like him we must condemn
As ne'er to be forgiven.

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Born of a woman was the wretch?
MAN I should not have call'd him:
Women! if he was now alive,
Would not you like to maul him?
Stokesley.

WEEK-DAY WALKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT was fine, fair, and frosty, when I issued from the principal inn of a country village, which nestled quietly between a pair of bleak mountains, over which the wind swept from the north. I plunged into the fields, lanes, and bye-ways, in order to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the morning. My lagging steps became buoyant as I breathed the cool air. I looked upon the hedge-rows, and upon the trees that grew by the way-side. The old oak was naked, and the silvery birch was stripped of its beauty. There was scarcely a leaf upon the trees to shelter the feathered songsters from the wintry blast, nor a tuft of grass to cheer the pedestrian on his weary way, and yet there was beauty and grandeur on the face of the earth, which the pent-up artizans of our manufacturing towns would delight to witness. On either side of the deep lanes, the green holly bushes were finely decorated with red berries, a pleasing herald of merry Christmas. Ripe hips and haws in sufficient quantities to feed the silent birds through a long and dreary winter. Tufts of withered fern waved over the little hollows, filled up with sear leaves from the trees and hedges; and as a stronger confirmation of the coming winter, large flocks of field-fares and red-wings flew from field to field in search of food. The sky-larks in vast numbers, appeared as if spell-bound to the earth, for they did not ascend more than a few yards towards their native element.

As I moved slowly, and occasionally stopping to look behind, the old parsonage house and the village spire gradually receded, and were sometimes lost in the windings of the road; but when I made the calm regions of the uplands, the whole of the fine landscape spread itself before my wondering eyes. Such were the circumstances of my week-day walk when I approached the vicinity of Broomfield farm, a place I well remember to have visited when a mere boy. My first visit was made, long before the productions of modern genius disturbed the rural valleys of England, when there was scarcely an old baronial castle, or an ancient farm house, which could not boast the honour of a ghost, or a haunted chamber; whose long narrow windows were darkened by the frail web of the ingenious spider, and almost buried beneath the rough chisselled mullions of the middle ages. In one corner of these deserted rooms usually stood an old chest, in which deeds and other

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valuable documents were deposited, such were to be found in almost every old castle and ancient farm house, and he who was bold enough to question the truth of the legendary tales connected therewith, was a daring man indeed. In the far-famed valley of Broomfield, stood an antiquated farm house, which at one time boasted the possession of a ghost. Such a circumstance gave an air of respectability to the family who had resided there from a very remote period of time; but the apparition of Broomfield was of a very different form and character to the old belted knights, who stalk through the baronial castles with long swords and uplifted visers, displaying their grim visages to their degenerated progeny of modern times. The house was built of grey stone, the date of which had been effaced by the hand of time. Its high gables and steep roofs were partially covered by tall trees. The quaint old porch, at the entrance, was surmounted by a stone cross, which was wrapt in the fond embrace of green ivy, and upon the huge posts in front of the house which once sustained a pair of massive gates, were placed two large ornaments, in the form of antiquated flower pots, but the storms of many winters had defaced their beauty. The house contained the same old black oak furniture which the family had worshipped for generations, for each succeeding occupant had carefully kept together every article in the same form and order, as when first brought to the farm by Matthew Moorgrime some hundreds of years previous. I looked upon the place with surprise, for everything with the exception of a few fruit trees, was nearly in the same state as when I first visited the farm. I seated myself upon an old style, at a little distance from the house, where I was thrown into a pleasing revery, which carried me back through every circumstance of my boyish visit. I fancied myself again in in the spacious kitchen, which indicated the approach of Christmas. Above the projecting mantel-piece, hung a branch of witch-hazel, entwined with green holly, whose red berries fell in beautiful clusters over a pair of stag's horns. A misletoe bough, and a small branch or two of yew, which had been carefully cut from the sacred tree that sheltered the family vault in the neighbouring churchyard, were companions of a grim family portrait, that quietly hung above the old armed chair in which he had often sat.

> "Unsocial plant, which loves to dwell
> Mid skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms."

The old lady, with an air of importance, sat at a large table, upon which lay a ball of grey woollen yarn and a set of knitting needles. Her face was round and rosy, though her age was more than sixty. Her dark mottled hair was turned backwards and surmounted by a cap ornamented with a blue ribbon. Her neck was covered with a white handkerchief, and her bosom was shielded by a beautiful stomacher. A dress of the old chintz pattern, open in front, and gracefully tucked up behind, displayed a handsome quilted petticoat, which was partly covered with a fine muslin apron, nicely embroidered with needlework. Her

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she sat, surrounded by a number of grandchildren and others, of distant relatives and friends, while Moses Moorgrime, a fine specimen of a gentleman farmer, enjoyed the innocent sports of the juveniles.

Mrs. Moorgrime was a firm believer in ghosts; yet, notwithstanding her extreme superstitious notions, she was lively and intelligent. Of all others, she was the finest sample of self-esteem I ever remember to have seen; she believed no woman in the parish equal to herself in the management of a dairy of cows, and in the making of elderberry and cowslip wines.

It was a cold dreary night. The fire having become dim and gloomy, was well calculated to give effect to one of the old lady's ghost stories, which had nothing about them but long digressions. As the storm increased, the vivacity of the boys forsook them, and a gradual approximation to the fire-side was visible. The old lady took her place in the circle. "Draw your chairs a little nearer to the fire," said she, "for the last dying embers may, perhaps, manifest a wish to bid you good-night before I have finished the little story I am about to relate; and pray do not interrupt me while speaking, for that is a mark of bad breeding, and does not form an ingredient in the character of the Moorgrimes."

"Let me see," said she, "I think, if I mistake not, I have heard my mother say—and I can rely upon her word, for she was always remarkable for being correct—that about the year 17—, old style, if my memory does fail me,—and thank GOD it has held good hitherto, and my mother before me retained her faculties to the very last,"—here she applied one corner of her apron to her eyes, and in a moment or two replaced it in its proper position, and made another beginning,—"I think it was about that time, that a young woman, who lived but a short distance from Bloomfield farm, fell in love with a young man, a neighbouring farmer's son, when on a visit to this very house. It was, I am almost certain, at the celebration of 'harvest home.' It was at one of these social festivals that I first met Mr. Moorgrime, and a nice young man he was." Here the old gentleman made a low bow, and after another long digression she resumed her story. "Well," said she, "but from some cause or other, the match broke off, which so depressed the spirits of poor Mary Mayberry, that she rambled about the fields in a state of mind truly deplorable. At length, poor thing, she was found drowned in the marl-pit, at the bottom of the five-acre field, by uncle Nehemiah, for so they called him, an old bachelor, and one of the family of the Moorgrimes. On the very night on which she was drowned, uncle Nehemiah heard a strange noise in the hay-loft, and, if I must speak the truth,—and I wouldn't be guilty of telling a falsehood for all the world,—there was observed, as if falling right over the marl-pit, a star almost as large, and as bright as the full moon. Uncle Nehemiah was so affected by what he had heard, that it was thought to have undermined his constitution; yet he lived twenty years after, and died worth

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two hundred pounds. When her poor remains were interred, and the minds of her parents and friends had settled down into a state of tranquility, all at once the neighbourhood was disturbed by the appearance of her ghost, dressed in the very same style as when about her ordinary work in her father's house. At other times she would appear all in white; aye, as white as the drifted snow. Poor thing, she did not confine her visits to the time when spirits revisit the earth, but morning, noon, and night, she was seen by many of her neighbours. At one time she made her appearance in long white robes, when uncle Nehemiah was milking, when he fell quite insensible from the milking stool, and how long he remained in that state no one can tell. Now uncle Nehemiah was a very religious man, and might be seen on a Sunday morning walking steadily to church, with his prayer-book folded in a nice white handkerchief. Well, after several ineffectual attempts, uncle managed to address the ghost in the following words: 'In the name of the Great Almighty who created the world, and placed cattle upon a thousand hills,'—when she vanished in a flash of fire, leaving behind a sulphurous smell, which almost suffocated poor uncle Nehemiah, and left him in a state of mind which is not in my power to describe."

At these words, the hair upon the heads of the young urchens, who had by this time gathered closely round the dying embers in the fire-grate, began to bristle up, their lower jaws to gravitate; their shoulders rose, and their eye-balls, as if emitting flashes of fire, were firmly fixed upon the old lady, who sat with uplifted hands, as if the ghost had been before her eyes. "This state of things," said she, "could not be borne any longer; and how to accomplish a remedy, no one could tell. The neighbours were very much concerned, for it was a serious thing to believe that her poor soul was not at rest. At length uncle Nehemiah called a meeting of a few pious friends, which was held in the very next room, on Christmas eve. The Yule log, which had been brought from a neighbouring wood in the month of October, and which had been preserved with great care, rested quietly under the shed. The fine stubble goose, which should have graced the Christmas table, received a reprieve. Even the slaughtering of the pig and the delightful operation of sausage and black-pudding making,—aye, and the family visit, too, was dispensed with."

"The night on which these pious men assembled to agree upon some plan of allaying the troublesome spirit of poor Mary Mayberry, was marked by a heavy fall of snow. The sages of the valley dropped in, one by one, with over-coats and broad brims covered with some of the finest flakes of snow that ever fell from heaven. No sooner did they begin to deliberate, than the wind began to whistle, and the owl, which had not ventured out of the barn for some time, screeched frightfully. Even poor little robin, which had taken shelter in the kitchen, dropped from its perch:—

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'For, time out of mind, and the feeling is good,
Robin's friendship with man has been well understood:
Whenever his choice is, in confidence made,
'T is seldom or ever poor Bob is betray'd!'—NICHOLSON.

'The chimney too, which had withstood the storms of many long winters, was blown down that very night. Well, as soon as their fears had subsided,—for a terrible night it was, when we take into consideration the raging of the elements occasioned by the power of the evil one; for if ever he was abroad since the creation of the world, he was as sure in this house as you are sat round this fire. Well, as I said before, no sooner did they begin to deliberate, and uncle Nehemiah spoke of the flash of fire and the sulphurous smell, than every face turned pale, and the two Christmas candles burned blue, a sure sign that the invisible spirit was playing its pranks in the room; for no one can believe that the candles made by the hand of pious Martha Moorgrime would change colour without the aid of supernatural agency. Those candles," said she, "whose wicks were made from the pith of rushes, grown upon the margin of the pit where the poor girl was drowned, would no doubt have the effect of influencing the operations of the ghost during the deliberations of those good men. Amongst the many curious circumstances mentioned, Nicholas Weatherside stated, that being in search of an heifer which had strayed away, he had occasion to go into the five-acre field, and when near the old marl-pit, something rushed by with such force, that the light of his lantern was extinguished, and there stood before him the ghost with a face as white as my bridal sheets, which I have kept even to this very day. She stood with her arms stretched out, just as if she had risen from the grave, and when the bantum cock gave a shrill crow, she disappeared in a moment.

"At length it was agreed that the vicar of Broomfield should be consulted, for if his reverence could not give rest to her poor soul, the lord of the manor would have his farms deserted, and there would be neither tithe nor rent, if the land was thrown out of cultivation. However, the next day brought them to the vicarage, and as uncle Nehemiah was best acquainted with the whole affair, he was appointed to address his reverence, for it required more nerve than most people are aware of, to address a person of such importance; they stood for a long time with their hats in their hands, and their long staves resting against their shoulders, waiting the result. At length," said she, "the reverend gentleman shook his head, and said it was awful indeed. The Wednesday following,—yes, it was Wednesday, I am almost certain, for my poor mother was always very exact about the days of the week, and it was she who used to relate the story every Christmas,—that the vicar came to dine at Broomfield farm, and when he offered up thanks for the good things that had been provided, all the pious men who sat round the table, bowed their heads so low, that their chins came in contact with their trenchers. After dinner, the reverend gentleman and a few

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relatives and friends of the deceased young woman, walked in solemn silence from the farm to the fatal pit, where they arrived just as the evening star made its appearance above the crest of the mountains, and the sound of the death-bell echoed through the valley, then," said she, "the vicar who was dressed in his white surplice, made a circle in the snow, all round the pit, within which, no one was permitted to enter but himself, and when he offered up a prayer in an unknown tongue, and made a sign of the cross, the wind rushed across the water, and a flash of lightning struck off the vane of the old church, and a branch of the yew tree that sheltered poor Mary's grave. When the storm had subsided, there he stood, by the side of the cross, within the circle which he had made in the snow, defying the power of Satan, he lifted up his eyes to heaven as if in fervent prayer, and concluded the ceremony of allaying the ghost by repeating the following lines:—

"'Spirit of heaven, or spirit of hell,
Spirit that stalks over mountain and dell,
Spirit that rides on the boreal beam,
Spirit that floats on the aeriel stream,
By powers invested in me I command,
Thy spiritual form from the evil one's hand.
Nor ever on God's moving earth to be seen,
While rivulets ripple, and hollies are green:'

and from that blessed day to this," said Mrs Moorgrime, "she has never made her appearance."

At this moment, the barking of a cur-dog, awoke me from my revery, and I returned to my inn, reflecting on the story which I had heard related by the good lady of Broomfield farm, when I was a school-boy.

OUR VILLAGE.

BY A VILLAGER.

Our village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's village, but our village of Bullock Smithy
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two elders and a withy;
And in the middle there's a green of about not exceeding an acre and a half,
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies, three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf!
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of common law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve geese.
Of course the green's crop't very close, and does famous for bowling when the little village boys play at cricket;
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to come and stand right before the wicket.
There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and workshops, pig-styes, and poultry-huts, and such-like sheds;
With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man, three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.

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The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that for love or money can raise
A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and a ramshackled
"neat post-chaise."
There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be their ranks in life,
or their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-cold little Methodist chapel of ease;
And close by the church-yard there's a stonemason's yard, that when the time is
seasonable,
Will furnish with affliction sore, and marble urns and cherubims very low and
reasonable.
There's a cage, comfortable enough, I've been in it with old Jack Jeffrey and Tom
Pike,
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or anything else you like,
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the upright post,
But the pound is kept in repair for the sake of Cobb's horse, as is always there almost.
There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his way, old Joe
Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts, that sells everything, kept by the widow of Mr. Task,
But when you go there, it's ten to one she's out of everything you ask,
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask.
There are six empty houses, and not so well paper'd inside as out,
For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales and election placards all
about.
That's the doctor's with a green door, where the garden-pots in the window are seen;
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea plant with
five black leaves and one green.
As for hollyoaks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and jasmines, you may go
and whistle,
But the tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock, a ha'porth of pennyroyal,
two dandelions, and a thistle.
There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's, the school-master's, is the chief—
With two pear-trees that don't bear, one plumb and one apple, that every year is
stripped by a thief.
There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby,
A select establishment, for six little boys and one big, and four little girls and a
baby.
There's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange old chimneys that never smoke.
For the rector don't live on his living like other Christian folk.
There's a barber's once a week well filled with rough blackbearded shockheaded
churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies in false
curls.
There's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and a small greengrocer's,
and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday; and there's a sexton, that's a coal merchant besides,
and an undertaker;
And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London-
shops;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's balls; and the other
sells malt and hops.
And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobbler, lives in it her-
self, and it's the post-office for letters,
Now I've gone through all the village—aye, from end to end, save and except one
more house:
But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that's the village poor-
house!—Hood.

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THE STAGE AND ITS PROSPECTS.

A notion exists in the greenroom that the decadence of the stage may be traced in a great measure to a falling off in the literature of the drama. We protest against this judgment. There is abundant evidence of dramatic talant afloat in other forms to prove that it is founded in error. The fact is that the difficulties of access to the stage, the unavoidable delays, and the uncertainty of the rewards, have forced dramatic writers to cultivate surer paths of authorship, in which they suffer less disappointment and obtain steadier returns. But independently of the causes which have thus divorced them from the theatre, a more obvious source of the decline of the stage and its literature may be referred to the stage itself. The *material* no longer exists upon which the dramatist can rely for the complete representation of a great design. The increase of the number of theatres has dispersed the actors and instead of finding the most skilful artistes collected together, as they used to be under the old system, we must now be content with a few leading performers, putting up as well as we can with mediocrity in the rest. If we want a *Lady Teazle* we find her in one house, but we must go to another for *Sir Peter*, pick *Mrs. Candour* out of a third, and search in vain for *Charles Surface*. It is very evident that the dramatist must, to some extent address himself to such means of representation as are available to him, and that, in the present state of the age, it would be hopeless to construct a play that should make demands upon a company which the company did not possess adequate power to discharge. When Sheridan and Colman wrote, the dramatist was taxed to the utmost to supply a whole worthy of the various performers who where to be engaged in it; the case is exactly the reverse now, for he is taxed to the utmost to keep his plan within the limits and adapted to the peculiarities of a few popular performers, or he will fail egregiously. Formerly the actors studied the dramatist now the dramatist must study the actors. If the literature of the drama be not as wide in its reach, and as varied in its colouring as formerly, the practical explanation will be found in the breaking up and scattering of the actors. The "star" system, we believe, owes its origin to Mr. Elliston. It has done more injury to the drama than all the other causes of theatrical decadence added together. It has insensibly led to new and spurious forms of dramatic literature, and generated a mushroom brood of plays of all sizes, shapes and aims, which, manufactured to the pattern of particular actors, are perfectly useless in other hands. Upon the one hand, which annihilates individually, and, on the other, in the repression of all rising talent, or, more strictly, of talent that might rise if it were allowed the opportunity. The "star" strides the histrionic globe like a Colossus. He must announce his approaching engagement in encomiastic phrases that have pretty much the same effect as if an author were to panegyrise his own book in the preface, and every appearance must be recorded in the same

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advertisement in the same spirit. The luminary must outshine the whole planetary system. He is, in fact, the planetary system himself, and all the rest are nebulæ. In the distribution of the stage business he occupies the centre and foreground of the picture, the other characters are merely grouped round his pedestal. The consequence is, that wherever starring has been adopted, the stage has ceased to be a temple of art or school of acting. Its employment in provincial theatres has led to the most ludicrous results. Every actor from London, although in London he may never have risen above the grade of a Roman citizen, insists, out of London, on being presented in conspicious type with the usual honours; and Mr Hubbub, who was never heard of, or known only in some subordinate position, in the Haymarket or the Lyceum, comes out at a country town as the celebrated comedian of that name from one or both of those houses. Mr. Anderson has wisely determined to discourage a system which is so fatal to the collective fidelity of representation, and to trust to combination rather than to single features. There can be no doubt that he is right, and that the plan upon which he is proceeding is that which is most conducive to the best interests of the drama. Even the actors who have thriven by starring must secretly acknowledge to themselves, although they cannot be expected to acknowledge it to anybody else, that they have made their profit by a dead loss to the stage. The final impression of a dramatic representation depends on general unity; and not on the special excellence of particular parts. A great actor will always attract crowded houses, but the greatest actors would gradually lose their power over the sympathies of the audience if they were surrounded by a troupe of untrained performers who mangled the text, distorted the action, and from ignorance of the art of subordinate colouring (if we may so venture to describe the function of minor characterisation) destroyed the illusion of the scene. Some of the smallest parts in the Shakespearian drama demand high skill in elocution, and looking to the condition of the modern stage which rarely enables such slight parts to be properly cast, much surprise has been expressed at the apparent prodigality with which isolated passages of this kind are scattered about. But late researches into the history of the theatres of the 16th century have discovered that careful provision was made for the faithful delivery of those scrap parts, which, instead of being entrusted to inferor hands, were doubled by the actors. The poet, therefore, was safe, although at some cost of individualisation. The example, however, is valuable, as showing how necessary it was felt to be to give as much becoming expression and energy to the lowest as to the loftiest parts of a play.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

TAXATION.—There is one passage in the Scriptures to which all the potentates of Europe seem to have given their unanimous assent and approbation, and to have studied so thoroughly as to have it at their fingers' ends:—"There went out a decree, in the days of Claudius Cæsar, that all the world should be taxed."—*Colton.*

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EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF PARMA.

THE elevation of Ward to the regency of Parma is not only a singular instance of mutibility of human affairs, but, of the tendency of the Anglo-Saxon race, when transplanted to foreign countries, to emerge to eminence, and surpass others by the homely but rare qualities of common sense and unfaltering energy. Ward, as our readers are perhaps aware, was a Yorkshire groom. The Duke of Lucca, who obtained, by his fall from horseback in Rotten-row, the familiar *sobriquet* of 'Filthy lucre,' spying the lad's merit, took him into his service, and promoted him through the several degrees of command in his stables, to be head groom of the ducal stud. Upon Ward's arrival in Italy with his master, it was soon found that the intelligence which he displayed in the managment of the stables was applicable to a variety of other departments. In fact, the Duke had such a high opinion of Ward's wisdom, that be very rarely omitted to consult him upon any question that he was perplexed to decide; and the success which never failed to crown Ward's advice, gave him, in the eyes of the feeble descendant of the Spanish Bourbons the prestige of infallibility. As Louis XII. used to answer those who applied to him on any business, by referring them to the Cardinal d'Amboise, with the words 'Ask George;' so Charles of Lucca cut short all application with 'Go to Ward.' The expenses of the stables having been reduced to less then half under the administration, while the Duke's horses were the envy of all Italy, it struck the prince naturally enough that it would be a good thing if the same economy could be introduced into other departments. So Ward tried his hand on one thing and the other, continually enlarging his sphere of influence, until from household matters he passed to those connected with the State; which, indeed, is such a miniature affair, that it does not greatly surpass the limits of some private domestic establishment. Ward, now became the factotum of the Prince, won in the disturbance which preceded the revolutionary year of 1848, a diplomatic dignity, and was despatched to Florence upon a cofidential mission of the highest importance. He was deputed to deliver to the Grand Duke the act of abdication of the Duke of Lucca. At first the Grand Duke was doubtful whether he could receive in a diplomatic capacity a messenger of whom he had only heard in relation to the races of the Cascine, where Ward had been in the habit of riding as a jockey. But it soon appeared that the Lucchese envoy had in his pocket a commission making him the viceroy of the Duke's states, which was to be acted upon in case the Grand Duke made any difficulty, or even if he refused to receive Ward as the ambassador of the States of Parma at the capital of the Medicis. Soon after, in 1849, when the Duke of Lucca resigned his other States to his son, Ward became the head-councillor of this hopeful prince, who has thus been able to follow out a sport-

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ZION'S ESTAB.D 1847 LIBRARY

ing bent under the best auspices, while he had a Minister whose shrewd sense was more than a match for the diplomatists in Italy. Ward was, on one occasion despatched to Vienna in a diplomotic capacity. Schwarzenberg was astonished at his capacity; in fact, the *cidevant* Yorkshire stable boy was the only one of the diplomatic body that could make head against the impetuous counsels, or rather dictates, of Schwarzenberg; and this was found highly useful by other members of the diplomatic body. Among others, Meyendorff, the Russian ambassador, cultivated him greatly. An English gentlemen, supping one night at the Russian ambassador's, complimented him greatly upon his excellent ham. 'There's a member of our diplomatic corps here,' replied Meyendorff, 'who supplies us all with hams from Yorkshire, of which county he is a native.' Ward visited England. The broad dialect and homely phrase betraying his origin through the profusion of orders of all countries sparkling on his breast, he rarely ventured to appear at evening *societies*. Lord Palmerston declared he was one of the most remarkable men he had ever met with. Ward, through all his vicissitudes, has preserved an honest pride in his native country. He does not conceal his humble orgin. The portraits of his parents, in their home-spun clothes, appear in his splendid saloon of the Prime Minister of Parma.

GRACE DARLING.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL.

They say that thou diedst young, fair heroine!
Few were the years thou number'dst upon earth;
But though no thirty summers' flowers were thine,
Thy name, while earth remains, will brightly shine,
With the unclouded sheen of holy worth.
Say not a well-spent life is ever short;
Say not an ill-spent life is ever long;
For thousands will unto thy tomb resort,
And poets hymn thee in immortal song.
Yea, future ages will thy praise proclaim,
And tell how modest, brave, and kind wert thou,
Children be taught to lisp thy honour'd name,
(Now consecrate to everlasting fame),
And bloodless laurels e'er bedeck thy brow!

Stokesley.

THE ORDER OF DISCONTENTS.—AIDS TO CONTENTMENT.

If the race of discontents would accustom themselves to a little quiet retrospection, instead of so much bemoanment; if they would carefully and sincerely question whether it be not "in themselves that they are

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thus or thus;" they might possibly see more present cause for dissatisfaction, indeed, but it would be with better chance of success in discovering the source of the evil, and a truer likelihood of adopting remedial measures.

There would be fewer discontents in the world—to the immense relief of themselves and their victims—if they fairly and candidly sought to ascertain real claims to enjoy content. Are they willing to be contented? Are they as eager to welcome causes of content, as they are to spy out the contrary? Are they as anixous to receive joy, as they are to meet disaster and discomfort? Are they as forward to be pleased, as to be displeased? Are they as easily delighted, as they are readily vexed and disturbed? Do they let veriest trifles furnish them with amusement, or enjoyment, or sport, or recreation, or entertainment, or gladness, as they will suffer veriest straws to provoke or annoy them?

To a mind disposed towards content, even to think of pleasent things is a pleasure. The smell of a hay-field, or bean-field; a draught of wine; a bite out of a peach; a hunch of bread when you're ravenously hungry; a face of Corregio's; a head of Guido's; a figure of Titian's; a line of Raphael's; a strain of music; morning light after troublsome dreams; sleep after wakefulness; the sound of a brook in summer; setting out on a journey; coming home; a grasp of the hand from one we esteem: the voice, the look, the footstep, the anything, of one we love; a witty rejoinder; a subtlety in philosophy; a poetical thought; a profound idea; postponed bed-time to a child "allowed to sit up;" arrived bed-time to a grown person; a Greek statue; a half-blown rose; a daisy; a heap of violets; a tree in full leaf; a spring meadow; a baby's foot; a smile; a cordial laugh; mirthful eyes; intelligent ones, happy ones, loving ones: Italian from the lips of an Italian; a book in an arm-chair by the fireside, with your back to the light; eating in the open air; meeting after absence; reconciliation after misunderstanding; a rainbow; breakfast with cheerful people; a swallow's flight; a lark's poise and song; blue sky after tempest; the firmament of stars; sunshine through leaves; a corn-field stirred by wind;—any one of these images, called to mind, might suffice to inspire a rapturous gratitude for their existence, which might supply food for more than content.

The fact is, these peevish discontents, would have this fever of viewing all things perversely and distortedly through their jaundiced vision, are for the most part "sick of self-love, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets."

Honestly and frankly look your complained-of evils in the face; ask yourself if they be indeed such terrible bugbears as you would fain picture them, if they be not in a great measure "sickled o'er" with your own "pale cast of thought;" and, ten to one, with that single wholesome effort, they will disappear like the shadows they in truth are. "The earth hath bubbles as the water has, and these are of them." That which

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"seemeth corporal," shall "melt as breath into the wind," with one sincere and earnest endeavour to disperse them.

A woman who had many daily vexations to encounter (of all kinds, perhaps, those most difficult to bear with temper, and to prevent engendering perpetual discontent) used to say, that she found one of the most effectual cures was an hour's sleep. It refreshed her physically, it fortified her morally and mentally; it restored her to a calmer and saner power of confronting her annoyances, and of reducing them to their real dimensions. It enabled her to meet them with renewed strength, were they important; it permitted her to smile at them, were they insignificant. If an hour's sleep in the day-time cannot always be obtained, a night's rest will surely come; and if a habit of deferring the consideration of minor troubles until the morrow, be adopted, it will be found that many ills, which at first seem intolerable, will, on reviewal by the fresh, clear, truth-revealing, invigorating light of morning, shrink into inconceivably small nothings. They are "such stuff as dreams are made of, and their little life is rounded with a sleep."

There is one infallible token by which the order of discontents may be known. You shall never hear them sing to themselves. A fretful hum, with cross, closed lips, and knitted brow, or mayhap a moody whistle, are the utmost ever heard from your discontents. They don't know what singing to themselves means. Excellent old "Boece" (as Chaucer quaintly calls Boetius) has a delectable passage on this habit:—"Though a man cannot sing sweetly, yet while he sings to himself he draws forth an innate sweetness from the heart." The honeyed treasure which finds this spontaneous expression, is content; making right pleasant music, let the voice that utters it be ne'er so scant or meagre of quality. The measure may be homely, but the tune can be no sorry one. The singer may be unskilled, but his song is welcome; for his tone, however thin and poor, is rich in fulness of an overflowing content.
Article: The Order of Discontents. By Mary Cowden Clarke.

THE WINDS.

The winds are abroad to-day,
Over the hill tops flying;
Shouting aloud in their stormy play,
Blast unto blast replying;
Bowing the woods 'neath their tyrant sway, the stubborn and strong defying.

They have taken the old oak tree,
Whose gnarled boughs unbending,
Have seen a thousand tempests flee,
And mocked their vain contending,—
They have dashed him to earth in their savage glee, his mighty roots uprending

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And away, and away they fly,
Stern Desolation's minions,
They pierce the mists that round them lie,
With keen, sky-cleaving pinions;
They scatter the wreathed clouds on high, from the great sun's blue dominions.

Aha! old Ocean roars,
As he hears their far-off shrieking,
And his billowy legions forth he pours,
As if to meet their seeking;
While the cavern-echoes from his shores, gives back his stormy speaking.

The winds and the waves have met!
Woe, woe to the bark outlying!
And winds and waves, a mightier yet
To join your strife is hieing:
Ere yon pale-visaged sun hath set, lo! Death shall claim the dying.

Rage on, it is yours to-day,
To mock man's weak endeavour;
We shrink before your fierce array,
We yield, but not for ever—
Oh, winds and waves, your vaunted sway, your linked strength shall sever.

And thou, oh, crowned King,
Who laughest to scorn our weeping,
The fiat of the Eternal Word,
Stern watch is o'er thee keeping—
Thou, too, shalt be a chained thing, no more thine harvests reaping.

T. Westwood.

CICEROACCHIO,

Il popolo non piu plaudiva—chiedeva—the people no longer applanded, they demanded. Such was the true remark of a writer of the day, as the new year saw a gorgeous procession, surpassing all the previous ones in numbers and enthusiasm, wind its almost menacing way through the leading streets, and pause not till every inch of ground on the Piazzi Monte Cavallo was densely packed with human beings. And what new features did it present? There was the same faces, but they were more determined, and wore a serious air; there were the same jumble of soldiers, priests, civilians, monks, and artists, but every company of three hundered is headed by a military leader, and they no longer walked—they marched. Order, and even discipline, took the place of almost riotous irregularity, and numerous bands led off a hymn of praise to the hero, to which thousands of enthusiastic voices gave harmonic effects. But see—an addition to all former manifestations; a mighty banner, inscribed with the heads of reforms demanded by the people, is borne by the people's tribune, Ciceroacchio and his assistants, to be placed within reading distance of the papal balcony. Truly, the people had learned to demand!

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Pause we a moment to describe this pupular hero whose name has acquired so much celebrity. Angelo Brunetti was a man, not of plebeian extraction, but actually a plebeian—a sturdy member of the working class; no wit above his fellows in appearance or manner; gifted only with a ready perception, a clear head, and steady temper, and—what is always valued by the vulger—a colossal frame. Let him not be imagined with the exteror of a French *ouvrier*—haggard, wild, and excited, as contemporary sketches have drawn the latter; nor let him be classed with those dark-eyed, long-haired, mysterious characters with whom romance-writers have obligingly peopled Venice and most parts of Italy, and who are still reproduced on our stage in point hats, masks, and black cloaks. Let the reader rather summon before him a stout and ruddy-faced Yorkshireman; gift him with Italian volubility and Irish impudence, and clothe him in a sailor's jacket and fur cap, and he will have a better view of the popular hero then by a study of Ratcliffe's romance, or a visit to the latest ballat, he could hope to realise. By occupation a wood merchant, he never aabndoned the trade of chopping, and only shut up shop to attend the Circolo Popolare, or head a noisy procession to the Quirinal. Exponent of the popular will, because a participator in the occupations, wrongs, and predjudices of that class, and possessed of natural abilites, he was the necessary production of a movement which combined all classes into claimants; and standing between the wronged peasant and the insulted lay aristocrat, he was the medium by which the former was enabled to coalesce with his wealthy neighbour in a demand for investigation and reform. That he commanded unbounded influence over the masses, is certain; and that he availed himself of that power to modify, and even to restain evil passions, and violent or premature movements, must be recorded in his favour: and also, he was not compromised by name or suspicion in any of the darker crimes which at a later period defiled the patriot cause. We have seen him at times when the wildest excitement prevailed around him; by midnight watch-fires on the piazzas, while he passed from gronp to group, to counsel patience and order; we have watched him working at the barricades; countless times have we enjoyed his grave and patient leadership of crowds, which, but for his admirable control, would have degenerated into mobs; with ponderous banner poised in his leathern belt, how he has toiled up the Quirinal under a July sun! and once when a popular movement tempted the Pope to appear in the streets unattended by his usual retinue, to show his people, as he said, how entirely he trusted them, have we not seen Ciceroacchio mount on the back seat of his carriage, and with the air of a superior protecting power command the homage of a sovereign people! Invaluable man to the movement party of the day! The wiser leaders encouraged and had consulted him—a vulgar member of the house of Bonaparte, with rather mistaken zeal, asked him to dine at the same table with the highest of the exclusive Romans; but, better informed in the etiquette of exclusiye circles, or

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perhaps too wise to sacrifice his power with his real associates, he declined. Should the inquiring reader seek to know whether this leader of popular enthusiasm joined in the crusade against the Austrians, or died gloriously fighting the French, we beg to inform him that he did neither; adding, however, that we have private reasons for knowing that the republican government found him honest, charitable, and humane, during their hour of triumph; and that he disappeared from the stage on the day following the entry of the French troops, in company with a hero of different fame—the fighting Garibaldi.—*Article: Sketches of Rome under the Pope and the Republic.*

NO INQUIRY WITHOUT ITS USE.

It seems to be a necessary condition of human science, that we should learn many (apparently) useless things, in order to become acquainted with those which are of service; and as it is impossible antecedently to experience, to know the value of our acquisitions, the only way in which mankind can secure all the advantages of knowledge is to prosecute their inquiries in every possible direction. There can be no greater impediment to the progress of science than a perpetual and anxious reference at every step to *palpable* utility. Assured that the general result will be beneficial, it is not wise to be too solicitous as to the immediate value of every individual effort. Nor is it to be forgotten that trivial and apparently useless acquisitions are often the necessary *preparatives* to important discoveries. The labours of the antiquary, the verbal critic, the collator of mouldering manuscripts, the describer of microscopic objects (labours which may appear to many out of all proportion to the value of the result), may be preparing the way for the achievements of some splendid genius, who may combine their minute details into a magnificent system, or evolve from a multitude of particulars, collected with painful toil, some general principle destined to illuminate the career of future ages. To no one, perhaps, are the labours of his predecessors, even when they are apparently trifling or unsuccessful, of more service than to the metaphysician; and he who is well acquainted with the science, can scarcely fail to perceive that many of *its inquiries are gradually converging to important results.* Unallied as they may appear to present utility, it is not hazarding much to assert that the world must hereafter be indebted to them for the extirpation of many mischievous errors, and the correction of a great part of those loose and ill-founded opinions by which society is now peavaded.—*Essays on the Formation of Opinions.*

SHEPHERDS' CHRONICLE.

The Annual Meeting.—As our Annual Meeting will be held before the appearance of our next number, we beg to call the attention of those who may be deputed to attend. The most convenient way of reaching their destination is, for those coming from the South, to come by the London and North Western Railway, direct to Mossley station, or to Ashton, which is only three miles distant. Those from

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the various parts of Yorkshire, by way of Huddersfield, and those from the north of Lancashire, by way of Manchester. We have not the slightest doubt, but that our Mossley brethren will make every arrangement for the accommodation of those who attend.—The locality is one which is calculated to afford a rich treat to the lovers of the picturesque, for it abounds with fine mountain-scenery that has often been the theme of our best poets. The village of Mossley has in itself, nothing very remarkable, with the exception of being situated in a fine romantic district, on the borders of three counties, viz., Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. We would advise those strangers who have a day to devote to sight-seeing, to visit the valley of Saddleworth, and more particularly the rocky parts of Greenfield.

ASHTON DISTRICT.

PROCESSION.—Saturday October 9th, being a beautiful day; from three to four hundred of the members of the Ashton and Stalybridge districts, assembled at the house of brother James Scholfield, Friendship Inn, Henry Square. According to a previous arrangement, the procession moved about three o'clock p.m., headed by the Shepherds' Band, then followed the officers of the order, the corresponding secretary, the officers of the Ashton district, and the brethren two abreast. A more orderly and respectable body of well dressed men we never witnessed, whose conduct was becoming the order to which they belonged. They left St. Peter's on their right, and passing Guide Bridge, entered the rural village of Audenshaw, where they refreshed themselves at the Bull's Head Inn. The band, with their accustomed ability, played some of the most popular airs which evidently astonished the villagers. The procession moved slowly and steadily, and leaving the village of Fairfield, the well known Moravian settlement, on the left, approached the thriving little town of Droylsden, where there are several Shepherds' lodges in the neighbourhood. Having walked several miles, they paid a visit to the house of Mr. Simpson, White Hart, and while taking a little refreshment, the band gave the people an excellent treat, who seemed to appreciate those musical talents which they are well known to possess. A little after five o'clock the procession arrived at the house of Host Cropper, Royal Oak, Clayton-road, where the district quarterly meeting was being held. Too much praise cannot be given to the worthy host for the admirable arrangments made to accommodate those who attended. The evening was spent most agreeably: the only brawback, being the wetness of the night, which set in before most of the parties could arrive at their homes.

STALYBRIDGE DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARY.—On the evening of September 18th, 1852, the twenty-third anniversary of the Noah's Ark Lodge, was celebrated at the house of brother Robert Allen, Royal Oak Inn, Stalybridge, when two hundred and twenty members, wives, and sweethearts sat down to an excellent dinner provided for the occasion. When the cloth was withdrawn, P.M. James Quinn was called to preside, who was ably supported by P.M. Band; the chairman in a very able address, stated that the lodge consisted of one hundred and sixty members, all of whom were respectable, and as a whole, in a good state of health, he called upon the secretary to read the accounts of the past year, which were highly satisfactory. The chairman then gave the health of "The Queen." "God save the Queen," by the Shepherds' band. After other loyal toasts, the chairman gave "Prosperity to the order of Ancient Shepherds," which was ably responded to by P.M. James Buckley, who gave a hasty sketch of the progress ef Shepherdry, aud concluded by giving some good advice to the young members. Amongst those who diverted the company with their vocal powers, were brother Bottomley who sang "My Country and my Queen," in his usual style of excellence. Brother Gatley also sang several songs with good effect. The chairman next gave "The health of the Editor, and prosperity to the Shepherds' Quarterly Magazine." The Editor not being present, the band played "The fine old English Gentleman," the chairman said he had one other toast to propose which he knew would be responded to with pleasure, which was "The officers of the

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Stalybridge district of Ancient Shepherds'," which was ably responded to by P.M. James Bottomley. The evening was spent in a very social and convivial manner; the pleasures of which were heightened by the excellent music of the band. After the health of the chairman, and the host and hostess had been drank, the company separated a little before twelve, highly pleased with their rational treat.

ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the Eastern Star lodge of Ancient Shepherds was held September 30th, 1852, at the house of Host E. C. Broadbent, Commercial Inn, Stalybridge, when a large number of members and their wives partook of an excellent repast, provided for the occasion, by the worthy hostess. On the cloth being removed, P.P.C.S. Kidd, was called to the chair, and after a very appropriate speech in which he displayed something more than ordinary talent, he gave the health of the "Queen," which was drunk with applause; after which, the company joined in singing the "National Anthem" accompanied by an excellent orchestra of musicians. After a few brief remarks, he gave as the next toast, "The loyal order of Ancient Shepherds," which was drunk with enthusiasm, and ably responded to. The next upon the list he said, required their attention, inasmuch as it effected the happiness and well-being of every family connected with the order. He then gave, "Prosperity to all Shepherds' libraries, and may they be established in every district in the order;" P.C.S. G. Smith in responding to the toast, spoke at some length on the beneficial result of a sound education. The chairman who was supported by a number of the officers and other influential parties, rose and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, seeing our worthy host Mr. Broadbent, present, I shall avail myself of the present opportunity of conveying to him the sentiments and feelings of the officers and members of this flourishing lodge of Ancient Shepherds, for the many favours received at his hands, and because I think his worth is not sufficiently appreciated and understood by those not immediately connected with him. He then read the following address:—

To E. C. Broadbent.

Respected Brother,—We, the officers and brothers of the Eastern Star lodge of Ancient Shepherds, avail ourselves of the present opportunity of conveying to you, our best thanks and unabated confidence in your goodness of heart and honesty of purpose, and also for the great efforts you have made on behalf of our society, by your untiring exertions and liberal donations in establishing a library for the use of ourselves and families, and we trust, it will ultimately be for the use of the members of this district at large. We also tender our thanks for the very kind manner in which we have been treated, since we first had the pleasure of meeting under your hospitable roof. For these and many other favours, we beg to acknowledge our gratitude, and may the Almighty continue to prosper all your undertakings, guide your steps and crown your benevolent efforts with success, is the sincere wish of the officers and brothers of the Eastern Star lodge of Ancient Shepherds, on whose behalf we have the honour to subscribe ourselves,

THE COMMITTEE.

Mr. Broadbont rose and was loudly cheered; at the conclusion of which, he replied in a speech which did credit to his head as well as to his heart, but the limits of our chronicle will not permit even an outline. The thanks of the meeting were voted to the worthy chairman, and to the host and hostess, after which, dancing commenced, which was kept up with great spirit until nearly twelve o'clock.

NEW MILLS DISTRICT.

OPENING OF A NEW LODGE.—On the 23rd, of October, the members of the Welcome Friend, opened a new lodge at the house of Mr. John Lomas, Waggon and Horses Inn, near Chapel-en-lefrith, in the County of Derby. About six o'clock on the evening of the above day, a party of enthusiastic young Shepherds, with the officers of the district, left New Mills on foot, for the purpose of opening the lodge. At the White Bough, they were joined by another party. The weather being fine enabled them to reach their destination in a couple of hours. The lodge was opened

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in the presence of about seventy visiting brothers from the neighbourhood, amongst whom were brother Jackson, the host of the Innocent Lamb, who, after delivering an excellent address on the benefits of Shepherdry, declared the new lodge which he called "The Pride of the Peak," to be duly opened, according to the rules laid down for such a purpose. A number of fine young men were initiated, whose appearance bespoke the healthy state of the locality. The remainder of the evening was spent in a most convivial manner. Some excellent songs and glees were given by Brothers Rothwell, Walker, and Frith. The usual loyal toasts were drank, after which, several appropriate ones were given and responded to in a manner which did credit to the various speakers. The evenings amusement was such as will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure to be present, which was kept up till a late hour. [It is a source of considerable satisfaction to us to observe the steady progress Shepherdry is making at the "Peak." About twenty years since we opened a lodge called the Woodland Tup, but from some cause or other it failed, the loss of which, we trust, will be compensated by the establishment of the Pride of the Peak. We suggest that the next lodge that is opened in this district be called the "Peveril of the Peak."—*Ed. S.M.*]

ROCHDALE DISTRICT.

PRESENTATION.—It will be gratifying to every one who has the pleasure of knowing this truly generous man, to know that the members of the district to which he belongs, fully appreciate his worth. They have rewarded his long and valuable services, by presenting him with a testimonial, which, though trifling in itself, is sufficient to show the estimation in which he is held—we only wish it had been something more substantial, for we can aver, without incurring the slightest odium, that he is one of the best and most useful Shepherds in the whole Order. On the 9th of October, 1852, the officers and a number of the members of the Rochdale District of Ancient Shepherds, assembled at the Cross Keys Inn, Cloth Hall-street, kept by Br. James Smith, the subject of this notice, to present him with a memorial, beautifully printed in a variety of colours and type, and mounted in an elegant frame. Several excellent speeches were delivered on the subject, to which he made a suitable yet a modest, reply, which did honour to himself and to those with whom he is connected; but the following speaks in more appropriate language than we can command:

"This Memorial
is
Presented to Brother JAMES SMITH, P.P.C.S., and R.O.,
by the
Rochdale District of Ancient Shepherds.
Ashton Unity.
To evince the affectionate respect they bear him as a Member of the Order,
for Twenty-three years;
Having, on every occasion, in all times, and under every circumstance,
and office,
Shown a ready disposition to serve the best interests of the Society with that humility
and energy seldom found;
But more particularly as having, for thirteen years past, without fee or reward,
undertaken the arduous duties of Relieving Officer
of this District,
And executed his task in that manner, which has gained him the esteem
and friendship, not only of the
Brethren here, but throughout the Order.
John Kershaw, P.C.S. John Dunkerley, D.P.C.S. Jonathan Hilton, P. Cor. Sec.
Rochdale, October 9th, 1852."

TRUTH.—Truth will be uppermost, some time or other, like cork, though kept down in water.—*Sir W. Temple.*

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Obituary.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Br. JAMES HURST, Corresponding Secretary of the Manchester District. He was active and energetic in every thing appertaining to the welfare of our Order, which gained him the esteem of his brother Shepherds. We believe he was first made a member of the Pride of Hulme Lodge, in the year 1845, where, by his unwearied industry, he raised himself to the presidential chair. He now distinguished himself in the affairs of the district; and, in the year 1850, he was elected Corresponding Secretary, *vice* Richard Jones, who was raised to the office of D.P.C.S. In 1851 he was attacked with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him for some time of the use of speech, during which time the office was performed gratuitously by Br. Richard Jones. He afterwards recovered so far as to be able to resume the duties of his office, yet he lingered in a low debilitated state until the 22nd of November, when he breathed his last, much regretted by all who knew his worth, not only as a member of the Ancient Shepherds' Order, but as a member of society at large.

We are extremely sorry to announce the death of MARIA, daughter of Secretary DANIEL SCOTT, of the Ossett District, which occurred on the 20th of December, when in her twentieth year. It must be a severe shock to Mr. Scott and his amiable partner, to be deprived, by death, of one so young and accomplished; but, we trust, they have sufficient fortitude to bear their loss with christian spirit.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Noticed in our previous Numbers, for the two Orphans at Holmfirth.

	£.	s.	d.
Brought forward.....	57	11	4
Mossley District.....	1	7	6
Eagle's Rest Lodge, Bishop Auckland.....	0	10	6
Grimsby District	5	0	0
Welcome Travellers' Lodge, Bury	0	10	0
Oldham District—Welcome Strangers' Lodge	1	6	0
„ „ Harmonica	0	15	0
„ „ Fortress	0	10	0
„ „ Blue Coat Lodge.....	0	10	0
„ „ Orphans' Relief	0	7	0
„ „ Shepherds of the Alps....	0	5	0
Osset District—Victory Lodge	0	10	0
Total	£68	16	10

BR. J. WILLIAMSON, PRINTER, ASHTON.

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SHEPHERDS' ORPHANS' SCHOOLS.

Connected, as we have been for the last quarter of a century, with the Order of Ancient Shepherds, we often ask ourselves whether it would not be possible to accomplish a greater amount of good than we have hitherto done! It cannot be denied that we have done much, yet we think we have a power within us, which, if properly exercised, would enable us to accomplish much more. It is a curious fact, that numbers of our brethren never look beyond the possibility of relieving the sick, and burying their dead. This was, perhaps, the only object of the founders of our Order; but their day and generation is gone. We live in an age of improvement—our seas are navigated by powerful steamers—our country is mapped over with railways—commerce is comparatively free—education is the order of the day, and, we blush to confess, that Shepherdry remains in *statue quo*. By this we do not mean to say that it does not increase in numbers, and spread over a wider field, but we fearlessly assert that it is little more than it was when we first had the honour of being enrolled in the ranks of its members, viz.,—a sick and burial society. This is not what a body of twenty thousand men ought to be satisfied with. Surely there are some choice spirits in every district of our Order—men who have within them some of the finer feelings, some of the common sympathies of our nature, which will prompt them to shelter and educate the poor neglected orphan

Since we have had the editorial management of our periodical, we have suggested many things for the improvement of our brethren; amongst the rest, adult schools, reading rooms, libraries, and mutual improvement societies, and last, though not least, what we consider an improvement upon the present system of Widows' and Orphans' Funds,

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and with what success, we leave the constant reader of the *Shepherds' Magazine* to draw his own conclusion. We have a strong sympathy for the bereaved ones, whose distresses are, no doubt, relieved as far as the limited means of the funds will permit; but we think that greater exertions ought to be made to enable the directors to exercise their benevolence to a greater extent.

It cannot fail to strike every one, who has the least discernment, that there is a lamentable deficiency in the education of the children of our deceased brethren; and we ask our readers whether it would be inconsistent with our professions of charity to gather these young ones from the public streets of our large towns, which are far from the contaminating influence of the wicked, and place them under the care of some one capable of educating them and watching over them during the absence of their mothers at the mills; such, we believe, would be conducive to their future happiness and well being. Such a proposition may startle those whose powers of conception are circumscribed within a narrow circle, and who cannot see by what plan the necessary means are to be raised for carrying our object into effect; but to us, who are accustomed to surmount difficulties, it is quite clear. It is highly necessary to make an effort to transplant them into a purer atmosphere, as the only means of rescuing them from the demoralizing influence by which they are surrounded. However desirous the widows of some of our deceased brethren may be to send their children to school, we know they have not the means. Their limited incomes will not permit; and we are wishful to do all in our power to enable the orphans to acquire that which is essential to the future man, by laying a sure foundation to build upon. Benevolence is now directing its efforts in a variety of ways. There is a spirit abroad which threatens to overwhelm the low grovelling notions of the past, by converting whole nations from a state of comparative ignorance to an intellectual position among their more enlightened neighbours. The same spirit of benevolence has for some time been engaged in the great work of lessening the amount of physical labour, to allow even adults an opportunity of improving their minds; and acts of Parliament have been passed with that view. It may be said, by the narrow minded, that it is the duty of statesmen to watch over the outward interests of the people, without troubling themselves about their education; but the best and most enlightened statesmen of the present day have engaged heart and soul in the charitable work of educating the poor, which is the duty of governments and not of individuals. Others argue that it is the duty of parents to do this im-

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portant work, whose example would exercise a vast influence upon their young minds. This we admit, in some measure; but who, in the absence of the surviving mother, whose time is occupied in procuring the necessary means of subsistence, which precludes the possibility of watching over the health, actions, and education of her children, which must eventually end in maring the social relations between the two parties. Upon whom, then, does this important duty devolve? The state starves the intellect, and the parent has neither the means nor the capacity to snatch the child from the dangerous influence of surrounding circumstances. Is it not then the duty of our brother Shepherds? Echo answers—Yes!

Now, let us see by what means we are to carry our project into effect, for it is quite natural to suppose that we must have some plan whereby to accomplish our object. First,—it will require an unanimous determination on the part of those of our brethren who feel an interest in the great work of Charity, moreespecially of those who are residents of large towns, where the contaminating influence is greatar than in other parts of the country. In such places, children may be brought to one focus with little or no trouble, which will enable us to try the experiment with a much better chance of success. If the school was situated in a central part of the town, it might be approached without much risk of danger.

A room, that might occasionally be appropriated to other purposes, may be obtained for a trifle, which would serve as an evening school for adults, or a reading room and library; and, if required, as a meeting room for Shepherds. The sum required to cover the expense would not be very great, if our calculations are formed upon correct data.

We will suppose that £50. per year be paid to the parties intrusted with the care and instruction of the orphans, in addition to which they be allowed to increase their number of scholars from other sources. If so, we might command the services of two persons well qualified for the purpose.

We now suggest that every member of our own district pay one penny per quarter, which will realize nearly £30. per annum; £10. to be voted by the Directors of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. It is also possible to raise £15. by a sermon preached for the occasion at some one of our churches, and £5. from benevolent individuals unconnected with our Order, which makes a total of £60.! a sum quite sufficient for the above purpose. And we trust that our project will meet with that consideration which the importance of the subject demands.—[*Ed.* S.M.

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THE AFRICAN SLAVE.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL.

"Oh! would that freedom were my lot!
How happy would I be!
Scenes of my childhood, ne'er forgot,
Soon would I visit ye.

"The chain that now hangs on my arm—
Badge of my hapless state!
I'd snap—although I might alarm
My tyrants by my fate.

"Around my aged father's neck
I'd cling, as when a boy;
My mother's sorrow I would check,
And change her grief to joy.

"Those tiny brothers, whom I left
When from my parents torn,
I, of their company bereft,
A slave must mourn forlorn.

"My sisters too! how they will weep,
And grieve at my exile!
The thought of them disturbs my sleep,
Till driven to my toil.

"But thou, my own, dear, loving one!
Whose heart was ever true;
That heart will now with grief be torn,
As mine is torn for thou.

"Oft on the wide sea's sandy shore,
With thee I've wander'd there;
These scenes I ne'er shall visit more,
To breathe the lover's prayer.

"My back with stripes is cover'd o'er,
From morn till night I moil;
But Slavery never gives *a home*
To solace all my toil.

"The planters say no souls belong
To all the Negro tribe;
Like brutes we must be lash'd to work,
Or tempted with a bribe.

"Oh, God of Heaven! receive *my* soul,—
For fault it ne'er can be,
To fling the yoke of Slavery off,
And wing my way to Thee."

So spoke a poor dejected slave,
Who on a sea-cliff stood;
Seeing no rest but in the grave,
He plunged into the flood.

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The gurgling waves went o'er his head;
And, saved from "*massa's*" rod,
The slave who bore dread stripes on earth,
Found favour with his God.

Ye tyrant fiends! who dare usurp
Power o'er your brother man;
You fill all earth with misery—
The grave you never can.

'Tis there your hellish power stops short—
You can no further go:
The tomb's the last, but sure, retreat
From tyranny and woe.

E'en kings must rot like common men,
And soon return to clay;
And, cheek by jowl, tyrant and slave
Will by each other lay.

Ye conquerors, whose iron heels
Oft bruise a people's brow!
Your bloated forms ere long will be
Food for the worms below.

Then think on this, ye haughty sons!
When pride your bosoms swell;
Look in the grave, and, trumpet-tongued,
A solemn truth 't will tell.

View there the wreck of human forms—
Think on your latter end;
Instead of you oppressing man,
Let him become your friend.

Sure man was form'd for nobler things
Than e'er to be a slave;
Or why should he within his breast
That noble spirit have?

Is 't not enough that we do force
The brutes for us to moil,
But we must fall upon mankind,
And bid *them* for us toil?

Oh! when will thraldom flee our earth?
When will oppression cease?
When virtue in each heart doth dwell,
When knowledge doth increase;
Shedding their glory o'er each soul,
In every land, from pole to pole.

Stokesley.

REWARD OF BENEFICENCE.—That man who to the utmost of his power augments the great mass of public or individual happiness, will under every institution, and in spite of all opposition, be the happiest of all men himself.—*Rochefoucault.*

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BEN JONSON.

BY E. P. WHIPPLE.

NEXT to Shakespear, there is no dramatist of the period whose name is so familiar to English ears as that of Ben Jonson, though he is probably less read than either Massinger or Fletcher. The associations connected with his name have contributed towards keeping it alive, for he is, in most points of his character, the very embodiment of England, a veritable, indubitable John Bull. The base of his character is sound, strong, weighty sense, with that infusion of insular prejudice which keeps every true Englishman from being a cosmopolite, either in literature, arts, government or manners. He has also that ingrained coarseness which, in the Anglo-Saxon mind, often co-exists with the sturdiest morality, and though it disconnects virtue from delicacy, prevents vice from allaying itself with refinement. In reading Jonson we continually fall upon expressions which "no young lady ought to read;" still there is nothing which tends to corrupt the morals as well as to vulgarize the speech. Virtue and vice, honesty and baseness, indulge in no coquetry in his representations. We are acquainted with no dramatist whose characters, bad and good, are better adapted to excite in us the same feelings that we should experience, if we met them in actual life.

With this basis of sound English sense, Jonson has fancy, humour, satire, learning, a large knowledge of men and motives, and a remarkable command of language, sportive, scornful, fanciful, and impassioned. One of the fixed facts in English literature, he is too strongly rooted ever to be upset. He stands out from all his contemporaries, original, peculiar, leaning on none for aid, and to be tried by his own merits alone. Had his imagination been as sensitive as that of many of his contemporaries, or his self-love less, he would probably have fallen into their conscious and unconscious imitation of Shakespear; but, as it was, he remained satisfied with himself till the last, delving in his own mind. His "mountain belly and his rocky face" are good symbols of his hard, sharp, decided, substantial, and arrogant mind. His life and writings both give evidence of great vitality and force of character. Composition must have been with him a manual labour, for he writes with all his might. The weakness of his character, his perversity, his bluff way of bragging of his own achievements, his vanity, his domineering egotism, his love of strong food, his deep potations, and the heartiness, good will, and latent sense of justice which underlie all, are thoroughly English, and make him as familiar to the imagination as a present existence. We speak of Shakespear's mind, but Jonson starts up always in bodily proportions. He seems some boon companion whom we have seen in a pre-existent state. Shakespear's creations, from *Hamlet* to *Falstaff*, are more real to us than Shakespear himself; but we have a more intense conception of Jonson than we have of any of his characters, not even ex-

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cepting *Bobadil* and *Sir Epicure Mammon*. His life was commensurate with the whole generation of great poets to which he belonged. He survived Shakespear twenty-one years. His biography is better known than that of any of his contemporaries.

Jonson's life was chequered by many vicissitudes. He was born in the city of Westminster, in the year 1574. His father went out of the world about a month after our poet came into it; and his worthy mother shortly after married a master-brickleyer. By the aid of some friend, whose name is unknown, he was sent to Westminster school and transferred thence to Cambridge university. After staying there a short time, his resources failed him, and he returned home to work at the trade of his father-in-law. This occupation, however, he could not long endure, and he went as a volunteer in the army serving in Flanders. He distinguished himself by his valour, and prided himself no little on having conquered and killed an enemy in the view of both armies, in single combat. The trade of arms, however, does not appear to have been attended in his case with any lucrative results, and he returned home at the end of one or two campaigns. Shortly after, at about the age of nineteen, he went upon the stage, as an actor and journeyman writer; but for four years seems to have done little more than make additions to old plays, or furnish scenes to other dramatists. In 1596, however, when he was only twenty-two years old, his *Every Man in his Humour*, the most generally popular of his plays was produced. Previously to this he had killed a brother-player in a duel, and came near being hanged for it; had turned Roman Catholic, and been suspected of a share in a Popish conspiracy; and had got married; three incidents in the life of a young man just at maturity, which show quite an extraordinary aptitude for affairs.

The scene of *Every Man in his Humour*, as originally written, was laid in Italy. It was popular from the first. In 1598, Jonson became acquainted with Shakespear, and through his influence was enabled to bring out his play, as now remodelled with English names, at the Blackfriar's theatre. Shakespear is supposed to have acted the part of the elder *Knowell* in this comedy. In 1599, Jonson brought out *Every Man out of his Humour*, the first representation of which was attended by Queen Elizabeth. In the epilogue to the play, hyperbole is racked to find terms of adoring admiration for the queen. Jonson, in his conversations with Drummond, did not hesitate to give his real opinion about the haughty Tudor's susceptibility to flattery. In this play the author shows that contempt for public opinion which breaks out in so many of his prefaces. He calls the public "that many-mouthed vulgar dog." *Cynthia's Revels* was acted in 1600, and excited much opposition. Decker and Marston were prominent among those it offended; and in consequence, Jonson's next play, *The Poetaster*, was especially devoted to satirizing them and exalting himself. To any one who desires to know Jonson's sway over the vocabulary of scorn, contempt, hatred, and

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invective, we would commend this comedy. Decker and Marston are introduced under the names of *Crispinus* and *Demetrius*, and remorselessly ridiculed. The opinions they are made to express of Jonson himself are exceedingly racy, and enable us to judge what were the feelings experienced towards him by some of his contemporaries. Thus, *Demetrius*, (Marston) says,—"Horace! he is a mere sponge; nothing but humours and observation: he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again." Another calls him "a sharp, thorny-tooth'd satirical rascal;" one that would "sooner loose his best friend than his least jest;" a thing "all dog and scorpion, that carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his tail." In the arraignment, Decker is called poetaster and plagiary; Marston, play-dresser and plagiary; and they are accused of taxing Jonson falsely of "self-love, arrogance, impudence, railing, filching by translation," &c., for a base and envious purpose. In their sentence we are favoured with a view of the "local habitations" of the poets of the day; for they are forbidden to defame our poets "at booksellers' stalls, taverns, two-penny rooms, trying-houses, noblemen's buttresses, and pusisne's chambers." The enemies of Jonson are summed up as "fools or jerking pedants," buffoons, barking wits," tickling "base, vulgar ears," with "beggarly and barren trash." In the "Apologetical Dialogue," at the end of the play, all phrases of scorn and contempt are exhausted to cover his opponents with infamy. He speaks of his own works as

> "Things that were born when none but the still night
> And his *dumb* candle saw his pinching throes;"

and he closes with a lofty expression of his own studious habits and devotion to letters:—

> "I that spend *half my nights and all my days*
> Here in a cell, to *get a dark, pale face*
> To come forth with the ivy or the bays,
> And in his age can hope no other grace,—
> Leave me! There's something come into my thought
> That must and shall be *sung high and aloof,*
> *Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof.*"

There is in this play a good representation given of the different feelings with which different classes at that day regarded poetry. Thus, one of the characters calls Homer "a poor, blind, rhyming rascal, that lived obscurely up and down in booths and tap-houses, and scarce ever made a good meal in his sleep, the *** hungry beggar;" but Jonson, speaking through the lips of another, exclaims,

> "Would men but learn to distinguish spirits,
> And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits
> That run a broken pace for common hire,
> *And the high raptures of a happy muse,*
> *Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,*
> *That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,*

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And beats at heaven's gates with her bright hoofs;
They would not then, with such distorted faces
And desperate censures, stab at Poesy;
They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds
Should ne'er *descend on so unworthy objects*
As gold or titles."

LAMB, vol. ii., p. 68.

The Poetaster made Jonson many enemies, as well it might. Decker replied in *The Satiromastrix*, or the *Untrussing of a Humourous Poet.* It contains some beautiful poetry and some capital hits One of the females in the play says, "That same Jonson has a most ungodly face, by my fan; it looks for all the world like a rotten russet apple, when 'tis bruised. It 's better than a spoonful of cinnamon water next my heart, for me to hear him speak; he sounds it so i' th' nose;—and O, to see his face make faces, when he reads songs and sonnets." Again, look at his parboiled face, look,—his face puncht full of eylet holes, like the cover of a warming pan." This is characteristic, and gives probably as true a representation of the personal appearance of Jonson, as the "dark, pale face" he has himself celebrated.

In 1603 Jonson produced his weighty tragedy of *Sejanus*, a noble piece of work, full of learning, ingenuity, and force of mind in wielding bulky materials. It was brought out at the Globe theatre, with the greatest poet the world ever saw acting in one of the inferior characters. It is difficult to conceive that a man who had at this time produced *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like it*, *Hamlet*, and *Henry IV.*, should play in one of Ben Jonson's tragedies Jonson and Shakespear seem at this period to have been at the height of their friendship. The "wit-contests" at the Mermaid Tavern, date from the appearance of *Sejanus*. Fuller, speaking of these, compares Shakespear to an English man of war, and Jonson to a Spanish great galleon, "Master Jonson was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performance; Shakespear, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." Fuller speaks further of Ben, as a man whose parts "were not so ready to run of themselves as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an elaborate wit, wrought out by his own industry." Those must have been great meetings where Shakespear, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Raleigh, Seldon, Cambden, and Donne were amongst the party. Beaumont, in a letter to Ben, gives his testimony to the brilliancy of the conversation, when he exclaims —

„What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one, from whom they came,
Had but his whole wit in a jest."

Jonson seems to have held anger but a short time, and was far from

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being malignant. On the accession of James, he chose his old opponent, Decker, to be his associate in designing an entertainment for the reception of the king—a metrical job given to him by the court and city; and was connected, also, shortly after, with Marston and Chapman, in writing *Eastwood Hoe*, a comedy, which came near subjecting all three to the grossest indignities, on account of some satire it contained against the Scotch. They were all imprisoned for a short time, and it was rumoured that their ears and noses were to be slit. Jonson's mother, who appears to have been a strong minded woman, told her son, after he had been liberated, that she intended to have mixed some "strong and lusty poison in his *drink*," sooner then have him thus disgraced This little event in his life does not appear to have injured him with King James, who was his patron through life. Between the years 1605 and 1611, he wrote his three comedies, *Volpone*, *Epicœne* and *The Alchemist* and also his tragedy of *Cataline* together with a number of masques represented at court. These last contain much of his most delicate and fanciful poetry, and many of his most bewitching lyrics. About the year 1616, he succeeded Daniel as poet laureate, and probably wrote his noble poetical tribute to Shakespear soon afterwards. In the summer of 1618, he set out on his celebrated pedestrain journey to Scotland. After some hospitable delays, he arrived at the house of Drummond of Hawthornden, in April, 1619. He talked rather recklessly, to his brother-poet, and probably swaggered considerably on his reputation. The record left by his host of this free and easy conversation is honourable to neither, and has irretrievably damned Drummond. His name, which might have been preserved as an agreeable bewailer of imaginary love miseries, has become associated with treachery and inhospitality.

In 1625, King James died. From this period, Jonson's life assumes its darker aspects. Poverty and sickness came upon him. He suffered from the palsy. In 1629, he had sufficiently recovered to produce his play of *The New Inn*. This was unsuccessful, though it contains some of his best scenes, and the character of *Loval* has sweet and noble traits, not common to Jonson's heroes. *Lovel's* definition of true love in this play is Platonic in its fineness and purity. The following lines, in which he speaks of the power of the passion on himself, have a winning beauty of expression which is exquisite.

> "Lov. There is no life on earth, but being in love!
> There are no studies, no delights, no business,
> No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
> But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
> The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
> The veriest drone, and slept away my life
> Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love!
> And now I can out-wake the nightingale,
> Out-watch an usurer and out-walk him too,
> Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure;
> And all that fancied treasure, it is love!"
>
> LAMB, vol. II., pp. 88, 76.

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In this comedy also, the author's tough diction melts, at one moment, into this melodious imagination :—

> " Then shower'd his bounties on me, *like the Hours,*
> *That open-handed sit upon the clouds,*
> *And press the liberality of heaven*
> *Down to the laps of thankful men.*

The last eight years of Jonson's life vacillate between comfort and want. He seems to have had friends, who came to his assistance in his extreme need. His habits of expensive living must have kept him poor. To support a man of his "unbounded stomach" required more than the ordinary remunerations of literature. He seems, however, to have had intervals of prosperity in his latter years Howell, writing in 1636, to Sir Thomas Hawk, has a most vivid picture of him, as he appeared in all the glory of a conviviality. "I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper, by B. J., where you were deeply remembered. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial, welcome. One thing intervened which spoiled the relish of the rest—that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to maginfy his own Muse. But, for my own part, I am content to dispense with the Roman infirmity of Ben, now that time has snowed upon his pericranium." In Sir John Suckling's *Session of the Poets*, we have another most characteristic portrait of Jonson, as he appeared in his old age.

> " The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
> Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
> And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
> For his were call'd works where others' were but plays.
> * * * * * * *
> " Apollo stopped him there, and bade him not go on;
> 'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption,
> Must carry't; *at which Ben turn'd about,*
> *And in great cholar offer'd to go out.*"

Jonson died on the 6th day of August 1637, at the age of sixty-three. He survived both his wife and his children. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. A common pavement stone, laid over his grave, bears the inscription, "O Rare Ben Johnson!" (not Jonson, as it is always printed),—a phrase which has passed into the current speech of England.

Jonson drenched his large and heavy brain freely with stimulants. It was said that every line of his poetry cost him a cup of sack. "He would," according to Aubrey, "many times exceed in drink: Canary was his beloved liquor; then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had throughly perspired, he would then to study." In the bacchanalian phraseology of that day, he was called a Canary bird He is said to have weighed twenty stone. Barry Cornwell has the courageous gracelessness to commend Ben's festivities, saying that "the Muses should be fed generously,—that good meats and sound wines nourish and invigorate

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the brain, and enable the imagination to send forth spirited and sounding strains." In Jonson's case, we imagine wine was necessary to set the huge substence of his brain in motion. Charles the First probably understood the poet's wants, when he added the tierce of Canary wine to his yearly stipend of £100, as poet laureate. Habits of hard drinking were common in those days.

With the exception of this too potant conviviality, and bating some inherent faults of character, Jonson seems to have been one of the best men of his time. He was honest and honourable. He had a hearty hatred of meaness and baseness, and shot his sharp invective at the crimes and follies of his day with commendable courage. More than most of his contemporaries, he estimated the, diginity of the poet's vocation In the dedication of *Volpone* he feelingly alludes to the bad reputation into which his order had fallen; and in the midst of such pedentry and arrogance, we discern a true love for his art. He anticipated Milton in asserting "the impossibility of any man's being the good poet, without first being a good man." With terrible force he lashes those of his craft who have betrayed the good cause by ribaldry and profaneness, and also declaims against the depravity of the age which supports them in their sins. But that all the dramatic poets are "embarked on this bold adventure to hell," he calls a malicious slander; and to show his own innocence, pouuces on these "miscelline interludes," were, he says, "nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and with such improperiety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors, with brothelry able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy to turn the blood of a Christian to water." He laments, that, through the insolence of these writers, the name of poet, once so honourable, has become "the lowest scorn of the age;" and in a sentence worthy of Milton, asserts, that, if the Muses be true to him, he will "raise the despised head of poetry again, and, striping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master spirits of our world." These are brave and bright words, and show deep feeling. His works display, in a hundred places, a similar spirit. He rails at the age continually for its degeneracy and wickedness; and takes the best strong ground, that the "principal end of poesie is to inform men in the best reason of living." Jonson really scorned the office of pander to depraved tastes. We do not think that he ever consciously surrendered principal to profit. The exaggerated notion he entertained of his own powers made him more disposed to lead than to follow; and the worst that can be said of him is, that if he failed in an honest effort, he went growling back into his den, savage but unconquered. Fletcher's lighter brain and looser principles allowed him to slide more easily into the debasing habit of meeting a demand for brilliant profligacy with ample supplies.

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The dramas of Jonson are formed of solid materials, bound and welded rather then fused together. Most of his comic characters are local, and representative of particular traits or humours—dramatic satires on contemporary folies and faults. Of course most of his plays are dull to a modern reader. They are, however, well worthy the attention of every student of English literature. His greatest delineation we conceive to be *Sir Epicure Mammon*, in "*The Alchemist*,' through *Volpone* and *Bobadil* might contest the palm. The "riches fineless" of learning and imagery lavished upon this character perfectly astound the imagination. Nothing can be more masterly than the manner in which it is sustained; —the towering sensuality of the man, the visions of luxury and wealth in which his mind roams and revels, his intense realization of the amazing fictions he himself creates, the complete despotism established by his imagination over his senes, and the resolute credulity with which he accommodates the most obstinate facts to his desires, make up a character which in originality, force, and truth of delineation, seems to us only second to *Falstaff*, or at least, to have, out of Shakespear, no peer among the comic creations of the English drama.

Volpone, *Bobadil*, *Sejanus*, and *Cataline* are strong delineations which we cannot pause to consider. As a specimen, however, of Jonson's ponderous style we cannot refrain quoting a few lines in the tragedy of *Cataline*, from the scene in the first act, on the morning of the conspiracy. *Lentules* says :

> "Lent. It is, methinks, a morning full of fate.
> It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
> Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it.
> She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoln black.
> Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
> And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
> As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day,
> It does not look as it would have a hail
> Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns."
>
> Lamb, vol. II. p 75.

Cataline, in allusion to the massacres of *Sylla*, gives a stern and terrible image of death :—

> "*Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretched himself*
> *To seem more huge ;*"

and he exclaims afterwards :—

> "Cinna and Syila
> Are set and gone; and we must turn our eyes
> On him that is, and shines. Noble Cethegus,
> But view him with me here ! He looks already,
> As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
> And the aw'd purple dropt their rods and axes.
> The statues melt again, and household gods
> In groans confess the travails of the city ;
> *The very walls sweat blood before the change'*
> And stones start out to ruin, ere it comes."
>
> Lamb, vol. II. p. 78.

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It would be easy to extract largely from Jonson's plays to illustrate his powers of satire, fancy, observation, and wit; and to quote numberless biting sentences, that seem steeped "in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire."

His masques are replete with beautiful poetry, as delicate as it is rich. We have only space, however to introduce from *The Sad Shepherd* one specimen of his sweetness, which seems to have been overlooked by others.

"Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass.
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

Tennyson has a similar idea in *The Talking Oak*, but has added a subtle imagination, which our old bard's mind would not have been likely to grasp:—

"And light as any wind that blows,
So fleetly did she stir,
The flowers, she touched on, *dipt and rose,*
And turned to look on her."

GRATITUDE:

A SWEET THOUGHT VERSIFIED.

An old man toil'd, one genial day,
To plant some forest trees;
His scanty locks of silver gray,
Were sporting in the breeze.
"Why dig you there, my ancient friend;
Why labour with such zest?
Long ere those plants their arms extend
You'll surely be at rest."

The old man slowly rais'd his head,
My features he survey'd,
And thus in gentle accents said,
Whilst leaning on his spade:
"This love debt to the world I owe,
And should repay with glee;
For strong hands, crumbling, blanch'd, and low,
Have planted trees for me."

Manchester. SYLVAN.

INDEPENDENCE.—To be truly and really independent, is to support ourselves by our own exertions.—*Porter.*

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WEEK DAY WALKS:

BY THE EDITOR.

In one of my rural rambles, though the weather was fine and everything by which I was surrounded was delightful, I laboured under a depression of spirits, for which I could not account. I looked upon the hills; I watched the devious course of the river; I gathered wild flowers and wove them into bouquets, to produce, if possible, a cheering effect, but to no purpose; my swelling heart was ready to burst, "but why—I knew not why." Again I looked with earnestness on the flowers, and repeated to myself the sweet words of Nicoll—

"Beautiful ye are, where'er ye grow,
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes;
My own blue bell—the daisy that doth rise
Where'er the sun-beams fall, or winds do blow,
And thousands more of blessed forms and dyes—
I love ye all!"

I tried to converse with these beautiful children of the woods and wilds, whose mute eloquence had hitherto found a sweet response from my heart; but it was now in vain: words befitting such a moment were not to be found, and I exclaimed, on looking at the little daisy, whose bright eyes met mine—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour:'

when the bouquet of flowers dropped from my hand, and I stood like a statue, beneath the branches of an old oak, while the throstle poured its mellow notes over my head.

"And then I thought of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meet blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast her leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.—BRYANT.

Such a state of mind must naturally bring on serious reflections, and inadvertently drawing my hand over the organ of veneration, I instinctively moved towards the village church-yard. There is a charm even in the name of village church. A solemn silence reigns around the dark tombs of those who have for ages slept beneath their crumbling monuments. There is a holiness in the air we breathe, accompanied by a calm serenity of mind, and a reverential feeling for the Divine Being, which is nowhere else to be found. I stood as if transfixed, and with feelings of veneration I gazed around the recepticle of the dead.

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"Earth has one boon for all her children—Death!
Open thy arms, O mother! and receive me:
Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,
Give me my birth-right; give me the grave—the grave!"
F. A. KEMBLE.

There was not a single tree to throw its evening shadow athwart the graves of those who were once dear to me; not a solitary yew to shelter the emblematic bat which once took its flight around the sepulchres of those who, in their day, figured in the gay circles of rural society. No ivy-covered walls to afford a retreat for the moping owl, whose natural propensity, prompted by the "glimpses of the moon," to make his nocturnal visit around the dilapidated tombs of the silent dead. All—all was changed to suit the taste of a new generation.

At this moment, I felt as if some sympathetic angel had touched my swelling heart with her wand of inspiration, and for once conjured up more than its natural share of sympathy, for never did the chord of my finer feelings vibrate more freely than on beholding a number of bare-legged urchens basking in the sun, and with rude instruments raking up the ashes of some venerable sage of my own dear mountain-band, which was more than my delicate nerves could withstand. From this scene I turned with disgust; and on beholding the sexton plying his spade in the formation of a new grave, I walked towards him, when, to my utter astonishment, I beheld an entire stranger. On my approach he lifted up his head, placed his foot upon his spade, and resting his body upon the end of the shaft, he ceased his laborious task. At this moment, a deep melancholy tone pealed from the bell, which thrilled through my whole frame like an electric shock, for it was the self-same note that summoned the remains of my mother to the "house appointed for all living," some years before. Heavily it tolled, and again the sound reverberated from the surrounding hills, which made not the least impression on the grave-digger. "Another death," said he, in a tone of voice which convinced me he was void of sympathy, occasioned, perhaps, by his familiarity with scenes of the same description. At this place, the old Catholic custom of tolling the bell as soon as life is extinct, still remains; and though it may not suit the taste of every one, I very much admire the custom.

"For a departed being's soul,
The death-hymn peals, and the hollow bells knowl.—BYRON.

"You have not long been sexton here," said I to the old man, as he wiped the big drops of sweat from his venerable forehead. "Not very long," was his reply, "for it is but a short time since the old sexton died;" at the same time pointing to his grave. "There he lies," said he, "and in as handsome a grave as he, or his father before him, ever made with their own hands; for I was determined he should have a grave that would not disgrace the profession." I made my way to

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to the spot pointed out, and placing my foot upon the stone that covered his mortal remains, I inwardly ejaculated "May heaven forgive me as I forgive thee," and left the resting place of one who had persecuted me in my youthful days. Passing to another portion of the consecrated ground, I walked over several green mounds of earth, which gave a peculiar softness to the melancholy picture before me Here and there an inscription upon the tomb-stone of some one I had known in my early days, caught my eye. This recepticle of the dead contains the ashes of many worthy individuals, once residents of the valley, who neither possessed nor desired more than was necessary to maintain them in a respectable sphere. Among the rest was one, at whose grave I stopped to contemplate the uncertainty of our existence; though he had lived the time allotted to man, there were many around his mouldering remains who had been removed from this transitory scene before the period of maturity had passed away. This man was rich; but his riches consisted of a mind well stored with useful knowledge, at a time when the light of literature had scarcely dawned upon his own locality. He read the best authors, and treasured up the essence of their fertile minds—his own was too refined and capacious for the period in which he lived, and too susceptible of the vulgarity by which he was surrounded, Such was the character of the village schoolmaster, who taught me to lisp the English alphabet.

> "This having done,
> He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see him
> Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
> Athwart the sivering clouds."—BLAIR.

Recovering from the reverie into which I had been thrown while bending over the grave of the village schoolmaster, my eye rested upon that of an old inhabitant of the valley, who had long been gathered to his fathers I tried to decipher the name upon the stone, but to no purpose; the hand of time, or the foot of the busy passenger had obliterated the engraving. While contemplating the old grey stone, which had not been disturbed for at least half a century, the sexton peered his grizzly beard over my left shoulder, to assist me in deciphering the name; but his wonderful powers in that capacity fell short of accomplishing the object. "Whatever the name may be," said the grave-digger, "there is a curious story connected with the person who lies beneath, which used to be related by old Geoffry Jenkins, who was sexton here at the commencement of the first French revolution, which with the aid of the guillotine, gave such a stimulus to our trade in in France, that it almost induced him to emigrate in order to better his condition. When I was a boy,—for I have been about these grounds 'man and boy' for the last forty years,—I used to listen to Mr. Jenkins, when he pointed out the grave and told the story to strangers, who did him the honour to vist the church-yard. Underneath this stone," said he,

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" here lies, a man who had once a great desire to take unto himself a wife. Among the young women who attended the church, on Sundays, there was one upon whom he fixed his affections. Now, this young woman was the daughter of a worthy neighbour, and, as the story goes, she could do all that was necessary in household matters, When she was at church she sat in the nave, and he sat behind a dark pillar under the singing loft, where he could look upon her while she was at prayers; and, it is said, that he was so much in love, that for a whole year he could never remember the parson's text. At length he found courage to make known his affection and determination to be married. Though she had another admirer, after a little bit of pretended shyness, she consented, and they were married according to the rites and ceremonies of our established church. They lived happily together for a long time, though her first lover, who was still a bachelor, was upon friendly terms with the family; but at length he paid the debt of nature, and old Jenkins buried him handsomely. As nobody cares much for the death of a bachelor, he was soon forgotten. After the elapse of some years, the lady died also; and all at once the green-eyed monster made its appearance; but what sort of an animal it was I never could understand. Her surviving husband was almost beside himself; for no sooner had the winding sheet enwrapped her cold remains, than it forcibly occurred to his mind that her first lover was buried in the next grave. Jealousy, the worst passion in the human heart, was visible in his countenance—a passion which he had never before felt during the whole of his matrimonial career—manifested itself at the time he was about to deposit the body of his wife in the cold earth. I will not lay her by the side of that man," he exclaimed, "for only a few inches of loose earth will divide their bodies, and who knows but their bones, by some accident, may come into contact. A change of situation was suggested; but as two or three of their children were buried in the same grave, he would not consent to a separation. What is to be done? he shouted in the agony of despair. At length a friend hit upon a plan which tranquilized his mind. He proposed to separate the two graves by the introduction of a strong sheet of wrought iron, which still serves to prevent the inanimate dust of his once virtuous wife from mingling with that of her first lover." "Is it possible!" I exlaimed. "Possible?" replied the grave-digger; "I saw the iron but yesterday; and though it is a little corroded, it is sufficiently strong to perform its office till the great day of resurrection.

There was a narrow strip of earth within the sacred walls which surrounded the hallowed tombs of my ancestors, to which I had not hitherto found courage to approach; and when I turned towards the little mound, I thought it looked more green and lovely than the rest, a calm refreshing shower having moistened the beautiful tufts of grass which peered their slender forms towards the broad canopy of heaven, as though in the attidude of silently returning thanks to the Author of their vegetable existence. At this moment, my throbbing heart was filled with filial

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affection and an overflow of gratitude for the kindness of an indulgent father and an affectionate mother, who lay mouldering in the gloomy grave over which I stood, conscious only of the little acts of disobedience which had been inadvertently committed in my boyish days. Never did man, with a more pure and reverential feeling for the authors of his existence, bend over their inanimate dust with a greater desire to atone for his trifling acts of indiscretion. The tender care and anxious solicitude for my future happiness, which they a thousand times manifested, were forcibly brought to my recollection, and I sighed for the ministering angel of consolation to waft her influential wings over my organs of consciousness, when the silent response produced a calm serenity of mind, which convinced me I had made a full atonement for my errors. With what feeling does the sentimental Percival write upon this subject, and what a lesson does he convey in the following quotation to the younger portion of his readers—

"An amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of the sincerest grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. 'So I thought,' replied the youth, 'while my parent was living; but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement.'"

The sound of the iron-tongued bell, as it swung to and fro beneath the old weather-beaten fane roused me from the serious reflections in which I had for some time indulged, when I beheld a funeral procession moving slowly at a distance. Sometimes it was lost in the deep valley and again reappeared on the rising ground. Next it was obscured by a cluster of cottages, or a clump of trees, obediently bending their long branches at the command of the odiferous breeze, which fluttered gently from the west, as the funeral procession passed beneath their obsequious foliage. Silently and steadily it moved along the uneven road, until it appeared at the sombre gateway at the entrance of the churchyard. The friends who had borne the corpse upon their shoulders, retired to the rear of the procession, to make room for the nearest relatives to bear the coffin to the interior of the church, which has been a custom here from time immemorial. There was no pomp—no mock sympathy. The chief mourners were a tall, ruddy-complexioned old man, down whose cheeks large drops were chasing each other: his dress showed that no unnecessary expense had been incurred—it was neat, though it was the *same* dark brown in which he had appeared at church for some years past. His fellow mourner was an aged female, who did not support herself on his arm, because it was not fashionable, but walked slowly by the side of her husband, full of sorrow for the loss of a brother, whom, I understood, was a bachelor, full of years, who died the death of the righteous. There was an air of solemnity in every movement, which bespoke the feelings of the heart. A sprig of rosemary was placed in the button-hole of the left breast of each man's coat, and in the hand

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of each female was held a like sad emblem. I followed the funeral into the church, and having taken my seat apart from the friends of the deceased, I listened with great attention to the worthy minister's reading of the burial service, and more especially to the emphatic manner in which he read the following— "Awake to righteousness and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak *this* to your shame. And some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." At the conclusion, which evidently made a deep impression upon his heareas, the fined-toned organ pealed its powerful notes along the immense roof, which fell upon the ears of those below with powerful effect. The anthem selected for the occasion was the vii. chap. of *Job*,

"Is there not an appointed time for man upon earth? Are not his days like the days of an hireling?"

The following passage produced a great sensation, for an application of handkerchiefs to to the eyes of the friends and relatives of the deceased was simultaneous:

"He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more."

The corpse being deposited in the grave, and the ceremony of dropping sprigs of rosemary upon the coffin being concluded, I left the village church-yard with a mind more at ease than when I approached the sacred spot a short time before.

THE COTTAGE IN WHICH I WAS BORN.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

The place of my birth, in the depth of the dell,
Where beauties umbrageous o'ershadow'd the well,
A prey hath become to man's sordid desire,
To wrestle with mountains, and scoff at the lyre.

Scarce a vestige of stone, or a vesture of green,
Notes the spot where my innocent foot-prints were seen;
For the railway contractor hath wantonly shorn
The beautiful cottage in which I was born.

Though my cottage is gone, there's my own native hills,
With primitive faces, deep gorges and rills;
Whose time-honour'd features, though forrow'd and worn,
Still smile on the valley in which I was born.

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What a charm is there still in the mountains that loom
O'er the wreck of my childhood, where heather and broom
Once mingled their sweets with the mist of the morn,
That hung o'er the cottage in which I was born.

The great innovator bestrideth the brook
Which playfully travers'd the green sylvan nook,
'Ere the swift winged steam horse came snorting and wild,
O'er the green spot of earth where my residence smiled.

How well I remember the song of the thrush,—
But vainly I look for his favourite bush;
For the hazel, the holly, the elder, and thorn,
Are gone with the cottage in which I was born.

The loss of the quaint holly-bush I regret,
Where the old spotted cow and my dear mother met;
And a pearl of remembrance will frequently gush,
When I look through the past on the old holly-bush.

Near the fern-feather'd well, by the side of the wood,
Was the grave of my dog, once courageous and good,
Over which was a stone, and a willow that wept,
Where my faithful old animal quietly slept.

But the progress of bold, irresistible steam,
The well and the willow, the turnstile and stream,
Hath swept from the valley—how drear and forlorn
Is the dear sylvan spot upon which I was born.

Is there one who can feel as I feel, now I find
All is gone that was dear to my sensitive mind?
For Nature's implanted within me a heart
To feel all the woes innovators impart.

Yet, looking through Time's fleeting days that have cast,
The spirit of enterprise, freely and fast
O'er the land of the *Muses*, the *laurel*, and *loom*,
I cheerfully yield my lone cot to its doom!

Ashton-under-Lyne.

CHRISTIAN WISDOM AND LOVING-KINDNESS.

A sweet sound came through the orange boughs and floated to the ears of the parson, as he wound slowly up the gentle ascent—so sweet, so silvery, he paused in delight—unaware, wretched man! that he was thereby conniving at papistical errors Soft it came, and sweet; softer and sweeter—"*Ave Maria!*" Violante was chanting the evening hymn to the virgin mother. The parson at last distinguished the sense of the words, and shook his head with the pious shake of an orthodox Protestant. He broke from the spell resolutely, and walked on with a sturdy step Gaining the terrace, he found the little family seated under an awning.

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Mrs. Riccabocca knitting; the signore with his arms folded on his breast; the book he had been reading a few moments before had fallen on the ground, and his dark eyes were soft and dreamy. Violante had finished her hymn, and seated herself on the ground between the two, pillowing her head on her step-mother's lap but with her hand resting on her father's knee, and her gaze foundly on his face. "Good evening," said Mr. Dale. Violante stole up to him, and pulling him so as to bring his ear nearer to her lip, wispered, "Talk to papa, do—and cheerfully; he is sad." She escaped from him as she said this, and appeared to busy herself with watering the flowers arranged on stands round the awning. But she kept her swimming lustrous eyes wistfully on her father.—"How fares it with you, my dear friend?" said the parson kindly, as he rested his hand on the Italian's shoulder. "You must not let him get out of spirits, Mrs Riccabocca."—"I am very ungrateful to her if I ever am so," said the poor Italian, with all his natural gallantry. Many a good wife, who thinks it is a reproach to her if her husband is ever "out of spirits," might have turned preevishly from that speech, more elegant than sincere, and so have made bad worse. But Mrs. Riccabocca took her husband's proferred hand affectionately, and said with much *naivete*, "You see I am so stupid, Mr. Dale; I never knew I was so stupid, till I married. But I am very glad you are come. You can get on some learned subject together, and then he will not miss so much his—." "His what?" asked Riccabocca, inquisitively,—"His country. Do you think that I cannot sometimes read your thoughts!"—"Very often. But you did not read them just then. The tongue touches where the tooth aches, but the best dentist cannot guess at the tooth unless one open one's mouth. Basta! Can we offer you some wine of our own making, Mr. Dale?—It is pure."—"I'd rather have some tea," quoth the parson hastily."—Mrs. Riccabocca, too pleased to be in her natural element of domestic use, hurried into the house to prepare our national beverage. And the parson, sliding into her chair, said, "But you are dejected, then? Fie! if there's a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulnesss." "I don't dispute it," said Riccabocca, with a heavy sigh. "But though it is said by some Greek, who, I think, is quoted by your favourite Seneca, that a wise man carries his country with him at the soles of his feet, he can't carry also the sunshine over his head."—"I tell you what it his," said the parson bluntly, "you would have a much keener sense of happiness if you had much less esteem for philosophy.—"Cospetto!" said the doctor, rousing himself. "Just explain, will you?" "Does not the search after wisdom induce desires not satisfied in this small circle to which your life is confined? It is not so much your country for which you yearn, as it is for space to your intellect, employment for your thoughts, career for your aspirations."—"You have guessed at the tooth which aches," said Riccabocca with admiration.—"Easy to do that," answered the parson. "Our wisdom teeth come

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last, and give us the most pain. And if you would just starve the mind a little, and nourish the heart more, you would be less of a philosopher and more of a—." The parson had the word "Christian" at the tip of his tongue: he suppressed a word that, so spoken, would have been exceeding irritating, and substituted, with inelegant antithesis, "and more of a happy man!"—"I do all I can with my heart," quoth the doctor.—"Not you! For a man with such a heart as yours should never feel the want of the sunshine. My friend, we live in an age of over mental cultivation. We neglect too much the simple healthful outer life, in which there is so much positive joy. In turning to the world within us, we grow blind to this beautiful world without; in studying ourselves as men, we almost forget to look up to heaven, and warm to the smile of God.

The philosopher mechanically shrugged his shoulders, as he always did when another man moralised—especially if the moraliser were a priest; but there was no irony in his smile, as he answered thoughtfully, "There is some truth in what you say. I know that we live too much as if we were all brain. Knowledge has its penalties and pains, as well as its prizes." "That is just what I wanted you to say to Leonard." How have you settled the object of your journey?" "I will tell you as we walk down to him after tea. At present I am rather too much occupied with you."—"Me? The tree is formed—try only to bend the young twig."—"Trees are trees, and twigs twigs," said the parson dogmatically; "but man is always growing till he falls into the grave. I think I have heard you say you once had a narrow escape of a prison?"—"Very narrow."—"Just suppose that you were now in that prison, and that a fairy conjured up the prospect of this quiet home in a safe land; that you saw the orange trees in flower, felt the evening breeze on your cheek; beheld your child gay or sad, as you smiled or knit your brow; that within this phantom home was a woman, not, indeed, all your young romance might have dreamed of, but faithful and true, every beat of her heart all your own—would you not cry from the depth of the dungeon, 'O fairy, such a change were a paradise.' Ungrateful man! you want interchange for your mind, and your heart shall suffice for all!" Riccabocca was touched and silent.—"Come hither, my child," said Mr. Dale, turning round to Violante, who still stood among the flowers, out of hearing, but with watchful eyes. "Come hither," he said, opening his arms.—Violate bounded forward, and nestled to the good man's heart.—"Tell me, Violante, when you are alone in the fields or the garden, and have left your father looking pleased and serene, so that you have no care for him at your heart,—tell me, Violante, though you are all alone, with the flowers below, and the birds singing overhead, do you feel that life itself is happiness or sorrow?"—"Happiness!" answered Violante, half shutting her eyes, and in a measured voice.—"Can you explain what kind of happiness it is?" "Oh no, impossible! and it is never the same. Sometimes it is still—

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so still,—and sometimes so joyous, that I long for wings to fly up to God, and thank him!"—"O friend," said the parson, "this is the true sympathy between life and nature, and thus we shall feel ever, did we take more care to preserve the health and innocence of a child. We are told that we must become as children to enter into the kingdom of heaven; methinks we should also become as children to know what delight there is in our heritage of earth!"—*My Novel.*

TRIO.

TOPER—TEETOTALLER—MODERATOR.

TOPER.

Dear landlady, I pray you bring
A foaming jug of ale;
And then we will so blithely sing,
And tell the merry tale.
We heed not the teetotaller,
We heed him not one pin—
What is 't that makes us merrier?
Ale, brandy, rum, and gin!

TEETOTALLER.

Give me a cup, with flavour fine
Of coffee, or of tea:
I hate your brandy, ale, and wine—
No poison'd drinks for me.
I heed not what the topers say,
'T is all vain sophistry;
For I am happier far than they,
With water, milk, or tea.

MODERATOR.

Give me good brandy, ale, and wine,
Good coffee and good tea—
No good that's sent by Power Divine,
But may abused be.
'Twixt toper and teetotaller
There little is to choose,
Both happier and merrier,
Would both but slightly use!

Manchester, THOMAS NICHOLSON.

REASON.—Reason is a faculty or power of the mind, whereby it distinguishes good from evil; whereby man is distinguished from beasts, and wherein he greatly surpasses them: or reason is that principle where, by comparing several ideas together, we draw consequences from the relations they are found to have.—AION.

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THE ARAB SNAKE CHARMERS AT THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

PRECISELY as the clock strikes four, one of the keepers places on a platform a wooden box containing the serpents, and the lad Mohammed proceeds to tuck up his ample sleeves as far up as possible to leave the arms bare. He then takes off his cloth jacket, and, opening the box, draws out a large Cobra di Capello, of a dark copper colour: this he holds at arm's length by the tail, and after allowing it to writhe about in the air for some time, he places the serpent on the floor, still holding it as described. By this time the cobra has raised his hood, very indignant at the treatment he is receiving. Mohammed then pinches and teases him in every way; at each pinch the cobra strikes at him, but, with great activity, the blow is avoided. Having thus teased the snake for some time, Mohammed rises, and placing his foot upon the tail, irritates him with a stick. The cobra writhes, and strikes sometimes at the stick sometimes at the tormentor's legs, and again at his hands, all which is avoided with the utmost nonchalance. After the lapse of about ten minutes, Mohammed coils the cobra on the floor, and leaves him while he goes to the box and draws out another far fiercer cobra. Whilst holding this by the tail, Mohammed buffets him on the head with his open hand, and the serpent, quite furious, frequently seizes him by the forearm. The lad merely wipes the spot, and proceeds to tie the serpent like a necklace around his neck. Then the tail is tied into a knot around the reptile's head, and head and tail into a double knot. After amusing himself in this way for some time, the serpent is told to lie quiet, and stretched on his back, the neck and chin being gently stroked. Whether any sort of mesmeric influence is produced we know not, but the snake remains on its back, perfectly still, as if dead. During this time the first cobra has remained coiled up, with head erect, apparently watching the proceedings of the Arab. After a pause, the lad takes up the second cobra, and carrying it to the first, pinches and irritates both, to make them fight; the fiercer snake seizes the other by the throat, and coiling round him, they roll struggling across the stage. Mohammed then leaves these serpents in charge of Jubar, and draws a third snake out of the box. This he first ties in a variety of apparently impossible knots, and then holding him at a little distance from his face, allows the snake to strike at it, just dodging back each time sufficiently far to avoid the blow. The serpent is then placed in his bosom next his skin, and left there, but it is not so easy after a time to draw it out of its warm resting place. The tail is pulled; but no! the serpent is round the lad's body, and will not come. After several unsuccessful efforts, Mohammed rubs the tail briskly between his two hands, a process which, judging from the writhings of the serpent, which are plainly visible, is the reverse of agreeable. At last Mohammed pulls him hand-

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over-hand—as the sailors say— and, just as the head flies out, the cobra makes a parting snap at his tormentor's face, for which he receives a smart cuff on the head, and is then with the others placed in a box. Dr. John Davy, in his valuable work on Ceylon, denies that the fangs are extracted from the serpents which are thus exhibited, and says that the only charm employed is that of courage and confidence, the natives avoiding the stroke of the serpent with wonderful agility; adding, that they will play their tricks with any hooded snake, but with no other poisonous serpent. In order that we might get at the truth, we sought it from the fountain-head, and our questions were thus most freely answered by Jubar-Abou-Haijah, Hamet acting as interpreter.—How are the serpents caught in the first instance?—I take this adze (holding up a sort of geological hammer mounted on a long handle) and as soon as I have found a hole containing a cobra, I knock away the earth till he comes out, or can be got at; I then take a stick in my right hand, and seizing the snake by the tail with the left, hold it at arm's length. He keeps trying to bite, but I push his head away with the stick. After doing this some time, I throw him straight on the ground, still holding him by the tail; I allow him to raise his head and try to bite, for some time, in order that he may learn how to attack, still keeping him off with the stick. When this has been done long enough, I slide the stick up to his head, and fix it firmly on the ground; then taking the adze and forcing open the mouth, I break off the fangs with it, carefully removing every portion, and especially squeezing out all the poison and blood, which I wipe away as long as it continues to flow; when this is done the snake is harmless and ready for use.—Do the ordinary jugglers or only the hereditary snake charmers catch the cobras?—We are the only persons who dare to catch them, and when the jugglers want snakes they come to us for them. With that adze (pointing to the hammer) I have caught and taken out the fangs of many thousands.—Do you use any other kind of snakes besides the cobras for your exhibitions? No; because the cobra is the only one that will fight well. The cobra is always ready to give battle, but the other snakes are sluggish, only bite, and can't be taught for our exhibitions.—What do the Arabs do if they happen to be bitten by a poisonous snake? They immediately tie a cord tight round the arm above the wound, and cut out the bitten part as soon as possible—some burn it; they then squeeze the arm downwards so as to press out the poison, but they don't suck it because it is bad for the mouth; however, in spite of all this, they sometimes die.—Do you think it possible that cobras could be exhibited without the fangs being removed? Certainly not, for the least scratch of their deadly teeth would cause death, and there is not a day that we exhibit that we are not bitten, and no skill in the world would prevent it. Such were the particulars given us by a most distinguished professor in the art of snake charming, and therefore they may be relied on as being correct. *Bentley's Miscellany.*

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AN AMERICAN FARMHOUSE.

WHILE our kind hostess, on hospitable thought intent, was preparing something nice for tea, we were invited to look about the little sitting-room, and see "farm ways" in that shape. It was both parlour and guest chamber at the same time. In one corner stood a maple bedstead, with a large plump feather bed on it, and two tiny pillows in well-bleached cases at the head. The walls of the room were whitewashed, the wood work was unpainted, but so thoroughly scoured that it had acquired a sort of polish and oak colour. Before the windows hung coloured paper blinds. Between the windows was a table, and over it hung a small looking-glass, and a green and yellow drawing in water colours, the gift of a friend. On one side stood a cherry bureau; upon this lay the Holy Bible, and that its sacred pages had been well studied our friend's daily life could testify. Near the Bible lay a volume of religious character, from the Methodist press, and the "Life of General Marion." The mantel-piece was ornamented with peacocks' feathers and brass candlesticks, bright as gold; in the fire-place were fresh sprigs of asparagus. An open cupboard stood on one side, containing the cups and saucers, in neat array; a pretty salt-cellar, with several pieces of cracked and broken crockery of a superior quality, preserved for ornament more than use. Such was the "square room," as it was called. It opened into the kitchen; and as our dear hostess was coming and going, dividing her time between her biscuits and her guests, very impartially,—at last we asked permission to follow her and sit by her while she was at work, admiring the kitchen quite as much as we did the rest of her neat dwelling; the largest room in the house, and the one most used, it was just as neat as any other corner under the roof. The chimney was very large, according to the approved old custom. and it was garnished all about with flat irons, brooms, brushes, holders, and cooking utensils, each in its proper place. In winter they used a stove for cooking, and in the very coldest weather they kept two fires burning, one in the chimney, another in the stove. The walls were whitewashed. There was a great deal of wood-work about the room—wainscoting, dressers, and even the ceiling being of wood—and all was painted dark red. The ceiling of a farm kitchen, especially if it be unplastered, as this was, is often a pretty rustic sight, a sort of store place, all kinds of things hanging there on hooks or nails driven into the beams; bundles of dried herbs, strings of red pepper and of dried apples hanging in festoons, tools of various kinds, bags of different sorts and sizes, golden ears of seed corn ripening, vials of physic, and nostrums for man and beast, bits of cord and twine, skeins of yarn and brown thread just spun, and lastly, a file of newspapers. The low red celling of Farmer B——'s kitchen was not quite so well garnished in July as we have seen it at other times, still it was by no means bare, the festoons of apples, red peppers, and

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Indian corn being the only objects wanting. By the window hung an ink-bottle and a well-fingered almanac, witty, and wise as usual. A year or two since an edition of the almanac was printed without the usual prognostics regarding the winds and sunshine, but it proved a complete failure; an almanac that told nothing about next year's weather nobody cared to buy, and it was found expedient to restore these important predictions concerning the future snow, hail, and sunshine of the country. Public opinion demanded it. A great spinning-wheel, with a basket of carded wool, stood in a corner, where it had been set aside when we arrived. There was a good deal of spinning done in the family; all the yarn for stockings, the flannels for the cloth worn by the men, for the coloured woollen dresses worn by the women, and all the thread for their coarse towelling, &c., was spun in the house by our hostess or her granddaughter, or some neighbour hired for the purpose.—*Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.*

THE THREE GIFTS.

THERE was once a poor weaver who became known to three rich students, who, seeing that the man was very poor, gave him for his housekeeping a hundred dollars. The weaver was overjoyed at the gift, and resolved on employing it to the greatest advantage, but would first for a time feast his eyes on the shining money. He would not tell his wife of his good fortune, who happened just then to be from home, and concealed the money where no one would think of looking for it, namely, among some old rags. One day, while he was out, a rag collector came to the house, and his wife sold him the whole bundle of rags for a few pence. Now there was grief of heart when the weaver returned, and his wife, full of joy showed him the trifle of money she got for her old rags. When a year had passed, the three students came again, hoping to find the weaver in comfortable circumstances, instead of which they found him poorer than ever, and on their expressing wonder for this, he informed them of his misfortune. After warning him to be more careful in future, they gave him another hundred dollars. Now he thought he would be very prudent, so without saying a word to his wife, he hid the money in the dust tub; and this time it just fell out as on the former occasion. His wife exchanged the ashes with a dustman for two or three pieces of soap, while her husband was just gone out to carry some work to a customer. When he returned and was told of the bargain of the ashes, he was so enraged that he gave his wife a beating. When another year had passed, the three students came for the third time, and found the weaver in rags and misery. They said, throwing a piece of lead at the same time at his feat, "Of what use is a nutmeg to a cow? to give the money again would prove us to be greater fools than thou art, We will never

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come to thee again." Thereupon they went away in anger, and the weaver picked up the piece of lead and laid it on the window sill. Soon after his neighbour entered the room—he was a fisherman—bade him good day, and said, "My friend, have you perchance a piece of lead, or anything heavy, that I can use for my net? for I have just now nothing at hand." The weaver gave him the piece of lead which the students had left, for which the fisherman thanked him, and promised him that he should have in return the first large fish he caught. "Very well," replied the weaver, "but it is not worth speaking about." Soon after, the fisherman actually brought a fine fish weighing four or five pounds, and obliged his neighbour to accept it. He immediately cut up the fish, and found a great stone in its belly. This stone the weaver also laid in the window sill. In the evening when it became dark the stone began to shine, and the darker it grew the brighter the stone became, and just like a candle. "That's a cheap lamp," said the weaver to his wife; "wouldst thou not like to dispose of it, as thou didst the two hundred dollars? and he placed the stone so that it illuminated the whole room. On the following evening a merchant chanced to ride past the house, who, on seeing the brilliant stone, alighted and entered the room, looked at it, and offered ten dollars for it. The weaver answered, "The stone is not for sale." "What, not for twenty dollars?" not even for that," replied the weaver." The merchant, however, kept on bidding and bidding for the stone, till at last he offered a thousand dollars, for the stone was a precious diamond, and really worth much more. Now the weaver struck the bargain, and was the richest man in the village. His wife would have the last word, and took much credit to herself, saying, "See, husband, how well it was that I threw away the money twice, for thou hast me to thank for this good luck.—*Yule Tide Stories: Bohn's Antiquarian Library.*

TRADE OF LIVERPOOL UNDER THE TUDORS.

When Leland visited Liverpool, near the close of the reign of Henry the Eighth, he found that Irish merchants came much there as to a good haven; that there was good merchandise in Liverpool, consisting chiefly of Irish, that is, of linen yarn; and that Manchester manufacturers were the principal buyers of it. It thus appears that at that early period in the history of the national industry, Ireland was celebrated for its growth of flax and its production of linen yarn; that the linen manufacture was carried on to a considerable extent at Manchester; and that Liverpool was the port through which the ingenious artisans of that place obtained their supplies of raw or prepared materials. Flax and linen yarn were then the only materials of manufacture imported into England to any great extent. Wool, the raw material manufacture, was produced in England in greater abundance, and of better quality, than in any other

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country in Europe; so that England exported it in large quantities instead of importing it. Both raw silk and cotton wool were, however, imported into England by the Genoese and Venetians nearly a hundred years before this time, but in insignificant quantities, and for purposes of luxury and ornament, not of common use. The linen manufacture then ranked next to the woollen in extent and usefulness, but it was confined to a few districts, whilst the woollen manufacture was spread over the whole country. Ireland has long been celebrated for its growth of flax. It owes its superiority as a flax growing country to the openness of its soil, which is in general light and easily worked; to the mildness of its climate, and to the abundance of its supplies of moisture in the seasons of spring and summer. These circumstances, whilst they injure it as a wheat-growing country, render it the first country in Europe for the growth of flax, as well as of roots and all kinds of grasses. From the natural suitableness of the soil to the growth of flax, both the English settlers and the aborginal inhabitants turned their attention to the growth of that most valuable plant, from the earliest periods of their history. A short robe of linen, dyed yellow, with an extract of the poplar tree, formed part of the dress of the Irish chiefs. The spinning of linen yarn naturally followed the cultivation of flax; and as capital has increased in Ireland, and the textile art has improved, those districts of that country which have enjoyed the advantage of political tranquility, have taken the lead of all other parts of the empire in the linen trade; nor is any thing wanted, but equal tranquility and equal industry, to render the south and west as prosperous as the north, and by the same means. The south and west of England and the west riding of Yorkshire were all of them better situated than Manchester, for obtaining wool and woollen yarn, from the fine sheep pastures by which they were surrounded, and have maintained a superiority in the manufacture of fine woollens; but for variety of materials and fabrics Manchester established a reputation at a very early period of its history, chiefly owing to its easy communication with the flax-growing districts of Ireland, and afterwards retained it, chiefly owing to the ease with which it communicated with the cotton growing districts of the West Indies and America.—*Baines's History of Liverpool.*

THE SHEPHERDS' CHRONICLE.

NOTHING gives so much pleasure to an editor of the organ of any particular party as that of being enabled to report, from time to time, the success of the cause which he has espoused. We have invariably avoided giving exaggerated statements of the rapid increase of our society; though we might have said, without fear of contradiction, that its growth had been the most astonishing of any society of the same description in the annals of Friendly Associations. Shepherdry is young in years, but it has acquired a giant's power. No barrier can stop the mighty torrent. It is irresistibly making its way over the kingdom, and drawing within its vortex men of all grades of society. Professional gentlemen, artizans, and agricultural labourers, are enrolled in the list of its members.

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Our last quarter's Report gives the opening of sixteen new lodges, some of which are in the counties of Middlesex, Kent, Cambridge, Lincoln, Lancaster, and Chester, and one on the vast continent of America. We cannot omit noticing the spirit-stirring district of St. Helen's, near Liverpool, which we perceive by the Report has opened three lodges in a very short period of time: such men always merit the thanks of the officers of the order. The increase of members must naturally increase the circulation of our quarterly Magrzine. Should each district in the order follow the noble example of Manchester (which, we believe, compels every lodge in the district to purchase one copy), our periodical would at once become a profitable speculation. After eight years' existence, we are proud to say that it still maintains a respectable position, and only requires a little more exertion on the part of the district officers to raise it still higher. A society of such magnitude as the Ancient Shepherds could not possibly retain its standing for any length of time without its organ of communication; which, we fear, is not sufficiently appreciated by a majority of our brethren. The work of forming a society under favourable circumstances is an arduous task; but the work of preventing it from falling to pieces, or even to make it work harmoniously, is an Herculean one, which never can be accomplished without the aid of a periodical of an independent and fearless character, to advocate the laws by which it is governed, and the principles upon which it is founded. From this we shall never shrink while we are able to wield the editorial quill. It may be fresh in the recollection of some of our brethren, that, some two or three years ago, a few schismatics of Yorkshire had the audacity to establish a penny paper, which they presumed to call the Shepherds' Magazine, for the purpose of abusing our order. After venting its spleen, the puny thing died a natural death. The only parties sustaining a loss by its decease were the man of types and the printer's devil

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OLDHAM DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARY.—December 25th, 1852, the members of the Welcome Stranger Lodge of Ancient Shepherds, held at the house of Brother William Taylor, Woolpack Inn, Bottom-o'th'-Moor, sat down to an excellent dinner provided for the occasion by the worthy host, to which ample justice was done. After the removal of the cloth, the brethren enjoyed a rich treat in the able addresses delivered by the eloquent speakers. The uses and abuses were set forth in those glowing terms by the various speakers which never fail to make a deep impression. At intervals, some fine old English songs and recitations were given, upon the performance of which we cannot speak in too high terms of praise. Time rolled on imperceptibly, and when, at the climax of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," the unerring clock warned them of the hour of departure, and after votes of thanks had been given to the excellent chairman and to the worthy host and hostess of the Woolpack, they departed to their respective homes, highly pleased with the pleasures of the day.

SHEPHERDS' BALL AT THE WOOLPACK.—On the evening after the anniversary dinner, it is customary with the members of the Welcome Stranger Lodge to give a splendid ball; but the day following the anniversary happening to fall on the Sunday, the ball was held on Monday, the 27th December. The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens and various devices, which did great credit to the artistic abilities of Brother John Wolstenholme. The orchestral decorations were executed with taste, and the lights were so distributed as to show to advantage the fair forms of the ladies as they waltzed gracefully round the ball-room. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until a late hour, when each retired well satisfied with the manner in which the business of the evening had been conducted.

BIRTH.—January 1st, 1853, the lady of William Wolstenhome, Esq., secretary of the Oldham district, gave birth to a fine son, with which she presented her husband, who thankfully received it as a substantial New Year's Gift.

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ROCHDALE DISTRICT.

LODGE LIBRARY.—We are extremely happy in being able to inform our readers that, mainly through the exertions of P.M. Parkinson and a few of his intelligent brethren, a library of well-selected books has been opened at the Golden Fleece Lodge, held at the Drake Inn. We trust this example will be followed by the other lodges in the district.

MOSSLEY DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARY.—Upwards of one hundred members and their wives, belonging to the Shepherds' Flock Lodge, held at the house of Br. Joseph Lees, Stamford Arms Inn, celebrated their anniversary on the 25th of December, 1852, when the worthy host, with his usual liberality, set before them a most substantial repast, consisting of good old English fare.—When the cloth was withdrawn, our venerable friend, P.C.S. Thomas Chadwick, who is a member of the lodge, was called upon to preside, and was received with a hearty welcome, after his long sickness. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Chadwick was one of the first Shepherds who gave our order a substantial footing. He opened sixty of the first new lodges; and though time and the cares of the world have furrowed his cheeks and silvered his hair, he is still as enthusiastic as ever in the cause of Shepherdry. He made some good remarks on the benefits which had resulted from friendly societies; and concluded a short, but pithy, address, with some sensible observations to the younger portion of his brethren. The evening was spent in a most rational manner, which evidently gave great satisfaction to all present. A cordial vote of thanks was given to the venerable chairman, and to the worthy host and hostess for the handsome manner in which they had provided for the brethren, which was duly acknowledged, when the meeting separated, highly satisfied with their annual treat.

GREAT GRIMSBY DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARY.—The members of the Shepherds' Glory Lodge, No. 615, celebrated their anniversary on Monday, Dec. 13, 1852, at the house of Brother Richard Sharp, Railway Tavern, Bristol. About 50 of the members and friends partook of a good substantial dinner, provided by the worthy host, which for its excellence could not be surpassed. The room was neatly decorated with evergreens and emblems of our order. On the withdrawal of the cloth, W.M. Thos. Dancy was called to the chair, who was ably supported by Brother Geo. Adams. After a few preliminary remarks, the chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, which were warmly responded to. The worthy chairman called upon Brother Barry, the host of the West of England Lodge, to address the meeting, who rose amidst loud cheers. In the course of his lengthy address, he made some powerful remarks on the principles of our order, and on its rapid progress. Mr. Secretary Brodfield addressed the meeting on the benefits of Shepherdry; after which several toasts connected with the order were given and responded to. Several metrical toasts and sentiments were given; the concluding couplet of one which was given from the chair we here insert:—

Each one drink success to the lodge with a cheer,
In a bumper of Sharp's honest triple X beer.

During the evening some excellent songs were given, which added much to the rational amusement of the party. The evening was spent most agreeably, the pleasures of which were heightened by appropriate music. The chairman's health being drunk, P.M. Stockham made some excellent remarks, and concluded by giving the health of the host and hostess of the inn; when the company separated about eleven o'clock, highly satisfied with each other's company.

BR. WILLIAMSON, PRINTER, ASHTON.

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THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. 33. Vol. IV.] JULY, 1853. [Price 3d.

ARE THE LABOURING CLASS A READING CLASS?

The numerous Friendly Societies which have been established in this country chiefly consist of the working-class, there being no inducement for the higher class to enrol themselves as members, for they are beyond the necessity of so doing. Our object, then, is to ascertain whether the labouring class are a reading class—a question which ought to be well considered—and if they are, it is a natural supposition that the numerous periodicals, established by themselves, should flourish; if not, however well they may be conducted, they are sure to fall, We should be glad if an effort of ours could save even *one*.

We have always been a strong advocate for reading, by which we catch new objects of thought that create a thirst for knowledge, and a desire to penetrate the unfathomable depths of truth. The beautiful presents itself, where beauty cannot be seen by the ignorant and unlettered. Our most earnest wish is to emancipate the mind, which, in all probability, has been shackled by circumstances over which they had no controul. It is not long since the hours of labour in mills were such as to prevent the possibility of devoting much of their time to useful purposes beyond that of their daily avocations; but, thanks to a wise legislature, the hours of labour in the mills have been reduced, and the workers have no longer any excuse for remaining in ignorance. Books and periodicals of almost every description are within the reach of the poorest. Libraries, literary institutions, and schools are constantly inviting their attention; but do they avail themselves of these advantages? We fear they do not.

It was but the other day we were walking leisurely along Oldham-street, in the crowded city of Manchester—a place where almost every

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person we meet seems absorbed in some business of importance—we stepped into the shop of Mr. Heywood to make a small purchase of stationery, and while there, we entered into conversation with a German gentleman, who was making a purchase of a Dictionary of the English language. On leaving the shop, our egress was impeded by large bales of London periodicals, which were being discharged from a dray belonging to the London and North Western Railway Company. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Heywood is the principal Agent in the North of England for the sale of these periodicals. "You English," said the German, on seeing the bales of papers, "are very fond of de reading;" and, without the least consideration, we replied in the affirmative. "But," said he, "you read de trash; you do not read de best English authors, nor de best German philosophers, nor de best German poets:" and before we had time to collect our scattered thoughts, he had disappeared in the crowd of busy passengers. What a sweeping charge against the people of this country, by one who was a stranger amongst us; but he had seen sufficient to convince him that if the labouring class were a reading class, they "read de trash," and neglected the healthy part of our literature. We pondered over this sweeping charge with a view to convince ourselves of his error, if in error he was. We looked at the multitudes that are bonded together as members of Friendly Societies, whose ramifications are so wide, that those who are unacquainted with them can form no conception of their vastness, and wondered why a stranger should have arrived at such a conclusion.

Having been acquainted with societies of this description for a considerable length of time, we know there are a number of men connected with each of them, who are desirous of elevating their brethren in the scale of intelligence; but their efforts have hitherto proved fruitless. Amongst the many periodicals which have been established for such a purpose, we may rank the *Oddfellows' Magazine* as the first, which numbered amongst its contributors men of the highest literary talent, some of whom had acquired more than national fame. With such a phalanx of writers, edited by the Author of *Rhyme, Romance, and Revery*, whose character was a guarantee against anything contrary to its original purpose, and which had no distinctive religious doctrines to divide the opinions of its readers—no party politics to disturb the harmony of the society, whose numbers were so great that even a fractional part having subscribed for the work, would have maintained a circulation of thousands; and yet it died the death of many a worthy predecessor. And why? *Because the labouring-class are not a reading*

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class. The Foresters, the Druids, and other similar societies have made the experiment of their respective periodicals, with no better success.

Eight years ago the Ancient Shepherds established their present QUARTERLY MAGAZINE more with a view to elevate their brethren intellectually, than to make a profit for the society. The Author of *Hours with the Muses*, was appointed Editor. Such an appointment was hailed by the projectors as the harbinger of improvement, for he was one of that class whose feelings and sympathies were entirely with the masses. We well remember his "Address to his Readers," in the first number—"We hope to produce," says the Editor, "an agreeable Miscellany, as acceptable to the elegant parlour circle of the capitalist, as to the humble—we hope not less homely—fire-side of the self-taught or self-teaching artizan, for whose benefit and solace our pen, and others will be cheerfully exercised."

Such an important duty has never been lost sight of in our columns, We have laboured to make it worthy of support, and our efforts have been crowned with a large increase in its circulation; but this increase falls far short of what we ought to expect from so large a body of people as the Ancient Shepherds, who, according to the Annual Reports, are increasing at the rate of some thousands annually. After such a favourable report from the Annual Conference, ought we not to expect a corresponding increase in its circulation, and especially after that assembly has expressed its entire approbation of the manner in which the *Magazine* is conducted? If not, what is to be inferred from it? Why, we can arrive at no other conclusion than that *the labouring class are not a reading class*, and that ultimately our periodical will share the same fate as its predecessors.

There are one class of people in the world who look upon everything in a pecuniary point of view, just as if our existence depended upon digging money out of the very hearts of mankind, and that every thought, every action, and every movement of our lives ought to be weighed in the scales of profit and loss. Such a spirit we are happy to say, is not in accordance with the principles of our Order. Should the *Shepherds' Magazine* be distributed gratuitously amongst the members of our society, the good resulting therefrom would more than counterbalance any loss the institution might sustain, which would not amount to more than one halfpenny per member per annum. It is a source of satisfaction to believe that our Editorial labours have done something towards stamping the respectability of Shepherdry. Our periodical has, more than once, been favourably noticed by the press; and we do not speak

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egotistically when we say, that we have received several complimentary letters on the moral tone we have constantly assumed, and yet there are those who would not scruple to abolish our little *Quarterly*, because, forsooth, it is not a profitable speculation, when they know such is not intended! Should the members in each district imbibe the same feelings, and carry the same narrow-mindedness to the next Annual Meeting, the *Shepherds' Magazine* will cease to exist, and we shall then conclude, and very justly too, *that the labouring class are not a reading class.*—[*Ed.* S.M.]

TO THE PASSING-BELL.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL.

Oh! solemn-sounding passing-bell,
What doleful news thy tongue doth tell!
Methinks thou in mine ear doth cry:—
"Children of men, prepare to die!
Another soul from earth is fled:
Another body with the dead
Beneath the sod is numbered;
And ye, who hear the present knell,
Must soon bid all on earth farewell:
Therefore in friendship, love, and truth,
Spend the brief morning of your youth;
In manhood's noon let Virtue live
Within your hearts, and she will give
True happiness; for only she
Conferreth true felicity;
And when life's evening comes on you,
And your shrunk limbs begin to bow,
And long to join their parent-earth,
From whence at first ye sprang to birth,
You may as gently sink to rest
As babe upon its mother's breast,
In virtue live, in virtue die,
And yours is immortality!"
Grim Death! how mortals fear thy frown!
The tyrant-monarch in his crown,
The prelate in rich robes of lawn,
The husbandman amongst his corn,
The priest, the congregation too,
Must all unto thy mandate bow.
The haughty noble, who may be
Proud of his ancient pedigree;
The parish-orphan, who ne'er knew
The parent-stem from whence he grew;
The tradesman, with his business-looks;
The merchant, with his bills and books;
The peasant, with his toil-horn'd hands:
The sailor, bound for foreign lands;

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The soldier, dealing death around,
Whilst trumpets deaf'ning war-notes sound;
The lawyer, with his fees and briefs;
The widow, with her many griefs;
The artizan, o'er-wrought, ill-fed;
The idler, on his noon-tide bed;
The miner, moiling under ground:
The miser, counting out each pound,
With greedy eyes, gloating upon
The gold that ne'er blest woman's son;
The spendthrift and the debauchee,
Amidst their drunken revelry,
Are mark'd as prey, oh Death, for thee!
The harlot with her many whiles;
The traitor, with his Judas-smiles;
The thief, who robs whene'er he can;
The tyrant, who oppresses man
Until he hates instead of loves
Earth's fruitful fields and vernal groves;
The patriot, our rights who pleads;
The martyr, who for justice bleeds;
The bard, whose mind aloft doth soar;
The sage, of philosophic lore;
The children of the healing art;
And all on earth who play their part
In life's great drama, all must die,
And pass into eternity!
Then who can hear unmoved thy knell,
Thou solemn-sounding passing bell!
To me thy iron tongue doth tell
A startling truth. Thou preaches well;
Thy pulpit being time-worn steeple;
Thy congregation all the people:
Some (in *all* churches there are such)
Thy awful warnings never touch;
Others—God grant they be not few!
Hear and digest thy sermon true.

Stokesley.

LYING IN BED.

MANY practices, rules, and customs known to exist in the private history of families, which bear ample testimony to the important place this stern necessity occupies in their various households, and which proves how strong are the chains of indolent habits in many constitutions. There is no doubt, that to some persons the difficulty is greatly enhanced by their peculiar lymphatic bodily frame, or their procrastinating or apathetic disposition; and so well aware are such individuals of their liability to fail in rising at the proper time, that they have recourse to all sorts of self-imposed coercive measures, whereby to help their languid energies. Wherever the difficulty is really thus inherent, the system of rewards adopted in numerous families altogether fails, as it did in a case with

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which we are acquainted, of a household where a benevolent well-to-do member of the Society of Friends, used not only to promise, but actually to bestow half-a-crown upon each of his offspring (all approaching manhood), providing they came down in respectable time for breakfast. The radical orator Cobbett held out a far more poetical reward, since, as Miss Mitford tells us in her "Autobiographical Recollections," he constituted a rule, that whichever of his young sons made his appearance down stairs the earliest, should, on that day, be privileged to gather the morning *bouquets* for the ladies who composed the breakfast party. In some houses we hear of fathers who forbid the relaxation of the home billiard-tables on such evenings as have followed a disgracefully late turning out of the young men, and this regulation has been found to work well; while, alas! in too many cases, neither rewards nor punishments, serious rebukes nor the gentlest persuasions, the prickings of conscience nor the admonitions of duty, are of any avail. In such instances, the consequences are at the best, the general discomfort entailed by very late rising in every department of the household; and in worse instances, the fearful neglect of business, and the universal moral apathy, which gradually increases when indolence is habitually given way to, and which ends in causing the delinquents to be mainly regarded as useless members of the family circle. To such an extent has this state of things been carried, that we know a gentleman who felt himself so utterly unable to conquer his propensity to lie in bed until noon, that he actually made it a stipulation before marriage, that he should always be allowed to slumber undisturbed until one o'clock during his married life. An example like this can only excite our contempt; but for the sufferers from overpowering drowsiness who manfully combat their most unlucky propensity, we must feel great compassion, mingled in many cases with great admiration. Persons so situated in olden times, used often to tie a string to their foot, and the cord, then suspended through the window, was, by the well-instructed street watchman, regularly pulled sharply at the appointed hour. Parke, the celebrated hautboy player, obliged himself to rise very early for the purpose of practising, by thus fastening a cord to his arm, which the watchman duly pulled at four o'clock; but one night a man intoxicated seized and pulled the cord so vigorously, that the sleepy performer expected to find himself jerked on the pavement. We must not forget the curious machine that was exhibited in the crystal palace for literally turning people out on the floor; nor will this singular invention seem un-needed to those who are compelled to have their *bedding literally removed from their apartment* before they can venture to let their servant who has aroused them quit the room Grievous as the last-named expedient must inevitably appear, it is worth mentioning, because it proves how arduous is the difficulty under which some constitutions too truly labour; and it is most creditable to the unfortunate patient, who can resolve to undergo this species of humiliation, rather than face the still greater degradation, to a right minded man, of wasting the best

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hours of his existence in heavy sleep. The eminent Irish patriot, Henry Grattan, used to subsist on the most scanty portion of nutriment, that he might purchase books for prosecuting his law studies when in the Middle Temple; and, at the same period of life, in order to insure his regularly rousing at day-break to go on with his work, he contrived that a small barrel of water, placed over a basin which stood on a shelf immediately above his pillow, should have its cock sufficiently turned to fill the bason by daylight, so that if he did not get up when dawn broke, the water flowed over his person and bedding. That early rising is a *sine qua non* in ensuring longevity, we believe cannot be doubted, since, in many instances, even where its valuable adjunct of temperance has been wanting, the habit of getting up betimes seems to have conducted its observers to the end of long and generally healthy lives.

SYMPATHIES OF SPRING.

The revival of nature in spring is one of those rare phenomena of the exterior world, which never presents itself to our observation or imagination, without perpetually renewing feelings of wonder and delight. Nothing can state the infinite variety of its attractions—not even the changes in our own mental and physical organization, which so materially affect most other things. The wonderful terrestrial and celestial phenomena that occur every day of our lives—the rising and the setting of the sun, so astonishing for their regularity and importance, the ebb and flow of the tides, and the perpetually supplying and never-exhausted abundance of the rivers, fail to awaken those sensible feelings of enjoyment and gratitude which the conception or realization of spring produces. No age, no sex, no condition of life, is insensible to the approach of this beautiful season, or disappointed when it arrives. To the child emerging out of babyhood, it promises the paradise of the meadow or the lawn; and the only floral games which yet survive in the world, which, by the aid of a few bunches of buttercups and dasies, innocence and health, and the quick fancy of young life, can extract more enjoyment, than at a later period could be derived from all the roses of the east. To the boy, and to the girl too, it unfolds in prospect the wider world of the fields, and the winding green roads of the remoter country, which are longed for with an eagerness which seems prophetic of that stronger impulse, which, in a few later years, will send them forth to the still more extensive regions of active life. To the lover of nature itself, it presents the beautiful object if his affections, in the most charming period of her existence, arrayed in all the freshness and the purity of youth; while, to the practical naturalist, it unfolds the minuter phenomena of her existence, which, hived up in such delightful books as that of White's "Selborne," shed such a delicious savour of the country around the

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winter's fire. Need we speak of the prospect of freedom and vigour which it holds out to the feeble and the invalid, and the hope of exchanging the monotony of the sick-room for the infinite variety of the hill-side, the valley, and the shore? It is the longed for studio of the artist—the silent academy of the student—the trysting-time of the lover—the chosen school for meditation—and the most abundant source of inspiration to the poet, and of instruction, as well as of illustration, to the moralist. It is thus that the sacred books of the Old Testament, written by men who, in an immeasurably high degree, united in their own persons the grave vocation of the teacher, and the melodious organization of the minstrel, abound with such exquisite and touching allusions to the outward beauty of this season and the inward lessons which it inculcates. Take, for instance, the celebrated mystical and allegorical invitation in the second chapter of the Song of Solomon, which, as it were, contains within itself the essence of all that has ever been said or sung on the same subject, and which, by the transcendant beauty of its language and allusions, shares in the perpetual welcome which the season it so exquisitely describes receives, and makes the description be read with the same delight upon its last repetition as at its first:—

"Behold, my beloved, speaketh to me: arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come, for winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come; the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree hath put forth her green figs; the vines in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come."

But it is the Christian religion that, in an especial manner, has availed itself of the wonderful working of nature at this season, for the illustration of one of its most peculiar doctrines and consolatory truths—namely, the resurrection of the dead. Analogies seldom square at every side with the thing compared; but few copies so nearly resemble their prototypes as the one under consideration. We have here, life out of death; we have order out of confusion; we have animation out of corruption; and organization out of apparent annihilation. The seed rots before it revives, and the flower passes from before our eyes, and lies buried for a while beneath the ground, before it re-appears at the call of spring—

"Another, yet the same."

LINES

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG AND ERRING FEMALE.

Forgive these lines, though startling truths they teach,
Nor deem thy friend ambitious grown to preach;
Far different feelings o'er my breast preside,
To self a stranger, and unknown to pride;
Yet preach I must: else feeble were my claim
And small my right to friendship's sacred name;

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Small were my worth if I could view the storm
That sweeps the seas, engulph thy hapless form,
And spring not forward with a helping hand,
Or bid the skiff bound swiftly from the land.
Not seaward lies thy danger: no fierce waves
Consign thee headlong to unfathom'd caves:
But worse—far worse, the snares thy steps enthrall,
Oh, shun them early, lest thou early fall:
Waves, stealing life, no further boon would crave,
But crime may blight thee e'en beyond the grave,
Waves merely wrest what thou must soon resign,—
Crime dims the gem which from the dust should shine.
Life blooms and fades, like summer's fairy flower,
But Fame will live when Death has lost his power;
Let, then, thy days in blameless actions glide—
Let judgment rule where passion would preside;
Then each may mourn thee when thy labours close,
Nor slander whisper o'er thy last repose.
Fain would thy friend thy wayward thoughts confine,
And lead them captive to fair wisdom's shrine;
Fain on thy memory grave one golden rule,
Ne'er taught by folly in her reckless school;
Ne'er shown by pleasure to her splendid throng,
Nor form'd by mirth the burden of her song.
Mark well the truth these far-famed words impart—
"Shew me thy friends—I'll tell thee what thou art!"
Against thy faults most gently I declaim,
(Nor need those frailties here receive a name,)
'T is not thy heart) thy head alone I blame;
Pure are the motives o'er thy breast prevail,
But good ne'er springs where resolutions fail;
Oh, shun the fiend would soothe thy just alarm,
By whispering after crime,—"You meant no harm."
Cast off the chain which binds thee like a spell,
For "good intentions pave the floor of hell."
The rarest fruitage must from blossoms spring,
So must thy youth thy manhood's welfare bring;
Improve each moment fleeting time supplies,
And smiling prospects round thy feet shall rise:
But winds and storms will oft the blossom slay,
And latent snares beset life's opening day!
Yet once again receive thy warning call,
Oh, shun them early, lest thou early fall.
A child once climb'd a mountain's dizzy height,
The mother saw, and trembled at the sight:
He turn'd and smiled,—she fearful held her breath,
One step advanced, her boy would smile in death;
What must she do? She bared her beauteous breast,
And back he flew, to be again caress'd.
With sober eye this faithful picture see,
And own the infant imaged forth in thee;
How fain would I the mother's art employ
To win thee back to innocence and joy;
How gladly bare my anxious breast to save,
And clasp the loved one rescued from the grave.

Manchester. SYLVAN.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EGYPTIAN OBELISK, NOW STANDING BEFORE ST. PETER'S, AT ROME.

To the Editor of the "Ancient Shepherds' Quarterly Magazine"

Stokesley, May 31st, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,

The following essay was handed to me some years ago, for insertion in my ill-fated *Yorkshire Miscellany*, by my true friend MR. JOHN WALKER ORD. It is the composition of the late M. S. MILTON, who was MR. ORD'S fellow-student at Edinburgh, under the celebrated anatomist, DR. KNOX. In conjunction with MR. ORD, young MILTON originated and edited the *Metropolitan Conservative Journal*, which after his death became incorporated with the *Britannia*. He published two volumes of poems, *The Songs of the Prophecies*, and *The Ocean Bride*. Had the *Yorkshire Miscellany* succeeded—as the reviewers were pleased to say it deserved to have done—the essay I now send you would have certainly appeared in its pages. As it is, you are welcome to it, if you think it adapted for your very creditable little quarterly. In his *Rural Sketches*, my friend has spoken of the author of this essay in the following manner.—"Poor neglected, murdered author. * * * Alas! where is the retribution on thy merciless oppressor? Do the heavens contain no lightnings to blast his marble heart? * * * Poor victim of brutal tyranny," etc., from which it is at once evident that the youthful bard's life was, like that of too many other men of letters, permaturely destroyed by unfavourable circumstances.

Very truly yours in the cause of human fraternity,

GEORGE TWEDDELL.

Gentle Reader,

I dare say you consider it curious that a stone should write its memoirs; and yet, if you reflect how many thousands of thicker heads than mine have, from age to age, gazed stupidly on my granite face, and pretended to expound the mysteries of my origin and the histories of my life; and yet consider how invariably they have failed to afford any satisfactory account of we people of the old world—we pyramids, obelisks, sphynxes, and columns of the Nile—your surprise at my breaking the silence of ages, will greatly diminish, and perhaps the narration I shall afford you of a varied life will excuse my intrusion on the civilization and wisdom of your life.

Unquestionably you human beings are more philosophical, rational, and learned persons than we blocks of stone, as many examples of your sages and preachers continually prove; but yet do not despise the information which I have been enabled to gather on historical occurrences, from a calm and contemplative existence of fifty thousand years, uninterrupted by those passions, and uninfluenced by those prejudices, which sometimes disturb the tranquility of the creatures of flesh. Your memories are short—no offonce to the majesty of flesh; and your histories are sometimes (as was the case at the sacking of Alexandria) converted into bonfires or fodder for the horse-bed. But we, who have met with few interruptions to our observations of the world, unless when, as

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in the instance of myself, some of us have lain for a few hundred years in the earth, we can give a more faithful narrative of the affairs in general; and, as much curiosity has been excited about my history, in consequence of my having no hieroglyphics like some of my more learned co-temporaries to prove my age, I at length condescend to indite my memoirs, which perhaps may not prove more interesting than many of the learned and valuable works now in existence in your world.

I was born about fifty* thousand years ago in the granite quarries of the Seine: that is, I received life under the accoucheuring chisel of the Egyptians; but as for my geological formation, I have no more recollection of its date, or whether I was produced by fire or by water, than any of you have of your pristine elementary states. From the place of my birth, after being duly shaped into the proportions of an obelisk, I was floated on a raft down the beautiful Nile, to the king's palace, at Thebes; and well do I remember with what sensations of surprise and delight I beheld the wonders and glories around. The valley of Egypt was not then, as now, a desert and a waste; but on each bank the palm tree waved in the air, the corn ripened in the sun, the palace mirrored itself on the stream, and a hum of multitudes of people made music far and wide. Here and there I beheld armies encamped by the shores. The camel browsed on the accacia, the cymbal sounded clear, the war-drum beat, the silken tents looked like rainbows of the earth, and hosts of swarthy warriors exercised their gallant steeds on the plain. The golden helmet, the fleecy scarf, the bannered spear, convinced me that these were soldiers who had swept as conquerors over many a fertile field; and the gay pallanquins of their females, the white veiled figures flitting here and there through the armed ranks, assured me in a moment that the kingdom was in security and peace.

The waters too of the noble river presented an enchanting scene as they flashed back the gilded gorgeousness of a thousand barks, all filled with bands of music, and crowded with youth of both sexes enjoying the cool air on its waves. For hundreds of miles we pursued our way through this paradise of earth, occasionally passing magnificent cities, splendid temples, palaces and halls, till in my first burst of surprise, I imagined nothing could excel their richness, or equal their size. But when I reached Thebes, the place of my destination, so entirely were my senses overpowered with the stupendous gorgeousness and grandeur of all around, and the inconceivable and wearying extent of the splendours I beheld, that it was not till many days after I was quietly erected on my pedestal in the grand square of the palace, that I could sufficiently recover my senses to form a correct idea of the glories I beheld. Comparison too, which is the real test of all things, soon taught me that I, who before had regarded myself with the complacent eyes of admiration

* Like a garrulous old tale teller, our venerable obelisk seems to supply from the fancy what memory fails in, and to be particularly apt to err with regard to its own age.—G. T.

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in my grandeur and height, was now dwindled into an obelisk of the meanest dimensions, when ranked amongst those solemn masses of red granite that reared their imperial brows two hundred feet over my "diminished head." My own proportions are one hundred English feet in height, but if you could have seen the obelisks that I have been in company with, you would think me a dwarf. In fact. I was only one of a range of five hundred running round the square, and supporting on their heads the different gods of the Egyptians. My honourable burthen was an onion carved in marble, a household deity in great reverence at Thebes. The others supported ibysses, crocodiles, and cats, bulls, monkeys, and quaint old fashioned little men, cut out of black marble, with their heads on their knees; and the centre and tallest obelisk of all obtained the distinguished blessing of rearing high into the heavens a golden beetle of enormous size, with its long legs and longer horns sticking half a mile into the air. I do not pretend exactly to understand the meaning of these things being perched upon our heads; but I know while they stood there multitudes used to come and kneel at our feet.

Learned discussions have been written as to how we were raised on our pedestals, but with these affairs I have nothing to do. All I recollect is, that they applied a few chains round my waist, and with an engine they possessed, whipped me up in a moment, which, indeed, with those who had raised the wonders I beheld around must have been but an insignificant task. For me it is sufficient to describe what I observed when seated on my throne, as far as language can convey an idea of the wilderness of architectural grandeur that extended on every side.

On gazing over the vast and massive city, I soon discovered that I was only one, and an unimportant one, of thousands of shafts that shot into the clear blue sky. The hundred gates of gold, the approach through a double line of collossal sphynxes, all of black marble, and extending for two hundred miles, with accacia trees between to cool and shadow the way; the collossal temple of Isis, with their giant columns and interminable halls; the huge streets, the mighty squares, the battlemented and triple walls, the tremendous multitude, the sounds of all languages in her marts, made me gaze down upon Thebes in perpetual astonishment and delight. Her strength, her riches, her size, her splendour, told me she must be the emporium of the whole world, and I imagined it impossible that she could ever be affected by any power of earth. Monarch after monarch have I beheld sweep up her aisles of sphynxes and her triumphal ways, leading home millions of conquering soldiers, and dragging a hundred crowned emperors bound to the wheels of her golden cars. Then a new temple arose, and on its columns and stones recorded the triumph of victor after victor, till ages accumulated such a history of successes as the lifetime of man was too short to pursue. How this power can ever diminish and this strength decay you will scarcely imagine, but I can readily tell.

At first, when I remember the kings of Egypt, they were temperate,

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moderate, and warlike men. Glory quenched their thirst, and applause was their food. After a period, as they grew more confident of power, I recollect the conquerors used to indulge in all passions that their forefathers restrained. On the couch of eider down the line of Sesostris begun to dally with their captive maids, and the juice of the grape, and the steam of rich viands with their midnight revel, and the drunkard's song, spread from hall to hall; till the helmet was abandoned for the cap and plume, the boot and spur for the slipper of the harlequin, and the sword and spear for the wand of the fool and the distaff of the woman. I do not pretend to decide as to which was the best, I only relate the result.

After centuries of repose, grandeur, and ease, there was a beardless Macedonian boy, with a brass helmet on his head, marched into Thebes, at the head of a band of Greeks; and coolly kicking an ignominous and pusilanimous descendant of the Pharaoh's from the throne, he assumed the crown, and his followers used to call him Alexander the Great, and Alexander the God. At all events, if not a god himself, he worshipped a different set of gods from those the Egyptians revered; and in two or three days he tumbled over all the statutes of the bulls and the cows, and set up a parcel of images, under the names of Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and the like. These he said were the only true gods, and the others but things of stone. He wished to upset the large obelisk with the golden beetle; but after exerting the strength of his army for several months, he failed in his attempts, as his troops were but barbarians, and I am told he possessed little knowledge of machinery himself After taking his pleasure on whatever he could destroy, he at length retired down the Nile, and founded a city at its mouth, which he called after himself.* Here I, together with some others of the smallest columns, was removed to stand before a temple dedicated to the sun, under the name of Apollo; and after knocking the marble onion off my skull, they clapped on my crown a little diminutive figure of a god, not bigger than a human being, and with a bow and arrow in his hand! After being accustomed to the colossal representations of the Egyptian divinities, which at least gave us an idea of power and strength, I could not reconcile myself to the dignity of the little queer gods they established in their room. Onions and beetles were certainly no criterions of grandeur, but these you must recollect were their household gods; and the statues of their great deities were of a beauty and dimension never since equalled in the world. Well, a few hundred years brought changes indeed. I have frequently heard mankind prattling at my feet about the progressive increase of civilization and wisdom, and every work I ever read of every age and every land, has invariably assumed the period of its own existence, to be the most flourishing one for earth. I rather doubt the fact, and shall show you why so. A regiment of soldiers one day, with steel

* Alexandria, in choosing the site of which, Alexander showed much commercial judgment.—G. T.

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pots on their heads, and scarcely as much clothing on their backs as supplied the requisites of decency, came marching into Alexandria. They called themselves Romans, kicked up a devil of a lark wherever they went, and after plundering the temples, ravishing the maids, and eating up all the corn, the most of them returned home. A little bald-pated bantam was the leader of the row, and he used to flirt with a tawny-faced queen that we had then to represent the faded splendours and powers of the former kings of the world. I can't define their reasons for calling themselves great, these cut-throat Italians, for after humbugging for several years in endeavouring to carry away the obelisks from Alexandria, they only succeeded in removing four or five hundred of spider-legged ones, and left the mighty erections of my glorious old masters to frown over the ruins of all time, and laugh in the teeth of destruction to this day. I was taken to Rome, and every body congratulated me on being removed, as they called it, from a land of barbarism, to a city of civilization and the queen of the world. A pretty specimen of both was I doomed to behold! They erected me on the *Spina of the Circus Maximus*, and round my feet was I doomed to behold those vile and blooody exhibitions that deluged the arena, and disgraced the nature of all who crowded to this slaughter-house of human flesh. Killing a few dozen horses, murdering a few score gladiators, and butchering a few thousand victims, made, as my friend, Lord Byron, justly observes, a *Roman holiday*. And then, how the dark eyes of their savage daughters lighted with delight! How the bronze cheeks of the fiery descendants of the ravished Sabines flushed with lustful blood, as the giant victor gloated over his bleeding foe! How the diabolical old grey-headed savages would shake those *hoary* locks, out of which the gore was so lately combed! and how the demon crew yelled forth their infernal applause! Glad was I, oh! glad was my heart that day my prophetic eye caught a glance of the foremost banner, as the retributive hosts of the barbarian avengers first swept over the plains, as they emerged from the distant defiles of their mountain homes! On they came, I asked not from whence, but like the tide of heaven's vengeance to overwhelm the iniquities of man. In vain the polished ruffian exposed the nature of his brother beast. They came, billow after billow, like the full roll of the huge Atlantic far into the straits of the inland sea! Down went temple, tower, and steeple, and only do I regret, as I fell amidst the crash, that I could not behold the blood of millions repayed, as it was deserved, on the Latin's head. I heard the howl of the Goth, and the crash of the altar—and men shouted to Jupiter, Juno, and all their *true gods*, but none of them would save the very priests that had fed their shrines! The vestal died in her vow; the gigantic temple went column after column tumbling to the earth; the war-steed was loosed to stable in the halls of the prince; weeds grew round my sepulchre; earth gathered over my head; a mist settled on the past; I was buried amid the wild hubbub settling into

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calm wretchedness around; a deep sleep came over my soul; and a thousand years winged away ere I awoke to what I am.

"What I am?"—What am I? "I am that I am," are the words of the Deity, whose emblem now typifies my brow in the shape of a bronze cross; but of the storms which have agitated the ocean of society since I last gazed over the earth, how little can I recollect! Yet who remembers more? Sismondi pretends to write a history of Italy; but how few are the glimmerings of the sunshine of truth over the mighty waters of that Dead Sea of uncertainty, of nothingness, of decay, expanding into colossal billows from the last landmark whence the Roman empire went down into the deep, to the golden shores where the hand of regeneration first reared its temples into the air! Before Bonourotti's wonder, I now stand and gaze on the desolation around. I see this giant cathedral, with its plundered splendours and terrific superstitions, rearing its colossal magnificence over the wilderness far and wide; I hear the voice of admiration echo from its long aisles to the heaven of new gods; and, I behold a starving multitude, a ruined city, and a desert land beneath my feet! I am told, that in olden days, Europe unfolded the banner of all her chivalry, rolled on the tide of all her strength, and poured out the heart's blood of all her warrior-children to plant on my brow the cross which I bear. I have witnessed a little grey-headed man, dressed in scarlet robes, assert the supreme infallibility of the shrines where he knelt down to an image; and I have been assured on all sides that I am now happy in existing in the most civilized epoch of the world. Well, stones are but insensate things, and it may be my ignorance and obtuseness cannot apprehend what they announce clear as the light of day. Once I beheld that light stream down over Rome when the gigantic expansion and massive strength of her bulwarks, the gorgeous plains of fertility that, like a paradise, held the noble city in its arms—the stupendous temples that acknowledged the supremacy of many gods—and the pulsation of liberty that throbbed in the mighty heart of her people, induced my miserable imagination to fancy her indeed supreme; capable of wearing out the march of time, powerful enough to resist the hand of destruction, fair enough to be the crown and diadem of the earth. Now, I see the still undimmed splendour of that light fall on the parched and barren earth, that over a desolate expanse hath no other life than the solitary voice of decay; or, if it glorify ought, it is the long bending grass and beautiful weed on the fallen temple, the ruined arch, and the abandoned triumphal way! The sands of a thousand years have choked up the idle ports; the call of industry hath died away into a sigh through the damp and untenanted halls of the mighty of old—destroyer and destroyed. The Latin and the Goth have mingled with the rubbish that entombs the *Almighty Rome!* Beings that are beside me: misery, wretchedness, hunger, and rags; blasphemy, infamy, murder, and all vice convince me that the human race is not yet extinct. But so changed is every

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feature of the creatures who crawl below, that I vision to myself at times removed to a new world.* Speculation is not for stones; I leave the causes to philosophy. I shall tell you the results.

I was disentombed about the time when Michael Angelo and Raphael were regenerating Rome. I, who have familiarized my eyes with the simple grandeur, the perfect unity, and the majestic repose of the temples of Dendera and Thebes, may readily be excused from not admiring this gazing stock—this cathedral of Saint Peter. The airy elegance, the gracefulness, the chasteness, and the expression of the Corinthian temple, too, pre-disposed me to cavil at the heavy blankness, the unwieldy proportions, the Gothic barbarities, and the entire absence of signification in this cumbrous toy. Its riches in marbles only cruelly remind me of the many nobler structures from which they were pillaged; its gilded and fantastic conceptions only recall the contrast to the memory of the studied simplicity of the Roman's shrine; and its measureless aisles only appear to my sight as the huge receptacles of all the fragments of past times, where, by heaping them together in unmeaning masses, the last specimens of pure architecture might be buried from discernment, and, as it were, foundered for ever. Fortunately, I am not a builder, or how I should weary you with this affair—a paltry affair—though Lord Byron called it great! A huge sea-serpent of filth—a leviathan of bad taste! Michael Angelo was a great man—a very great man. He combined the rare qualifications of architecture, sculpture, poetry, and painting, and in a degree that may never be equalled by flesh and blood. But have great men not their failings, and, as if for contrast, the greatest? The sculptor of Moses can never never die—at least, he will live as long as most things I have witnessed. I once thought the sculptor of the Apollo would be remembered for ever! The painter of the Sistine Chapel will be acknowledged the greatest artist of his or any age while a color remains to see; but the fabricator of St. Peter's was a man of Gothic taste! The dome is a good dome, but the body is only fit to be as it is, the coffin of architectural excellence—the grave of the four orders of the once illustrious Greece! The man, too, whose savage feelings could incite him to destroy one half of the Colosseum (and Michael Angelo did this *to build palaces with the stones!* was nothing but a barbarian, though a meritorious one.

Trouble enough they experienced in raising my fallen mass to grace the piazzas of this temple. Most of the obelisks overturned by the conquerors of Rome were destroyed and *quarried to pieces* for the fabrication of palaces of the modern princes! those that were too massive to be restored to their pedestals invariably suffered this cruel fate; and a few only of the taller order, after being lopped of one third of the too ponderous base, were reseated on their eminences of publicity. I should

* Since this essay was written, the more than Roman patriotism of "*Young Italy*" has shown to the world that there are human beings in "the Eternal City" in whose bosom valour, truth, and humanity are not dead.—G.T.

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have settled their impudence for ever but for one occurrence too ridiculous to be forgot. Chains, cables, and *thousands* of Romans were all put in requisition to hoist me from earth. The space was cleared by cavalry, the people were forbidden to interfere under pain of death, and three days' hoisting, was nearly completed, when, lo! the cords of these giants began to snap!—a wild yell announced the catastrophe, and modern ingenuity tottered on her throne, when an English sailor springing over the barrier, cried, "Wet the ropes, and be d——d to you all." The hint was taken, the august form of the obelisk was raised on high, and the applauding multitudes sung praises to the heavens, and a million voices echoed over the earth, that civilization was regenerated, and genius had triumphed to its skiey acme. Poor, paltry wretches! could they have beheld a thousandth part of the grand and majestic achievements of human mind which I have witnessed through various ages go down before the barbarian savageness of the human hand, how they must have cowered to the earth, and hidden their humbled heads at my feet!

Some centuries passed over me, and I saw the march of superstition roll its ranks of purpled villains under the arches of that gilded pile; all the world was apparently retrograding and lapsing into a condition of abject abandonment of reason and prostration at the foot of an image of power; when, lo! a bugle wailed the first low warning sound of war, far over the desert of Campagna, and disturbed the utter solitude of the corrupted air! St. Peter trembled on his usurped throne; the inquisitors of the Vatican cowered in their unholy cell; and I gazed over the extended plain to inquire for the cause. A banner was unfurled on a distant height—an eagle expanded its golden pinions to the skies—an army of warriors swept through the valley of the yellow Tiber, and summoned the Priest King to come down from his throne. "The Romans are returned," I foolishly exclaimed,—"Lo! where is their leader—where is Cæsar their Lord!" Imagine my surprise when I, who had stood in the presence of Sesostris and Alexander, Cæsar and Pompey, discovered at the head of the long lines of heroes a sallow gentlemen, dressed in a second-hand great coat, knee-breeches and top-boots,* holding a small spy glass in one hand, and, with the other, curbing a noble white steed. He was a strange and curious creature that cock'd-hat little man. He tore the mitre from the sanctified brow—the sceptre from the Jack-Priest's hand—stabled his steeds in their convents—sent the nuns all adrift amid his licentious troops—and clapped his profane person down in St. Peter's holy seat! The mummery of the sword and mitre was ridiculed and scorned—the chandeleers of Christ's altar were liquified and coined—the image of the virgin was made a target for the balls of his fusileers—and Rome once more awoke to riot and life. Something he did, I must confess, for the world. He constructed promenades for the people, and paid for the labour out of

* Napoleon is represented in all the pictures of the Louvre, as wearing knees and tops during his Italian Campaign.—M.

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the contributions to the church. He excavated the old temples on the *Forum Romanum*, and carried away the valuables to his palace in France. He dug up many statues, and marched the best of them away. He rubbed the dust off the paintings of the Old Masters, and put the most valuable ones in his pocket. His soldiers eat up all the corn, drank up all the wine, consumed all the oil of this happy—happy land; and, then, after having shackled all the reptiles, who call themselves people, in the chains of a bondage as infamous as the one he destroyed; and having left the administration of justice in the hands of a scoundrel and a slave, the little cock'd-hatted old gentleman put his money in his pocket, re-loaded his pistols, took a pinch of snuff, and tramped off to regenerate the other parts of the world!

He might have achieved this—but he was personally ambitious of an ephemeral fame—and consequently a fool. As it is, a few years tried the power of an arrogant usurper, and a quarter of a century has left everything in Rome, save the holes he dug in the forum and the walks he made on the Pincial hill, just as it was before Bonaparte's time. The little old Jack-priest again sits in the Vatican, with the gilt-tin pot of office on his idiotic looking skull; the Jesuit again wrings the peasant's profits from his hand; the serf of the soil inhabits a hut in the Pontine marshes more miserable than the wigwam of the African savage; murder strikes down the innocent in the public streets, and raises its bloody hands to carven image for pardon; wretchedness wearies the eye of compassion as human life absolutely rots away around; and a few hundred foreign troops gallop over the stagnated energies of the inhabitants of that city, and that land where Numa, Cincinatus, and Cato once lived!

Praise be to my destinies, I am but a stone, and cannot feel ashamed for the follies of the human race! I cannot disguise the truth that I have seen the world wear a richer livery of fertility than it carries just now about Rome; nor can I withold the fact, that I have seen the countenance of man more irradiated by intellect than most of the faces that now gaze on my cloudless and unruffled brow. Perhaps another revolution of mine is preparing, and another generation of men may place me to be the gazing-stock of another soil. Some of my brothers have been removed to France, and, it may be ere I die, I shall visit the capitals of all the empires of the globe; yet, wander where I may, I much apprehend I shall never again behold the wonders I have seen,—unless mankind, in future generations, should happen to become so wise, as to borrow something from the magnificence of the past, on which to found and re-build the glories of the times to come. M.

YOUTH AND AGE.—Though every old man has been young, and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural misunderstanding between those two stages of life. This unhappy want of commerce arises from the insolent arrogance or exultation in youth, and the irrational despondence or self-pity in age.—*Steele.*

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SONG OF THE LARK.

I rise! I rise! in the morning grey,
All hail! I sing to the god of day!
Yet, ere he rise, I mount on high,
And find him in the eastern sky.
I make the heavenly regions ring.
As though I were no earthly thing;
And upwards stretch my tuneful neck,
Till seen but as a trembling speck.
Men follow me with aching eyes
Till lost I am in dazzling skies—
And now all hear my joyful shout;
But none know of my whereabout!

Should clouds beset my heavenly way,
I still chant on my cheerful lay;
And higher, yet—and higher go!
I soar the murky vapours through,
And, for my pains, I then behold
The dark cloud lin'd with fleecy gold;
The eastern portals of the sky
Now ope' with many a roseate dye;
And thirsty Titian comes to sup
The dew from flower and blossom cup:
See him advancing bright, the while,
Give me his first, most gracious smile!

I rise, till the clouds beneath go forth,
And the sun shines brightly on the earth;
Where all, his presence bright adore,
And start to active life once more!
And hark! how clearly upwards floats
My poor, forlorn one's answering notes
Oh, now my truant wing I slack,
The voice of nature calls me back!
It calls me to my lowly home,
And, like a sun-beam, there I come:
'T is a hallow'd spot to which I cling,
And the smiles of heaven I with me bring!

Manchester. P. NICHOLSON.

FRANCIS II. AND HIS HAT.

(Translated from the German, by William Jones.)

NEVER, perhaps, had the countenance of the excellent Emperor, Francis of Austria, exhibited indicitions of greater gaiety and satisfaction then where displayed on a certain morning of the year 1821.

At this epoch, the public baths, now so common in Vienna, were extremely rare, and the poorer classes were consequently unable to procure the luxury of a good washing. Francis, impressed with this circumstance, had ordered two bathing establishments to be erected near Angarten, one

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for men, the other for females, to whom a gratutious admission was accorded.

On the 11th of June, 1821, the architect who had superintended the works, announced to the Emperor that all was terminated, and the poorest of his subjects would no longer be deprived of the salutary influence of the waters supplied by the Danube. It was this information that had rejoiced the heart and brightened the naturally severe physiognomy of the Sovereign, as the architect entered amidst the crowd of nobles who attended the court.

"Weissberg," said the Emperor, addressing him, "it was a practice formerly with my ancestors to offer a present to the bearer of good news. This custom, for some reason or other, has become obsolete, and most undeservedly so. I intend to revive it in your favour. Before I proceed to Angarten, I will therefore, confer upon you a special mark of my gratitude."

At these words of the Emperor, the architect could scarcely contain his joy, which was somewhat abated, however, on observing the envious looks of the courtiers around him, who were asking themselves what could be the brilliant recompence designed for the builder of two wash-houses.

While this question held every one in suspense, Francis was preparing for an excursion to Angarten. He had already put on the blue cloth dress he was accustomed to wear in his *incognito* expeditions; for, like the Emperor Joseph, his illustrious ancestor, he was in the habit of wandering about the city disguised, to ascertain in person, and from the mouths of his own subjects, how matters went on, and in what manner his government was appreciated.

In the midst of profound silence, the Emperor again addressed the architect;—

"Weissberg, we know your attachment to our person, and in expectation of the legitimate reward your labours are entitled to, receive this gift, offered to you by your friend as well as Sovereign."

Having pronounced these words, Francis presented to the architect the black velvet three-cornered hat he was usually in the habit of wearing.

Before explaining to the reader whatever may appear singular in this action of the Emperor, we may enquire if he has ever seen the bust of this monarch by Zauner, of Caraara marble, in the museum of Vienna? Those who have examined this work of art, remarkable in many points, especially in regard to resemblance, must have observed that the Emperor's head, far from being round, large, or even oval, like the generality of mankind, was, on the contrary, long, and of a conical shape. The spectator must also have been struck by the flatness strongly developed on both sides of the forehead near the temples. This singularity of conformation rendered it dificult to make a head dress for Francis II.; and many a workman to whom the difficult task was

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assigned, found the attempt almost insurmountable, nature herself being opposed to them.

It was only with time and patience, and the frequent practice of making these coverings for the imperial head, that such a miracle was accomplished. After this it will easily be imagined how precious to the Emperor was a hat that fitted exactly, and was neither too large, nor too narrow, uncomfortable, or ridiculious, that covered, in fact, like a mould, all the inequalities of that portion of the frame it was destined to shield.

The gift therefore, of such a hat was a proof of a regard by the side of which any costly present of gold and silver was insignificant. Weissberg, however, doubtless thought otherwise ; for it was reported he was fond of money, and most certainly a million of ducats would have been far more cogenial to his wishes. The words of the Emperor had led him to believe that some such substantial present would have been awarded to him. He was too experienced a courtier, however, to betray any disappointment at the strange gift ; and, althrough deeply mortified within, he smiled blandly while replying to the Sovereign :

" Sir, your condescension overpowers me ! This hat, which has been worn by your Majesty, is to me a relic I would not part with it for all the treasures of the world. I will proceed at once, if I have your permission, and place it carefully in my dwelling. It will be the most precious portion of the inheritence I shall leave to my daughter !"

On the same morning of the 14th of June, 1821, an individual, about 35 years of age, was walking alone in one of the secluded alleys of the Prater ; profound melancholy was visible upon the countenance of the stranger, while at times a tear stole down his checks, and his gestures announced the most poignant anguish. He was Leopold Spieldorf, first medical officer of the third regiment of cuirassiers, then on duty in Vienna.

From the exclamations that escaped him at intervals, it appeared that he was deeply enamoured with Louisa, the daughter of the King's architect ; but Weissberg, who was proud of her beauty, and the dignity of his own position, had treated the young man's proposal of marriage with scorn, and in a moment of irritation had desired Spieldorf to leave the house, and relinquish his pretensions. The lovers, therefore, had separated, as they imagined, for ever, under this inexorable decision.

Leopold quitted the public walk, laid out by the munificence of the Emperor Joseph, and entering the faubourg Jacgerzeil, he reached his dwelling, and was about to close the door, when his ears were saluted by the noise of a tumult in a neighbouring tavern, much frequented by the troops of the garrison. The cuirassiers of the third regiment had more particularly bestowed their protection upon this smoky house of entertainment ; and Spieldrof, supposing it might be one of the deadly quarrels, then of common occurrence among the soldiers, proceeded at once to the spot to check the turmoil.

As soon as he made his appearance a silence ensued, easily under-

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stood by those who are acquainted with the rigour of Austrian discipline, the inflexibility of the martial law, and the passive obedience of the soldiers to their superiors. It is the code of Draco that rules the camp.

"There has been fighting here," said Leopold, looking around him with a severe glance.

"Not yet," observed the inn-keeper; "grace to your presence, had you been a minute latter it is more then probable blows would have been given."

"And what is the reason of his quarrel?"

"Of a truth, that is not difficult to divine," answered the host, shrugging his shoulders. "Two of these worthies," and he pointed with his finger to two cuirassiers, "after having swallowed five bottles of strong beer, wished to leave without paying, and on my demanding compensation they refused, calling me a rogue and vagabond, and creating all this disturbance."

"It is false," cried one of the cuirassiers, approaching Leopold; "we have certainly drunk five bottles of his beer, and this is all that is true in his statement, but we never wished to deprive him of a pfening, and the proof is, that to settle our account, we proposed to give him this hat, that has belonged to the Emperor, and was given to my comrade here by a servant at the castle. This cursed Italian told us with a sneer, that it was not good enough to cover his cat. Those were his expressions, and thereupon we threw ourselves upon him to punish his insolence!"

"And is it not to refuse payment," cried the irritated host, "when you offer me for five bottles of beer a dirty hat, picked up in the gutter, under pretext that it belonged to the Emperor?

"I can swear that it is the hat of his Majesty, Francis II.," interposed the cuirassier who had not yet spoken; "I had it from Ferdinand, a domestic at the palace, whom you well know, Meinherr Boccolini, addressing the host, "since he has been the means of getting you more florins than you have hairs on your head, Ferdinand received it from an architect named Weissberg, to whom the hat was given by the Emperor himself!"

"Well, what does that concern me?" interrupted Boccolini; "or if it was the hat of a cardinal, I do not take such money in my tavern."

The dispute was again breaking out, when Spieldorf closed the discussion by paying for the five bottles of beer, and was about leaving, when the tavern-keeper presented the hat to him, the object of contention, saying, with a respectful salutation, "it was now his property."

Thinking that refusal might be interpreted in a wrong sense by the soldiers about him, as expressing some slight to the sacred person of the Emperor, Leopold took the hat under his arm, and proceeded homewards.

In the mean time Francis II. had been obliged to obtain another covering for his head, and a new hat having been given to him by his

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valet-de-chambre, he proceeded to Angarten, accompanied by one of his suite only, General Lederer.

During an hour the Emperor was occupied in visiting the baths constructed by Weissberg, he was constantly adjusting his hat, which seemed to anoy him exceedingly. Several times he took it off, and attempted to replace it in a more comfortable position on his head, but the rebellious hat resisted all efforts to reduce it to subjection, and appeared obstinately determined to oppose the Royal will. The consequences were visible on the forehead of Francis, a large red mark proving the effects of the struggle, and at length the Emperor, greatly discomposed, returned to the palace.

"Decidedly," he exclaimed, on entering his appartments, "I am condemned to wear to the end of my life the same hat. I am now clearly and painfully convinced of this fact. My dear Weissberg," continued Francis, addressing the architect, who had accompanied him, "I am aware that it is unworthy to reclaim what has once been bestowed, but necessity obliges me. You will greatly favour me by returning the hat I gave you this morning. Here is a ring worth a hundred gold pieces—take it in exchange. It will amply recompence you for the loss I occasion you, while fifty such rings are not so valuable to me as the old hat I have worn for so many years.

At the Emperor's request for the restitution of his three-cornered hat, the architect changed colour, and trembled exceedingly. His eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets. His tongue refused utterance and the sweat stood in large drops upon his forehead.

"Well," repeated Francis, impatiently, "have you not heard me?"

"I entreat your Majesty's pardon." replied Weissberg, in faltering accents, "I entirely comprehend, but——"

"Have you not this hat in your possession?"

"Oh, Sire," begun the unhappy architect, when he was interrupted by the Emperor—

"Well then, what is the meaning of this embarrassment, these exclamations, and sighs?"

"It is—it is——"

"You will weary my patience at last. 'It is—it is;' well what is it?"

Weissberg, during this scene, had nearly lost his senses. He scarcely beheld surrounding objects, and his legs seemed sinking beneath him. He was conscious, however, that the Emperor's eyes were fixed upon him, and this was sufficient to render the trembling architect completely beside himself.

"It is," he replied, with an effort that nearly choked him, "at my hotel."

"And it is this which has caused you so much uneasiness," exclaimed Francis, laughing heartily; "I well knew it was at your house, since you carried it there this morning. Have the goodness, therefore, to bring it to me, or if you prefer, I will send a messenger."

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"Oh, no, your Majesty," cried Weissberg eagerly; "I will go myself immediately;" and retiring hastily to the door for this purpose, the unfortunate architect ran suddenly against a servant who was entering at that moment with a magnificent procelain breakfast service, which had been presented to Francis II. by the workpeople of the imperial factory of Rosan, and was a masterpicce of taste and beauty. Each of the pieces composing it cost at least two hundred florins.

At the noise of the falling breakfast service, Weissberg turned his head, gasped out a few unintelligable words of excuse, and then, as if possessed by the spirit of terror, turned on his heels, and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

"He is mad, to a certainty," exclaimed the Emperor, astonished at this abrupt behaviour; and without betraying any mark of regret at the accident to his favourite procelain service,—"He is mad," he repeated, "since I gave him my hat this morning!"

During this soliloquy of Francis, the servants had picked up the Rosan cups, and discovered that by a singular hazard they had sustained no injury. The thickness of the carpet had softened their fall, and preserved from destruction the splendid memento of skill and affection of the artizans to their Emperor.

The clumsy behaviour of Weissberg had led, therefore, to no unfortunate result.

We will now return to Spieldorf, who was in his appartments, seated in a large chair covered with Potznensiedel leather, his face buired in his hands and in an attitude of bitter reflection, when a loud knocking at the door disturbed his meditations, and was quickly succeeded by another peal, which resounded through the house,

"Who, in the name of wonder, announces himself in so insolent a manner?" said Leopold, much irritated, opening the door.

But no sooner was the person of the importunate visitor displayed to his eyes, than the menacing tone and gesture of the despairing lover was immediately changed. It was Weissberg, the father of Louisa, who thus presented himself.

"Leopold," exclaimed the architect, in a softened tone, on entering the chamber of the young surgeon; "forget, I beg of you, my refusal of this morning. My life is now in your power, and you can save me if you will."

At these words Spieldorf, overcome with joy, seized the hand extended to him with eagerness, and pressed it to his lips. He imagined that Louisa had succeeded in overcoming her father's scruples to their union, and that Weissberg, no doubt melted by the tears of his daughter, had been dispatched by her to retract the cruel words with which he had received the young man's petition in the morning.

"Forget your refusal," cried Leopold passionately; "ah! that is already done, my dear sir. I shall think no more of it, believe me on my word of honour. Your visit makes me the happiest of men, and if

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I understand you aright, that I can save your life, speak! My arm and all I possess is at your service. Tell me what I am to do!"

"It is indispensable that you give or sell to me the hat I percive on yonder chair," replied the architect, eagerly moving towards it at the same time.

"*Sell* it to you? You do me wrong to suppose such a thing. Take the hat as a gift, I beseech you, I give it to you with all my heart; more especially as I have been led to believe it really belongs to you, for I was told you had received the hat from the hands of the Emperor himself.

"Brave and generous young man," replied the overjoyed Weissberg, "you have saved me on the brink of destruction, for I should most certainly have died of grief and shame but for this!"

"But what can have happened to you," demanded Leopold, "that the possession of this hat, which is none of the newest," he added smilingly, "can restore you to happiness?"

"Listen, and I will tell you," replied Weissberg. "Can you believe that his Majesty made me a present of this dirty head-covering this evening, before proceeding to inspect the bathing establishment at Angarten? I considered this equivocal mark of royal favour as a bitter sarcasm, and on leaving the imperial residence I delivered the hat to the first servant I met. Deplorable mischance, which has occasioned me the greatest misery! On our return from the excursion, the Emperor, irritated by the new hat he had worn not adjusting itself to his head, requested me to return him the old one, and by way of recompense for the loss, he presented to me this ring, which I was compelled to accept. You may readily imagine my despair. I could not summon courage to avow the indiginity to which I had exposed the Imperial hat, but stammering out a few words, I quitted the palace, overturning in my haste a superb procelain breakfast service that had recently arrived from the manufactory of Rosan. I went immediately to the valet to whom I had thrown the hat, and enquired what had become of it. He informed me it was in the possession of two cuirassiers who were drinking in the tavern at Boccolini. I proceeded to the place, and met the two soldiers leaving the house, who informed me that you had purchased the hat, upon which I lost no time in coming hither. You perceive, now, that I am indebted to you for my life, and I can still present myself before the Emperor, with the treasure he so earnestly requires."

"But I must quit you," added the architect; "his Majesty awaits my return with impatience, and I dare no longer prolong his inquietude. Happily, the palace is close at hand."

"One moment," cried Leopold, inspired by a sudden thought, and hastily proceeding towards the door; "you have not been sent to me by your daughter Louisa, nor have you come to afford me a single gleam of happiness, or to retract the brutal refusal you gave me this morning. Neither is it to promise me the hand of Louisa, that you have paid me this visit."

"But I have never led you ——

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"No;" replied Spieldorf, interrupting him, but I was induced to believe it. Weissberg," he added, in a firm tone of voice, "return me the hat. I purchased it, as you well know, I can therefore claim my own property, and now listen! I will not permit you to take it away until you promise me the hand of Louisa!"

"But think awhile, Leopold," replied the architect, entreatingly; "how could I exchange my daughter for a hat? For, to speak plain," he added, approaching the surgeon, and endeavouring to soften him, "it is only this that you could bring to her as a portion,—absolutely nothing more!"

"The conditions are fixed—no Louisa, no hat,"—said Spieldrof, doggedly, at the same moment possessing himself of the hat by a sudden movement—"choose, therefore!"

"Will you then consign me to death?"

"No; on the contrary, I prefer your daughter's hand!"

"But it is impossible, I tell you," cried Weissberg. "You are a very honourable young man, a brave and loyal soldier, and skilful surgeon, I am well aware of all this. But you have no resources, and Louisa will possess a hundred thousand florins on the day of her marriage. You must perceive that your union is quite out of the question."

"Well," replied Leopold, deliberately; "if you are inclined to be obstinate, so am I. This hat shall never be given to any one but he who consents to become my father-in-law. Return, therefore, to the palace, if you will, and report to his Majesty what I have told you. No other answer shall you get from me!"

After vainly endeavouring to shake the resolution of Leopold Spieldorf by prayers and promises, the unhappy architect left the house, menacing him with the signal displeasure of the Emperor.

As Weissberg had stated, it was not far from the Surgeon's residence to the Bourgplatz, the imperial palace of the Emperors of Austria. What with his perplexity of mind, and trembling gait, however, the architect was at least half an hour before he reached it. He scarcely dared to present himself before Francis, and there avow the profanation to which he had subjected the royal gift of the morning. The thought of such a step was madness, and he felt as if a grave in the waters of the Danube was preferable to the disgrace which would attend such a disclosure. This, however, was but a passing temptation of Satan, for Weissberg was too good a catholic to entertain such a forlorn idea; and so, after much hesitation, walking backwards and forwards before the palace, and mounting and descending the great staircase, the architect at length summoned resolution, and by a desperate movement found himself in the presence of the Emperor.

"Pardon, pardon," cried the old man, falling at the feet of Francis, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Why what has happened," said the Emperor, astonished, and bending forwards, as if to assist him to rise.

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"No, Sire," returned Weissberg, joining his two hands; "I am a miserable man, unworthy the favour your Majesty has shewn me. I ought to remain on this spot until I obtain grace for my offence!"

"Well, I pardon you," said Francis, feeling more than ever persuaded that the old man had lost his reason; "but for heaven's sake tell me what fault you have committed!"

Reassured by the kind voice of his sovereign, the architect informed him of the manner in which he had disposed of the imperial hat; of its bestowal upon two cuirassiers; his reception by Leopold Spieldorf, the surgeon of the third regiment of cuirassiers; the refusal to deliver it, even when threatened with the royal displeasure.

"And so the terrible mystery is at length unfolded." exclaimed the Emperor, laughing. "You gave my hat in the first instance to a valet. I cannot, most assuredly, approve of this action. It is neither honourable nor worthy of a person whom I admitted to my intimacy. But at any rate this was no reason for your going mad, and nearly breaking to pieces the procelain breakfast service presented to me by my faithful subjects of Rosan. This surgeon of the third regiment of cuirassiers has shown you an excellent example of the respect which ought to be attached to any gift, however insignificant in value, conferred by the gratitude of a sovereign. You call him Leopold Spieldorf. This name is familiar to me, as that of a faithful servant, upright, learned, and modest, three qualities rarely met with in the same individual. Let Spieldorf be sent for," added the Emperor, addressing one of his suite; I will learn from his own lips the motive that induced him to refuse your request!"

A few minutes after the order of Francis had been transmitted, Leopold was introduced into the imperial presence.

"Spieldorf," said the monarch mildly, addressing himself to the young surgeon; "Why did you not consent to deliver to my architect Weissberg, the hat he reclaimed at your hands?"

"Sire," replied Leopold, "I will speak frankly. Two motives actuated my refusal. The first was my desire to possess an object which had belonged to your Majesty!"

"And the other," interrupted Francis.

"The second arose from my persuasion that Weissberg, on avowing to your Majesty the treatment to which he had exposed the royal gift, would be disgraced from the Court."

"This motive," replied the Emperor, regarding Spieldorf with looks of displeasure, "was not a very christian one. What interest could you have derived had I withdrawn my protection from Weissberg in the manner you mention?"

In a few words Leopold revealed to the indulgent sovereign his affection for Louisa, the demand in marriage, and refusal of Weissberg; adding, that the alliance refused by the Emperor's architect, was not likely to be repeated by him, when exiled from the Court, and in comparative poverty.

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"I now understand everything," said Francis, his voice regaining its customary sweet expression; "and I also divine why Weissberg has refused his consent to your marriage. You are poor, Spieldorf,—that is your only obstacle; but tell me, does the daughter of my architect entertain the same feelings of attachment to you, that you have been expressing?

"Sire, I——"

"Do not forget it is your sovereign who addresses you. There is no indiscretion in the question. Is Louisa sensible of your worth?"

"I believe so, your Majesty."

"That is to say, you are certain of it. Leopold Spieldrof, I have long owed you a debt, which I have neglected to pay until now. Were you not at Eckmuhl?;'

"I made there my first campaign, Sire.

"I remember it. At Essling, you assisted, notwithstanding the enemy's fire, to transport the wounded to a place of safety; and later at Wagram, in face of a cannonade that decimated our ranks; you came to aid the victims, even on the field of battle. Bullets were showered around you, and one struck you on the shoulder, but still you remained bravely at your post, forgetting your own sufferings, and intent only on restoring to life those whose condition required urgent relief. Sovereigns who possess such faithful servants as you have proved, cannot sufficiently recompense them. From this moment I appoint you my household surgeon, with a yearly salary of six thousand florins."

"Sire," exclaimed Leopold, with emotion; "how can I ever prove my gratitude for this mark of imperial favour?"

"By continuing to serve me with the same fidelity, of which you have so often given proofs. Weissberg," continued the Emperor, addressing the architect; "I now offer you an occasion of forgiveness for whatever you have done offensive to me, or rather," he added smiling, "*to my hat*. You have refused your daughter's hand to a surgeon of the third regiment of cuirasiers; I now demand it for the physician of the Emperor of Austria!"

The reply of Weissberg may be easily divined.

"And now," continued Francis, turning to Leopold, "are you willing to restore me my hat?

"Ah, Sire!" replied Spieldorf. "reclaim it not, I entreat your Majesty. This hat, to which I owe all my happiness, how can I surrender it?

"You will promise me then to suspend it in your house as a relic, will you not? And that will be the most precious heritage you could bestow on your children," said the Emperor, smiling, as he repeated the words formerly uttered by Weissberg.

"Sire, spare me, for mercy's sake," ejaculated the ashamed architect, who understood the words, and the side-glance of Francis.

"Well, well," returned the Emperor, gaily, "I will now only remember the promise you made me, and desire you to remind me that

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I sign the contract of Spieldorf. Every one is thus a gainer, except myself, for I have lost a hat!"

THE SHEPHERDS' CHRONICLE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds was held at the house of Mr. Isaac Fielding, Shears Inn, Baguley, Mossley District, on the 28th and 29th of March. The Meeting was presided over by C.S. John Beardshall, who was ably supported by D.C.S. James Wilde. At the usual hour appointed for meeting, the Secretary called over the various districts, the representatives of which were all present, with the exception of those from York, Exning, Tideswell. Hull, Bishop Auckland, Rudstone, Malton, and South Elmsall There was in the room fifty-four delegates, representing constituencies in almost every part of the kingdom. The chairman opened the meeting in a neat and eloquent speech, in which he congratulated the representatives before him on the prosperity of the Order, and of the good feeling which everywhere prevailed, and he was happy to say that the society was never in a more prosperous state than at present. He gave the necessary directions for the guidance of the meeting, which are always requisite to facilitate the business.—In the course of the day the Auditing Committee's Report was laid before the meeting, which gave general satisfaction ; and a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Hall, the Corresponding Secretary.—Several appeals were heard and decided almost unanimously ; the discussions being carried on in the best spirit imaginable. Four New Districts were applied for and granted, viz.: Preston, Outwood, Farnsworth, and Glossop. Several important propositions were discussed for amending some of the rules, one of which was an alteration in the time of holding the Annual Meeting, which has hitherto been held in Easter week ; but in future it will be held in Whit-week—a change which is much for the better. We are most happy to find that the business of the Order has been conducted, during the past year, with strict economy, and that a trifling levy only will be necessary to cover the expenses of the year ensuing.—The election of officers took place on Tuesday the 29th, and as there was no opposition to the candidates first proposed, it did not create much interest, the result being, Mr. James Wild, C.S.; Mr. Edwin Leigh, D.C.S.; Mr. William Hall, Corresponding Secretary ; and Mr. James Scholfield, Treasurer.—We are glad to see that, not only a vote of thanks was given to Br. Daniel Scott, of the Ossett District, for his valuable services in taking the Minutes of the Annual Meetings, gratis, for a period of twenty-five years, but that something more substantial, in the shape of a testimonial, will be presented to him, which we can assure our readers he has richly merited.—The tables of mortality for the past year, if we may judge from the returns laid before the meeting, with which we have never yet been satisfied, are a shade lighter than the average of past years, which, in some measure, may be accounted for by the circumstances of the times.

ASHTON DISTRICT.

SHEPHERDS' BALL.—On the 24th of March, the Annual Ball for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, was held in the Town Hall, Ashton, under the distinguished patronage of Charles Hindley, Esq., M.P. for the Borough, the Mayor of the Manor, and the Magistrates and High Constables. The ball room was beautifully decorated for the occasion with flags of various nations, emblems, paintings, and a number of splendid engravings. Jackson's Quadrille Band, which had been specially engaged for the occasion, went through the programme in their usual style. Every thing that was likely to add to the pleasure and comfort of the visitors, was

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carefully studied; and if the company were not so numerous on a former occasion, they were no less respectable.—The choicest wines, spirits, and other refreshments were furnished by Mr. Grundy, of the Spread Eagle Inn. Carriages began to arrive about nine o'clock, soon after which dancing commenced, and was kept up with great spirit till a late hour. We are sorry there were not a larger number of our brother Shepherds present, as the proceeds of the ball were solely for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of our deceased brethren; notwithstanding, there will, no doubt, be a handsome surplus, after paying expenses, at the disposal of the directors of this benevolent institution.

COLNE DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARY.—On Whit-Monday, the Members of the Industry Lodge of Ancient Shepherds, held at the house of Br. Joseph Roper, Dog and Duck Inn, Burnley, celebrated their anniversary, when about one hundred and twenty of the brethren sat down to a good substantial dinner, provided for the occasion by the worthy host, and served up in a very superior style. On the withdrawal of the cloth, several appropriate speeches were made, which told well upon the party. The usual loyal toasts and sentiments were given from the chair, and enthusiastically responded to by the company; and what served to give a powerful stimulant to the company present, was, the presence of the members' wives and sweethearts. During the evening, some excellent songs and recitations were given, and received with great applause, and at intervals, dancing formed a prominent feature in the evening's entertainment, which was kept up in a most spirited manner until a late hour, when the company separated, highly pleased with the conviviality and good feeling which had prevailed during the evening.

NEW MILLS DISTRICT.

ANNIVERSARY AND PROCESSION.—On Whit-Saturday, May 21st, 1853, the members of the Temple of the Sun Lodge, joined by the members of the Friendly Shepherds' Lodge, held their anniversaries at the house of Host Bates, Grapes Inn, New Mills, Derbyshire. This friendly gathering of the brethren having been extensively advertised, and the weather favourable, a considerable number of Shepherds were in attendance from Ashton, Stalybridge, and other districts, together with the Shepherds' Band, which had been previously engaged for the occasion. The procession moved from the Grapes Inn, by way of Thornsett and Spinnerbottom, and after traversing the district for some distance, returned through the village to the Grapes. This auspicious day was a day of great excitement, for the Shepherds' Band, which may be ranked amongst the first of provincial bands, and whose fame was not unknown even in the Peak of Derbyshire, brought many lovers of genuine music to the village, and many others came to witness the grand spectacle of the procession. In the afternoon, a large number of the brethren dined together at the house of Mr. Bates: the dinner consisted of every thing that constituted a table of real good English fare, to which the parties present did ample justice, for, at the conclusion of the feast, the remains of a fine sirloin bore strong testimony to the fact. On the withdrawal of the cloth, P.M. Bottomley, of Stalybridge, was called to the chair, who, after making some powerful remarks on the beneficial results of our institution, gave the usual loyal toasts, which were heartily responded to by the whole company. This strong burst of loyal feeling was followed by "God save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia," by the Band, which elicited immence applause. During the evening, several brilliant speeches were delivered on the subject of our Order, and the company being occasionally favoured with some fine music, both vocal and instrumental, might, with propriety, have sung the sweet words of Mary Howitt:—

"Away with the pleasure that is not partaken!
There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
On lips, and in eyes that reflect it again."

The company were kept on the pinnacle of pleasure until a late hour; and after a vote of thanks to their excellent chairman, and to the worthy Host and Hostess of the Grapes, each departed, highly satisfied with the proceedings of the day.

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