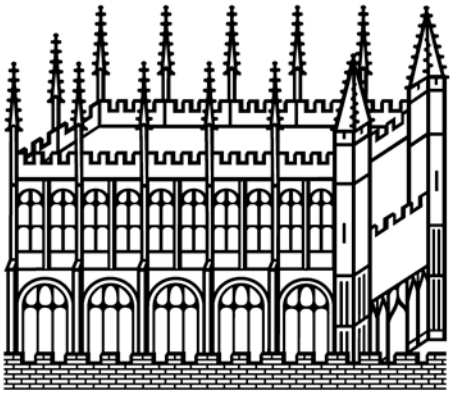

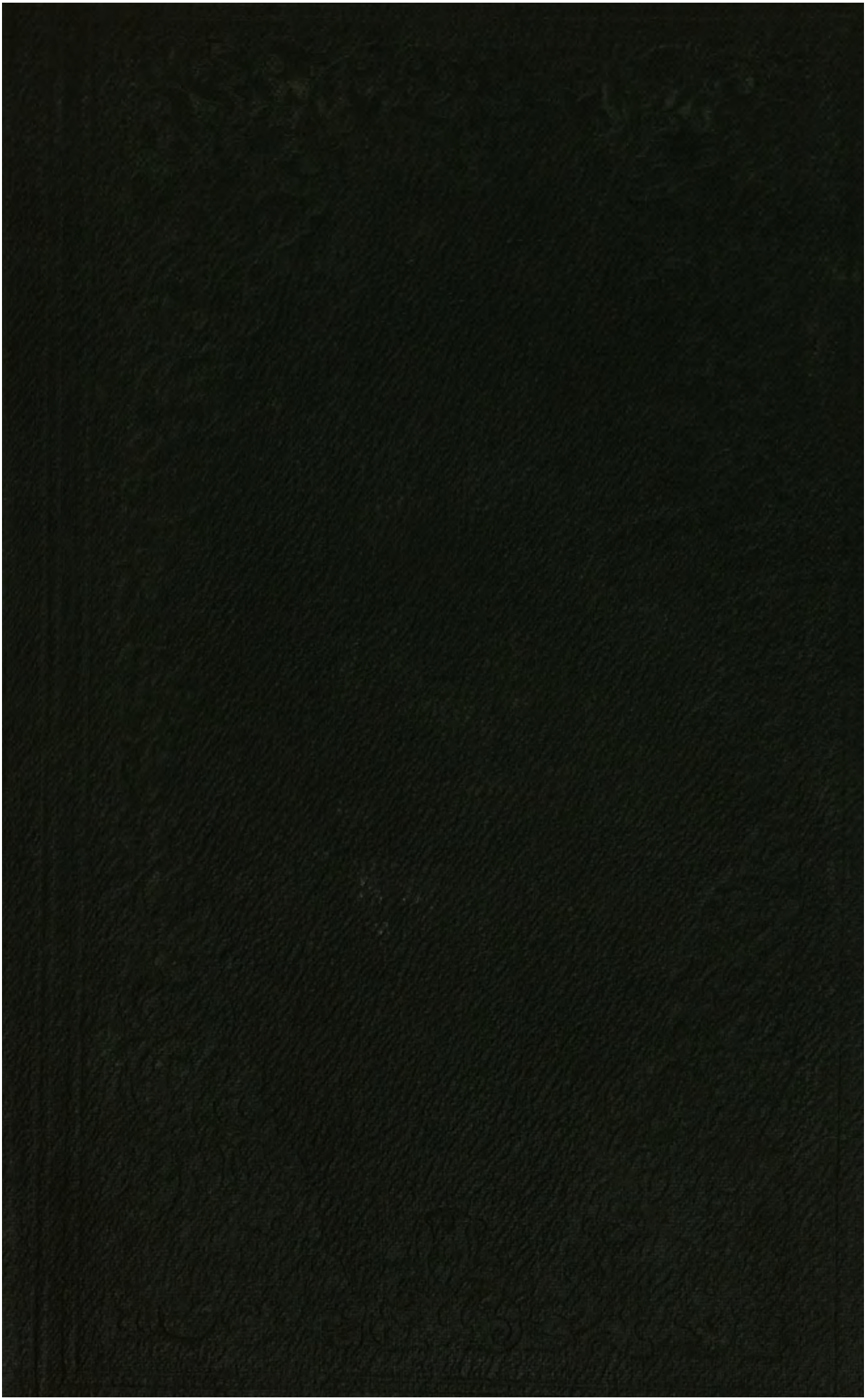

PICTURES IN PRINT.

[DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO DICKENS.]

PICTURES IN PRINT:

BEING

RECOLLECTIONS IN RHYME,

AND

PENCILLINGS IN PROSE.

BY JOHN GIBSON,

LATE EDITOR OF THE "KILMARNOCK HERALD,"
"CAMBRIDGE ADVERTISER," ETC.

Whate'er thou art, thy value will appear;
If thou art bad, no praise will buoy thee up;
If thou art good, no censure weigh thee down,
Nor silence, nor neglect prevent thy fame.
So fear not thou the critics.

CHARLES MACKAY.

KILMARNOCK:
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PRINTED BY M. WILSON, KING STREET.

TO

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.,

My Dear Sir,

I gladly avail myself of your Special Permission to Dedicate this Volume to you, and fondly trust its perusal will yield the gratifying conviction that your high patronage has not been misapplied.

It is, believe me, with much pride and satisfaction that I embrace the privilege afforded me of laying before you, in a collected form, a few of the fugitive productions of my pen and pencil. The world-wide reputation of your numerous Works, which have justly ranked you as the first descriptive writer of the age, enhances, in my estimation, the condescension you have shown in so readily becoming sponsor, patron, and protector for this my *mind's offspring*.

I have woven the feelings of my heart into the fabric of which this Work is composed; and I am not conscious of having written down even an isolated thought calculated to injure private feelings, or excite individual prejudices—my great object being to contribute to the instruction and improvement of the mass of mankind.

Should my present project meet with the approbation of a Patron, whose name is as a "Household Word," I have little cause to anticipate the condemnation of a book-reading public.

I have the honour to be,

My Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

JOHN GIBSON.

Kilmarnock, June, 1851.

CONTENTS.

PICTURES IN PRINT.

THE STORY OF A SUNBEAM.

AN ALLEGORY.

A CHEERFUL pilgrim Sunbeam, straggling through the shrubbery of St. James's Park, so justly termed one of the lungs of London, accosted me, in a lonely morning walk, at that season of the year when night is, comparatively speaking, only a twilight. The morning was hazy, and there was so little of genial warmth in the promises indicated in a summer-day's dawn, that I could not resist repeating to myself the poet's comparison, as applicable, in a measure, to my celestial friend of the "wandering wing," who seemed so like what it may have been—

"A sunbeam that had gone astray;"

but, in reality, the golden ray was welcomed, there having, for some days previous, been so much of cruel truancy on the part of the King of Day.

"Let us together," said the Sunbeam, "make a pilgrimage towards the domains of Night, till the Moon

begins to close her silver gates against the Sun, and her daughters, the Stars, twinkle in the heavens, like the punctuates of light sparkling through angels' tears."

"Agreed," said I; "but if it may not be that it seem like intrusion, or laying a 'Trap to catch a sunbeam,' do the angels weep—those spirits of purity, whose home is heaven, and whose loves are beautified and directed by the essence of all Truth?"

"Yes, even the angels weep," replied the Sunbeam; "but their tears are those of sanctified sorrow. Unlike those of frail humanity, they are not shed over their own follies, but for the degeneracies of earth. Hence the poet was right when he described the class who

> 'Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep;'

and, if you will but follow my somewhat erratic footsteps, I will show to you society in many forms, and the transactions of mankind in various aspects—grasping the hand of avarice, and begging the very means of existence—pleasure, affluence, poverty, wretchedness, and rags, intermingling in the greatest of all mysteries, human life. In my wanderings, it is true, I peep more frequently into the saloon and drawing-room of the great and wealthy, or tarry longer with the haughty pleasure-seeker in his divan or conservatory, than in the hovels of the poor and needy; but

the blame rests not with me. Men have built me out from the habitations of the forlorn and sickly sons and daughters of toil—they even tax my journeyings when I would pleasantly look in upon their suffering and emaciated frames; and when I would at times take with me my friends, Health and Comfort, I find my progress interdicted by huge brick walls, and long, narrow, and crooked lanes. Even a Sunbeam, you perceive, is slave to ignorance and wrong."

By this time my conductor had penetrated the abode of royalty, and within the sacred walls of the palace of Buckingham had waged war with the leaden god of sleep, whom he drove even from princely eyeballs. Though dreams, undisturbed by the fears incidental to toiling and miserable mankind, had invaded the hours of royal repose, or rendered them refreshing and pleasant to the sealed senses, yet my *cicerone*, the Sunbeam, was a welcome visitant, for he brought with him hopes, that had given happiness even in the background of their birth, of pleasant meetings, and favourite sports, and royal visits. With many gratulations and jocularities, we spent the morning and breakfasted with royalty itself; but how evanescent are the things of the earth, how changeful the fortunes of men (and even Sunbeams), the history of our wanderings will show.

Withdrawing according to court etiquette, for we had numerous windings ere we had fairly retreated, our next visit was to Apsley House, where we saluted

the hero of Waterloo, but, knowing that his Grace loved to be laconic in conversation and correspondence, our stay was but short.

A few minutes brought us to Pall Mall, in which, living in comparative competence, we associated with one who repined at his lot, and seemed only to load his memory with its misfortunes. He had spent the better part of forty years in India, cultivating crops indigenous to the climate, by the skill and sweat, the bone and muscle of the natives, whose colour and caste had deprived them of their own right in themselves, and set the seal of legality upon their foreheads, which marked them out as his property. Returning to the mother country, laden with wealth, if not yoked with honour and an approving conscience, he had embarked in several of the speculations of the period, and for a time congratulated himself on being enabled to keep the sluice-gates of cent. per cent. interest open for a still further accumulation of the golden ore; but, "Time works wonders;" an unlucky calculation, an injudicious investment, turned the tide of fortune against him, and he found himself comparatively impoverished in his own estimation. It was only so, however, in his own view of matters, for greed had so expanded his ideas of money-making, that no reasonable amount had its own legitimate respect or value at his hands. Finding him over-fretful, we hurried onwards towards Charing Cross, and thence into St. Martin's Lane. Here the half-closed door of a gin-

palace invited our observation. Sounds of singing, laughter, and swearing, and the braggadocio of pugilists, thespians, hurdy-gurdy performers, and the other *et ceteras* of street and sporting life, greeted the ear; while fumes of smoke, issuing from the lighted Virginian weed, stuck in the mouths of a dozen "jolly souls," and noxious smells, rising from the breath of all and sundry, gave high offence to the nasal organ. Here, however, we met with a living illustration of the saying, "The king may come in the cadger's road." In this same gin-palace, puffing his yard of clay, and sipping dirty brown beer, the while listening to the coarsest conversation of common prigs or lewd females, sat one who had strutted his hour on the boards of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, a star in his profession, "loved by the women, envied by the men, applauded by the pit, clapped by the gallery, admired by the boxes," and, we might add, puffed by the papers, in paragraphs innumerable, in unmeasured praise. The future smiled on his career, when, with the "sock and buskin," he was king or commander—a Hamlet, a Richard, or a Lear—and when of him it might have been written—

> "When he speaks,
> The air, a chartered libertine, is still;
> And the mute wonder lurketh in men's fears,
> To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

The change, though familiarised, seemed to sit ungently upon him, yet fate held him under an irresistible

bondage. By fame and fortune alike forsaken, his own character making him the coward as well as unfortunate, and an insatiable love of liquor steeping his senses in insipidity, he sat in this devil's workshop, awaiting the shifting of the scene from time to eternity, or pondering an unbidden exit from the stage of life—his prompter, the "Bottle Imp!" While reviewing the history of this hero of the tragic boards, the Sunbeam saluted the blanched cheek of one whose features told a tale of sorrow of her own invoking. Emily Allardice was the daughter of a once opulent London merchant. Educated according to her station and rank in life, her younger years were marked by fair promises, as distinctly as the lines of modesty and beauty were depicted in her face. Courted by the fashion of the East End, and taken out by the handsomest bachelors of the locality in which she resided, it was little wonder that her parents doted on their only daughter, and looked forward with pleasure to a matrimonial alliance which would do no discredit to the family; and the sudden change which "came over the spirit of their dream" must have fallen with a redoubled shock on their feelings. When fortune smiled so propitiously, Emily became acquainted—at the house of a friend, too—with a student of the Temple, whose noble connexion might have elevated her in rank, but whose inhuman treatment had, alas! been the means of her debasement. Under the garb of strong and unwavering attachment, he had won the

affections of the unsuspecting fair one, till he accomplished her disgrace, and ultimately her ruin. An illicit connexion brought shame on the character of Emily, and grief of the most distressing nature upon the minds of her parents. Both soon died, broken-hearted, and the poor misguided fair one, unbefriended by the world, took to a life of profligacy and prostitution. Her subsequent history, up till the time of my meeting with her under such circumstances, may be conjectured, and her end might be as easily predicted. She had been in all the gaols of the city, several times convicted at the petty sessions, not unfrequently fasting for food that she might obtain the wherewith to mantle her misfortunes in oblivion, and not of a common character had been her escapes and adventures. These glimpses of the gin-shop reveal heart-harrowing tales; but the Sunbeam had stolen, unperceived, along Drury Lane, and I found my shadow eventually darkening the entrance of a lodging-house in Charles Street. Twilight wears on apace, and the scenes become more indistinct, but not more so than the Christian heart would desire to find them from their rarity. My guide, this solitary Sunbeam, finds easy access by the unglazed window-frame, and I may as readily enter by the door, for neither bolt nor bar prescribes the formality of rapping, (courtesy, in such a case, is out of the question.) Itinerant beggars and penny pedlers are arriving as I enter. Furniture it were needless to speak of in such a place. For con-

veniency, a few dirty fir boards have been fixed along the front wall, and these serve for cooking, ironing, and a thousand and one other purposes. Two forms, ranging on each side the fire place, supply the place of chairs. The "Beggar's Opera" is here daily and hourly enacted, in detached form. In the motley group assembled I found a man whose head Time had "silver'd o'er with age." He was an Irishman, and by trade a tailor. The entire subsistence of this poor and infirm creature was derived from the patching of old threadbare garments, his victuals (as he told me) never varying, and being, at all meals, potatoes and salt. My interrogatories were, however, interrupted by a scuffle in the corner of the house, between two parties for priority in the use of the cooking materials—the culinary operations being conducted by each one for himself. In this same hovel were congregated the most expert thieves, the greatest profligates, begging-letter impostors, old clothes-men, street musicians, lucifer match venders, horse-holders, wounded soldiers, and, indeed, parties belonging to the entire catalogue of mendicancy and misery. There were parties, too, living in idleness on the wages of sin—men who profited by the prostitution of their wives, or females with whom they cohabited. Strolling up a flight of steps, I entered one of the bedrooms. (Heaven save the mark!) In a room of not more than twelve feet long by eight wide, were not fewer than four hammocks. There were few whole panes of

glass in the window, and the greater part of the door had been broken off. In these beds, I was informed, the inmates (male and female) slept indiscriminately; while several of the beds were occupied, during the daytime, by parties who derive a livelihood from pilfering and housebreaking, and others who follow avocations of a kind equally discreditable. Shocked with such recitals, I prepared to withdraw from the sad spectacle, but found the Sunbeam had vanished, leaving me with only the memory of the sorrowful realities through which we had wandered. Yes, realities, gentle reader; for though I chose an allegory to introduce the details, such histories were related to me when making inquiries into the life of London; and the shocking objects which then met my eyes have not in the least been over-coloured or overcharged. The story of a Sunbeam might find its corroboration in many localities of London; and I have little doubt that matter for ponderous volumes might be elicited in more respectable quarters of the metropolis than those noted, which would present more of the horrible and revolting realities of London life. It has truly been said, one-half the world knows not how the other half has an existence. The condition of the poor, as yet, requires consideration from those in high places; and the treatment of criminals, with a view to the suppression of crime, is a subject on which Government has yet to learn to legislate.

LOOK OUT.

"LOOK out!" cries the mariner tossed on the wave,
Though his vessel be sound, and his heart be brave;
There are rocks ahead, though we may not descry,
Thro' this darkness, the point where their dangers lie.
It were well to mark what experience says,
Ere adventuring far on these raging seas:
Let Prudence and Patience our guiding stars be,
Till the billow and breeze cease their revelry.

Look out! through the storm and the tempest of life,
For quicksands surround us, and dangers are rife;
Our bark, though complete, by a cross-sea driven,
May wander far wide of its hoped-for haven.
I love not the mock-sun, though dazzling his beams,
And trust less the tale that is woven in dreams;
Hope flatters the most when he plans to deceive,
And bitter is the mem'ry realities leave.

Look out! when the smooth tongue of Flattery speaks—
The fox to the hen-roost in quietude sneaks—
The poisoned arrow is winged with deceit—
And the hand that 's outstretched the quickest to greet,
Oft clutches the dagger that falsehood directs
To the heart it has won, when the mind least suspects:
'T were better to list, with affectionate ear,
To Nature's advice—"There 's oft wisdom in fear."

Look out! when the sun of Prosperity smiles,
And dread lest its splendour in secret beguiles;
'T is the work of our childhood's sprightlier hours,
Pursuing the shadow or painting the flowers;
But mind, more matured, hath a steadier course,
And traces effects to their Infinite source,—
Perceives the fixed laws that determine the whole—
That, creating, sustains, and disowns all control.

Look out! when the storm of Adversity blows,
The God who afflicts as assuredly knows
How best to relieve us from peril and pain—
Though prayers seem unheard, go, consult Him again;
By waiting and watching the soul's faith He tries—
Disdain we such trusting He rarely replies:
The chart most consulted the sailor befriends,
The prayer oft-ascending like helmet defends.

Look out in the sunshine! look out in the storm!
When fortune caresses, or miseries deform;
Unclouded the morning of life may appear—
Or the smile and the calm youth's dawning may cheer;
And oft when the heart in its sunshine rejoices,
The pleasure most painted its comeliness loses:
'T were better by far, then, since rocks lie about,
In life's weary voyage, for all to look out!

THE CHILD OF THE CHURCHYARD.

Lo! poor deserted Julia, once how fair;
With cheek so wan, and pale, and scattered hair;
  Her gentle heart by love's mad tempest torn;
She runs, she stops, and wildly stares around!
Now nails the eye of thought into the ground!
  Now drowned in tears, she lifts its beam forlorn,
Pale as the moon, amidst the midnight storm,
When rains and driving clouds her face deform!

WALCOT.

ONE cold and comfortless December day, in the year 1789—the snow falling in heavy flakes, and a keen northerly breeze blowing—an Englishman, the commercial traveller for a Sheffield firm, was pursuing his way along the great northern turnpike communicating between Dublin and Belfast. He had gained a hill to the south of the pleasantly-situated little town of Lisburn, county Antrim, and was driving his horse leisurely up the steep, when a solemn *cortegé*, slowly winding round the brow of the mountain, attracted his attention. He at once concluded that it was a funeral, on its way to some neighbouring place of sepulture, and, knowing the custom of the country, resolved on joining the sable crowd of mourners—more particularly as an opposite course of conduct, in

the circumstances under which he had been placed, would be looked upon by the peasantry of Ireland as an evidence of disrespect exhibited towards them. Commercial travellers are, however, as a class, remarkable for the grace and affability with which they acquiesce in the customs and opinions of those with whom their mode of living and business so frequently brings them in contact. Charles Reynolds was no exception to this character, and, indeed, was somewhat celebrated "on the road," and highly lauded in the commercial rooms visited by him in his journeys, for the remarkable ease with which he addressed himself to his duty, and for extreme gentleness of temper and kindliness of disposition.

Charles drew up his horse as the melancholy procession passed on, and, having joined the party, proceeded with them to perform the last rites of the dead. At a distance of about two miles from this spot, in a lovely valley, whose seclusion, and the quiet by which it was surrounded, gave to it an air of contemplative grandeur in keeping with the purposes of the place, was situated that rural burying-ground, to whose soil was so soon to be consigned the corpse, borne upon a rustic bier, in front of the sombre crowd. The preliminary ceremonies of the sepulchre having been performed, the clergyman by whom they were conducted had just scattered upon the coffin a handful of earth, and pronounced the parting words, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," when a loud shriek

rose from the crowd of spectators, and all eyes were turned towards a young and beautiful female, who had swooned away in the arms of an aged man, as he leant himself over the tombstone of a child of tender years. The remains just committed to the grave were those of Gabriel Adair, and the fair figure stretched on the tombstone, apparently lifeless, was that of his lover, who had followed the funeral train, weeping the bitterest of human tears, till her heart, from which they welled, dried of those juices that had supported and sustained it, yielded to that excess of grief which fond and first love will labour in vain to subdue. The scene to which Charles Reynolds had introduced himself was one of the most melancholy interest. The grave had not closed upon the stranger corpse which he had so far attended, when he was called upon, by the dictates of his own benevolent nature, to administer to the necessities of one apparently inanimate, who had, with the faithfulness and firmness of a doting heart, waited and watched over the sick bed of Gabriel; and now, when death had "embraced in ghastliness" the tabernacle of clay to which she had long paid her devotions, yielding to the intensity of her feelings, she, with suspended breath, and motionless eyeballs, and pale, cold lips, was laid out in that "city of the dead," unconscious of all that was transacting. But Sally Redfern —for that was the name of the young and unfortunate girl—was speedily brought round, through the

kind attentions of Charles, and the higher interposition of Him who alone can

"Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath."

Though, however, the body was reanimated, Reason had fled from its seat, and Sally Redfern—the young and beautiful Sally Redfern—was, alas! a raving maniac.

"A native grace
Sat fair proportioned on her polished limbs;"

but the eye had lost its lustre. There was no bright beam of intelligence sparkling from this, the window of the soul—no dignity gracing her countenance. All was a blank and meaningless monument, as uninteresting as the fleshless statue.

When friend parts with friend at the portals of the tomb, and we mark, from this bridge of sighs, the object of our regards sink beneath the wave of oblivion, the heart shudders with the chilliness of bursting associations, and looks painfully over its memories, recalling the oft-mingling gratitudes and beauties of character which were joined in the social tie.

"Every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting,"

even with common friendships; but how stern must be the struggle in the separation of two loving hearts, and more especially so when the iron hand of death divides, as in the case of which we write! Sally and

Gabriel had been strongly attached to each other through a long series of years, and, indeed, had fanned the flame of love kindled in their bosoms from a period coeval almost with the date of their earliest recollections of "life's morning march." Their parents, who were small tenant farmers, had occupied neighbouring grounds for nearly forty years, and the families were on terms of the closest intimacy—a circumstance which brought the younger branches frequently together. Neither had been afraid to "own the soft impeachment," and a matrimonial alliance was confidently anticipated betwixt Gabriel Adair and Sally Redfern. This happy idea was, however, doomed to disappointment; for the former, having caught a severe cold in the spring of that year from which our narrative dates, was, ere many months passed over, a prey to the insidious ills of a pulmonary consumption, which abated but little, nor yielded even the most faint hopes, till death terminated his terrestrial troubles. During the entire period of Gabriel's illness, the faithful Sally was in constant attendance by his couch, smoothing his pillow, administering to his wants, and pouring into his ear words of comforting hope, that their most ardent desires might not be of such distant realization as finite wisdom might conclude. "Hope, however, told a too flattering tale," as has been already shown.

Such were the few particulars gleaned by Charles Reynolds, in conversation with the attendants at the funeral of Gabriel, and while watching with them for

the recovery of Sally. It has already been stated, that the unfortunate girl recovered from the fainting fit into which she had been thrown by the intense grief of the moment, but that she awoke to the scenes around in a state of the most melancholy lunacy. On perceiving matters resulting so pitiably, Mr. Reynolds advised the friends of the girl to have her conveyed home, which was accordingly done. The home of Sally's parents diverging from the main road to a considerable distance, Charles was prevented from gratifying a wish to know more of her history, and accordingly pursued his journey.

Sally's lunacy proved of that quiet, melancholy character, which permitted of her roaming about without a guide—it being, however, strictly enjoined by the medical gentleman consulted regarding her case, that no opposition was to be given to her wishes, lest her aberration of intellect might prove of a more violent and confirmed kind. Silent and abstracted would Sally wander about the fields and hedgerows of her father's grounds, seldom returning home till day's decline, when

"With fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples."

Not unfrequently, too, was it her practice to steal, unperceived, from her bed and home, at the lonely midnight hour, and, wending her way to the grave

of her lover, would strew it with the wild flowers she had plucked, only returning when induced to do so by the intrusion of daylight.

"Poor widowed wretch! 't was there she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain."

* * * * * * *

Six months had rolled away, but borne not with them, from the memory of Charles Reynolds, the recollection of the heart-rending scene of which he had been a spectator. In company, he had related many a time, with pathetic feelings, his tale of the Irish lovers. Six weary months had passed, and Charles, pursuing his accustomed journey in the north of Ireland, approached the lonely churchyard of the parish of K——. Sensibility, a trait of character most prominently marked in all the transactions of Charles Reynolds, oftentimes induced him to gratify his love for the reminiscences of his travels, gay or grave; and, in the desire to indulge a feeling of this kind, however painful its associations, he revisited the old churchyard. Threading his way through brambles and nettles, and over the narrow cells in which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," he gained the grave of Gabriel Adair. The turf was covered over with the green grass, and the flowers of the season

bloomed in beauty upon the mouldering heap—flowers no doubt (he concluded) planted by the fair hands of Sally. Musing on the scene he had witnessed in the sequestered spot on which he was standing, his mind became deeply absorbed in contemplation. From this reverie, however, he was shortly awakened by the faint cries of what appeared to him an infant of very tender age. He at first imagined that the cries proceeded from beneath the shade of some aged yew-trees, in the south-west corner of the graveyard, and concluded that the mother of the child might be there, mourning over the ashes of a husband and parent. This, however, proved, on closer observation, not to be the case; for, after a few moments' strolling amongst the tombs, he discovered, to his astonishment, wrapt in a piece of an old garment, and laid on the ground, the tiny form of a beautiful male child! What was to be done in such a predicament, it was, as may be readily supposed, no easy matter for Charles to determine. The infant, however, could not be allowed to lie where it had been so unnaturally exposed, and, accordingly, taking it into his arms, he endeavoured to soothe this little forlorn "Child of the Churchyard." Concluding that it would be as well for him to hasten forward to Lisburn, to which he was travelling, and unloosing the reins of his horse, which he had tied to the hedge, he mounted the jaunting-car hired by him for the journey, and drove onwards with all speed for the village.

Reaching Lisburn, he lost no time in communicating with the proper authorities; but found, to his astonishment, that these parties seemed somewhat doubtful of the story, interrogating him, with "sly, suspecting glance," whether he did not himself know something of the mother of the foundling, and evidently endeavouring to affiliate the infant upon its benevolent finder. Charles expressing a desire, should the parents not be discovered, to have the child respectably brought up, and offering to do so at his own expense, the parish authorities, glad of the relief, speedily obtained a cleanly and industrious married female as nurse. On a promise being given that every effort should be made to trace out the unnatural parents, Charles Reynolds, pulling out his pocket-book, granted a cheque for ten pounds, as the first half-year's provision for the foundling.

Thus provided for, the "Child of the Churchyard" (for by this name was it known in Lisburn) seemed to have found in his nurse, not the simple attentions usually given to one so situated, but even maternal care and kindness. At no time did Charles Reynolds visit the north of Ireland without spending a night in the town where his adopted son was located; and the poor woman, under whose charge the child had been placed, was the object of much regard on the part of the wealthier classes of the surrounding district.

* * * * * *

In Manchester resided, in the year 1798, a wealthy banker and his family, consisting of his wife, two sons, and three daughters. Christmas was at hand, and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers (the banker and his wife) were making every preparation for celebrating the festive occasion on a somewhat extensive scale. Numerous were the invitations sent out to friends to join this family circle around the blazing "yule-log," and in discussing the best of Burgundy, amply provided by the hospitable banker, who gloried in chaunting the good old chorus—

> "Bring forth the best of everything,
> To mirth let none decline;
> For it was my father's custom,
> And so it shall be mine."

Amongst other friends of the family seated around the hospitable board, which groaned beneath its load of choice viands, was—Charles Reynolds. He had for several years been on terms of the greatest intimacy with the Rogers, and (quietly), although it had not for a moment entered his own mind, strange to say, the idea was uppermost in the mind of everybody else in the locality, that Mr. Charles Reynolds was an accepted suitor of Miss Fanny Rogers. In short, the *on dit* attached to the intimacy of Mr. Reynolds with Miss Rogers was neither more nor less than one of those mistakeable and indefinite things which the more interested parties simply blush at, and a doting

mother, with marriageable daughters, only wishes it were the case! Beyond mere familiarities and gallant attentions, however, there was nothing that could afford the least ground for such a rumour.

Happiness was depicted on the countenance of each and all who had been attracted to the festive board of the Rogers, and no one was more buoyant of spirits, or contributed so largely to the fund of innocent good humour put in circulation throughout the ceremonies of the day, than Mr. Charles Reynolds. It had been a promise of some months' standing, that Mr. Reynolds should so have his business arranged that he would reach Manchester in order to "spend Christmas" with this captivating circle of friends. He had made good his promise, therefore, and was warm-heartedly welcomed by all; but by none more so than the accomplished Fanny Rogers. The more substantial repast ended—and everything was conducted after a style of liberality and variety that must have satisfied the taste of the most fastidious Epicure—the younger portion of the company prepared for the "enlivening dance," and no one tripped through the mazy rounds of waltz and quadrille with lighter heart, or more graceful deportment, than did Charles Reynolds. He did himself the honour, and with the most easy etiquette, to solicit the partnership of Miss Fanny in several of the introductory quadrilles; but there was one lady in that gay throng, whose beauty, added to an unassuming pleasantry of manner, had captivated

his heart. There is thrown around female beauty an influence which the soul will in vain labour to resist—gliding over the affections by the witchery of its glances, and playing on the cords of the heart's sensibility that melting music which is love's magic spell. Under such feelings of refined delight, the heart hath not readily a vocal utterance, but expresses its thoughts by the eye's eloquent glance, and the blush

"Deep mantling o'er the face divine."

Such was the affection that sprung up almost spontaneously in the mind of Charles Reynolds, and which directed, by a somewhat intuitive desire, his fine dark rolling eye, with hurried and stolen frequency, towards the lady we have alluded to, as the object of his "meek and thoughtful" admiration.

The first feelings of nervous touchiness overcome, Charles ventured to solicit the honour of dancing with Miss Keene—for so she had been introduced to him—and, if he had been previously delighted with the air of politeness which settled around her every movement, he was doubly her debtor for the exceeding affability, and almost angelic gracefulness, with which she expressed her assent. Miss Keene was not a beauty, it is true, of smiling eighteen; but, more nearly matched with Mr. Charles Reynolds, she resembled a lady who might write her age somewhere about sober eight-and-twenty. While, therefore, she was beauti-

ful, and not too young to be reckoned volatile, nor too old to rank amongst ladies of "a certain age," (which is, to speak the truth, of all the most uncertain,) she, it was apparent from what he had already seen of her, possessed a higher quality—a polished and well-cultivated mind, added to an easy and otherwise amiable disposition. Still, there was in her look a pensiveness of expression, which occasionally gave place, only with reluctance, to the smile caused by the happy comparison, or smart and unstudied repartee of Charles. He had more than once perceived her bosom heaving with the deep-drawn sigh, which, whether prompted by romantic affectedness or unwittingly, is apt to induce curiosity as to the cause. In Miss Keene's case there was in reality a cause—and that of the most painful nature.

* * * * * *

The morning following, Charles breakfasted at the house of Mr. Rogers, and again met at table the fair dulcinea of his previous night's thoughts and—dreamings. Mr. Reynolds had made up his mind to pursue his journey as far as Liverpool the same day, on his way to Scotland; and, on stating his intention, was agreeably astonished to learn that Miss Keene had laid out for the day the exact route to take on her return to the Sister Isle, of which, for the first time, was Charles made aware she was a native. With the

most pleasurable feelings, therefore, he volunteered to be her protector, so far as their journey lay in the same direction.

Love works sympathetically, and oftentimes wins by ways that so exactly correspond as to make matter-of-fact people fancy within themselves they were dovetailed by unforeseen and mysterious agency. The short journey undertaken by Mr. Reynolds and Miss Keene was more eventful than could well have been anticipated at the breakfast-table of Mr. Rogers the same morning. The scope given for conversation, by the absence of all other objects to arrest his attention, was readily embraced by Charles; and he found, in his fair travelling companion, a frankness and unreservedness which he most willingly encouraged. Learning that Miss Keene was a native of the county Antrim, he, very naturally, and with his usual graphic power of delineation, related the story of the "Child of the Churchyard," adding that the mother of the child, though nine years had elapsed, had never been discovered, and, he suspected, never would.

"You are for once mistaken, Mr. Reynolds!" exclaimed Miss Keene, after a short pause, and the tears trickling down her cheeks. "How so?" inquired Charles, eager for a reply; "has the mother of the child been at length traced?"

"The same over-ruling Providence who saved the child, now casts in the way of its earthly benefactor the heart-broken mother," feelingly ejaculated the lady.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Charles, thunderstruck at the announcement.

"Nay, it is no impossibility, Mr. Reynolds," replied Miss Keene; "and a mother's love, rising above the delicacy of the matter, urges me to unveil my mind, more particularly to one so confiding and benevolent as you have proved yourself to be in the case of this poor 'Child of the Churchyard,' as you have so aptly denominated him. But where is my child? Is he alive?"

"He is well, I assure you," said Charles; "but, pray, make me acquainted with the motives which prompted you to so cruel an act as the exposure and desertion of so helpless a creature?"

"Only bear with me for a little," rejoined the lady, sadly affected with the force of the expression which fell from Mr. Reynolds; "only bear with me, and I will relate the history of that sorrowful transaction, which so oppresses me to this day, though none descry the secret cause of my grief. As Sally Redfern, you knew the painful situation in which I was placed; but no one knew that, when they buried Gabriel Adair, death had bereft my child of a father. I had, indeed, imprudently and sinfully conducted myself; but poor Gabriel Adair, had God spared him, would have undoubtedly made me honourable reparation, by marriage. The child was born when I raved a hopeless maniac, and in that lonely churchyard where you found him. No one being aware of my situation, or suspecting what had happened, the legitimate mother

has not till this hour been discovered, and that only to you. On regaining my powers of intellect (and only then), the sad reality pressed itself heavily upon my mind; for, at the time of my intellectual bereavement, a mother's feelings were foreign to me. Then, as I have said, however, I laboured in a depth of anguish from which I could not extricate myself. The revelation would have placed me in an equally distressing position; and, unacquainted with the whereabouts of my child, I was prevented even paying my disguised regards to it."

Such a revelation, the reader will readily suppose, unexpected as it was uncommon in its character, exercised a powerful effect on the mind of Charles Reynolds. An equally astonishing result, however, has yet to be related. Sally Redfern—the Miss Keene of the previous evening's introduction—is no longer to be viewed as the daughter of an humble tenant-farmer in the north of Ireland. She had come into possession, by the death of an uncle, of an annuity of upwards of £7000 per annum—the terms of the will rendering it imperative that she should relinquish the name of her father, and adopt that of the mother, by whose side she was related to the legator.

Mr. Rogers, of Manchester, was sole trustee on the estate of Mr. Keene, uncle to our heroine, and hence her acquaintance with the family of the former, and almost miraculous introduction to Mr. Charles Reynolds. Here, however, the matter did not end; for

the Sheffield commercial traveller, deeply interested in the story of Sally Redfern, the mother of that "Child of the Churchyard," attended her in the voyage across the channel, to the sweet little town of Lisburn, where he had the happiness to introduce to the mother an active and promising boy as his adopted son; and, not less was the astonishment of the Rogers, on receiving, by post, only a few days afterwards, the marriage cards of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds—the nuptials of Charles and Sally Redfern having been celebrated, according to the ritual of the country, by the clergyman of the parish of Lisburn! Mr. Reynolds retired from his commercial pursuits, and lived, happy and contented, to see the "Child of the Churchyard" grown to man's estate, and faithfully fulfilling the duties of an honourable and lucrative appointment under Government, to which he had advanced by active business habits, sterling character, and the well-merited influence exerted on his behalf by rich friends and relatives, who, never being made aware of the strange fortunes of his infancy, had, in the amiable qualities which adorned his character, quite enough to recommend him as the worthy object of their good offices.

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

Oh! weary is the lot and wild
Of little helpless orphan child—
Wandering, cold and hungry, 'mong
The gay and well-fed idle throng;
To bitter poortith ever near,
Tasting little of earth's good cheer,
Lone thoughts for ever fill his brain—
His life one ceaseless round of pain:
Ah, little know the rich and great
Of this poor pilgrim-pauper's fate.

Or foundling child, in poor man's cot,
Alike by kin and friends forgot;
A living mother dead to shame—
A mother—mockery of the name—
He knows full well he must have got,
But when or where he knoweth not;
His birthday no one singleth out,
Like pedigree, 't is sealed by doubt;
And though to sense fast wearing old,
His natal hour Time's tongue ne'er told.
'Mong playmates, outcast and forlorn,
He oft repents him he 'd been born;
And lonely stands the livelong day,
While jocund youth around him play:

Light is the heart—the footstep free—
Of all around, poor boy, but thee.
As stranger, on thy native soil,
In after years foredoomed to toil,
Uncheered by Hope's celestial ray,
So dark thy morn as dark thy day;
Greeted by few congenial friends,
To thee bright earth no comfort lends,
But such as thou mayst pluck the while
By bitter cares and slavish toil.

O! would the wealthy sons of earth,
When sportive round the ring of mirth,
With fairy foot they freely bound
To music's soft enchanting sound,—
Would such but pause and mark the lot
Of those by wealth and rank forgot,
They 'd pity more the hand that toiled,
And succour oft the orphan child.

THE WORLD'S WORKSHOP.

One man in his time plays many parts.
SHAKSPEARE.

MEN are workmen all. Each one, from the peer to the peasant, has something to do, something to study, something to execute, in the World's Workshop. Idleness—absolute inactivity—is foreign to the nature of man. Industry may be misapplied, misdirected, and therefore abused; but in the very retrograde movements—in these the acts of deterioration or unwarrantable destruction of human mechanism—or this prodigality in the use of the golden moments by which a lifetime is numbered and reckoned up—the mind is active. It is, therefore, important to society at large that this mental activity should run in a proper channel. To suppose the confusion into which the world would be thrown by the withdrawal of the sun from the firmament, would not produce in the mind a mass of incongruities greater, or a chaos of gloom deeper, than that which would be exhibited by the paralysis of the universal machinery of labour—the

total suspension of the industrial energies of mankind. It is the want of a distinct idea in the mind, that man is destined to perform some important part in the drama of life, which creates the only inactivity apparent as existing in this nether sphere. It may sound strangely on the ear when we talk of the creation of a nullity—of the existence of inactivity; but, nevertheless, there is such a thing as encouragement to a do-nothing disposition—a practical illustration of the text, "Soul, take thine ease."

Whether the work for which man is destined be of a mental or physical character, it is alike important and necessary. That both mind and body should have something to do is one of the wise provisions of an all-superintending Providence; and the performance of this something, in a suitable manner, forms the line of distinctive superiority running throughout the social fabric, and acting as the patent of right to respect and popularity.

The world is the workshop for human application and study; and in proportion as this theory is acted upon will be the success of individual or united effort. The universe, viewed in its sectional and narrowed composition, may exhibit a strange and somewhat anomalous amalgamation of the sublime and the ridiculous; but this view is only the result of immatured judgment; for, when an analysis of the component parts of the mighty whole is carefully entered upon, and the inductive method of reasoning is followed in

the tracing of cause and effect, the intelligent mind comes at once to opposite conclusions. Hence—

> "Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
> And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit."

If we enter the World's Workshop, having formed the resolution to acquire the mastery over any given branch in the category of its industrial resources, the wish is but rarely disappointed, and the mind, which naturally rejoices in its triumphs over intervening obstacles, is expanded and enlarged by the exertion. It cannot be too frequently urged on the attention of man, that industry and perseverance form the secret of success. Man has placed before him a cabinet stored with the most priceless jewels—a laboratory, in which there is abundance of material to prosecute the most interesting course of analyzation—an encyclopædia of the most valuable, the most amusing, the most profitable information. He is literally the student of natural philosophy, and has his wonder excited by the most entertaining of all natural magic! If we cast the eye over the roof-work under which we labour, we perceive sun, moon, and stars, regulating and enlightening the revolving machinery that surrounds us. The sun, majestic, inimitable, and illimitable, as the source and centre of light, warming, cheering, and revivifying; the moon, regulating the tides, refreshing the vegetable world, invigorating animal life by re-

pose, and, in short, producing the grand division of day and night. Remarking such Omnipotent agency, who would refrain from exclaiming, with Thomson—

> "O Nature! all sufficient! over all!
> Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
> Snatch me to heaven: thy rolling wonders then,
> World beyond world, in infinite extent,
> Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
> Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
> Give me to scan."

Astronomy, as a science, although leading to the sublimest of all contemplations, is, however, but one of the numerous branches for mental inquiry, contained in the voluminous catalogue of natural wonders, opened up before the eye of man, in the vast workshop of the world. It is true, as we have said, that the architecture of the heavens presents proofs of its infinite plan, in the unalterable and undecaying glory which for ever presides over the course of revolving seasons; that the roof-work of the earth, studded, as it is, by the million stars, as so many holes through which we discover the angel onlookers of the night, fabricated by unerring wisdom, is calculated to lift the mind from "Nature up to Nature's God;" but not less glorious is the ball on which we tread—the more familiar machinery which surrounds us. The World's Workshop is carpeted on a scale of grandeur commensurate with the magnitude of the design. Than the prevailing green of this great field-fabric, what is

richer, more beautiful, or more enduring! Than with those variously-tinted flowers, scattered so profusely over the ground-work, what can be compared! The pencil of Art labours in vain to present a picture so exquisite in all its parts, so uniformly faultless, or so captivating to the eye. "Who can paint like Nature?" The landscape opened out in the vast scroll of creation is at once a wonder and a miracle, infinitely surpassing the most lofty human conception; and the regularity and accuracy beautifying the entire celestial and terrestrial system, from the world's genesis, down through the various generations of man and gradations of "times and seasons," as they stand related to the million-multiplied species in the vegetable kingdom, till the present period, the most exalted description would fail to define. Nature discourses her own arguments, by the bright beaming lights of Heaven, apostrophizing a Deity seen only in His works; while the iris-coloured flowers of earth, as her rhetoric, and the ceaseless song of the streams, illustrate the subsisting harmony in all things devised and upheld by His power, and enforce the all-apparent and deeply solemnizing fact, that "A breath may make them, as a breath has made."

Than the study of natural history, I know not one single occupation into which the mind of man will enter with a greater certainty of securing the blessings of knowledge. It is, however, an error of too general a character, to suppose that the common ob-

jects which are presented to the eye, and the phenomena of local exhibition, are unworthy of research, to elucidate the primary agent in their birth or formation; for, too frequently, it may be said of us—

> "Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,
> And in the constancy of Nature's course,
> And regular return of genial months,
> And renovation of a faded world,
> See nought to wonder at."

Are there not, in the garden of Nature, fruits and flowers worth examination?—from the habits and peculiarities of the feathered inhabitants of the forest, the chorister of the cloud, and the meek musician of the flowering thorn, instruction of an invaluable kind to be gleaned? Do not the caves of earth, or its crust-work, supply material for thought of comparatively easy excavation?—or are there not, along the far-sounding shore, and on the white-breasted billow of the ocean, scattered about in profusion the elements of enlightenment and enjoyment? Under this branch of mental pursuit, can a more ennobling study be pointed out than that supplied in the structure of the human frame? Is not the impress of a Divine original stamped on the stately limbs, and revealed in the nicety and adaptation of the most minute organ to its corresponding action? It is truly said, that "the proper study of mankind is man." Can we contemplate, without wonder and admiration, the ex-

pression, strong and unmistakeable, of the passions, as they play over the countenance, in itself the reflex of Divinity? With the exquisite construction of the eye, whether viewed as the electric conductor of intelligence to the brain, or in the admirable provisions of Nature to protect it as the organ of vision, what achievement of Art can vie? In the circulation of the blood, too, through the multitude of cells and canals which intersect the human form, and serve as the moving power of the most intricate of its machinery, what sublime conception and construction are manifest! And then, look again to that small thermometer by which the state of the constitution is determined—that precise though puny regulator of the physical mechanism—the pulse! How exact are its notations, how truthfully it performs its commission from the heart to the arm—from the situation of feeling to the source of help! Such is man universally; but there are other matters not unworthy of consideration in connexion with the same subject. The adaptation of animal life to its native climate and requirements is a matter entitled to intelligent attention. The dark-visaged Laplander, the yellow Mongolian, the flat-nosed Negro, and the copper-coloured aborigine of both Americas, has each his peculiarity of constitution, suited to the climate in which he has been placed, and a taste proportioned to the supply of productions for his wants. The various races of human beings inhabiting the earth differ in

their form and appearance, yet correspond in functional organization, and thereby unitedly attest the fact that "the hand that made them is Divine."

> "How poor, how rich, how abject, how august!
> How complicate, how wonderful is man!
> How passing wonder, He who made him such!"

But an enumeration of the various opportunities for suitable mental and physical occupation and recreation, as presented in the World's Workshop, were too elaborate a theme to enter upon in this place.

I would that it were forcibly impressed on every mind, that man's mission is one of the most paramount importance—that his industry, his energy, his enterprise, and his intelligence, form the actual and vital essentials of his happiness. Whether, therefore, we explore the depths of ocean, or the broad expanse of earth, for the materials of thinking, let this, the mind's voyage of discovery, be pursued with bravery and assiduity,—whether we would become familiar with the wonders of the sky, through the science of astronomy—be made intimate with the strata and periodic changes of the earth's crust, by the systematic arrangement of the rocks, as effected by geology—be made conversant with the flexible, fusible, elastic, ductile, and malleable properties of the earth's substances, by the study of mineralogy—or, in fine, whether we would make ourselves acquainted with "Earth and Animated Nature,"

as classified by the investigations of science, the handmaid of religion, our movements must be propelled by the motives of an indomitable industry ere we can hope to acquire a knowledge of the mysteries concentrated in the encyclopædic repository of the World's Workshop.

THE STUDENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE SENIOR WRANGLER OF CAMBRIDGE, IN 1850.

None but those who have been educated at Cambridge can wholly understand the excitement which pervades that old university town on "Degree Day." * * The first place among the Wranglers, the Senior Wrangler as it is termed, is the very highest honour which the University can bestow; he who earns it may indeed be proud of his position. * * It is a worthy tribute to youthful talent and perseverance, and goes far to reward the happy student for his years of toil and drudgery.—DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

PALE student, with the burning brain—
The sunken eye—the wasted frame,—
Say, wherefore struggle so to gain
The world's mockery of a name?
I 've watched thy rush-light burning low,
When day's faint dawn the eastern sky
Had lit, with sweet familiar glow,
That woke the forest melody.

I 've marked thy shadow pacing round,
  At lonely midnight's sullen watch,
Thy chamber, as in thought profound
  Thou dreamt bright Genius' spark to catch.
But, wherefore question?—who need doubt
  The pleasure that thy classic lore,
Like fabled mantle, flings about
  O'er antique tomes the while ye pore.

The key to Fame's bright cabinet,
  Or to Mind's celestial treasures,
Is only gained through covenant
  Made at cost of earthly pleasures.
The gorgeous halls of feast and song,
  Lit by fair woman's luscious eyes,
May bear the ardent heart along,
  Yet at the most but yield surprise.

But in thy chamber, lone and quiet,
  Thou minglest with a brighter throng,
Than e'er convened to mix in riot,
  Attracted by the witching song.
I love the tones of woman's voice,
  And court the song and laugh of mirth,
But thine, pale youth, is loftier choice—
  Arcadian glory gilds thy earth.

To thee, no flower of wilding birth
  Hath not its lesson for thy heart;
And veriest insect of the earth
  Displays, in some important part,
The wisdom of Supreme design,
  That formed, and long hath well sustained,
In one unbroken, boundless line,
  An atom-world, by *man* disdained.

For thee deep Science oft unfolds,
  In contemplation's hallowed shade,
The mystery monk and cloister holds—
  To industry alone portrayed.
Earth hath no gem too rich or rare,
  That eye of Science may not find;
Nor is there branch of human lore
  That will not reach the active mind.

The olden halls of Granta claim
  The sacred off'ring Genius gives;
For, graven on the scroll of Fame,
  Her storied worth untarnished lives.
Shades of the mighty—glorious dead!
  As, ling'ring round Cam's classic bowers,
The freshman breathes the fragrance shed,
  Inspire with Hope's exultant powers.

THE LOST PROFILE.

Gold pays the worth of all things here;
But not of love; that gem 's too dear
For richest rogues to win it.

COWPER.

ON a range of chalk hills (the Gogmagog), about three miles east from Cambridge, and commanding a beautiful prospect of several miles in extent, embracing the glorious old halls and churches of Granta, and the classic Cam, through a considerable portion of its serpentine course, with, in the distant landscape, the saintly towers and turrets of Ely Cathedral looming through the fogs, sent upwards from the numerous intervening fens, is situate the estate and family residence of Lord Godolphin. At the period of which I write (about the middle of the eighteenth century), the mansion-house, though it might not possess many of the conveniences of modern structures, had more of antique castellated grandeur than the present elegant edifice. The Osbornes (the family name of Godolphin) have, from time immemorial, been highly respected in the neighbourhood for their great benevolence and hospitality, and, at that time, the repre-

sentatives of the name were, in every respect, worthy of this character.

At no great distance from the Gogmagog Hills, diverging slightly from the turnpike leading to the village of Linton, and in a beautiful undulating valley, affording excellent pasturage for sheep (a description of live stock for the rearing of which the district is famous), the mansion-house of Beverley Park was, in former times, situated. The proprietor of this small estate was Squire Frimley—a gentleman who boasted of his independence and bachelorhood. The Squire, at the time when our tale opens, was verging on threescore. He had, in his youthful years, acquired a considerable fortune by the cultivation of a sugar plantation in India, and still owned a lead mine in Cornwall which yielded a large annual addition to his income. Besides the domestics, the only other resident at Beverley Park was the orphan niece of Squire Frimley—a young lady of eighteen, possessed of many amiable qualities and great personal beauty. Emily Challis, considering her youth, was well acquainted with the world. Her father had held a lieutenancy in the army, but died when Emily had attained only her sixteenth year, bequeathing to her the benefits of a liberal education as the only legacy it was in his power to give. The death of Lieutenant Challis was, in a few weeks afterwards, followed by that of his lady, the mother of our heroine, to whom she was much attached. Emily, on the death of her

parents, went to reside with a family in Devonshire, as governess to an only daughter. Here she had remained only about six months, when, on the death of a maiden aunt, who acted as housekeeper at Beverley Park, Squire Frimley made proposals that she should come to reside with him in that capacity. It was, however, with sorrowful feelings that she took leave of the family with whom she was then resident, and more particularly of the young lady whose education had been confided to her. She had been uniformly treated as one of the family; and although, at Beverley Park, she felt confident of being placed comfortably in most respects, the want of any one of her own sex, and having the same refined taste or feeling, was to her a sore bereavement. However, the circumstances in which she had been placed by the death of her parents, rendered acquiescence in her uncle's proposals the most prudent step she could take. Such is the history of her introduction to the incidents on which our tale is founded.

At the mansion-house of the Osbornes, Squire Frimley was a frequent visiter, and occasionally joined Mr. Osborne, the younger,* when hunting in the neighbourhood. Miss Challis, too, by her amiable temper and refined manners—to which might be added a fluency in conversation, rendered the more interesting by extensive and well-selected reading—had be-

* The male representative of the house of Osborne was, in 1832, created a Baron of the United Kingdom.

come a decided favourite at Gogmagog. Scarcely a week was allowed to elapse without an exchange of visits; and, if these were delayed beyond an expected time, it was confidently concluded that something was the matter to render absenteeism necessary, and an inquiry was accordingly instituted.

One beautiful morning, in April, 17—, an invitation was forwarded to Miss Challis to spend the day at Gogmagog, the message expressing a wish that she would not hesitate to go, as two ladies, intimate friends in the family, had come on a visit, and that an interesting *conversazióne* might be expected, the strangers having frequently mingled in the literary society of London, and being, to some extent, themselves allied to the *belles lettres*. While, however, there was a great attraction to her mind at all times in the society to which she was customarily introduced at Gogmagog, there was something else that allured her into such company, and, consequently, the mere forthcoming *tête-a-tête* was secondary, in her estimation, to the gratification of a passion—the strongest in human nature—LOVE. Yes, the heart of Emily Challis had been captivated, and (will our readers credit it) by no higher personage than a butler! Of Godfrey Dybal, it might with truth be asserted that he lived above his calling—gifted, as he was, with mental powers which greatly enhanced his prepossessing manners and personal exterior. Dybal was highly respected by his noble master, and the many amiable

traits in his character were freely commented on in the drawing-room circle, to which Miss Challis was so frequently introduced. The mind of Emily, however, needed no such confirmation to bring about the conclusion that Godfrey Dybal was every way worthy the opinion she had formed of him, although, to a certainty, such approving testimony must have been at the time highly valued by the fair one. The situation in which Emily had placed herself, though occasionally found in the history of romantic love, was, in the circumstances, of so uncommon a character, that not only great prudence and self-possession were requisite to conceal the passion, but, if indulged with a view to its consummation, the utmost courage, with no little intrigue, would be necessary, considering the existing disparity between their rank in life. Our heroine was not of that class of lovers who would descend to humble life to indulge a romantic taste, or who would be a party to an elopement merely for the gratification of her freaks and follies. She had fallen in love, but how she knew not; and the dart from Cupid's bow had sheathed itself in her heart's core, winged by that intensity of feeling, and irrevocable resolution, which, though it may bear for a time with slights and sneering insinuations that would fain thwart the accomplishment of love's purposes, will not only "laugh at locksmiths," but brook banishment from scenes and friends dear to the heart because of their familiarity.

But to return. Emily resolved on a visit to the Osborne family, and, the day being fine, she set out across the field-path on foot, in order the more freely to enjoy the scene through which her course lay. For one moving in her sphere in life it might be reckoned too humble an occupation for the mind; but, instead of giving her thoughts scope in anticipation of the enjoyments of the drawing-room, she freely gave vent to the feelings uppermost in her soul, and, in that lonely rural walk, first formed the resolution to risk a participation in the lowly fortunes of Godfrey, with the consequent debarment from her uncle's table, and her prospects of inheriting his wealth, rather than suppress love's advances, (that, indeed, it were hard to do,) or endeavour to check the exercise of her virtuously-formed esteem for the object towards which it had been attracted. There was, however, on this occasion, a difficulty in the way, which had never previously suggested itself to the mind of Miss Challis,—though *she* might love Godfrey Dybal, was there not a strong probability that the feeling would not be reciprocated? She had never hinted the matter to any one, (this, prudence had forbidden,) and, so far as she was aware, no one could have any suspicion, judging from appearances, or believing the involuntarily expressed language of the eyes—no one could have even the most distant idea that her thoughts were so engaged. "Be this as it may," Emily said to herself, "I long to unburden my mind of its load, and will embrace the first

opportunity of stepping aside from the formality, the false dignity, the etiquette, understood to attach itself to one in my station in life, and will make Godfrey Dybal my confessor in the matter of this my attachment."

* * * * * *

The sun was now far sunk behind the mountains of the west, and threw back those slanting rays of his glory so peculiarly grand in the month of April, while a solemn calm seemed to pervade the surrounding scene, as Emily set out on her return to Beverley Park, after spending many pleasant hours with her newly-formed acquaintances at Gogmagog. She was not in her return walk doomed, however, to solitary meditation. To protect her from harm or accident, it had been judiciously arranged at the mansion-house that Miss Challis should be accompanied on her way home by some one of the domestic retinue; and, as if pre-arranged by one aware of the desire of Emily's heart, no other was selected for this, in the end, important mission, than Godfrey Dybal. Frivolous, and often disjointed argument, introduces, in many instances, the climax of oratory; and so it was, my readers will readily believe, with the conversation for a time maintained between Godfrey and his fair charge. The rank of the lady was in itself sufficient to produce a reservedness in conversation on the part of Godfrey; but love, deeply-rooted, though as yet

unacknowledged or returned, formed the stumbling-block in the mind of Emily. *She* knew not the distinction which the object of her affection had drawn in his own mind; for, in her estimation, "rank was but the guinea stamp." It has been truly said, that "where there 's a will there 's a way;" and, somewhat accidentally, Emily Challis soon found herself entangled in the meshes of confession—"a consummation most devoutly wished" by her, though, for the time, it could not fail to start the blush on her cheek.

"That small loch, there," said Emily, pointing to an artificial pond, "is too little protected for its exposed situation."

"It is, indeed, madam," responded Godfrey; "but if master were to be for once so affrighted as I was, a few years ago, when in Hunts, he would not longer permit that 'ere lake to remain without being railed in."

"You refer to the drowning of some one, I presume, Godfrey?" inquired Miss Challis.

"Not exactly, ma'am; but to an accident which happened a young lady visiting at the rectory of St. Neot's. I was then living with the parson."

Here the countenance of Emily became flushed. The accident to which Godfrey had alluded formed, she had no doubt, an episode in her own history. Some six years previous, when on a visit with her father to the Rev. J. J. F****r, the incumbent of St. Neot's, she had well nigh been drowned in a small

lake, a tributary of the Ouse, when taking a pleasure sail in a little sculler, oared by the parson's youngest son. The oars having slipped from the youth's hands, and been borne off by the water, at the time somewhat ruffled by a stiff breeze which had risen, the tiny vessel was upset near to the centre of the lake. The young man saved himself by swimming; but Emily had nigh perished, when she was rescued by the vicar's male servant, who, perceiving the danger in which she was placed, swam from the shore, and reached the young lady just in time to deliver her from, in all probability, a watery grave. The next morning, Miss Challis and her father left the rectory, and Emily had not since, to her knowledge, met the party by whose interposition her life had been preserved. To meet with her deliverer, under such peculiar circumstances, was to Emily matter of gratifying astonishment.

"You were probably the party, then, Godfrey, whose assistance saved the lady from drowning," said Miss Challis, resuming the conversation, and anxious to know all about the matter.

"I was, indeed, ma'am," replied Godfrey; "and it would have been cruel for Death to have taken a creature so young, so interesting in every respect, and so beautiful. I remember (though, at the time, I was myself only a youth) that such were my thoughts and feelings when I reflected on the danger in which she was placed."

"Your narrative of to-night, Godfrey (said Emily), has more than surprised me. Your flattery, too, forces the blush to my face; for 't is I alone who have a right to feel interested in the story, and sensible of the compliment you so modestly pay me. I am myself the lady you so gallantly periled your own life to rescue. Here, Godfrey, take this memento of my gratitude, and I wish thee good night. Would that I could amply repay thee! but you shall hear from me again. Good night!"

With these words, Miss Challis passed the lodge of Beverley Park, and Godfrey, having paid his *devoirs* to her, made preparation to return home. When he had passed from the long avenue of beech trees, at the further end of which he had parted with Emily, and had escaped from beneath the thick shade of the overhanging foliage into the faint twilight, he ventured to satisfy himself as to the gift the lady had tendered to him. It proved to be an elegant profile, set in gold, and bore a truthful resemblance of the giver. Here was a somewhat significant memorial of the lady's feelings—suggestive of more than friendship—a *double entendre*, adopted, he had no doubt, as a symbol of love as well as of the heart's grateful feelings.

If doubt, however, could exist in the mind of Godfrey as to Emily's intention in presenting the token of which he was now the happy possessor, such was removed the following morning, when he received a

billet-doux, couched in elegant language, breathing the most affectionate regard for him, and written by the fair hand of Emily Challis! The lady unbosomed herself of the strong feelings of attachment so long entertained towards Godfrey, and making him aware of the difficulty in which she would, in all likelihood, be placed by the discovery of her *penchant*, enjoined him to secrecy till a more favourable opportunity should arrive, when the avowal would not so much astonish or confuse her cross-grained relative, or the society with which she mingled.

An unbroken and rather extensive correspondence was maintained between the lovers for several months —Miss Challis constantly dreading the interception of the letters by her uncle, who would, without doubt, be highly incensed should he discover the humble domestic of a neighbouring family throwing himself "betwixt the wind and his nobility," in the character of lover to the fair scion of his ancient and honourable house!

By the advice and assistance of a confidential friend, to whom Emily had intrusted the secret of her being affianced to Godfrey Dybal, arrangements were made, at the interval of a few months, by which the latter entered as under-graduate of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, with a view to his qualifying for one of the learned professions, and thus placing himself in a position to enable him, with better grace, to solicit in marriage the hand of his betrothed.

The curriculum of Godfrey Dybal, as a student of law, was highly successful; and, by assiduous attention to his studies, he outstripped most of his compeers in *statu pupillari*, being enabled to carry off with distinction not a few of the honours of his college.

Matters seemed to glide on prosperously for a time with Godfrey and Emily. They had regularly corresponded, and more than once had, unknown to Squire Frimley, effected a meeting at the house of the friend to whom we have alluded. One morning, however, the postman delivered into the hands of Godfrey a letter, the purport of which was not the most acceptable to the mind of one whom love had made the very *beau ideal* of Shakspeare's personification—

> "All adoration, duty, and observance:
> All humbleness, all patience and impatience."

This letter informed Godfrey that Squire Frimley, for change of air and scenery, had leased a villa near to the mouth of the Wash, in the neighbourhood of Lynn Regis, and was on the eve of removing thither. Emily necessarily had to accompany him to this watering place. She pledged herself to correspond as formerly; but, gratifying as this was, the distance to which she was removing would prevent Godfrey meeting with her so frequently as he could have wished, and a knowledge of this fact was in itself enough to make the intelligence unwelcome.

For some time after the removal of the Squire, the correspondence of the lovers was kept up with the greatest punctuality. Godfrey had entered upon his last term at college, and, after passing a somewhat laborious examination, in which he carried off the gold medal, he had written to Miss Challis, informing her of the gratifying result, and indulging in painting the happy future which was opening up for him, when their union at Hymen's altar would be so auspiciously solemnized.

A month had elapsed from the despatch of this letter, and Emily had not replied to Godfrey—an unusual and inexplicable occurrence in the history of their courtship. With lovers, the merest trifle forms matter for serious reflection, and too frequently such frivolities are interpreted as slights, indicative of the heart's estrangement. It is truly said that jealousy and watchfulness wait on the footsteps of the ardent lover.

Godfrey, by letter, had three different times inquired the wherefore of Emily's mysterious silence; but on these several occasions equally without satisfaction.

One morning, however, the valet of Squire Frimley was ushered into Godfrey Dybal's room in college. He was the bearer to the young gownsman of a packet, sealed with black wax, and bearing the armorials of the Frimley family. On delivering the packet the bearer made his exit, and Godfrey, satisfied

that the document must contain the news of the Squire's decease, as his health had for some time been impaired, hastily broke the seal, and read the following laconic note:—

"Seaforth Villa,
"Lynn Regis, Tuesday, 10, A.M.

"SIR,—I beg to acquaint you that my niece died here this morning, after a month's illness.

"The enclosed letters, written by you, I found in her scrutoire, and return them.

"Your correspondence with Miss Frimley was unknown to me, else it should have been earlier terminated by her protector,

"ARTHUR GEO. FRIMLEY."

The doubt attendant on the delay of Emily in replying to Godfrey's letters, however painful, was now heightened in the mind of the disconsolate lover to that pitch of excitement which alternates between despondency and madness. He had, it was true, received an explanation of the cause of Emily's silence; but the terms in which this was given were of that unsatisfactory character, which, however plain the fact meant to be communicated appears, leaves the mind to brood over the brevity of detail, as forming wounds which fester in the heart, and give a poignancy to the feelings greater than the grief consequent on a full knowledge of the calamity itself.

Godfrey, about this time, concluded his university course, and left Cambridge with every prospect of professional success. He removed to London, and rented chambers, where, for two years, he practised as a barrister, with a success quite unparalleled for one so young, and comparatively inexperienced in the profession of law. Still deeply impressed with the loss he sustained previous to "going down,"* on the termination of his studies at Cambridge, he resolved on emigrating to North America. Previous to embarking for the New World, he, however, was subjected to a loss next in extent to that announced in the letter of Squire Frimley. On embarking on board the vessel in which he had taken his passage, and examining his portmanteaus, nowhere could he find the profile of his lost Emily. In vain did he rummage amongst musty briefs, and obsolete Acts of Parliament, in search of the lost profile; and, when no remedy could be obtained (the vessel having put out to sea), or any information timously forwarded to the police authorities of the metropolis, he was compelled to relinquish the search, with the self-evident fact before his mind, that the profile was for ever lost to him, having undoubtedly been removed by illegal means. "Not only the original, but the only remaining copy irretrievably lost!" he would frequently exclaim, in his disconsolate moments, during a tedious

* A term used when parties leave college on completing the usual course of studies.

and dangerous voyage. The loss was one which his mind could only with difficulty endure. Submission, however, to one's lot, is, in certain circumstances, an act of the mind which betokens fortitude as well as wisdom; and so Godfrey felt disposed to look upon his misfortune, and did his best to bear his thoughts beyond that weak point which determines the unmanly character of the person in whose actions it may be discovered.

* * * * * *

In Broad Street, Philadelphia, Levi Hart, a rich Jew, transacted business, on a large scale, as an exchange agent, reaping goodly profits by accommodating foreigners with the current coin of America in lieu of that of other countries. He had, however, another and more suspicious calling—his house being well known to the police of Philadelphia as a receptacle for rare and valuable goods, deposited in his charge by parties of disreputable character. It happened that the attention of the authorities of the place had been directed to Hart's house, as the probable destination of certain jewellery which had been abstracted from a hotel in Philadelphia. The articles in question were the property of two ladies, travelling in company, who had only been resident in the city for about a fortnight. The officers of the law, furnished with a list and description of the stolen articles, obtained a search-warrant

and proceeded to the house of the Jew. They were met with the best grace which the Israelite could assume, and, had the pencil of an artist been employed to sketch a figure of "Innocence in a fix," no better copy could have been procured than that presented in the Jew's appearance, when laying open his treasures before the eyes of those servants of the law. They had searched, however, every conceivable corner and closet in the premises to no effect, and were about to retire, when the eye of one more vigilant than the others rested on a small bag, having a card of address attached, and lying under a writing-desk in Shylock's *sanctum sanctorum*, as he denominated his consulting-room, which led off from the counting-house. The officers having ascertained that the bag was addressed to the care of a lapidary in New York, insisted on examining its contents, a curiosity which the Jew seemed remarkably reluctant to satisfy. This shyness on the part of Shylock was, however, the officers' argument for searching the suspicious parcel, and compliance became a matter of necessity. Well, indeed, might the miserly Levi begrudge such argus eyes a sight of the precious treasure; for in that very doubtful-looking bag were deposited the missing jewels. In the bag was also a letter of invoice, particularizing the goods so enclosed, and appended to which was an item of "£3 10s. 6d., for large brooch, gold-mounted, and initialed G. D." The latter was to be forwarded when returned from repairing. The

particular description given of this brooch excited the officers to interrogate the Jew as to the party intrusted with its repair; and he, fairly deprived of his customary caution by the difficulty in which he had been placed, through what he indignantly termed an unwarrantable espionage, frankly admitted purchasing, from a notorious thief, a gold-mounted profile, which he designed converting into a brooch the better to escape detection. Levi giving such information as served the ends of justice, this other article was obtained, the thief arrested, and the rest of the jewels having been identified by their owners, were severally reserved, to be produced on the trial of a man and woman who had, meanwhile, been taken into custody, on the charge of stealing them from the hotel above referred to.

The day of trial came on, and the large court-hall of Philadelphia was crowded to suffocation—public interest having been excited by the newspapers freely complimenting the detectives for their vigilance, in tracing out so mysterious and extensive a robbery, and ultimately securing two of the most audacious thieves, the leaders of a notorious gang, who had committed numerous depredations in and around the city. The prisoners having been placed in the dock, the Clerk of Arraigns read over the indictment against them, which, in addition to the charge of breaking into the "City Restaurateur," accused them with the theft of "a brooch or profile, the property of some

person or persons to the prosecutor unknown." Various witnesses were called for the prosecution, when at length a lady entered the witness-box, and, being shown certain of the articles, deponed to their being her property. These were then placed before the judge, and afterwards the brooch described in the indictment, the rightful owner of which had not been traced. The judge hastily snatched the brooch —looked earnestly at it—his countenance became suddenly flushed—he withdrew to his room! Returning into the hall of justice, after a few minutes' absence, he conversed in a low whisper with the clerk of court, and, according to the then practice in such trials, inquired of the prisoners whether, now that part of the stolen property had been identified on the oath of the owner, they pled guilty. The panels replying in the negative, the macer of court made the customary proclamation, and the first witness in corroboration of the ownership was summoned. That witness was a lady, who, having removed the veil from her face, turned towards the bench to take the oath. Her eyes met those of the ermined functionary—she uttered a loud scream, which echoed through the olden, gloomy, and massive corridors of the court-house, and the lady was borne away from before the eyes of the astonished auditory in the arms of the prisoners' attorney!

In the interim, during which the attention of the audience had been diverted to the principal in this

unusual occurrence, the judge, unobserved, glided from the court, and entered the anteroom adjoining. The "Oyez" of the macer somewhat abruptly announced the adjournment of the cause, and the bewildered spectators withdrew, the prisoners alone being detained.

The *denouement* of this mysterious drama was speedily current throughout the city. Judge Dybal had then and there met an apparition of more than "questionable shape." It was no hallucination which usurped his mind. The fair witness, carried out of court in a fit of hysterics, was no other than Miss Emily Challis—she whom he had long mourned for as his buried love—and who, for years, had been, at all events, dead to his mind, though the much-cherished memory of her love and beauty had been deeply embalmed in his heart's most sacred and devoted worship.

The sequel of our tale is briefly told. The story of Emily's death had been the invention of her uncle, and was fabricated to extinguish the flame of virtuous love kindled in the breast of Godfrey, and so tenderly fed by the affection of the lady. Leaving Cambridge so shortly after the melancholy tidings reached him, and subsequently the shores of old England, Godfrey Dybal had not the opportunity of gratifying himself with a contradiction of the infamous plot of Squire Frimley. Emily, though made aware of the returning of her lover's letters, and the peremptory prohi-

bition of a renewal of their correspondence, was ignorant, till informed of the fact by Godfrey himself, of the heartless and unpardonable act of her testy uncle. The Squire had gone to the grave with the lie on his heart, leaving her but the comparatively poor recompense of his great worldly wealth. Emily had resolved on bearing the crucifix of disappointed yet virgin love with her to the grave, only relieving the tedium of her heart's load by frequent and prolonged travelling on the continent; while, on the other hand, the profile—next, in the estimation of Godfrey, to the possession of the reality itself—alike lost with this to the ardent lover, had passed through many ignoble hands till thus so mysteriously met with.

The meeting of the lawyer-lover with his fair client need not be further described. The scene was shortly changed from the bar to the altar of Hymen—the law submitted to the church—the judge yielded his jurisdiction to the priest—and the unanimous verdict of matrimonial union was pronounced upon Godfrey Dybal and Emily Challis! The judge thus descended to the position of special pleader, but the very act became better the dignity and benevolence of the man; for Judge Dybal, it need not be said, had more happiness in the thought of the symbolic ring of matrimony, than he had ever felt when wielding the hangman's whip, or condemning to a more unequal and revolting yoke—the noose of the grim and ghost-like gallows!

OLD LETTERS.

Old letters! old letters! what thoughts ye throw back,
To valued friends met in life's tear-watered track!
What pictures crowd round—what shadows enfold ye,
Of tales that old Time long, long ago told ye!
Of misery the memory—of mirth, too, the soul—
Your ghost who can shun, or your tongue who 'll control;
So pregnant are ye of the thoughts of the past,
Our hopes ye make buoyant, or prospects ye blast.

Old letters! old letters! though sorrow surround
The facts and the fancies with which ye are crowned,
There 's a magical spell in your hist'ry 'shrined,
And pleasant sun-flowers in your girdle are twined.
The poet and painter have each had a share
In gath'ring minds' wealth that lies slumbering there;
And lovers' hands, too, have your chronicles traced,
But love, like old letters, is oft times misplaced.

Old letters! old letters! I 'd cautiously read
The morals ye teach, for your counsel I need;
Though cold now the fingers your lines that erst drew,
Your maxims are sage as your friendship is true.
Here 's a casket of gems, enclasped with love knot,
By fairy hand sent—can first love be forgot?
Ah, never, for faithful as clings to the tree
The ivy, as firm, love, my heart cleaves to thee.

Old letters! old letters! I find with you yet
Mind-pictures of dear friends in younger years met;
Kind feelings I trace in your time-tattered folds—
So sternly the heart by an old letter holds!
In *this* was a fond father's blessing expressed—
That other informs me the hand that had blessed,
All pulseless and still, from this paper had dropped,
A tear-mark still points where the old man stopped.

Old letters! old letters! I prize you the more
That ye teem with the fruits of such sanctified lore—
Experience hath graven, in symbols of gold,
The lessons that wisdom to folly hath told.
And here is a tale that a rash youth indites,
(One well can make out why the hand falt'ring writes,)
The heart that 's betrayed is of courage forsaken—
"The soul," says the seal, "is first melted, then broken!"

Old letters! old letters! 'mid grave thoughts and gay,
Companioned with you how the hours flit away!
Though pain ye impart, there is profit I wot,
In dullest discourse from an old letter got.
The friends ye unite, by the mystical band—
The hand ever open—a heart in that hand—
Are drawn, e'en though absent, by love's sacred fetters,
To one's own heart and home by these old silent letters!

THE WAY OF THE WILL.

"People must mount by slow degrees to glory—
'T is stairs must lead us to the attic story."

THUS thought, and thus wrote, Peter Pindar, of undying memory. But we have had writers among ourselves who thought, and people, too, who have never written a line have imagined, that, because some men are born with silver spoons in their mouths and others with wooden ladles, all men are necessarily linked to the wealth or the penury they first looked upon. In many honourable instances has the idea been falsified; but we are sorry to say in as many has it, by a strong secret influence, been exerted in keeping, as the saying has it, "the nose to the grinding-stone." It is to give what little check we can to this nostrum, in its fixing or making firm the destinies of the poor, that we write on the present occasion, being convinced that, in the destiny of most men, there are means at hand, and opportunities to be laid hold of, which will act as steps in raising them to honour and influence. It is true, indeed, that, at the head of government, there are too often men who,

"Pleas'd, as old Nero, on each falling dome,
Sublimely fiddling to the flames of Rome,"

disregard the wants and interests of their charge, and thus put an embargo on the spirits and energies of those beneath them.

That every man in the enjoyment of health, or having employment for his hands, can rise superior to the early circumstances in which he was placed, we do not now say, nor far less imagine. But this we *will* say, there are many men now lagging behind in the progress of their nature and their kind who might, by a strong effort, emancipate themselves both from slavery of mind and body, and stand examples to posterity. What good has not been effected by such men as Franklin and Ferguson, Hutton and Newton, and a host of other ornaments to both literature and society? The achievements such men have made, amid the difficulties they have had to brave, have ranked their names as objects for the pen of history, and stamped their characters with an endless reputation. It is not wholly to the labour they bestowed (much as that labour was) in the acquirement of their knowledge that we have to trace the origin of their honours; but it is to the pointed perseverance which guided their research.

> "There is a *knack* in doing many a thing,
> Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring."

Perseverance, then, more than the mere drudgery of toil, can accomplish what most men wish for, and what is most honourable in all. It is natural for some minds

to look upon the worst side of a picture, and, by a certain obvious instinct, most men have looked upon their destiny as it were through a glass darkly, instead of doing, as they ought to have done on the verge of their existence, as lighted up by the sun of their prosperity, setting but to rise again with new and brighter beams on their memory. It is an old saying, that "there never was a will but there was a way," and in all our reading we have not yet discovered a contradiction to it. Wherever we have observed youthful cleverness, drawn out by ambition, we have said to ourselves, there is in that youth's constitution a spirit which cannot slumber unheard of or unseen, but which, like the small acorn, will yet sprout into the full form of a brighter being. We have not for a moment looked upon his future fortune as the result of his being born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Yet it is possible, we are free to admit, some people set out with good prospects and wishes, like a vessel with a fair wind astern, who lose the object of their ambition—

> "There may be a slip
> 'Twixt the cup and lip"—

but we again argue the want of *perseverance,* or some such impetus, as the cause.

Self-denial is another means, suitably exercised, in the elevation of the human mind. And although it is a natural concomitant of perseverance, yet we state it here because of its, at times, having a separate and

distinct existence; or, in other words, because sometimes it is found acting apart from or independent of the other. How often have we found, those of us at least who have read the memoirs of such men as Gifford and Gray, and those whom we have before noticed, that the eminence they attained to was only scaled by hours or intervals snatched from their sleep or meals, and purchased by denying themselves the use of luxuries, and at times, too, of even necessaries. A contemplation of the humble origin from which many of our most distinguished names in the arts and sciences have sprung, shows us that industry, self-denial, and perseverance, have helped them to their honours, and that without these they might have cringed into the obscurity and insignificance which at first opened before them.

The youth of a country may be said to be the bulwark on which its safety rests. And while we can point to so many valuable instances of knowledge acquired under pressing difficulties, as the page of history, even of our own country, presents, we are not afraid but by many minds the spark will be caught which, at no very remote period from its observation, will burst into a flame and illuminate the world. As a distinct party in the State, the aristocracy of Britain have never been distinguished illustrations of the truth of the saw, that "Fortune favours the brave;" but, on the contrary, among the brightest luminaries in the present or the past century, we can draw back,

in a perceptible course, the first dawnings of genius to small beginnings in poverty and obscurity. Where, but in the humbler walks of life, can we discover the distinguished astronomer, Sir William Herschell? From being a mathematical instrument maker, Watt rose to an enviable eminence as an engineer, and made such discoveries and improvements in the steam engine as have immortalised his name. That best of anatomists, and the most learned of physicians, John Hunter, at one period of his life laboured as a cabinet wright. Richard Arkwright, whose inventions have enriched the cotton lords of our country, laboured for his sustenance as a barber. Captain Cook, who, in 1767, undertook the dangerous voyage in the South Pacific Ocean, which resulted in the discovery that there was not, as long supposed, an unknown continent—which voyage has ever since given a fresh impulse to maritime discovery—was for many years a common sailor. America is indebted to Fulton, the son of one of her poor settlers, for the advantages of steam navigation. He it was who first introduced it to the attention of commercialists in the New World. Benjamin Franklin rose from being a journeyman letter-press printer to distinction in his country as a diplomatist, and, among men of letters, to no mean reputation. Instance upon instance of the results of early industry and perseverance in the humbler ranks of society might be enumerated, but to do so would only be an act of supererogation.

On those who have the charge of youth, a most important and responsible task devolves. With them is intrusted what may prove either to the advantage or disadvantage of the world; for in those minds they have to foster slumbers what may prove a weapon for its destruction, or an agent for its good. It is said, and we believe it, that the "books of children satisfy the child;" but may not a revolution be effected in the tastes of children, which will make them think and act in advance of their age, and even of their supposed capabilities. In the tutorage of children there has, till of late years, been no reformation, and even that accomplished recently—great, valuable, and worthy of praise as it is—has been far deficient of what it ought to be. Storing a child's mind, said a distinguished writer deceased, is like filling a trunk. Much care is required, and much ought to be devoted to it. A moment's glance at those books in common use in academies will convince most thinking people that there is there contained a quantity of matter unintelligible and unneeded. Better by far would it be were those who compile for the use of schools to set their minds a-thinking for the good of the rising generation, than by canvassing their own intellects for such silly jargon as amused themselves in boyhood. We might then have history, and science, and the most useful arts, made easy to the comprehension of the young; and after years would serve to mature the germ of intellect implanted in early life. By this

system of training—the attention being enlisted—a love for reading and contemplation would be imbibed by youth, and the most happy consequences would follow. For ages, the book-taste of the public has been depraved, and innovation is also requisite here. But early-formed habits and inclinations would prove highly beneficial in this matter. Opportunities for study present themselves to most young men in the present day which are but too often neglected. On the other hand, there are some whose time is so much engrossed by business as to leave but little for mental cultivation. In this class, we are proud to say, a fervent desire has manifested itself, in the struggle for the short-hour system of labour, which deserves encouragement. The length of time young men are at present required to labour is a strong inducement to them to spend the short intervals they enjoy in dissipation or idleness. Were it otherwise, after the labours of the day were ended, we might anticipate the formation of reading and debating-clubs, which might be, as they frequently have been, the means of directing, in a right and recommendable channel, the thoughts and actions of many who might live unnoticed and die unregarded. The claims which society has on the young men of our cities and towns, who have almost all of them been taught in the ordinary branches of education, are strong and striking. They are such as could not, in any previous period in the history of our country, be properly preferred. Now

that standard literature has become so cheap, and is presented in such abundance, there are but few persons in any community who can excuse themselves from the improvement, and the consequent enlargement, of the mind, which is expected to be the ultimate result. All that is now wanted, therefore, prior to a more diffused intelligence among the people, and, in every other respect, a better state of society, is the carrying out of the proposals of some such enactment as Lord Ashley's Ten-Hour Factory's Bill into the other branches of our trade and commerce. This cannot well be accomplished by anything short of a general and well-organised system of agitation, extending from land's end to land's end. The old and now almost antiquated notion, that a long day's labour brings a good remunerative profit, would speedily vanish, and capitalists, or employers of every kind, be convinced that the fact is far other than they imagined. And while masters would be better served, the employed would enjoy improved health, more happiness, and, having more time at their command, would be better instructed, and become, in verity, A FREE, HAPPY, and ENLIGHTENED PEOPLE.

ODE TO INDUSTRY.

THERE is a bravery, dyed not in the blood
Of human sacrifice, and nobler far
The arduous fight is with the boisterous flood
Of earth's unequal trials, than when War
Calls forth the fiercer passions to the field,
The grim and ghost-like edifice to build,
For empty hero-worship. They alone
Are heroes, worthy of the name, who yield
To arguments of Peace, and kneel at Reason's throne.

The triumphs that we sing are those of Art,
Achieved not by the might of arms that gleam
Thro' the lightning fury, when the feelings part
'Mid thunder of a false ambition's dream.
We sing the triumphs of all-glorious Mind,
Leagued but to aid the progress of Mankind—
To harbinger the glory to the earth
Of better times—when with the lowly hind
Shall intermix the haughty sons of loftiest birth.

All hail! millennial times! for with you come
The hopes of peaceful victory —a train,
Led not by clashing steel, nor doleful drum,
Nor deep discordant notes of high disdain;

But meek-eyed maiden virtues, light of step,
And open-hearted, that o'er the earth skip
To scatter flowers, and flowering seeds profuse,
In grateful soil, that loving lips may sip
Their sweets, distilled in brightest drops of Heaven's own dews.

There is a music, more inspiring far,
In sound of Art's machinery, whirling round,
Than in the hurried noise of victor's car
Careering o'er the blood-besprinkled ground;
And commerce fairer banners hath unfurled,
Before the wondering gaze of half the world,
Than e'er has laurelled prince to followers shown,
The news of gory game's success to herald,
The wild embattled plain of spectral Death upon.

Whilom rude man a painted savage roved
Where now the smoke-wreathed city's hum is heard;
And woman (angel of the hearth beloved)
Followed the chase—from gentler joys debarred—
To hunt wild game far o'er uncultured hills,
Or pluck red berries by meandering rills,
Till shines the sun of busy Arts around,
And Industry her cornucopia fills
With plenteous stores that spring from forth the fruitful ground.

Wild and unlettered, then, barbaric bands
Swept beauty from the smiling face of earth—
Levelling, by ruthless and untutored hands,
Creation's trophies, with a maniac mirth.

Cheerless the savage state—till giant Mind
Blessed Science taught to helpless human kind,—
Till bright Intelligence lit up the eye,
And Industry, with graceful Art combined,
To drag dull man beyond a bare necessity.

Spirit of Universal Power! extend
Thy sway, far as the wind and waters roar;
See! to thy sceptre numerous nations bend,
And, poised upright on yonder distant shore,
Thy balance of exchange so justly hung!
While mutual concord drops from every tongue!
These are thy symbols, Queen of heavenly Peace!
I hear thy anthems in the distance rung,
And bless thy joyous jubilee—when wars shall cease.

FANCY'S PILGRIMAGE AND FATE.

THE TALE OF A WANDERING MINSTREL.

Seest thou yon ocean of stupendous cliffs,
  Heaving their snowy bosoms to the sky,
Whose frozen front the hovering eagle skiffs
  With her broad wings, while passing dimly by?
* * * * * *
Ah! deeds have there been done of blackest dye.

MOORE.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
  Of hill and valley, he had viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
  Had come to him in solitude.

WORDSWORTH.

IN the south-west of the county of Aberdeen, and forming one of the group of Cairngorm mountains, the lofty Ben-mac-Dhui uprears its snow-wreathed brow to mock the wild fury of the frequently-flashing lightning, or in defiance of the boisterous revelry of the Genii of storms. To the lover of the picturesque, the worshipper of the sublimely beautiful, or the investigator of Nature's freaks, no district, perhaps, throughout the entire range of the universally wild

and mountainous scenery of the north of Scotland, is so well calculated to excite admiration in a mind sensible to the beauties imparted by such awe-striking scenes. The mountain we have referred to is somewhat literally a ladder of revelation, connecting earth to heaven, and exhibiting a flight of naturally-hewn steps, that suggest the idea of their being formed for the descent to earth of the higher intelligences of a purer sphere. The traveller will find the ascent of this mountain of mists no easy task, notwithstanding that his course is chalked out by huge granite shelves, forming a rude stair. In the grotesque protuberances, not unfrequently encountered, will the footprints of the Creator be readily recognised by the studious and observant intellect; and the grandeur exemplified in the view, stretching far wide of this colossal landmark or natural observatory, is enough to invite the fervid idealist, as well as the matter-of-fact geologist. Ben-mac-Dhui derives much of its wild grandeur and picturesque effect from being imbedded among other mountains, which rise around it like so many grim giants arrayed in battle against the elements,—

> "Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled
> The fragments of an earlier world;
> And mountains, that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land."

The awfully imposing character of this scene is diversified by the gurgling streams, clear and silver-

like, which issue here and there from rugged fissures, and tumble down from their elevated origin through ice and snow, that, mingling, present beautiful coruscations when greeted by the sunbeam. The Alpine mosses, that grow luxuriantly near the base of the mountain, afford a pleasant variety to the landscape.

In a deep and secluded glen, shut out from the glorious sunshine by the high and pendent rocks which surround it, stands an humble shieling, which, some few years ago, was occupied by Allister Gregor. The family of which Allister was the head, consisted of his wife and seven children—five sons and two daughters. The labour of the father and his three eldest sons, on a few acres of ground which they had brought into a state of cultivation, yielded the only articles of the family diet, excepting when an occasional leisure hour or two permitted one or other to indulge in piscatory pursuits, when the small specimens of the finny tribe, caught in the circumjacent streams, on such occasions were served up as a dainty dish, with which young and old were as much delighted as they could possibly have been over the most *recherché* offerings in the halls of "lord or baron gay." Allister was a man of simple but honest mind, and his children, born in this secluded nook, and shut out from social intercourse with the world, had been educated in the rude and unlettered faith of their forefathers, deeply cherishing a belief in the existence of supernatural agency, and frequently holding imaginary converse with ghosts

and brownies. The wild character of the scene in which this Highland hermitage is situated, was well calculated to conjure up in the benighted minds of a credulous youth such aerial fellowships.

Allister Gregor had, in this fairy-peopled glen, reared a happy republic of his own, of which he rejoiced in being the president; and beyond this he had no other care of a worldly character. He had imbibed the notion that his progenitors had taken a conspicuous part in the feuds of remote and troublous times, and this belief contributed no little to the growth of those ideas of self-importance which were apparent in the tales with which he entertained the few travellers directed thither, by the wish to scan the naturally romantic uplands of the locality. It was with no little pride that he traced his genealogical connexion with the last chieftain of the clan, whose warlike achievements history had recorded. In the glen of Bermaclonoich, tradition pointed out the ruins of an old fortalice, which had been occupied by this chieftain; and he must have had no little fortitude who dared to dispute or discredit Allister's chronicles of the castle of his illustrious ancestor. The hardy old Highlander would listen to no excuse from visiters when he proposed, as his universal practice was, that they should visit the ruins; and, sure enough, the remains of a building were pointed out, which displayed proof of its having been, at a former period, strongly fortified, and upheld as a place of refuge

from war's ruinous, and often unequal game. The old castle was but a miserable wreck of what it had been; but there was enough of it remaining to attach the mind of Allister to it as a relic of the importance of his family.

"The fretted roof looked dark and cold,
And tottered all around;
The carved work of ages old,
Dropped withered on the ground;
The casement's antique tracery
Was eaten by the dew;
And the night breeze, whistling mournfully,
Crept keen and coldly through."

At Bermaclonoich, Allister's family were, in the winter season, comparatively speaking, entombed in snow, and, like so many Laplanders, looked out from their ice-ribbed prison on nothing but the cold monotony of the barren waste—drifted heaps of snow closely surrounding, while "tempest o'er tempest rolled, majestic darkness!" The visit of a stranger, during winter's stern reign, was an unlooked-for and unusual occurrence in this arctic region,—the severity of the climate, and the impassable barriers of snow, rendered rigid by long-continuing frosts, preventing most people visiting this "prison of mortality," and controlling the imaginations of such as would "converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled" on the trackless mountain, or by the foaming falls of these Scottish Highlands.

One evening, in the bleak month of November, 1824, and near to the close of a month whose severity induced the idea in the mind that Winter had thus early run his long cycle of intense frost, snow, and hail-storms, and driving bitter blasts, the Gregors were seated around a huge fire of turf, burning briskly in the centre of the floor of their humble home, when they were startled by the clear-ringing noise of a bell, and the loud barking of a dog, in the immediate neighbourhood of their rustic abode.

Allister sprung to his feet, and sallied forth to the door to ascertain what might be the matter—impressed with the opinion that there were strangers in the locality, however unfavourable the season was for their visit. The dog continued barking, but still no sound of footsteps fell on his ear. At length the loud noise of the mastiff sunk into a mournful howl, and gave birth in the mind of Allister to the fear that something serious had happened, or was happening, those to whom the animal was attached. Accompanied by his eldest son, he set out in the direction whence the noise proceeded, and had only gone to a short distance when he descried the form of a human being, seated at the root of a hedge. Reaching the spot, a large Newfoundland dog, running towards them, bespoke a welcome to their aid by licking their hands, wagging his tail, and otherwise exhibiting, according to the mute signs of animal instinct, that he was well pleased with their unexpected company.

Allister saluted the man in Gaelic; but he continued seated, and was evidently unaware of their approach. Stepping nearer, the Highlanders ascertained that the stranger was so benumbed with cold that he could only, with difficulty, articulate an answer to their inquiries. They raised him from the cold stone on which he was seated, and invited him to the shelter of their humble roof. Accepting the opportune offer, with the assistance of his benefactors, Henri Mereaux entered the lowly and ill-thatched cottage of Allister Gregor. Here he was greeted by the artless and unsophisticated smile of the inmates, and invited to the best seat at the fire, whose blazing warmth shortly invigorated his gentle frame, so chilled and fatigued by the severity of the weather and long travelling.

* * * * *

Henri Mereaux was a pilgrim from the banks of the Garonne, his family inhabiting a *chateau* in the neighbourhood of Toulouse. He had been educated in the best schools of his native country, and completed his studies at the College of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Naturally endowed with a strong mind and highly sensitive tastes, with keenly perceptive faculties, which threw around the works of Nature the witchery of a fine poetic fancy, the desire uppermost in his mind was for opportunities of studying the beauties of rural and romantic scenes, which his pen delineated

with a fervent imagery, in itself exemplifying the mental strength which was brought to bear on everything his eye rested upon. Henri, as a writer of prose fiction, was not unknown to fame, and his poetry, to thousands of his countrymen, was "familiar in their mouths as household words." For his years (he had only seen some four-and-twenty summers), Henri had travelled much, and was deeply read in the ways of the world.

It was in one of these tours of fancy that the young French *voyageur* had wended his way towards this the district of the Apennines of Scotland. After luxuriating amongst the vine-groves and through the pleasant meadows of "merry England," he had crossed the Tweed to indulge his taste in gazing on the snowy cliffs of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." He had spent several weeks in sight-seeing at Edinburgh—feasting the intellect at the shrines of genius and valour, consecrated by the graphic and glowing delineation of Sir Walter Scott, in those scenes so numerously grouped in and around his "own romantic town;" and he had read, in the course of his northern pilgrimage, the history of olden times, looming around the "Fair City" of Perth, and other spots, once the residence of the royalty of our sea-girt isle. Tireless ever the wings of a lively imagination—in "beauteous lunacy"—his steps had thitherward been guided in quest of additional attractions—his only companion the faithful Newfoundland dog, whose

courage and sympathy had so remarkably conducted him to the timous deliverance, and much-prized shelter afforded by Allister Gregor.

After a plentiful though homely *repas*, on the night of his introduction to these poor cottagers, Henri related to them, in the best English of which he was capable, many a stirring tale of his adventurous wanderings; and never did the family of Allister Gregor listen with such delighted attention to traveller's story. There was so much of moving incident in all he recited, and of glowing earnestness depicted in his countenance when he spoke, that few could listen to the sweet melody of his voice without feeling interested in the history of his wanderings. Had any fashionable *belle* been transplanted from the gay city circle to the company assembled in the lowly dwelling of this Highland glen, such an one must have fallen involuntarily in love with the *personnel* of Henri Mereaux, in defiance of the unimposing character and appearance of the cottars with whom he so unaffectedly associated. Tall, and genteelly apparelled, he added to his exterior appearance an ease and happiness of disposition which at once captivated the company in which he mingled; and had these companions been of an intellectual caste, they could not have failed to perceive, by his physiognomy, the decided marks of deep and serious thoughtfulness. Lavater would at once have read, from his dark blue eyes, "in fine frenzy rolling," the existence of poetic

feeling; and on his high forehead, as on a tablet of the purest of Parian marble, he would have traced the indelible lines of reflective genius. His eyes, indeed, gleamed from beneath that high forehead, on which were parted the long flowing ringlets of his jet black hair, with a lustre which magnetized the eye that met their glance, so shining as twin stars, seen through the breeze-blown and streaming hair of Night.

In the Highland hut of Allister Gregor, the young poet spent the greater part of three days, entertaining his new acquaintances with lively descriptive pictures of many lands, and graphic stories, illustrative of human character. On the morning of the fourth day, after liberally rewarding Allister for the trouble and inconvenience to which he had been put, Henri took farewell of the family, resolved on proceeding over the mountains on foot, in the farther prosecution of his fancy-flight.

* * * * *

New-Year's morning, 1825, dawned upon the cottagers of Bermaclonoich, and Allister, in accordance with an old custom, proceeded to visit Dugald Macpherson, the companion of his youth, and to greet him with the good wishes of the season. Dugald occupied the small farm of Strathlinn, the nearest approach to which was over the mountain of Benabourd, and this

rough highway of the hills was selected as the most favourable course by Allister for the prosecution of his journey to the strath.

Amongst thickly growing brambles and heavy furze, he threaded his way till nearly the bend of the pathway, just before descending into the vale, through which flows the lovely Lochaun, as it sings onwards to join the impetuous Spey. To his horror, in this remote fastness, Allister stumbled on the corpse of a man, lying with his face to the ground, and half entombed in the snow, which had fallen heavily the night previous. On turning over the body, the dismay of the Highlander was tenfold increased when he identified the countenance of Henri Mereaux, so recently his guest. It was apparent that the young French traveller had met with a violent death, for on his throat was a deep festering wound, evidently produced by some lethal weapon! His apparel was undisturbed, and everything coincided in suggesting the belief that the poor youth, though deprived of life by foul means, had not been waylaid by any one bent on plunder. At a short distance from the body, Allister, perceiving a portfolio lying open, hastily picked it up, and, on looking at the opened leaf, he recognised (partly obliterated by spots of blood), a half-finished sketch of the scenery around. In this fact, an additional proof was afforded that Henri had fallen by the hand of the assassin. Ruminating on the sad spectacle before him, the Highlander had just turned

himself about, when his eye rested on the stiff and frozen carcass of the Newfoundland dog which had followed the young poet in his peregrinations. It was apparent that both Henri and his faithful dog had been some considerable time dead.

* * * * *

Even in this thinly-peopled locality the news of the murder spread like wild-fire, and from far and near strangers still visit the gloomy scene where the French traveller found a tomb, known as the "Poet's Cairn." Every effort was made to discover the perpetrator of the diabolical outrage; but although suspicion rested on Pere B——, who had accompanied Henri part of his last and melancholy journey, and with whom, it was reported, he had quarrelled in Edinburgh, yet no direct evidence having ever been obtained of their again meeting each other, the matter, till this day, is veiled in mystery. It had been the wish of the poet that he should be buried in whatever land death stayed his erratic footsteps, and his parents religiously acquiesced in this desire; and on that lonely mountain his bones are "canonized and hearsed in death"—a suitable sepulchre for the imaginative and wandering minstrel of the Garonne!

THE CHAPLET OF SONG.

BIND we a wreath of Summer's broad leaves
On brow of the Child of Song—
A thousand sweets he with fancy weaves
In his numbers gushing strong;
Twine the rarest flowers of sunny earth
In the garland of his fame;
Bring fruits of the mellow south wind's birth
An offering to his name.

With votive mirth let us crown him priest
Of Nature's enchanted land;
He spreads before us a sumptuous feast,
When waves he his magic-wand;
Round his altar-throne he hath paintings fair,
And a million sainted things;
His wild harp over the fragrant air
The softest of music flings.

Sweet are the notes of his silver lyre,
When attuned with lovers' sighs;
And heaven-born truths—a living fire—
From his measured accents rise;—

He courts the strain of the murmuring stream,
And laughs with the midnight blast,
As o'er the depths of his fancy's dream
Bright memoried thoughts sweep past.

Then bind his brow with the holly wreath,
Entwined with the laughing flower
Of garden gay, and the gloomy heath,
And the far-secluded bower.
He loveth the sapphire lights of eve—
The moon and the starry throng—
A spangled garment of these he 'll weave
With the golden threads of song!

PEACE—A PROSE PROLOGUE.

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND, ELIHU BURRITT.

WERE the masses educated as they ought to be—with a view to making *better*, rather than *brilliant*, minds—a degree of reason would be infused into all our dealings, whether with friends or neighbours, in social or national transactions, which would have a decided tendency to make us live at *peace* with all men,—the olive branch would supersede the sword,—the right hand of fellowship would be extended to all, irrespective of the distinctions and differences of colour or caste,—and the grand reciprocal feelings, which alone can bring happiness on the earth, would be beautifully exemplified in the acknowledgment of the humanizing truth, that "God has made of one blood *all* the nations of the earth!" Our heroes would no longer be those who wear the blood-besprinkled bays, but those who did the greatest possible amount of good for the greatest number. I live in the expectancy of these better times; and my hope is doubly winged when I find engaged in this, the cause of God, of enlightenment, and of humanity, such men as Cobden, as Burnet, as Burritt, as Sturge, and the other great

minds enlisted under the banner of social reform,—men who have long, faithfully, energetically, and, in some cases, successfully, struggled for the victory of reforms which have now become "great facts" in the land, whether by their being chronicled in the statute book of the realm, or in their numerical strength as regards agitation for their acknowledgment. I long for the day when universal brotherhood shall put down universal rivalry—when few shall seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth—when war shall be no more—and when "swords shall be beat into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks!" Men may laugh at our efforts to abolish the war system—they may laugh at the feebleness of the Peace controversy, as compared with many questions of popular agitation—they may term it a mere *dream* of good, impracticable and improbable, (for they do not deny to the agitation the compliment that it would be well if won)—the most powerful organs of the press may send the "paper pellets of the brain" against our small but united forces; but let those who oppose us remember, that

> "The smaller is its budding,
> The more its room to grow."

And grow it must; for truth, and reason, and humanity, ay, and reform, are with us. On these four points alone would I argue the cause of Universal Brotherhood.

Peace, then, is the cause of truth. Is it not true that all we are brethren,—that all the nations of the earth are of one common family,—that quarrels are at variance with the interests of commerce,—that they retard civilization, education, and refinement? Has not the war system despoiled our noblest edifices, our most valuable libraries, our grandest architecture? To overlook the catalogue of war's spoliations to be found in the pages of Sacred History, (with which most of my readers are familiar,) descending to modern times—to the enlightened nineteenth century—let them turn their eyes to Rome, to the city of the Seven Hills, the Eternal City! In that Roman Rebellion, when Republic rose to suppress Republic, what havoc was perpetrated, what inglorious deeds were enacted? Freedom blushes at the spectacle! Italia's noblest works of art demolished before the progress of the invader—works of *vertu*, prized by the Roman Fathers, and Rome itself, as their repository, venerated by Europe—all these wasted before the reckless hand uplifted by a professedly polished people! And for what?—to maintain the temporal power of a so-called spiritual king—a worm of the earth, who usurps to himself the prerogatives of God's vicar on earth! Was the struggle worth the sacrifice? If not, is it not true that war in this case, as in all others, was wrong, was unreasonable, was inhuman, and was contrary to all the acknowledged principles of reform?

But I go on to show that wars are contrary to rea-

son. Is it reasonable, let me ask of the intelligent reader, that we should fight for anything about which we ourselves have not quarrelled (even admitting, which I do not, that fighting, under any circumstances, is allowable)?—is it reasonable that we should shed our blood merely because we are bid?—shall we fight, (is it worth the trouble, not to speak of the blood-shed,) merely to extend the sway of a monarch's sceptre, or to defend a nice point of honour, by the gain in which case we shall not add but withdraw from the Exchequer?—is it reasonable, I ask, that a mere boundary line should involve us in a war? and from this England was recently but hardly saved, and all for a petty boundary line! Is it reasonable that for trifles, such as those about which civil wars are not uncommonly waged, one nation should force another to blockade and bombard?—that one nation should starve another of the necessaries of life, by the prohibition of an exchange of commodities, thus sowing the seeds of strife, which but too readily take root, and all to uphold a kingly dignity? Would it not be much more reasonable, as the song says, to

> "Let those who make the quarrels
> Be the very men to fight?"

Wars, then, are unreasonable, and contrary to the spirit of all genuine truth.

But we approach the most forcible argument of all. Wars are inhuman. They are so because of the blood

that is shed in their prosecution—because of the widows and helpless orphans they create—the human food that is wasted by their ravages—and the withdrawal of industry from its natural channels. Were it possible that the blood shed in all wars could be concentrated, from the million tributaries of conflicts originating in that of Cain with Abel, or

> "Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
> At first the bloody game begun,"

down to the last sanguinary engagement of modern times—what an ocean of blood would be presented to the view of reflecting minds! Too literally has Egypt passed through the Red Sea of war, unguided by her God! Cast the eye of the imagination over the broad page of this world's history, written with blood by pens of *steel*, and say, reader, dost thou not stand aghast at the horrid scene which it unfolds? It is no dream of a fancy fired by over-thought, but a stern reality which stains the character of our kind. Methinks I hear the groans that load the breeze sweeping over the carnage fields of an Austerlitz or a Waterloo—that I witness the upturned eye of the dying, and mark the sabre gashes of the dead! Oh! what feelings of anguish must rankle in the bosoms of the world's heroes—what spectral dreams must haunt their midnight slumbers! I would not that my midnight hours were invaded by the imprecations of a foe in mortal combat, or that my repose was inter-

rupted by visions of headless corpses, and clotted wounds, for all the wealth that was ever dug from the mines of Mexico, or all the riches of Peru or either Ind! Shakspeare was indeed right when he depicted powder as *villanous* saltpetre, and reflection of a sterling kind sanctified the line when he made his hero to repent that such mischief had been dug "from the bowels of the harmless earth." Powder and steel are, in themselves, useful auxiliaries to man's industry —they are in their real places of incalculable value— but rather than have seen such essentials to commerce so perverted from their primary purposes as to be employed in the slaughter of our fellow-men, I could almost wish that the earth had for ever retained these treasures, and would have remained content to see the soil turned by the wooden ploughshare, and the adamantine rock broken by elemental agency alone. But iron and powder are useful—intrinsically so—and the perversion of what is good into evil is no excuse for arguing that the discovery was injurious; but rather let us apply them to their ostensible purposes, and to these alone—let us preach peace in the ears of all men, and desist from the iniquitous tragedy in which the nations have from time immemorial been engaged. Is it not the case, as I have said, that wars are inhuman, unreasonable, and contrary to the principles of Eternal truth?

My last remarks in favour of Peace form what may be termed a pocket argument. War is contrary to

all the principles entertained by genuine reformers. To retrograde is not necessarily to stifle reform. There is a retreat *from* which is sometimes equally commendable with a march *to*. To this countermarch belong many of the reforms in which the public voice is, at the present time, giving utterance to the watchword of "Union." When we consider the wealth that has been uselessly wasted in the maintenance of civil wars, even by Britain, from the time when it was first peopled by the Gauls up till the present epoch in our history as a nation, not to speak of that drawn from the exchequers of foreign states, will any thorough-going reformer vindicate the outlay? For what do most of the taxes under which the people of these kingdoms groan require to be levied? Is it not for the upholding of a standing army and navy (thus preparing for war in periods of peace), or for the payment of the interest of loans called for by the civil wars in which, as a nation, we have engaged? Even in the present year—the year of Labour's Jubilee, and one of unprecedented peace—nearly two hundred thousand pounds of an increase on last year has been voted by Parliament for the maintenance of the naval department alone! so that what was, in 1741, spoken by Lord Limerick, to a certain extent still holds good. "We have been," said Lord Limerick, "so far from seeing any part of our taxes remitted, that we have been loaded with more rigorous exactions to support the expenses of peace, than were found necessary to

defray the charges of a war, against those whose opulence and power had incited them to aspire to the dominion of the world." This (spoken in the House of Commons upwards of a century ago) may be taken as a tolerably fair estimate of the policy pursued by the Government of the present day; and, were it not that the popular outcry for financial retrenchment has grown too strong to resist with safety, and that there are parties overlooking, in their places in Parliament, the public accounts tendered as estimates by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we might rest assured of heavier burdens for the support of war, or rather in preparation for it, proceeding from the Treasury.

I have now attempted to show that war is not only against the principles of truth, but that it is unreasonable, inhuman, and expensive; and I would entreat of all financial reformers—of all in whose breasts flows the milk of human kindness—of all who reverence truth as the first-born of heaven—and of all who value peace, and would banish war from the earth, to join in a League of Universal Brotherhood. Let us show to our monarchs that we detest quarrels, and, by international communion, convince the kindreds of the earth that we would be kind—that we would court fellowship, and "hang the trumpet in the hall, and study war no more!" How then would the white sails of commerce glisten in the glorious sunbeams, the weaver's shuttle join in chorus the song of his contentment, and the sledge-hammer of the smith be uplifted

only to forge implements of peace, which would contribute, in happy reality, in forming an Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, far more effectual, far more practicable, and, in the end, far more economical, than that of the ever-memorable '51! Let Peace, then, be our motto; and the bond by which we unite will bring its blessings in abundance from the God of Heaven. Benign Peace! what wealth is in thy train! what splendour in thy future!—universally received, what a history of love ye reflect back on the past—what holy hopes ye throw forward on the future! To Peace, I would exultingly exclaim with the poet Campbell, to the rainbow—

"Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth, delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang;
For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds the span,
Nor lets the type grow grey with age
That first spoke peace to man!"

WINGED WORDS.

AMONGST the most astonishing of modern discoveries, the Electric Telegraph, perhaps, stands pre-eminent. On first witnessing its exploits, and contemplating the velocity of its communications, the author involuntarily and audibly ejaculated, "Words on wings!" Viewing electricity and the steam-engine as powerful auxiliaries in the cause of Peace and Progress, he, the same evening, composed the accompanying song of his sentiments.

FLEETLY fly the winged words
  On lines of stretching wire—
Swifter than the swiftest birds,
  These running thoughts of fire!
Over cloud-encircled towers—
  Deep in the dingy dells—
Dreams and deeds of distant powers
  The passing moment tells!

Mark the lightning-pointed pen!
  Clearly, deeply tracing—
Hasting on the era when,
  Brotherhoods embracing,
Wars and quarrels all unknown,
  The mind shall conquer swords;
When intellect and worth alone
  Shall mark out Nature's lords.

The Pen—the Press—the Public Good!
The standing toasts shall be;
Unfettered mind—untaxed food—
Are waiting for the free!
Peace and plenty—right and might—
Hail the happier times;
Justice by the judge will sit,
And fewer be our crimes!

Why shed old father Adam's blood,
That runs through all our veins?
Why drown earth with a second flood,
That deeper, darker stains?
Then, brothers, lend the helping hand—
Cast jealousy aside;
Come, join the noble, peaceful band,
To stem the crimson tide!

THE MEMORY OF MUSIC.

I have wandered afar 'neath stranger skies,
And have revelled amid their flowers;
I have lived in the light of Italian eyes,
And dreamed in Italian bowers;
While the wondrous strains of their sunny clime
Have been trilled to enchant mine ears;
But, oh! how I longed for the song and the time
When my heart could respond with its tears.

BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONG.

A LOVE of country is universal, and, perhaps, properly so. The remembrances of youthful scenes are the foreshadows of the traveller's footsteps, wherever he may wander, or however he may be circumstanced. No distance can dim the recollection of the sunny spots of his native vale—no society, however interesting, can seduce his heart's affection to forego the strong and unwavering attachment implanted in his memory for the mountain of mists on which he first roved, or induce him to relinquish the reminiscences surrounding the "village and the village church,"

where his infantile dreams were first woven, and where the artless strains of sanctified psaltery first greeted his ear. In a peculiar manner the songs of a country are interpolated with the memories of the traveller's home, and elicit from the wanderer the smile of grateful pleasure, or draw from the fountain of his heart its holiest sacrifice, "the big spontaneous tear." It is related in the history of Napoleon's campaigns—Napoleon, who "shook the Alps by the thunder of his artillery," and whose insatiable love of power is written down in the submission of monarchs, who

> "Before him fell, in woful plight;
> Confounded fell, and made debasing signs
> To catch his eye,"—

of this great military tactician, but little man, it is recorded, that he was forced to grant his imperial edict against the bands performing the airs of Switzerland, to prevent the Swiss who had joined his army from forsaking him under the most trying circumstances. So strong was the effect produced by the music of their fatherland on the minds of the Switzers, that large numbers deserted the ranks, and betook themselves to their Alpine home, on hearing the inspiriting strains so deeply mingled with their sympathies.

The Yankee boasts of his "star-spangled banner"—John Bull of his sunny vales and pleasant groves, while

he lilts "The good old English gentleman"—the Italian exults in picturing the beauty of bowers,

"Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,"

and gives their language to the strings of his light guitar—the native of France luxuriates in day-dreams of the glories of his spicy vines, and triumphantly hums the Marseillaise. The natives of no other country, however, in all probability, evince so sensitive an attachment to home, and home associations, as the hardy Highlander. The "stern Scottish Highlands," by their language, history, music, and songs, are deeply rivetted to the memory. A Gaelic melody, or the wild notes of the bagpipes, will awaken in the mind of the Celt, exiled from his heathery home, the most intense and rapturous delights.

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood—
Land of the mountain and the flood—
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

Some years ago, opposite the custom-house, on the quay of Greenock, (yclept "the Queen of Clyde,") a sorrowful band might have been witnessed taking affectionate farewell of a youth attired in "hodden-grey," and over whose bosom was loosely thrown the

tartan plaid indicating the clanship of the emigrant. The party, by their dialect and dress, were evidently from the north Highlands. The last words of parting spoken, the youth, entering a pilot boat, was ferried to a vessel "lying out" in the Frith, and thus were separated, to all appearance for ever, the heart-sick exile and all he held dear on earth—lover and loving friends. The vessel was bound for America, and Roderick Kennedy embarked for the Land of Liberty in the hope of pushing his fortune, having foregone the idea of success in the home of his kindred. Roderick was not, however, friendless in the New World, having, at Quebec, an uncle by his mother's side comfortably situated, or, more simply expressed, well-to-do in the world. It was the intention of the young Celt to enter the service of his rich relative; and thus, buoyed up by good prospects, after experiencing the pangs incidental to separation, he set sail with a comparatively light heart, and as heavy a purse as the straitened lot to which his parents had introduced him would permit. Somewhat land-locked, however, we suffer ourselves to "live at home at ease," leaving Roderick to pursue his path over the Atlantic waves, and feast his imagination with the eloquent discourse of billow and breeze, and the freaks of the dolphin, as, disporting, it "bared its back of gold" to reflect back the radiance of the sea-cradled sunset.

In the beginning of the autumn of 1849, during the sojourn of royalty at the castle of Balmoral and

among the lofty and heath-clad scenery of Braemar, professional pursuits attracted the author, in common with brother *quid nuncs* of the press, to the sublimely-majestic and song-celebrated scenery situated in the counties of Perth and Aberdeen. Partly for convenience, but as much actuated by the desire of a *reunion* with a few choice spirits, we selected for the return route the great turnpike connecting Dundee with Perth, and extending through the Carse of Gowrie—a lonely, comparatively unfrequented, and thinly populated, yet now tolerably fertile, strath. Dismounting for refreshment, at a somewhat late hour in the evening for the silent locality, our party resolved on bargaining for the simple fare which experience had taught us to expect, we entered a secluded and unpretending wayside hostelry, which was shut out, alike from sunshine and observation, by the foliage of beech trees. The light in the window is welcomed, however, by the wanderer, in his wearisome way, as the prophet of plenty for present wants; and the flickering rays of an oil lamp, dimly seen through the umbrageous shade which Nature had erected around this hotel of a Highland hamlet, invited our attention, and preached hope to the eye that we were nearing the habitations of living men, where a growing appetite might satisfy itself on homely diet. Entering the domicile with little or no formality, and assuming as much of rusticity in our gait and address as we could master, our party was

soon comfortably ensconced beside the blazing ingle, and familiarly chatting with Boniface and his boon companion—an old but cheerful-looking Highlander, whose birthday dated somewhere, as we could easily perceive, within the cycle of the last century. Finding the conversational powers of our octogenarian friend to be rather active, or, more properly speaking, approaching to loquacity, and his memory well charged with the stirring stories of his youth, we entered, *con amore*, into his plan (as he termed it) to entertain strangers and beguile time. We had not, however, remained long enough to see the end of the thread of his discourse on Jacobitism, and the troubles of the Stuarts, to which tradition more than fellowship or experience had helped him, when bang went the door, with a force which caused no mean quantity of crockery ware to leap from a side-board and rattle along the earthen floor *sans ceremonie*, and, untamed as any newly-harnessed Shetland pony could well be, in rushed a red-haired youngster, breechless and bonnetless. Unsuspecting our presence, or blinded to this by the enthusiasm with which the importance of his mission had invested and almost overpowered him, he stuttered forth, in a voice of stentorian compass,

"Come hame, faither! come hame! Rodey's come't back again!"

"The boy 's claverin'," responded the old man; and, seizing his crutch, he made for the door with the light step of boyhood, which seemed to have returned to him.

"Gae bring the boy doon wi' ye, Tonald, to crack a wee time wi' their honours," bawled the landlord after the veteran, with that cunning look which seemed to say, "a new attraction fills the pewter."

We waited but shortly till Donald returned, his eye lighted as if it had caught the radiance of a falling star (to borrow a figure of popular belief). An almost uncontrollable vivacity beamed from the old man's countenance, as he introduced to us Roderick, his son, who (he said) "had gaen roun' the warl, an' come't back again tae the ponny Carse o' Gowrie." All at once we led the youth on to a recital of the facts of his outset in life, as before related, and of his adventures in fortune-hunting. We easily learnt that he had not found America quite the El Dorado of his imagination. He, however, might have attained to comparative competency, through the tuition and care of his uncle, but for a very simple accident—the intoxication of home affection. He had imbibed too keenly the draught of nationality, poured into his heart in the dulcet and ever-powerful quavers of an old song, heard by him in the cottage of a backwoodsman. The lad's description of the workings of his heart was truly graphic and touching. The song was of his own country and of his own fireside. It was "The lass o' Gowrie," and the language of the minstrel went deep into his soul as "household words." We drew from the youth that he, too, had his home love—no doubt to him "the brawest lass in Gowrie!" His eye seemed

to say, to such callous souls as had never been touched by "the lowe of love"—

"Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

When time has past, and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!"

So powerful is melody when wedded with national feelings. Roderick fully determined within himself again to seek his "ain countrie;" and thus sent backward by the few snatches of an old song, overheard by him in a strange land, "the memory of music" introduces him to the author, and—to you, gentle Reader!

LOVE'S REMEMBRANCES.

LOVE'S tendrils, warped the heart-strings o'er,
No rivalry can break,
For words, and looks, though simply framed,
Affection's cords will wake
To music's sympathetic swell,
In soft and silvery tone:
The heart's Æolian harp will thrill
When those we love are gone.

One's earliest love the longest flings
Its balm o'er mem'ry's fields,
As floweret that the Spring first brings
The bud of promise yields.
Flower of the heart! my early love!
The sweetest and the best!
I mourn thy exodus, sweet dove—
Return thou to my breast!

An ark of safety in that breast
Thy wand'ring wing will find,
Deep grief, that longs to be confest,
Becloudeth else my mind.

Love trembles oft upon the tongue,
  Or preacheth from the eye,
When, all unspoken and unsung,
  Sweet bird of hope, thou 'lt fly!

I met her whom my heart had loved
  In sunnier hours than now—
That maiden with the full bright eyes,
  And high o'erarched brow;
We met when many months had fled—
  They seemed as many years—
My soul a pensive feeling caught,
  Too deep for feeling's tears.

We spoke not—but I mutely read
  Love's logic in her look,
More eloquent than tongue e'er spake,
  Or scribe transferred to book;
And fleetly o'er my mem'ry stole
  Each long-remembered thought;
Ah! never to my mind, methinks,
  Such burning words were brought!

CAMBRIDGE AND CANTABS.

As first in rank, the first in talent too.
BYRON.

WITH the chronicles of Cambridge much that is interesting of the past is associated. The spirit of genius seems to hover around this city of colleges. Who that has read the biographies of the illustrious dead, can fail to dwell with pleasurable feelings on the mention of its very name? Suggestive of veneration for the memories of the great and good of other years, the olden halls of Granta throw around the mind of the visiter to the time-honoured University the halo of a half inspiration; and, as he saunters amongst the sainted colleges, chapels, and cathedrals, viewing their gorgeous architecture, and ruminating on the lapse of time, the memory glows with ecstatic joy, not unmingled with regret—a joy springing from deep-rooted regard for the writings and achievements of the favourites of fame and fortune, who, in *propria persona*, left their footprints in the history of these same paths and grottos—a regret, incited by the unfortunate and sudden exit of not a few of the "studious sons of Alma Mater," cut off in the very zenith of their glory. The spirits of poetry, of painting, of sculpture,

of oratory, and of history, seem to hover, with a perennial fragrance, in the shades of those winding pathways, and read, from amid the gloomy and meditative aisles of college and chapel, the more prominent and highly-venerated incidents of their past history, which

> "Points them out to men—
> A lecture silent, but of sovereign power."

To revert to facts, instead of indulging fancy, however, we would introduce the reader to a bird's-eye view of Cambridge and Cantabs, as they really exist. The aspect in which the University of Cambridge is viewed, by Scotch minds generally, and, indeed, by most people who have not visited the town, is entirely different from the reality. Commonly compared with our Scottish Universities, that of Cambridge is only regarded as a more ancient institution of aristocratic pretensions, instead of a group of colleges, having each a separate foundation, and incorporated by royal charter, under a syndicate invested with extensive powers, and having at its disposal immense funds, and numerous rich and honourable preferments.

Cambridge is the chief town of the county which bears its name. The population of the borough is estimated to be about 20,000, which number is increased, during terms, to nearly 25,000. Barnwell, however, (closely connected with it, and united in Parliamentary phraseology,) with near to 10,000 inhabitants, is only separated from Cambridge by a large

common, known as Christ's Piece—a name derived from Christ College, behind which, and Emmanuel College, the ground stretches for a considerable distance. Being easily maintained in excellent order (the taste and tendency of the English mind having less of vandalism about it than the Scotch), this common, besides affording pleasant walks to the townsmen, is well adapted, and frequently used by Sophs and Freshmen for cricket matches—a pastime to which the gownsmen are much attached, when leisure from study permits. Speaking of the sporting tastes of the undergraduates, it may be noticed that boat-racing on the Cam is, at certain seasons of the year, spiritedly indulged in, when a keen rivalry for the victory is apparent amongst the friends of students in the respective colleges. Once a year—when the silver sculls are contended for—there is a grand procession of boats on the river, the banks of the Cam being lined by the youth and beauty of the town.

The various colleges—fourteen in number—are buildings of exquisite architecture, glorious edifices, combining the Gothic, Runic, and Corinthian styles. Amongst the most magnificent of these is King's College, the chapel attached to which is truly superb, exhibiting numerous and finely carved minarets, and Gothic windows, which display, in excellent manner, the perfection to which the art of glass-staining has attained. In the same building is a large and finely-toned organ, than which, perhaps, there is not a bet-

ter in any of the cathedral churches of England. Adjoining King's College stands the Senate House, where the University honours are conferred, and within whose spacious hall is annually witnessed a scene of the most animating description. Degree day is pregnant with anxiety to many a student, and this may be easily read in the countenance "all sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Not a few of the most persevering, through deep and unremitting study, have undermined vigorous constitutions, and shrunk before the trial.

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes,
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises;"

and surely such sacrifice is entitled to the noblest of rewards.

The internal government of the University is after a somewhat strict fashion, few liberties being given to the student who "has his rooms" in college. After ten o'clock in the evening, no gownsman, under the fear of ban or rustication, dare be seen promenading the streets, or be without the gates of his college. After dark, and till past the hour of closing the college gates, the proctor,* arrayed in gown, cap, and

* The proctor is a University official, who is well paid for his trouble. He is in holy orders. In his street rambles he is followed by two assistants, termed "bull-dogs" by the students.

bands, patrols the streets, to overwatch the undergraduates, and prevent their associating with lewd women. Of these unfortunates the streets are generally entirely clear, through the vigilance of the proctors, as, should any one adventure from her rendezvous into the thoroughfares of Cambridge, she is kept in a perpetual tremor, dreading lest the University authorities should overtake her. If this happen, she is doomed to be immured in the spinning-house,* for, in all probability, a period of two or three months. The author has known highly respectable young ladies borne off to this receptacle, through the over-zeal of the proctor—a circumstance which may afford good proof of the strict surveillance, and great powers vested in the dignitaries of this old university town. The charter by which such power was conferred on the University, dates so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

If the rules affecting students living in college are strict and imperative, the undergraduate in residence, or living privately, is not, however, free from such jurisdiction. Previous to any householder receiving gownsmen into his house as lodgers, he must have obtained a license from the University, and binds himself to deliver to the porter of the college to which such students belongs, by nine o'clock every morning, a schedule, stating *when*, and *how*, (early or late, drunk

* A place of confinement for such characters.

or sober,) such lodger retired to his rooms for the night. The proctor has power to enter these premises and thus satisfy himself, should he suspect that a student keeps irregular hours. However,

> "'Tis morn: from these I turn my sight;
> What scene is this which meets the eye?
> A numerous crowd, arrayed in white,
> Across the green in numbers fly."

Early rising is practically lectured on by the injunctions laid on the student, that he should attend chapel at least four days a-week. The morning services commence at six o'clock—those of the afternoon, in most colleges, at five. The black silk gown usually worn is, on these occasions, substituted by a surplice. Such robes, when seen through the darkness of winter, as the graduate plods onward to his devotions, are well calculated to excite wonder in the mind that contemplates the spirit-like appearance for the first time. But, let me ask with Byron, when passing through his curriculum in Trinity College—

> "What sounds are these I hear?
> The organ's soft celestial swell,
> Rolls deeply on the listening ear."

In the mind of the plain Presbyterian, such an agency in church music might excite wonder; but no one, we feel convinced, who has considered the question touching the introduction of this instrument into the

services of the sanctuary, can decline making the admission that, when listening to the deep-toned auxiliary worship of the organ, the feelings of his heart are softened and refined, and the soul inspired with the fulness of an almost seraphic adoration, to Him whom the sweet singer of Israel approvedly praised with pipe and timbrel.

Besides attending chapel and the various classes, as specified, it is imperatively required, by the statutes of the University, that the student dine in the hall of his college, in like manner, four times each week. He, however, finds this no grievous task, but the reverse; as, though faring sumptuously every day, he perceives it to be a matter of no small economy to obey this injunction. Indeed, so reasonable are the fees for attendance and residence in college at Cambridge, that we question much whether a respectable party is not considerably a gainer over the townsman in lodgings, by being provided for according to the stipulations of the syndicate, and within the gates. Attached to each college is an extensive kitchen, in which numerous cooks and assistants are employed; and, on Saints' days, ocular demonstration is given of the experience of these purveyors in administering the creature comforts. The genius of the illustrious Soyer would, in such places, be somewhat jealous of his laurels!

Amongst the masters, professors, and fellows of the University at the present day, are to be found not a few of the brightest minds, in the various walks of

literature—men made eminent by the knowledge and genius which possesses them—living lessons of the blessings of persevering study. In the undergraduate ranks, too, are many original and deep thinkers, wasting not irrecoverable time in sports and pastimes, or in the more objectionable and still less profitable company of the gay daughters of Barnwell—plodding youths, wearing out brains, it may be, over the midnight-oil, but reaping a nobler reward in their loneliness than less thoughtful acquaintances, who feast on the fascinations of their frail sisters in sin, sorrow, and sensuality—poor, penniless profligates of the town, "of easy virtue" and unwomanly spirit.

Many of the most pithy articles appearing in the London monthlies—not a few of the most touching tales and learned disquisitions of our popular periodical literature—proceed from pens that scratch through the livelong night, directed by the *rich* minds of *poor* students! There is, within the walls of some of these ancient colleges, a combination of great talents, nearly allied to poverty through improvidence—splendid misery! We have ourselves, more than once, been solicited to pay the postage of a letter to a near noble relative, whose writings have a world-wide reputation, by one who craved the assistance which, but for that want of business regularity peculiar to literary men, need not have been required. And the writer of these letters, too, possessed the finest talents—had written much and reasoned effectively through the

pages of the magazines—this poor skin-and-bone, opium-eating, threadbare man of letters—this skeleton automaton on which a giant intellect performed!—this dark puzzle of sublime intricacy and wonderment, held together by palsied bones and visible sinuosities!

We have drawn no exaggerated picture; for the intercourse of most Cantabs introduces them to similar instances of melancholy and maddened genius, struggling with the misfortunes and inconstancies of a world in which it lives, while, in the frenzy of heated fancy, it looks coldly down on "this dim spot which men call earth"—bound by the iron grasp of necessity, yet soaring aloft in the greatness of imagination—blazing during the brevity of a miserable life, to which its own dreams had bound it, and seeming, in its premature disappearance from this terrene ball,

> "Like some fierce comet of tremendous size,
> To which the stars did homage as it passed."

The chronicles of Cambridge teem with gorgeous interest, whether we consider, in an archaiological taste, the numerous outward manifestations of its greatness, or waft the mind back, on the wings of its own memory, to a review of the history of great genius embalmed in the archives of past time—men who wedded immortal verse to the most exalted "music, sleeping in the strings" of the lyre from which truth struck the key-note—minds which, living in advance of society, thought for time coming, and wrote

the lesson for times as then in embryo as with living light—poets, long since removed and turned to dust, yet living in their works, and conversing with active men by the pathos of a measured eloquence, which resounds along the corridors of time—statesmen who, in their day, by the power and foresight, strong judgment and natural wit, which characterised their career, excited the wonder of the world, and who, when the will directed, commanded "the applause of listening senates," or made opposing powers to quiver beneath the lash of bitter invective and potency of argument —sculptors, whose chisels wrote, in indelible statuary, the history which affectionate gratitude "would not willingly let die"—and the painter, whose pencil portrayed, by that easy faithfulness which marks the observant mind, what of the past was worthy to be preserved! Genius of every cast—intellect variously directed—power exemplified in a diversity of taste and character—all these mingling in the memories of Cambridge, consecrate its halls, and throw a radiance round the studies of aspiring Freshmen, which prompts to "the long majestic march, and energy divine," that alone leads to success and to honour.

LINES TO THE CAM.

SWEET stream! while slow meandering round,
'Mid noblest halls and chapels hoary,
Thou kissest Granta's sacred ground,
And bear'st along her classic story;
Oh! whisper to my grateful ear,
Of those—the great illustrious dead—
Whose shades, I know, are hov'ring near,
In numerous train, by Genius led.

Methinks, beneath those osiers old,
That weep far o'er thy beauteous breast,
As back ye shed the sunset's gold,
These sainted spirits court thy rest;
Yet oft re-echoing music's swell,
Bright flowing with angelic numbers—
The organ's peal—the sounding shell—
Must break upon their softest slumbers.

Mark how the bold historic Muse
Leads onward, through the dimness vast,
O'er gems of thought and sweets profuse,
The sons of song of ages past;

And list the wild harp's melting notes,
  By wayward Byron's genius strung,
While far o'er silv'ry Isis floats
  The freshened thoughts by Wordsworth flung.

At radiant morn, or star-girt eve,
  Where'er I roam those spirits start,
The dear delights their hist'ries leave
  Deep written in the throbbing heart.
The curtains of the past back rolled,
  At Fancy's wild and bold command;
Thy groves, sweet Cam! the statues hold,
  That stud the mem'ry's dreamy land!

THE HEART-BROKEN.

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND, A. M'KAY, AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF KILMARNOCK."

Virtue alone has majesty in death,
And greater still the more the tyrant frowns.
YOUNG.

Oh! wilt thou come at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind;
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my wo?
CAMPBELL.

THE workings of the human heart form a dark enigma—vast, sublime, and sacred. No pen is pointed enough to trace its operations of deep feeling and intense devotion—no imagination is strong enough to reach its boundaries. Let the heart of man be for once settled in worship on any object which may meet his eye or strike the imagination, and he defies all other extraneous power to quench the flame of zeal and attachment kindled in his bosom. Gentler as woman is deemed, however, in her nature, she is probably man's master in determinate adherence to the object of her most virtuous regard. We would not incur the displeasure of the sex by leaving it to be inferred that woman is viewed by us as obstinate

in her tastes in other than recommendable channels. Man's ministering angel is alike his guardian and director; and refusal, in most cases, to yield to the dictates of her better argument, proves not the superiority, but the weakness of his nature, and, as its inevitable sequence, leads to dishonour and unprofitable disputation in circles where refinement and cheerfulness ought to bear the supremacy. Through what cheerless misfortunes and trying calamities will not woman, as lover or wife, follow the object of her attachment? The burning desert will not subdue her spirit, or cause her to relinquish her mission of adventure and danger in company with him to whose interest she has forsworn her faith—the cold temperature and barren wastes of a northern clime will not unsettle that fidelity; for the fountain of her heart's feelings, warmed and enlightened by the cheering rays of hope and love, freezes not in disappointment, nor stagnates beneath the influences produced by hairbreadth escapes, as, wherever rests the wearied limbs, or, even pressed and pursued, wherever roams the beloved of her bosom, she finds, comparatively speaking,

> "——— A high and holy place, a spot
> Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
> Where happiness, descending, sits and smiles."

In how many cases has not woman proved her heroism! By her countenance, not a few of our best

victories have been achieved, and her smile of approval has honourably cheered on to duty and renown the fainting hearts of the most illustrious names which history cherishes. Thus much for the heroism of woman's heart: let us attempt to delineate its tenderness and devotion.

Love is not often induced by art, but glides into the heart when least looked for, just as it may happen to be affected by the magnetic influences which surround the circumstances or lot in which its devotee may, for the time being, be situated. Hence the constancy which solders the marriage ring, and the honourable feeling which expels unwarrantable jealousy. Well, indeed, is it for domestic life, that Shakspeare's hero is not a common character, for from many a bitter "Tempest" we are saved because his confession is not too generally descriptive of our situations, when he says,

> "Full many a lady
> I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
> The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
> Brought my too diligent ear."

Intrusive and inconstant wretch! we think the fair reader is exclaiming. However, to our tale.

Suppose we select Kilmarnock as the scene of our present story, what matters it?—have not broken hearts their sanctuary upon widely-scattered sepulchres; and may not the picture we are about to frame

hang appropriately in many localities? Or, suppose we traversed the well-thumbed pages of our parish register for names and dates, might we not hit upon one, or both, perhaps, within the recollection, and suited to the powers of recognition, of not a few over-imaginative readers. Neither names, dates, nor a locality are necessary for our present purpose; but the reader may as well know that we write a tale of our own town and our own times.

Margaret C——, in the history of her heart, which she has bequeathed to those associates of her younger years when sprightliness of disposition and joyousness of spirits endeared her society, has left a legacy richer by far than aught which legendary lore can furnish. The only daughter of doting parents, she was loved and looked up to in the home circle; but of beauty, which irradiates outwardly, and fails not to attract, she possessed no mean share; and this, added to what is more enduring, (for beauty is but skin-deep,) an amiable and refined temper, drew around her many admirers. She had not a few eligible offers, from suitors whose promises might have superinduced the belief that, if wisely directed, her conjugal career was destined to be felicitous. There was, however, (as there must, in love transactions at least, necessarily be,) one who could confidently congratulate himself that he had secured the greater share of her heart's esteem. The fortunate aspirant to her hand and heart was Michael Kerr, a native of the Sister Isle, but

naturalised, by length of residence and other assimilating tendencies, to the soil of the "Land of Cakes."

Probably our notions may partake too much of cosmopolitan liberality to please the taste of our countrymen, but they will not suffer by the acknowledgment, that we know not of any disparaging ingredient which circulates in other region than the heart. When the heart occupies its proper place, and the taste is not vitiated by "evil communications which corrupt good manners," we profess that neither the colour, clime, nor creed, into which Nature baptizes her children, has any control over our regards. We would rather fraternize with the sentiment of poor, unhappy, yet heaven-gifted Tom Hood, when his big heart suggested the line,

"All men and creeds I view with toleration thorough,"

than we would be narrowed up in the cold stoicism of bigotry, which is for ever erecting for itself a worship of indiscriminate nationality, and pleasing itself with the gewgaws of a blind partisanship. To our vision, the red blood permeating a black skin is the same with that which sealed our Magna Charta—nor richer nor redder; to our mind, every man's creed, not upheld by, or displayed in, *outre* or inhuman practices, is worthy of respect. The reader will perceive for himself the analogy subsisting in our remarks to the incidents that may come before him.

Michael Kerr, an Irishman by birth (as we have said), successfully, to some extent, wooed our heroine. They had their meeting spots, and their appointed evenings, when and where indulging the fond wish, which is parent to such thoughts, they talked over the after-pleasures of honourable wedlock, and hesitated not to arrange preliminaries for a respectful appearance at Hymen's altar.

Margaret was too prudent to give her lover occasion for jealousy by favouring the advances of those numerous would-be rivals who, he well knew, watched their movements; and he, on the other hand, was endowed with so much confidence and common sense as constrained his behaviour towards his betrothed, betraying, in not the slightest degree, the appearance of suspicion or distrust, had ideas akin to such ever entered his mind.

Sufficient probationary correspondence, mapped out by custom, as our fair readers know, in love's geographical boundaries, and terminating in the United States of the *New* World of matrimony—a reasonable time had elapsed, from the opening acquaintance of the lovers with each other, to permit of each obtaining that tolerably accurate knowledge of the temper, taste, and character, which ought, above every other (even pecuniary) consideration, to be obtained, in anticipation of Hymen's willing captivity. They had marked the rise and progress of the divine flame, and gratified each other with the blush-creating develop-

ment of love, in the acknowledgment, respectively, of the "soft impeachment;" in short, Margaret had come to see that Michael was "just the sort of man" to make her life happy, and he, reciprocating her feelings, was equally content with his choice of a partner for life.

To their own minds, one day in the "leafy month of June" was, of all days in the calendar, the most big with fate—the most pregnant of interest, and, no doubt, of anxiety. That bright day, in prospective—the 24th of June—had been fixed on to terminate the bachelorhood of Michael, and to witness the act of holy benediction and prayer which would consummate his union with Margaret C——.

As yet, however, (in the season of "sun and showers," April,) the parents of Margaret had not been solicited to sanction the approaching union. Still, of this neither had seen cause suggestive of fear or trouble to the mind, but conformably to etiquette in such cases, and, no doubt, with something of emotion and trembling in mind and manner, Michael essayed to "pop the question" to the parents of his intended spouse.

His hopes of victory, however, buoyant as they had been, were doomed to be blasted. Suited, in every other respect to family recognition, as Michael was admitted to be by Margaret's parents, one—and only one—insuperable barrier to their union had been reared. Michael was a Catholic. Born of Catholic

parents—in a country where Catholicism is the religion of the major part of the people—it was his misfortune (tolerant reader! was it?) to have imbibed the religious faith of his forefathers. Margaret's mother fretted—her father debarred and denounced. The anathema of eternal separation was pronounced—not, indeed, by bell, book, and candle, but by scarcely less significant means; for, with an aching and heavy heart, Michael was cruelly conducted to the door!

* * * * * *

Grief settled down deeply and perceptibly in the heart of Margaret; and, forbidden the privilege of all communication with the object of her regards, refusing consolation, she immured herself by her father's fireside—"herself her sepulchre, a moving grave"—till, poignantly feeling the pressure of that act which bereft her soul of its only earthly solace, the rapid advances of consumption laid her upon that couch from whence it was not ever again her fortune to sally forth.

* * * * * *

The 24th of June glided sweetly away, and its cheerful sunshine carried, as wont was, the long shadows, which coming twilight brings, downwards

behind the hoary and snow-capped cliffs of Goatfell, where many summer sunbeams had settled before. Bright, however, as were the beams of Sol on that pleasantest of June's flowery days, they lighted not the lonely meditations, nor removed the misgivings of the heart-broken Margaret, for she well knew that the same sunny smiles were dancing over the grave she was soon to occupy.

Scarcely had another month slipped from the fingers of present time into the dark waters of the past till these premonitions were realised; for, in a quiet nook where the moonbeams flicker and the mournful thoughts of bereaved minds congregate in the noon of night, driven thither by the electric-wheeled car of dream and vision—beneath the mouldering dust of that dreary churchyard,

> "Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
> Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,"

Margaret has gone to bed with decay, saying to the worm, "thou art my sister and my brother;" she has wedded with death, and exchanged the bridal-dress of life for the cerements of the grave, at that altar where "the very beating of your own hearts will awe you!"

SPEAK HER NOT HARSHLY.

O! SPEAK not harshly the stricken one,
Though in silence oft she pine;
She weeps for friends that are long, long gone,
And *like* grief may soon be thine.
Her youth bore the rosy bloom of morn—
Her heart knew nor guile nor care;
But Fate from that heart fond hope hath torn,
And planted the rue-leaf there.

Tears hallow the sad and lonely hours,
When mem'ry, refreshened, bleeds,
Like frostwork wreathing the frail spring flowers,
That no fost'ring kind hand heeds;
And holy thoughts, round the deep-drawn sigh,
Have woven a golden zone,
That purest sparkles when, no one nigh,
The heart speaks with grief alone.

Call it not weakness to weep away,
In the depths of calm midnight,
The saddened thoughts round the heart that play,
And brook not the glad daylight;

For darkness and silence, twin-born aid,
To the changeless heart have charms—
'T was 'mid such the holy vow was made,
And its breach alone alarms.

Then speak not harshly the stricken one,
But kindliest words impart—
Preach hope in the gentlest, softest tone,
To her throbbing, breaking heart;
Nor chide thou the big, fast-falling tears,
Or sigh, in the breast that heaves—
Time hath impressed, on her coming years,
The die that such false love leaves.

LONDON, ITS LIFE AND LITERATURE.

A RHAPSODY, SPOKEN FROM ST. PAUL'S.

It is a plain truth, and yet how little understood, that the greatest thing in a city is man himself. You talk of the prosperity of your city. I know but one true prosperity. Does the human soul grow and prosper here. * * * * The glory and happiness of a community consist in vigorous efforts, springing from love, sustained by faith, for the diffusion, through all classes, of intelligence, of self-respect, of self-control, of thirst for knowledge, and for moral and religious growth.—DR. CHANNING.

WE are reminded that, looking from its highest eminence on the greatest city in the world, our thoughts may assume a somewhat flighty character, but, while so ruminating, a few truths, worthy of greater development, may arrest the reader's attention.

The World of London may be well viewed as affording a well delineated picture of the social and personal character of man, in almost every country on which the sun rises and sets. London!—what associations the very name conjures up. London! with its thousand tongues, speaks of by-gone times and nations far remote, for within it flock the turbaned Turk, the dark Moor, John Chinaman, the black-eyed native of Italy, the trading Hebrew, the hardy Highlander,

the calculating Lowlander—all, indeed, of every tongue, and from every clime, in intercommunion with beef-eating John Bull. He who has stood within the sound of Bow Bells, or listened to the deep booming of the great bell of St. Paul's as it told the midnight hour, and marked the bustle of cabs, and the hurrying to and fro, even at that comparatively silent hour for London life, of all description of passengers, from the coroneted peer to the heart-broken pauper, whose only heraldry is arms without a coat—a crest without a covering—must have had his mind struck with wonder and awe.

London, seen at midnight, is as a mighty volume read in the depths of a torch-illumined pit. But let the visiter to London await daylight, and ascend, as we have done, the gigantic dome of St. Paul's, and what was wonder before becomes transports of amazement. London, with its myriad outlets, teeming with human beings—"Old Father Thames," like "Behemoth biggest born of earth," rolling himself towards the ocean, bearing on his bosom, as it were, the merchandise of Europe—are all before him. London! at once the city of palaces and cathedrals, and the congregation of everything that is vile and abominable, is stretched out as on canvas. There is spread before him a panorama, painted on purple, of THE WORLD in miniature. But let the visiter in London mix in the crowds that hurry along the streets—a million streams outburst from a mighty

lake—and he participates at once in the affairs of Europe. Here is the ermined judge—there the chariot of the haughty *millionaire.* Anon rattle along the streets carriages with glittering equipages, and spirited steeds that prance and neigh as if conscious that they carried something of importance; and their riders, the spectator need not be told, are on good terms with themselves. This, however, is but the foreground of the picture. Behind the scenes the drama of life is literally being enacted. The "Mysteries of London" are not brought to the fresh morning light of the Parks, to the daylight of Piccadilly or Pall Mall, nor to the twilight of Holborn; but far in the depths and darkness of the numerous lanes, and in the Gin Palaces, into which pour the work-a-day world, will be found the actual revelations of the horrible—the real characteristics of Life in London. In these, the Devil's Workshops, may be perceived, with palsied hand, and emaciated look, and *seedy* coat, the man who will tell you he has seen better days, and who has had his share in the *artificial* life of London. Associated with such an one will be found the returned convict, the common pickpocket, and the woman of easy virtue, who has "loved, not wisely, but too well," some flippant lord or squire, who, abandoning her to the cold pity of the world, *she* sacrifices her character at the shrine of profligacy and prostitution. But in the attempt to depict such scenes the heart shudders, and we withdraw from the

sad reality to forget it, and console ourselves with the thought that all is not equally nauseating or deserving of pity.

If London be the *heart* of the world, it may, with no great stretch of imagination, be demonstrated as the *mind* of the world. It is the Book Emporium of continental Europe—the focus of European literature. Thither wend the *literati* of almost every nation on the face of the globe; and, as if it had been designed that it should be wedded to the *belles lettres*, literary merit is certain of finding a market of some sort in book-making London.

Enterprise on the part of a publisher secures economy for the people. To the cheap publication schemes of several metropolitan firms, may be attributed the thirst for knowledge, of late years so much on the increase. It was a happy hit for the originators, and it is equally fortunate for the people, as no pursuit is a more certain token of improving times than that of *reading*, neither will any occupation confer greater dignity on man's *character*, or contribute so liberally to the extension of his *influence*. Who does not remember, with pleasurable feelings, the "Half-Hours with our best Authors," which he or she has spent in early life? Those silent people of the shelf throw a halo round our desponding moments—they awaken the dormant intellect, and "lend enchantment to the view"—they people silence with social friends, and remove the clog from the wheels of tiresome

time. We may feel happy and contented in the company of a friend—we may admire the works of the painter and the sculptor, and we may gaze with astonished satisfaction on the achievements of science,—

> "But, what strange art, what magic can dispose
> The troubled mind to change its native woes,
> Or lead us, willing, from ourselves to see
> Others more wretched, more undone than we?
> This *books* can do—nor this alone—they give
> New views to life, and teach us *how* to live."

Crabbe was right. What the *presto* of the magician cannot do to the unimaginative—or change of scenery for the hypochondriac—or pleasant companions for the sullen—may be done by BOOKS. To the printing press, civilization, religion, morality, everything, indeed, everybody, owe much. It has dispelled the mists of the dark ages, and broken down the altars of superstition. It has removed priestcraft, to a *great* extent, into a corner, and been the harbinger of virtuous liberty. By its christianizing and humanizing influence, the dark places of the earth, which were full of horrid cruelties, are rapidly being brought into a state of moral promise, and, ere many years have elapsed, the world will present itself as gold from the crucible.

Turning to the newspaper press, we discover a lever which works most effectually on the destiny of Europe. Before the echoing of its thunder-bolts, the

monarch quivers on his throne—the cabinet changes its policy—the peer rides with diminished head, though he knows he has pocketed that which would give him the power of an autocrat. The pauper can obtain redress for his wrongs through the press, and the man made of money finds profitable investments by means of the press. It is the regulator on the dial plate of commerce—the mercury in the political barometer—the rudder in the storm of a revolution—and the anchor in periods of peace. The benefits produced by the newspaper press are incalculable. Contemplating the daily organs of London, we find an amount of matter which, for correctness and beauty of style, powerful diction, immense research, and extent of information, is truly astonishing. By one glance at these prolific folios, we become conversant with the doings and dealings of the inhabitants of all countries; and the rapidity with which the original and leading articles of these papers are produced, cannot fail to strike the observer with surprise. A rivalry seems almost to exist with their conductors and the electric agency, by which we are put into possession of the affairs of the world ere they have well transpired. If the vibrations of the electric wires transmit winged words, and annihilate distance, may we not extend the metaphor to the excogitations of the men at the editorial desks of our most influential newspaper offices? It undoubtedly was a display of egotism in the *Times* assuming the cogno-

men of the "Thunderer;" but, viewed in their effects on men and things, the articles of our metropolitan press might most appropriately be so compared. It is only at an immense cost of money, inconvenience, and trouble, that the efforts to facilitate the intelligence, and extend the means of information, and influence of a newspaper, are crowned with success. This is apt to be overlooked by the public, much as it may admire the pointed satire, and the opportune wit, flowing through the columns of a favourite newspaper. The daily broadsheet peculiarly, if not almost exclusively, shows the means which are made available by its projectors to enlighten and instruct the masses. In relation to the debates in Parliament, we discover the almost miraculous power of the newspaper press in a remarkably striking light. How often, for example, have we noticed, in the springing up of an important debate which could not be anticipated, that columns of close type, commenting on its merits or demerits, and couched in clear and powerful logic, and abounding in quotations from old and almost obsolete books and from the classics, appeared in the newspaper of the following morning? This, to an ordinary writer, would be a labour of much painstaking, and seem almost a Herculean task for the mind and memory; and, under common circumstances, such it could not fail to be with newspaper writers. The division of labour, however, as with most branches of human industry, accomplishes the most astonishing

part of the daily newspaper work. There is, in connexion with this section of the public press, that adequate distribution of talent and attention by the editorial staff, that the mind of each is following in the track of a particular subject, or sent in quest of the "coming events" which "cast their shadows before."

In the "first assembly of gentlemen," (as the House of Commons has been designated,) the efficiency of newspaper organization is fully exemplified in their arrangements for accurately representing the debates. The reporters, whose duty it is to transfer the ideas of our legislators to the pages of the newspaper, are, in general, possessed themselves of a liberal education—many of them having been bred for the bar or the pulpit; and, independent of the rules of academical studies, bring to bear on their profession an originality of thought and profundity of knowledge, which far outwit those whose inflated oratory, or often meaningless magniloquence, they are called on to chronicle. Those who are in the habit of reviewing the admirable summaries of the debates, which several of the daily papers present, will have become convinced of this. Any one at all observant of the character of the newspaper press, will award to the *dailies* all the praise that we have accorded to them, if not a more exalted encomium. The weekly organs regulating the provinces, we may remark, *en passant*, are by no means undervalued by us; for, as we cannot duly

estimate their importance, neither can we calculate the loss that would be sustained by their *non*-existence, now that society has become so much influenced by their dictates.

"They hold, as 't were, a mirror up to Nature,
To show virtue its own image—vice its own deformity—
The very age and body of the time its form and pressure."

While thus adverting to the newspaper press, we are reminded that reading is an admirable incentive to well-doing, by withdrawing the desires from scenes of mirth and ribaldry, to be closeted with one's own mind, and a favourite author, and our mind very naturally pronounces the printing press to be the great moral and political regenerator of the age in which we live. It possesses in itself a power for good or for evil, which has extensively contributed to the taste, comfort, amusement, and instruction of the world. By its invention, and the use of moveable types, the rare and valuable manuscripts of our early authors have been removed from cloisters and universities, and placed, for a comparative trifle, in the hands of the public. Thus is it that the press stamps the impress of current and fast-flying thoughts indelibly on the far future, and proves itself a *clair-voyante*, in whom the utmost credence may be placed —a magician, whose talisman "the last man" will claim as his heirloom; for never till, colossus-like, the angel of Revelation shall stand with one foot on

the earth and the other on the sea, proclaiming that time shall be no more, will this, the harbinger of millennial glory, cease to scatter its leaves of gospel truth "wide as the poles asunder."

With such advantages, shall Britain lag behind in the march of mind—shall not the character of her noble sons and gentle daughters outshine those of less favoured nations. Let, then, the nobility of mind, and the monarchy of morals—the pride of character and not of caste—the wealth of worth, and not the dust which decays—the sunlight of reason, and not the borrowed moonlight of mere filthy lucre, be that which is most highly prized amongst us; and Britain shall stand forth, in learning and in liberty, a gem of the first water—a star of the first magnitude—till of her it may be said—

> "Her song of victory the nations sing;
> Her triumphs are the triumphs of mankind."

Let us labour, then, to maintain the liberty of the press. A free and unfettered, though, by no means, a licentious press, is the pride of Britain. Labour to keep it so, for assuredly there are minds that *would* devise evil. Let it not be said that Britain will imitate infidel France; but let it rather be said of her that she won liberty by no vile means—that she has mounted to renown among the nations of the earth as a free, commercial, and manufacturing wonder, without the baseness and licentiousness of neighbouring

states. Thus will our countrymen, in their social, political, and personal character, retain that power and influence for which, hitherto, they have been so distinguished; and from Britain will go forth an example which must irradiate even sunny Spain and scarce less fertile France—a voice which might find its echo for good in the forum of the Eternal City, send fear to the iron heart of the Russian bear, and resound along the corridors of time with the fleetness of lightning, and the significance of the fierce thunder rolling.

EXTEMPORE STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY VISITING POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TREAD softly, stranger, and with humbled head!
Here know that, slumbering, rest the gifted dead
Of ages gone. No vile plebeian bones
Here turn to dust, though common be their doom.
Go, read the volumed worth these silent stones
Have chronicled—revere the simple tomb
Where now thou stand'st, and drop with me the grateful tear
O'er memoried greatness consecrated here.

And thou, my feeble Muse! go, bear me back,
On memory's wings, along the boundless track
Of history, and recall for me the worth—
My country's pride, her eloquence, and power—
That mingle here in nothingness with earth:
Now do I greet the hopes of boyhood's hour,
And wander where, of yore, my fancy flew,
Ere that my mind the world's dark by-ways knew.

Monarch and flatterer here keep common state
In Death's levee. Those are the truly great,
In such embrace, who "lived laborious days,"
And bettered mankind by their better thoughts;
From forth this darkened temple stream the rays
Of Genius, that to the far future floats,
A line of radiant truth, glittering with gems,
Purer than power-encircling diadems.

My thoughts, e'en now, would eagle wings assume,
And break the lone deep silence of the tomb;
For fain my mind the secrets would explore
That rest with those to whom the past was known.
Ah! well I know beyond Time's dreary shore
Genius her sparks of living light hath strewn:
The long, long lingering gaze the sunset claims,
So thus the sculptured slabs that bear such names.

FIRESIDE NEGLECT: A PLEA FOR NATIONAL EFFORT.

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND, MISS AIRD, AUTHORESS OF "THE HOME OF THE HEART," ETC.

> Home is the resort
> Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
> Supported and supporting, polished friends
> And dear relations mingle into bliss.
>
> THOMSON.

MAN, beyond every other species of animated creation, is endowed with reasoning powers, which seem to have been conferred on him by the Universal Architect to mark his (man's) superiority over the brute, and, as has been truthfully said, to form "the bond of connexion with the material and immaterial world." He walks erect, with the divinity of his better being stamped on the brow, in proof of that futurity of existence to which his reflective organs teach him to look forward.

Exquisite—far beyond imitation—as are all the grades of animated nature, MAN was the finishing

stroke of Infinite Wisdom in the *order* of creative history; and not till this master-touch was given, and fully and fairly developed, did God end His work. Had man at this time, however, been permitted to read for himself the literal (and truly copyright) edition of "Earth and Animated Nature," as written in the vastness of procreant power, by the finger of Inspiration itself, and been privileged to take, as it were, a retrospective survey of the deep chaos on which the Great Spirit incubated, forward through the various births of blade and flower, and the first movements of inferior animal being, his comprehensive faculties would have induced him to pronounce perfection and completion as the attributes of the world as then existing—on all, indeed, moving under, or regulated by, the greater and lesser lights of heaven, (and all that *was*, undoubtedly, in itself, was perfect)—but there wanted yet the magnetic attraction of human nature; and it was not till God, "seeing man alone," prepared for his society the ministering angel of our erratic planet—it was not till, fully contemplating the scene, He created Woman, that the overruling Power declared that all was good. Man is the well-modelled *stamp* of God's GREATNESS—Woman the *assurance* (socially) of His GOODNESS and LOVE. Society was thus devised and formed, in the unerring councils of eternity, as the necessary enjoyment of its reasoning and reflective creations. Society springs forth from primeval government as one of its first laws, for

even the inferior animals were created "male and female, after their kind;" and society will for ever remain as the natural characteristic of all the animated works of Providence. Beautifully and pathetically has the poet, Pollok, apostrophized society—

> "Many sounds were sweet,
> Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
> But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend—
> Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
> Some I remember, and will ne'er forget,
> My early friends, friends of my evil day;
> Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
> Friends given by God in mercy and in love—
> My counsellors, my comforters, and guides."

"For this *cause* (says the highest of all authority) shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife; and they TWO shall be ONE," &c.

Man is, therefore, a domesticated animal—so formed by Nature;—the fireside, by its associations, is the magnet which irresistibly attracts his mind to the perpetual north of his earthly happiness. The kindred joys to be met with in the home circle, exercise, on the properly regulated mind, an influence which, if duly cultivated and upheld, urges man forward by an alluring anxiety and care which hedge him round as with divinity. Thus is family instruction a matter of original design, and fireside regularity and comfort the bounden consideration of all who surround it.

These reflections propose for our notice the mental nature, as well as the social tendencies of man. It will be found, by every observant mind, that the desires and propensities of our organization are, in general, the manifestation of early associations and fireside education. It may, indeed, be said, that, from the first impressions which *childhood* leaves on matured observation, the knowledge of *character* may, to no mean extent, be gathered. In the opening lessons of life, as read to us by children, are to be traced (though in some instances, it is true, but indefinitely) the bud of after development. Hence the saying, that "the child is parent to the man," needs but little other demonstration. On this fact rests parental responsibility; yet, how frequently do we find the first trick of childhood trifled with and laughed over by parents, and the smart deception, practised on its playmates, commended as the bud of coming cleverness! The eyes of children are not so dull that they do not discriminate the smile of approval from the frown of condemnation. In this particular, even infancy itself is peculiarly discriminating, and who amongst my readers that are parents have not observed this?

On mothers, in an especial manner, is placed the care of childhood's character; and the happy results springing from fireside maxims and admonitions, as imparted by wise, prudent, religious mothers, may be read in the biographies of our best authors and great-

est benefactors. O! that I had the ears of all mothers (and of the future mothers of my country) that I might whisper to them the undying truth—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it!"

"Think nought a trifle, though it small appear,
Small sands the mountains, moments make the year,
And trifles life—your care to trifles give,
Or ye may *die* before ye learn to live."

It is a striking feature in human nature, that evil is much readier imparted and more firmly retained than good. How wise, then, were it that our rulers, instead of preparing, with rigour and determination, for the punishment of crime, exercised the more judicious means within their control for the prevention of juvenile delinquencies, and, by well regulated measures, suited to the times, legislated for the early training of those cast away by fortune into the purlieus of poverty, and into those dens of infamy so lamentably abundant throughout our land.

The chief object of education is not (or ought not to be) to render its recipient accomplished, but better—a better member of society, a better man or woman in the various family relations, and better as respects the impress of the present to be given in charge to history as a lesson for the future. Our ablest orators had long eloquently and graphically portrayed the devastating and insidious nature of crime in the land, but

not, till within the last few years, had any practical measures been brought to bear on outcast life in the dingy lanes and alleys of our large towns and cities. It was an admirable, voluntary, and benevolent project which first brought instruction, and the means of industry and well-doing, within the reach of those on whom the influence of better society seldom showered its sunshine; and the glory of the age redounds to those practical minds that excogitated, and still so energetically carry forward, the Industrial School reform.

Still, there is much wanting in our educational provisions; and the carrying out of the secular system, for which a movement has taken place in this country, would, in a great measure, bring about the desired improvement. For a moment let us look to the secular school provisions of other countries. In *Prussia*, with a population (at the time in which our authority writes) of nearly thirteen millions, about one-sixth of the entire number was in regular attendance at the schools, which were founded on this law—"That the instruction shall always be adapted to the spirit and the dogmas of the church to which the school belongs." No standard is subscribed in this monarchy by the teachers, the religion of the school being left to a priest, or private master, entertaining the religious views of the parents. The main provisions for the upholding of the Prussian system are—

1st, To provide support for young men, for three

years, while under training in anticipation of their becoming teachers.

2nd, To provide support for these teachers on their appointment to schools.

3rd, To compel parents, under pains and penalties, to send their children to school from the age of seven to fourteen years inclusive.

4th, To compel parents, when able, to pay for the education; when unable, the deficiency to be made up from the public purse.

The benefits proceeding from this scheme are eminently apparent in the improved moral character of the people.

In the Germanic States, education is, strictly speaking, conducted on unsectarian principles—no religious creed or system being taught in the schools, such matters being left, as in Prussia, to the clergy or the parents of children. The children of Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, and Quaker parents, may, therefore, be found harmonizing in the same seminaries, and uniting in friendly fellow-feeling. The schools are superintended by a parish committee, composed of a number of the principal inhabitants, without distinction of religious opinions, the clergy of all denominations being *ex officio* members. In the internal government of the educational system, industry is blended with instruction; so that it is no hardship for poor parents to be compelled to keep their children at school for the time specified, the opportunity being

afforded for their acquiring a knowledge of some useful industrial occupation. In Wertemberg and Baden, the books used contain the principles and practice of moral science, and the most useful and important arts. In addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic, the girls (who are kept separate from the scholars of the other sex) are taught needlework of every description, knitting and netting, the making of clothes, &c., being at the same time put under training for the duties of the household—lessons in cooking, in the management of children, and so forth, being regularly and carefully imparted. Parents are bound to send their children to school from the age of six to fourteen, a report being brought before Government, twice a-year, of the children who have attained their sixth year in the various districts—the local committee being empowered to force attendance at the school from this age. According to the educational statistics of the State of Bavaria, we find, at the time referred to, that there were 5,394 public or national schools in that division alone; upwards of 280 inspectors; more than 7,120 teachers; and about 500,000 scholars, or about one-eighth of the population, connected with the schools. In the States of Germany the results of this admirable system are exhibited (as they must ever be where the seeds of education are broadcast) in the improved morals and amelioration of the condition of the people.

The French, imitating these countries to a certain extent, make liberal grants for education; but, main-

taining that infidelity which has so long stained their character as a people, absolutely prohibit the introduction of the Bible to any of the schools, and leave it to parents to send their children at pleasure—thus, as has been said, bestowing "mental culture without the moral regulator."

In the United States of America, there are various modes in operation for the upholding of schools, all of which display considerable benevolence and liberal views. These plans are respectively, either by the allotment of a square mile in every township, or the thirty-sixth part of the entire land for supporting common schools, with the allocation of seven whole townships as an endowment for the larger institutes. In some of the States, property is assessed for the support of schools, which have been numerously settled, with a view to the necessities and convenience of the different districts.

The cases we have enumerated will, no doubt, be deemed by the reader to afford *quantum sufficit* of evidence as to the practicability of the scheme. We have ourselves witnessed the salutary effects of the system in a school, supported by a public work, situated in a moorland district, not many miles from Glasgow, where the children of Protestant, Catholic, and even Socialist parents, were taught the liberal branches of an English and commercial education—the attendance of children, between the ages of six and fourteen, being rendered imperative.

Turning from statistics, let us hear the opinion of Mr. Webster on the utility of the system as adopted in America. "For the purpose of public instruction," said this distinguished member of Congress, in a convention held at Massachusets—"for the purposes of instruction, we hold every man liable to taxation, in proportion to his property; and we look not to the question, whether he himself have or have not children to be benefited by the education for which he pays; we regard it as a wise and liberal system of police, by which life and property, and the peace of society, are secured. We hope to excite a feeling of respectability, and a sense of character, by enlarging the capacities and increasing the sphere of intellectual enjoyment. By general instruction, we seek, so far as possible, to purify the moral atmosphere, to keep good sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censure of law, and the denunciations of religion, against immorality and crime. We hope for a security beyond the law, and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiments. We hope to continue and prolong the time when, in the villages and farm-houses of New England, there may be undisturbed sleep within unbarred doors." To the sentiments of this illustrious senator, all who fairly appreciate the blessings of education,—all, indeed, who can see the end from the beginning, and who would check crime by the only legitimate means—the

education of the masses—will most willingly subscribe. In the High School of Edinburgh, there is an approach to the secular system of education for which we plead, and of its practical working, Mr. Adam Black, late Lord Provost of our "Modern Athens," thus testifies —"In the High School of Edinburgh," says he, "we have an example of a national unsectarian school in full operation; the local board of patrons consist of men of all sects and parties; the teachers belong to all denominations. But this causes no unfriendly feeling among either the teachers or the taught—scholars, seated on the same forms, without any distinction except that of talent and good conduct, are led to form their friendships among kindred spirits, independent of creeds; and as they discover the virtues of their school-fellows of opposite sects and parties, they learn to value and appreciate the excellences of good men of all denominations. By such a system, all might receive a sound, intellectual, moral, and religious education, uncontaminated with sectarian bigotry, and where, from childhood, men might be taught to love one another."

Having now not only illustrated our views by references to other States, but proven their practicability by high authority, let us ask the reader to contrast, with these examples, the indifference of Britain in educational concerns? We hold it to be the predominant policy of our legislators, in dealing with crime, to *punish* and not to *prevent*. Instead of our juvenile

delinquents being cared for, as in America, Prussia, and Germany, they are let loose on society, in filth, poverty, and rags, to excite pity from the benevolent, or to plunder the unsuspecting. Most of the crime perpetrated in Great Britain is the work of juveniles between the ages prescribed, in the States alluded to, for their education in the principles of morality. From the *Quarterly Review* we learn that, in 1845, 14,887 persons of both sexes, under twenty years of age, were taken into custody by the London Police. Of those summarily dealt with by the magistrates were—

38	males,	15	females,	under 10 years of age.
1187	„	123	„	at 10 and under 15 years of age.
3512	„	1191	„	at 15 and under 20 years of age.

In the list of commitments for trial were—

12	males,	4	females,	under 10 years of age.
370	„	44	„	at 10 and under 15 years of age.
1139	„	257	„	at 15 and under 20 years of age.

Making an analysis of the offences of these parties, we find there were—

For assaults, 1 under 10; 58 at 10 and under 15; 714 at 15 and under 20 years.

For misdemeanors, with intent to steal, 3 under 10; 62 at 10 and under 15; and 128 at 15 and under 20.

For unlawful possession of goods, 22 under 19; 446 at 10 and under 15; 591 at 15 and under 20.

For wilful damage, 2 under 10; 142 at 10 and under 15; 500 at 15 and under 20.

Disorderly characters, 111 at 10 and under 15; 505 at 15 and under 20.

Drunkenness, 473 at 15 and under 20.

Reputed thieves, 2 under 10; 38 under 15; and 140 at 15 and under 20.

Vagrancy, 22 under 10; 242 at 10 and under 15; 548 at 15 and under 20.

What a fearful catalogue of crime—what a *libel* on the character of Britain is here unfolded! Say, then, have not the claims of a National Secular Education scheme been *established* beyond question? We have seen the *good* which has been brought about by it in other countries—not only in the moral and intellectual character of the people, but in their happiness and comfort. It has been satisfactorily shown, we hope, that it is practicable; and now let us, for ourselves, set about and work vigorously for a National Secular Education of our own.

Till education is more generally diffused, and till its benefits reach the ragged and filthy denizens of our closes, the millennial glory of "the good time coming" will not have dawned on Britain. That it will come, I feel certain—that it is *rapidly* coming, I can foresee—and that the present age will witness it, I would almost prophecy. Men of progress! men of

peace! help forward the period! Live in hope you shall see it and enjoy its blessedness. Only "wait a little longer," but WORK, work with energy—work wisely, peaceably, and hopefully. Aid it by every worthy human appliance—overcome the evil by active organization, and by the lever power of the pen and the press.

WORDS FROM HOME.

O THESE words from home! from that happy home
  Whence my earliest thoughts took wing,
Gladly a pilgrim the world I 'd roam,
  To cull the bright fruits that they bring.
Fair Paradise birds! they come with sweet wing,
  And glory and gladness impart;
Or, tunefullest lispings of angel's tongue,
  They thrill on the cords of the heart.

Words, honeyed words! from the home of my birth,
  Your sunshine while shedding around,
More brilliant by far than all pearls of earth,
  Inspires with a rev'rence profound.
Than song, softly falling from woman's bright lips,
  I know not a holier strain;
Home-words, in such strains, my gladdened heart sips,
  And longs for its childhood again.

Words, treasured words! when afar I have strayed,
And seen not the faces so dear,
I 've dreamt that with you, on the mantel-piece laid,
My bosom-friends ever were near;
And, reading you oft through the lone noon of night,
My boyhood returning again,
I 've sported in dreams by the brooklet so bright,
Or plucked the fair flowers on the plain.

Words spoken from home have their clear echo here,
In bosom that glows with their worth;
So fondly caressing, my dull hours they cheer,
Like angels untainted by earth.
They bear me, on wings of celestial glory,
To ether fields, spangled with stars,
Preaching the love of that sacredest story,
Writ in blood of a Saviour's scars!

Words from home! ye have wandered but wearied not,
Nor wavers your bright sunny wing;
And of gladness or hope there is nothing forgot,
In the message of love ye bring.
Your worship, bright words! ever floats in my heart,
As incense in censer of gold;
Though in sacrifice oft the bitter tears start,
The tablet of truthfulness hold.

And kindliest ever, so truly they tell,
  Those fireside revealings of love,
Though my heart, with its griefs, will oftentimes well,
  They point me to pleasures—above.
Earth's closing scenes break on my vision with force—
  The "finis" I 've writ in my heart;
But never, in life's wild and wandering course,
  With these home-words will mem'ry part.

THE ANATOMY OF AUTHORSHIP.

If man, though possessed of the same immortal essence or soul which enables him to choose and refuse, to judge and condemn, to reason and conclude, were to be void of the power of communicating the conclusions to which his reasoning had conducted him, it is clear that the progress of each individual in knowledge could be only in proportion to his own observation, and his own power of reasoning. * * * The author of a book addresses himself, not only to the race now in existence, but to all succeeding generations, while his work shall be held in estimation.—SCOTT.

WE have read somewhere the history of a rag converted into paper, and somehow or other the thought continually recurs to us that the material, simple as it seems, on which the ideas may be impressed, has woven into it the water-mark of Time, which only the waves and surge of the further shore of ETERNITY will obliterate. It were for the paramount good of society, therefore, and the lasting credit of thinking men, that this conception of the importance and influence of authorship was present in the oft-recurring wish of such minds, to commit to the keeping of the press the otherwise evanescent impressions which observation creates.

Similar views of the mission of printing would leave on the hearts of authors the reflective feeling—more consolatory than the mere Parnassian fame—that nothing had been written "which, dying, they would wish to blot."

Authors are a species of animalcula, now-a-days, of such comparative minuteness, in too many cases, as to defy the most powerful psychological microscope, or, in other words, the keenest wits, to discover the least token of moving intellect whereby to regulate their classification; and probably the reader may have pronounced on our own heads the same denunciation. If, however, we be blamed for obtuse reasoning, in some instances, we trust such accusation will not be found applicable to our motives, as, in all that has passed from the pen, and the other media of our projects, no single opportunity was consciously neglected of sowing the seeds of such truths which, in their reception, might contribute "peace on earth, good-will to men," and urge onward the moral, social, and political amelioration of mankind. Thus much for our preface, out of place. It may, however, serve apologetically, awkward as it may seem, for the reader to drop, near to the close of our work, on what he may (and very properly too) characterise as a prolegomena turned upside down. It will, notwithstanding, be our greatest gratification in authorship to know, that, once read, our thoughts are found worthy the occasional matured deliberation of intelligent

minds—that, while they instruct, after hours are entertained by the re-perusal, and indolence is cheated of victims who found allurement in these pages, from which it has been our study, to speak modestly, at the least to exclude vice if we could not advance or improve the morals. The great end and aim of a writer ought to be (as we hope it is apparent in our present effort), to make the adornment of the tale subservient to the pointing of the moral, where both cannot be attained.

Junius has recorded an opinion of that mighty moral engine, the newspaper, which exemplifies, in succinct terms, the power exercised by the pen over the habits and tendencies of the people. "They who conceive," said he, "that our newspapers are not a restraint upon bad men, or an impediment to the execution of bad measures, know nothing of this country." What is true of "the folio of four pages" is equally applicable to the works of any author who has for his object the subversion of the vitiated tastes, and the cultivation of an improved moral tone in the minds of men. But we have professed to make an analysis of the productions which teem from the press, and to anatomize the feelings (generally, and not specifically, of course) which lead to authorship. In doing so, we may be writing an autobiography, and only expressing in words our own motives, difficulties, and desires. On these the reader must adjudicate for himself.

A LITERARY LIFE IS NOT ONE OF LEISURE. He who for a moment thinks so, had need only be a curl in the peruke of the tire-worn pen-trotter, for one single hour, to feel the force of that frenzied fire which burns and plays around his temples—had need only sit by the elbow of one whose life is devoted to literature, and read the visible perturbations of his fevered brain, the while the machinery of mind goes whirling round in unceasing thought. But, it may be said, literary labour is not absolutely enjoined; and we grant the correctness, to some extent, of the syllogism. Writing and thinking, however, are as much the natural habits of professed authors, as reading belongs to the mental appetites of civilized men. The aptitude to think is begotten almost contemporaneously with the physical organism; and, by much thinking, though it be a "weariness of the flesh," the mind is enlarged. It is as impossible, too, for a gifted intellect to refrain from laborious reasoning on the objects by which it is ordinarily, or even accidentally, surrounded, as it would be foreign to the laws of nature, or the principles of gravitation, for a stone, dropped from a perpendicular line, not to fall to the earth. Thought is exclusively the attribute of mind—the quality and depth of that thought the distinctive character and strength of the intellect that creates. But it is not so much with the metaphysics of the question, as with the more mechanical manifestations of authorship, that we have to do.

The present era in the history of the world—great because of many ennobling qualities attaching to its character—is peculiarly marked out for its enlightenment. The taste of the masses has been refined—the reading desires of the public mind have grown into a greatness—a giant formidability—before which the hydra of social abuses shall wither and rot from the earth. The intellectual strength of the people has set itself upon the incubus of moral wrong by which the body politic was beset and bound to a painful insignificance of existence. And by what has all this been accomplished? By no other weapon than the pen—by no other agency than that at work, through the long monotonous hours of sleepless midnights, which have witnessed the "men of thought, and men of action," of the present epoch, *labouring* to devise the means for uprooting the evils under which society struggled. Ay, and a *better* time will yet burst over Britain; for, in the burning words of Dr. Mackay—(which we always love to hear quoted)—

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given,—
Wait a little longer.

The various walks of literature contribute towards the accomplishment of this common victory. The pencil of satire has been dipped deep in the gall and wormwood of caricature, to display, in indelible character, the monstrosities arrayed in the way of social and moral regeneration—the fascinating feather, which communicates the incidents of fiction to the pages of our standard novels, has been edged to weave into the attractive tale the moral and motive by which the reader may reason and act in consonance with the living and never-failing principles of truth and justice —the lever power of the newspaper writer has been employed to propel the thunderbolts of caustic leader, and poignantly-penned paragraphs, against whatever is homonymous in the people's dictionary of terms, which custom, and not candour, may have prepared.

And what of all this? the reader may be preparing himself to inquire. But there is, indeed, matter for consideration—a plea for the labour of literature—in the very potency of the effects so rapidly rising up. We may see the rotation of the wheel, but the intricate motive power is concealed. The instrument—a pen—by which those great changes are effected, is an exceedingly simple tool to work with; but he who would communicate the history of that little bit of pointed steel, or that trivial goose-quill, must traverse a wide, a wild, and chequered way. Nothing is more simple than the little phosphorated stick by which

the burglar effects the possession of his booty, and the incendiary burns down the barns and dwellings of his victims. Nothing, indeed, is half so simple or so easily borne about. But there is a greater charge in the *mind* of the incendiary—there is malice which is ill to conceal, and determination which will not wait to discriminate the time and way by which such concealment would prove the success of the plan; and there is, above all, that preparedness for disclosure and danger to be worked through the interstices of human fear, on the one hand, and demon rage on the other. The comparison, in some respects, is legitimate—the acts are in a certain degree synonymous.

The pen, so simple, yet so powerful, is, in itself, a harmless instrument to work with; but therein rests not the labour. The deep and anxious thoughtfulness—the tear and wear of brains—the pressure of argument—is that which fires the popular indignation to a sense of its wrongs, and which virtually demolishes the adversary of popular rights and privileges. The union of mind once effected, the pen performs its mission, the *vox populi* is raised, the spirit of rebellion is roused—

> "And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
> The inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings."

* * * * * *

Permit me, reader, to conduct you to the great mart of literature—its gunpowder magazine—the

mammoth of cities—the queen of capitals—London—from whence are fulminated the most effective paper-pellets to overthrow the grievances of society, and to overcome the measures of bad men. It is morning in London. The postman's knock awakes us to the consciousness that we are again in the work-a-day world. On the breakfast table is a letter, endorsed by a tremulous hand. We break the seal, but no unknown patronymic is subscribed. The contents of the epistle are such as claim a spontaneous compliance, and we proceed to visit the writer. Through numerous thronged thoroughfares we reach a low-lying lane, and at the bottom of that lane a dark and dismal-looking dwelling. Ascending a flight of ill-constructed stairs, and groping for a door, we knock, and are called on to enter. The sun has traversed far from his eastern chambers, but on a table, at which sits the figure of a man of upwards of threescore years, there burns dimly, while broad daylight is *without*, a small oil lamp. Startle not at this more than apparition! He is a man of letters—an LL.D., holding his degree of one of our most famous universities—a writer whose contributions have, for years, been admired for their polished style by the first minds in Europe—whose deep and logical reasoning has enriched the pages of the quarterlies—and whose cogitations have no mean weight still in the estimation of the world, as his initials or assumed name happen to appear in the columns of the daily organs of London. Want is

written deeply on his palsied frame; but the wealth of a noble intellect blazes from beneath his eyebrows. Of luxuries he now knows but little; yet the blame may be his own, for one fault (which it would be charity to conceal) has powerfully enslaved him. The picture we have drawn of this emaciated wreck of a once noble nature is no fiction; and there are dozens of the penny-a-liners, and too many of the bright wits of London, brothers in misfortune with this accomplished doctor of laws.

* * * * * *

Is not literature, then, a laborious and uncertain, howsoever important, profession? Authorship, in its anatomy, discovers to the mind human life, luxuriating in the false glories of the opium feast, or pining beneath the cold neglect of the world, in ill-requited and uneasy retirement. There are notable examples, no doubt, of competence acquired by pen-scratching, but these form the exception to the rule.

The importance, however, to society, of the efforts of the pen, and its auxiliary in the emancipation of mind, the printing press, remains undiminished. It behoves the reading public to extend the shield of protection, where such is requisite, to those by whose drudgery they are enlightened and entertained, and to value still more highly the productions of those princely cultivators of the *belles lettres*—such cometary

wonders as a Scott, a Byron, a Wordsworth, and a Moore, in poetry; in fiction, as a Dickens, a Bulwer, a Jerrold, and a Cooper; and in history, as a Hume, a Smollett, a Robertson, and a Macaulay,—names become as household words, through the inimitable gorgeousness of conception, the truthfulness of delineation, the prodigious research, the quaint humour, the glowing truths, which they have wedded to immortality. When we contemplate the anxieties, the battle of life, through which the *literati* are necessitated to wade ere the victory of a deathless reputation is attained—when we consider

> " How hard it is to climb
> The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar "—

when we reflect on the poverty by which great minds are subdued, the nipping misfortunes with which authorship is, in general, allied, becomes it not those who are captivated by the burning eloquence, the coruscations and scintillations of human intellect, to prize the privileges under which they live. The time for the acknowledgment of worth is hasting on—the morn of an awaking reformation of the manners, the tastes, the condition of the masses, is breaking over the chaotic gloom in which society has for so long been submerged—the might of mind is gathering towards the onset for our rights, and no contrary or opposing force will be able to repel the charge. Deeply engraved, in human society, is the impression,

that man was designed to bear the impress of Deity on his brow, kindliness of disposition and fellow-feeling in his heart, and to walk amid the works of God as the impersonation of that perfectitude of purpose which, in the Triune Councils of Eternity, out of nothing spoke him into being, as the result of the deliberation—"Let us make man in our own image." Human rights may, for a period, lie concealed, amid the rubbish of systems whose worthlessness and wrongfulness awaking reason reveals; but the Omnipotent fiat, by which an enlightened, because unlicentious, freedom was declared to be the birthright of man, will remain

> "Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

L' ENVOY.

ILLUSTRIOUS Patron! and indulgent Friends!
Here drops the curtain, and we leave to you,
Now that our part is played, to praise or blame;
To this, at last, the longest friendship tends,
Then, wherefore hesitate to write—adieu!
But stay, thou winged Mercury of the Press!
I must consider somewhat of my fame,
And tell the critic, what he half might guess,
That these my Pictures, now consigned to print,
Are random sketches from my youthful mind;
But readers, now-a-days, are not so blind
As think "a book 's a book though nothing 's in 't;"
Therefore a few, mayhap the most inferior too,
The public now may look upon as—something new!
But wherefore this delay—the deed 's committed,
And now we promise—that 's the fairest way—
Byronian-like, by time and taste permitted,
Why, just—to mend our faults some OTHER day!

FINIS.

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