VARIOUS

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, VOL III, NO 13, 1851

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ADVERTISEMENT

This Number closes the Third Volume of Harper's New Monthly Magazine. In closing the Second Volume the Publishers referred to the distinguished success which had attended its establishment, as an incentive to further efforts to make it worthy the immense patronage it had received: – they refer with confidence to the Contents of the present Volume, for proof that their promise has been abundantly fulfilled.

The Magazine has reached its present enormous circulation, simply because it gives *a greater amount of reading matter, of a higher quality, in better style, and at a cheaper price* than any other periodical ever published. Knowing this to be the fact, the Publishers have spared, and will hereafter spare, no labor or expense which will increase the value and interest of the Magazine in all these respects. The outlay upon the present volume has been from five to ten thousand dollars more than that upon either of its predecessors. The best talent of the country has been engaged in writing and illustrating original articles for its pages: – its selections have been made from a wider field and with increased care; its typographical appearance has been rendered still more elegant; and several new departments have been added to its original plan.

The Magazine now contains, regularly:

First. One or more original articles upon some topic of historical or national interest, written by some able and popular writer, and illustrated by from fifteen to thirty wood engravings, executed in the highest style of art.

Second. Copious selections from the current periodical literature of the day, with tales of the most distinguished authors, such as Dickens, Bulwer, Lever, and others – chosen always for their literary merit, popular interest, and general utility.

Third. A Monthly Record of the events of the day, foreign and domestic, prepared with care and with the most perfect freedom from prejudice and partiality of every kind.

Fourth. Critical Notices of the Books of the Day, written with ability, candor, and spirit, and designed to give the public a clear and reliable estimate of the important works constantly issuing from the press.

Fifth. A Monthly Summary of European Intelligence, concerning books, authors, and whatever else has interest and importance for the cultivated reader.

Sixth. An Editor's Table, in which some of the leading topics of the day will be discussed with ability and independence.

Seventh. An Editor's Easy Chair or Drawer, which will be devoted to literary and general gossip, memoranda of the topics talked about in social circles, graphic sketches of the most interesting minor matters of the day, anecdotes of literary men, sentences of interest from papers not worth reprinting at length, and generally an agreeable and entertaining collection of literary miscellany.

The object of the Publishers is to combine the greatest possible Variety and Interest, with the greatest possible Utility. Special care will always be exercised in admitting nothing into the Magazine in the slightest degree offensive to the most sensitive delicacy; and there will be a steady aim to exert a healthy moral and intellectual influence, by the most attractive means.

For the very liberal patronage the Magazine has already received, and especially for the universally flattering commendations of the Press, the Publishers desire to express their cordial

thanks, and to renew their assurances, that no effort shall be spared to render the work still more acceptable and useful, and still more worthy of the encouragement it has received.

SUMMER

BY JAMES THOMSON

rom brightening fields of ether fair-disclos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Hence, let me haste into the mid wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.
Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite;
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honor, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man:
O Dodington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.
With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
The illimitable void! thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men
And all their labor'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course,
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the Seasons ever stealing round,

Minutely faithful: such the All-perfect Hand
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.
When now no more the alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east —
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes,
The native voice of undissembled joy,
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning-walk?
But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and color'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays

On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life —
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic-road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn; while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd —
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence labor draws his tools; hence burnish'd war
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of peace

Hence bless mankind; and generous commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright.
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns;
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of him,
Who, Light himself! in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken,
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
That beam forever through the boundless sky;
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun,
And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.
And yet was every faltering tongue of man,

Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice
Even in the depth of solitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power;
And to the quire celestial thee resound,
The eternal cause, support, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-color'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires,
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant heat, dispreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
Who can, unpitying, see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamor'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from the morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the gray-grown oaks
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The housedog, with the vacant grayhound, lies

Outstretched and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They, starting, snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song,
Not mean, though simple: to the sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms – or, rising from their tombs
To higher life – by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where, on the pool,
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the greenwood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young, yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapp'd, expire.
But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,

Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front.
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground.
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows gray, close-crowding o'er the brook.
Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye!
Full nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through the subterranean cells.

Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid, too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night.
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.

And lives the man whose universal eye
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things,
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth naught? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day
Even so, luxurious men, unheeding pass,
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all

Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet haycock rises thick behind,
In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love, and social glee.
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,

The clamor much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd, then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labor to the farther shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drank the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream,
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill – and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head; and rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king,
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some, mingling, stir the melted tar, and some,

Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side
To stamp his master's cipher ready stand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb, complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.
A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees

Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
The exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage;
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land; her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
From pole to pole, is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending streams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.

Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe; the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night:
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice-happy be! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole-collected shade reclines,
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!

Ye ashes wild, responding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around the adjoining brook that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks compose
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch swain: his careless arm

Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd:
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their laboring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigor, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down the opposing stream; quenchless his thirst,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts:
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth;

That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.
These are the haunts of meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt: and, from this world retir'd.

Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favor'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death:
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks.
A voice, than human more, the abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes, "Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew —
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life
Toil'd tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms:
Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
Amid those dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of nature sing with us, and nature's God.
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,

Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade;
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, Stanley, of that sacred band?

Alas, for us too soon! Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy, yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe;
Who seeks thee still in many a former scene,
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd – where moral wisdom mildly shone
Without the toil of art, and virtue glow'd.
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy – who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the muse: the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread.
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day,
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower

Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stockdove only through the forest coos,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air:
There on that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and overhead
By flowing umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come, bold fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The general breeze to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and double seasons pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays;
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills,
Or to the far horizon wide-diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen, delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day; yet in their rugged coats

A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
Embowering, endless, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmettos lift their graceful shade.
Oh! stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine;
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best ananas, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannas, where the wandering eye,
Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant Spring; for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroidered robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and naught is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,

The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream.
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
Or 'mid the central depth of blackening woods
High-rais'd in solemn theater around,
Leans the huge elephant; wisest of brutes!
Oh, truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive. Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps,
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand.
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
But come, my muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky,
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennaar, ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth,
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven.
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,

From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove; may'st wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks.
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise,
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales.
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind.
A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamor'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon.
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,

Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapors roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake

Of fair Dembia rolls his infant stream.
There, by the naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles
That with unfading verdure smile around.

Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along:
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze;
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand: till glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn.
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect lamps, to where aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower;
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.
Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide e'er his isles, the branching Orinoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees —
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana. Scarce the muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarces she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along;
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts – worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,
Unseen and unenjoyed. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturbed
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.

Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;
And ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth,
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss,
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads.
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds.
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,

Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines?
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun!
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the tempered breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,

And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which even imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffus'd

He throws his folds; and while, with threatening tongue
And dreadful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell:
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. The awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again;
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds.
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes

Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds;
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains
And all the green delights Ausonia pours —
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come,
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells
Of no regard save to the skillful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow. By rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.

With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, laboring round the *stormy cape*;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then, from ancient gloom, emerg'd
The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
Of navigation, that in hopeless sloth
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian prince; who, heaven-inspired,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mixed the world.
Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey – demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam; from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapors rank and blue corruption wrapp'd,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce – then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and a heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardor bright; you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse – while on each other fix'd,

In sad presage, the blank assistants seemed,
Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape. Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand

Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamor of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad.
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men – unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society.
Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete

The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year;
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;

And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
The expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant muse:
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.
Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapor, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,

A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds – till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,

Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shade
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar; with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmaenmawr heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,

And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought,
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,

Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other bless'd, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Heavy with instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
The unequal conflict; and, as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offense,
And inward storm! He who yon skies involves
In frowns and darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid,
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
Forever silent, and forever sad.
As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,
Shines out afresh; and through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.
'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most-favor'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,

Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half-afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humor leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.
This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats,
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles; and is oft preserved,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.
Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat;
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd – save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touched by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice-happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:

Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd.
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire;
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bless'd
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah! then, not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival goddesses the vail divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair expos'd she stood – shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd: the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves received,
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed —
As shines the lily through the crystal mild,
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd now beneath the wave
But ill-concealed, and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid vail,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last.
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines,

Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw: "Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt;
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue that enchants the world:
So bending tries to vail the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, the alarming paper snatch'd.
But when her Damon's well known hand she saw
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted. Even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hushed by degrees the tumult of her soul,
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,

By fortune too much favor'd, but by love,
Alas! not favor'd less, be still as now
Discreet, the time may come you need not fly."
The sun has lost his rage; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul —
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,

Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms – whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light —
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue the sons of interest deem romance,
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant *portico* of woods,
To Nature's vast *lyceum*, forth they walk;
By that kind *school* where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
All is the same with thee. Say shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead;
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Sheen? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape; now the raptur'd eye
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat,
And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames —
Fair-winding up to where the muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing god, to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrac'd height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!

O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigor, liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty, with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime:
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless – while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even drudgery himself.

As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labor burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first,
Or in the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.
Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,

Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
And his own muses love – the best of kings.
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to fame, the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor —
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the maiden-reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain; whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigor when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd;
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russell lies; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign —
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius, fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love

Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards
Soon as the light of dawning science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice;
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of heaven! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heaven again.
The generous Ashley thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable muse
Of classic ages, in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son,
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners painting verse,
Well moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast,
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul informed, when dress'd in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations; whose remotest shore
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
O Thou by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white peace, and social love;
The tender-looking charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles
Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough industry; activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, public zeal —
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labors glorious with some great design.
Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitritè and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve;

Gives one bright glance, then total disappears
Forever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew —
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind, and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamors for his running mate,
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature naught disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,

In various game and revelry to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.

But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise
When daylight sickens, till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky; or horizontal dart,
In wondrous shapes – by fearful murmuring crowds

Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing cornet to the sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enliven'd few,
Whose god-like minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great: they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought which mounting spurns
This dusky spot and measures all the sky,
While from his far excursion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent

To work the will of all sustaining Love;
From his huge vapory train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs
Through which his long ellipsis winds – perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed eternal fire.
With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd.
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
To reason's and to fancy's eye display'd:
The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind,
Their highest honor, and their truest joy!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with the unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole,
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still revolving train!

Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace:
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.
Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd – the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,
And nature mov'd complete. With inward view
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train;
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, can not prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

THE SIGHT OF AN ANGEL

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image.

The date of the year was – no matter what; the day of the month was – no matter what; when a great general undertook to perform a great victory – a great statesman undertook to pass a great political measure – a great diplomatist undertook a most important mission – a great admiral undertook the command of a great fleet; all which great undertakings were commanded by the very same great monarch of a very great nation. At the same time did a great nobleman give a great entertainment at a great house, and a great beauty made a great many great conquests. On the same day, in the same year, in a very small room, in a very small house, in a very small street, in a very small town in Germany, did a very poor mason commence a very rude carving on a very rough stone. All the public journals of the day told a thousand times over the names of the great general, the great statesman, the great diplomatist, the great admiral, and the great monarch; all the fashionable papers of the day did the same of the great nobleman, the great company, and the great beauty: but none of them spoke of poor Johan Schmit, of the little town of – , on the Rhine.

Many years had passed away, and the date of the year was – no matter what; but history was telling of a great general who, with consummate wisdom, courage, and skill, and at the cost of numberless nameless lives, gained a great victory, which determined the fate and fortune of a great monarch and a great nation; consequently affecting the fate and fortunes of the world. It entered into minute detail of how his forces were disposed; where lay the right wing, where lay the left; where the cavalry advanced, and how the infantry sustained the attack; how the guns of the artillery played upon the enemy's flank and rear; and how the heavy dragoons rode down the routed forces, and how, finally, the field was covered with the enemy's dead and wounded, while so few of "our own troops" were left for the kite and the carrion crow. Then did history speak of the honors that awaited and rewarded the triumphant hero, of the clamorous homage of his grateful country, and the approving smiles of his grateful monarch; of the *fêtes*, the banquets, the triumphal processions, all in his honor; of the new titles, the lands, estates, and riches poured upon him; of the state and luxury in which he lived: until the tolling of every bell throughout the kingdom, the eight-horse hearse, the mile-long procession, the Dead March in "Saul," and the volley over the grave, announced that a public statue, on a column a hundred feet high, in the largest square of the largest town, was all that could now record the name of the greatest general of the greatest nation in the world.

History then spoke of a great statesman who on a certain day in a certain year, passed a certain most important measure, affecting the interest of a great nation, and consequently of the whole world. It spoke of his wisdom and foresight, the result of great intellect, energy and labor, giving a biographic sketch of his career from cradle to coffin; dismissing him with a long eulogium on his talents, integrity, and activity, and lamenting the loss such great men were to their country. Then came the name of the great diplomatist whose services had been equally important, and who was dismissed with a similar memoir and eulogium. Then the great admiral, who lived through a whole chapter all to himself, and had his name brought in throughout the whole history of the great monarch whose reign had been rendered so brilliant by the great deeds of so many great men. Of the great feast given by the great nobleman, and the conquests of the great beauty, there remains to this day a record, of the former in the adulatory poems of his flatterers, though the giver was gone – no matter where; of the latter many fair portraits and many fond sonnets, though the object had gone – no matter where. But no scribe told

the history, no poet made a sonnet, no artist drew the portrait of poor Johan Schmit, the mason, who made the rude carving on the rough stone in the little town of – , on the Rhine. This task remains for an historian as obscure as himself, who now begins a rude carving on the rough stone of a human life.

After the example of the great historian already alluded to, I shall touch but lightly on the early history of my hero; merely stating that thirty years before the present date, Johan Schmit was born to Johan Schmit the elder, by his wife Gretchen, after a similar presentation of five others; that he got through the usual maladies childhood is heir to, and was at the age of fifteen apprenticed to Herman Schwartz, a master-builder in the town of Bonn. There, after some years of hod-carrying, mortar-spreading, and stone-cutting – ascending steadily, both literally and metaphorically, the ladder of his profession – honest Johan took a prudent, diligent woman to wife, who lost no time in making him the father of three thriving heirs to his house and his hod. Johan was in tolerably good work, lived in the small house in the small street already mentioned, and kept his family, without much pinching on the part of the thrifty Gertrude, in their beer, thick bread, and sauerkraut. His work, his wife, his children, and his two companions, Karl Vratz, and Caspar Katzheim, with whom he drank very hoppy beer at the "Gold Apfel," just round the corner of the street, comprised the whole interests which occupied the heart and brain of Johan Schmit, of the little town of – , on the Rhine. Johan had no other idea in his head when he rose in the morning than the day's work, the same as it was yesterday, and would be to-morrow; no other thought when he returned from it in the evening than that Frudchen had his supper ready for him, that little Wilhelm and Johan would run to meet him, and that little Rosechen, the baby, would crow out of her cradle at him, if awake, and that after his supper he would just walk down to the "Gold Apfel," and smoke a pipe with Karl and Caspar as usual. But Johan went to church occasionally with his wife, going through his routine of crossings, genuflexions, and sprinklings with holy water as orderly as any man. He heard the priest speak of doing his duty and obeying the church. Johan believed he did both; his duty – hard work – lay plainly before him; he was honest, sober, and kind to his family, and had certainly no idea or intention of disobeying the church. Thus, in a monotonous task of hard labor for daily bread and the support of an increasing family, plodded contentedly away the life of Johan Schmit of the little town of – , on the Rhine.

But there is an era in the life of every one, even the most plodding and homely; and so it was with Johan Schmit. It happened one day that he was sent for to repair a broken wall in the château of the Count von Rosenheim, situated not far from the town where Johan lived, on the Rhine; and having completed his job, the housekeeper (the count being absent) took the poor mason through the splendid rooms as a treat. Here he beheld what he had never seen in his life before; velvet curtains, silken sofas, crystal mirrors, gilded frames, paintings, and sculpture; until his eyes were more dazzled than they had been since the first time he entered the cathedral of Bonn. But after gazing his fill upon all this gorgeous spectacle, his eyes happened to fall upon a small bronze statuette of an angel, which the housekeeper informed him was a copy of the Archangel Michael, from some church, she knew not where.

Here was Johan arrested, and here would he have stood forever; for, after looking upon this angel, he saw nothing more: every thing vanished from before him, and nothing remained but the small bronze statuette. Johan had seen plenty of angels before in the churches, fresh-colored, chubby children, and he often thought his own little Rosechen would look just like them if she had wings; but this was something far different. A youth under twenty, and yet it gave no more idea of either age or sex than of any other earthly condition. Clad in what Johan supposed would represent luminous scale-armor, something dazzling and transparent, like what he had heard the priests call the "armor of God" – the hands crossed upon the bosom, the head slightly bowed, the attitude so full of awe, obedience, and humility; and yet what attitude of human pride or defiance was half so lofty, so noble, so dignified? The sword hung sheathed by the side, the long wings folded; but the face – oh, how could he describe that face, so full of high earnestness and holy calm? so bright, so serious, so serene! He felt awed, calmed, and elevated as he looked at it.

"You must go now," exclaimed Madame Grossenberg; and Johan started from his reverie, made his bow, replaced his paper cap, and went home, with his head full of the angel instead of his work. He saw it there instead of stout Frudchen and the children, who climbed about, and wondered at his abstraction. He went to bed, and dreamed of the angel – glorified it seemed to be – and, perhaps for the first time in his life, recalled his dream, and saw the beautiful vision before his waking eyes all the next day at his work – even in the "Gold Apfel," the most unlikely place for an angel; and again when he closed his eyes to sleep. In short, the angel became to him what his gold is to the miser, his power is to the ambitious man, and his mistress to the lover: he saw nothing else in the whole world but the angel; and this now filled the heart and brain of poor Johan Schmit, of the little town of – , on the Rhine.

There are some things we desire to possess, and other things we desire to produce; the former is the feeling of the connoisseur and collector: the latter, of the artist. The first requires taste and money; the latter – we won't say what it requires, or what it evinces, for enough has been said on the subject already. Johan Schmit had no money; taste he must have had, or he could not have admired the angel; he was no artist, certainly; he had never drawn a line, or cut any thing but a stone in his life; and yet he felt he must do something about that angel. He saw it so plainly and so constantly before him, that he felt he could copy it, if he only knew how. Now, as he could not draw, he could not copy it in that manner; but as he could cut stone, no matter how hard, he did not see why he might not attempt to cut the angel upon a large stone, which he procured, and brought quietly up to a small garret at the top of his house for that purpose.

It was at this time that the general, the statesman, the diplomatist, and the admiral, all severally planned their great undertakings; and it was at this time that a strange thought passed through the brain of Johan Schmit, as he sate looking at the great rough stone before him. Johan was, as we have seen, quite an uneducated man; he hardly knew enough of writing to spell his own name; and as to reading, he had never looked into a book since he left school, at the age of twelve; he therefore hardly knew the nature of his own ideas. His thoughts, never arranged, were but like vague sensations passing through his mind, which he could not define; but if he could have defined them they would have taken something like the following expression:

The angel seemed to have awakened a new world within him; not that he thought of the legend of the Archangel Michael, which he had heard long ago, and forgotten; but of the first idea of the artist who designed that particular angel: what must have been his thoughts! what image must he have had before him as he made that form grow from the marble block into living beauty! Whence could such an idea have come? It must surely have been a visitation from God – a spark of his own creative power. And how must the artist have felt as, day by day and hour by hour, he saw his work developing and perfecting before him, until at last it stood up, a sight to make men wonder and almost worship – an embodiment of all that was pure, lofty, and holy. Then came the contrast of his own sordid work, so low, so slave-like, so brute-like. What human idea could be put into hod-carrying, mortar-spreading, and stone-cutting? Could not an animal or a machine do as much? For the first time, perhaps, in his life, Johan felt that he had a soul not to be bounded by the limits of his work or the daily necessities of existence; and in his rough way he asked himself: How can the higher aspirations of that soul be reflected in man's every-day life? and whether a human mind should be bounded by the narrow routine of plodding toil, for the supplying of common wants? And all these thoughts, vague, unformed, a dim and undefined sense of something, passed through Johan's brain as he sate cutting away at the stone, and trying to form the angel in his little garret, in the little town of – , on the Rhine. Patiently he labored at it after his day's work was over; patiently he bore all his failures, when he saw in the indistinct outline that the angel's arm was too short, its right leg crooked, its wings shapeless, and its head, instead of bending gracefully, stuck upon its breast like an excrescence; patiently he bore the scoldings of his wife for his dullness and abstraction, and the tricks of his children to arouse him; patiently he listened to the remonstrances of Karl and Caspar, for his bad companionship at the

"Gold Apfel;" and patiently he bore the still more serious remonstrances of his master, at the careless and negligent manner in which he often performed his work, when a vision of the angel chanced to flit with more than usual vividness before him. Time wore on; and if Johan did not progress rapidly with his angel, Gertrude was far more active and diligent in presenting him with images in another material, and urging loudly at the same time the necessity of working hard for an increasing family. Poor Gertrude: she was a good woman, and loved her husband without understanding him; but she had a quick temper, and was what is commonly called a shrew. She thought Johan wanted rousing; and to rouse him she rated him: he bore it all patiently, and thought of the angel – it was strange how that angel soothed and consoled him! Caspar, his fellow-workman, fell from a scaffold, and broke his leg. Caspar, too, had a wife and children: Johan undertook his work – he worked double hours, and divided his wages with Caspar.

Karl revealed to him in confidence over his pipe at the "Gold Apfel," that he was in debt, and had been threatened with a jail: Johan lent him the money unknown to Gertrude, and worked hard to make it up; as he knew Karl could never pay him.

He had now no time to work at the angel; and time was going on with him. By his little broken looking-glass he could see his beard growing gray; but strange to say, the angel, though less distinct in form than when he saw it, was still firmly fixed in his memory; and though it seemed to be etherialized, he could always call up its image before him; and still, every moment he could spare, did he hasten to his garret, and cut away at the rough stone. But these hours were stolen from his natural rest, and nature punished the theft; his strength visibly declined. Yet he could not abandon his work – and this not from any ambitious ideas of its success, for he never dreamed of succeeding – he felt his own inability too much to hope for it; – but there was something in the exercise of will, mind, and heart – something which seemed to elevate him in spite of himself, while at his employment, that balanced all other feelings of disappointment and weariness, making him a happier – no, that is not the word, but a nobler – man. And now Johan Schmit had contrived to apprentice his eldest son, send his second to school, pay the doctor's long bill for two children, and bury another; besides having helped Caspar during his illness, and paid Karl's debt. Thrifty Gertrude managed to keep things together; and in her cleaning and bustling had no time to observe the wan face and wasted frame of her husband. The stone had been gradually cut into a form which was nearly as shapeless as before Johan touched it; and yet, to his eyes, it did bear some rude resemblance to the angel of his inspiration – which appeared before his eyes so vividly as he returned from an unusually-long and hard day's work to his home, that he thought he could just put one or two finishing strokes before going to bed which would recall his dimly-remembered model. Without touching supper or pipe, he embraced his wife and children, and went to his garret. He looked long on the rude block before him, and then took up his hammer and chisel to complete his work. After two or three attempts, an unwonted languor stole over him; the tools dropped from his hands, and he worked no more; but the vision of the angel before his eyes grew stronger and stronger, and of something brighter and more glorious than the angel, but he did not attempt to carve it.

In the early morning Gertrude awoke, and was surprised not to see her husband. Thinking he might have risen to his work earlier than usual, she arose and went down stairs; the door was bolted, and there were no signs of Johan. She called; no answer: then, becoming alarmed, she roused the children to look for him. The small house was soon searched, but no Johan discovered; when Wilhelm, remembering the garret he had seen his father steal away into, ascended the ladder leading to it – and there, on his knees, his head resting on the rude block of stone, lay the lifeless body of Johan Schmit. The last thing his eyes beheld on earth was *that* angel; – but who can say on what vision they opened.

His wife and children removed to Bonn, to her father; who had saved money, and promised to take care of them. His body was laid in the little cemetery of the little town: his widow placed a wooden cross at the head of his grave, which in time, rotted and fell down; so that the place is now left unmarked by any thing. That stone, on which a human heart had carved itself out, was broken up to

mend the town wall. And thus, while a large marble slab, with a long inscription, covers the remains of the great general, the great statesman, the great diplomatist, the great admiral, the great nobleman, and the great beauty – not even a piece of wood or a block of stone tells of the mere existence of poor Johan Schmit, of the little town of – , on the Rhine.

They could work out their idea of life, and the objects for which it was given, by their successful dedication of it to pride, ambition, vanity, and coquetry. *He* could not; but who can tell what effect that futile effort, that unknown and profitless toil, may have had upon the fate of his soul where it now is?

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. [1]

CHAPTER XXIX.
"THE BREAKFAST AT LETTERKENNY."

Early the next morning, a messenger arrived from the Cranagh, with a small packet of my clothes and effects, and a farewell letter from the two brothers. I had but time to glance over its contents, when the tramp of feet and the buzz of voices in the street attracted me to the window, and on looking out I saw a long line of men, two abreast, who were marching along as prisoners, a party of dismounted dragoons, keeping guard over them on either side, followed by a strong detachment of marines. The poor fellows looked sad and crest-fallen enough. Many of them wore bandages on their heads and limbs, the tokens of the late struggle. Immediately in front of the inn door stood a group of about thirty persons; they were the staff of the English force and the officers of our fleet, all mingled together, and talking away with the greatest air of unconcern. I was struck by remarking that all our seamen, though prisoners, saluted the officers as they passed, and in the glances interchanged I thought I could read a world of sympathy and encouragement. As for the officers, like true Frenchmen, they bore themselves as though it were one of the inevitable chances of war, and, however vexatious for the moment, not to be thought of as an event of much importance. The greater number of them belonged to the army, and I could see the uniforms of the staff, artillery, and dragoons, as well as the less distinguished costume of the line.

Perhaps they carried the affectation of indifference a little too far, and in the lounging ease of their attitude, and the cool unconcern with which they puffed their cigars, displayed an over-anxiety to seem unconcerned. That the English were piqued at their bearing was still more plain to see; and indeed in the sullen looks of the one and the careless gayety of the other party, a stranger might readily have mistaken the captor for the captive.

My two friends of the evening before were in the midst of the group. He who had questioned me so sharply now wore a general officer's uniform, and seemed to be the chief in command. As I watched him, I heard him addressed by an officer, and now saw that he was no other than Lord Cavan himself, while the other was a well-known magistrate and country gentleman, Sir George Hill.

The sad procession took almost half an hour to defile; and then came a long string of country cars and carts, with sea chests and other stores belonging to our officers, and, last of all, some eight or ten ammunition wagons and gun carriages, over which an English union-jack now floated in token of conquest.

There was nothing like exultation or triumph exhibited by the peasantry as this pageant passed by. They gazed in silent wonderment at the scene, looked like men that scarcely knew whether the result boded more of good or evil to their own fortunes. While keenly scrutinizing the looks and bearing of the bystanders I received a summons to meet the general and his party at breakfast.

Although the occurrence was one of the most pleasurable incidents of my life, which brought me once more into intercourse with my comrades and my countrymen, I should perhaps pass it over with slight mention, were it not that it made me witness to a scene which has since been recorded in various different ways, but of whose exact details I profess to be an accurate narrator.

After making a tour of the room, saluting my comrades, answering questions here, putting others there, I took my place at the long table, which, running the whole length of the apartment, was indiscriminately occupied by French and English, and found myself with my back to the fire-

[1] Continued from Vol. II. p. 747.

place, and having directly in front of me a man of about thirty-three or four years of age, dressed in the uniform of a chef de brigade; light-haired and blue-eyed, he bore no resemblance whatever to those around him, whose dark faces and black beards, proclaimed them of a foreign origin. There was an air of mildness in his manner, mingled with a certain impetuosity that betrayed itself in the rapid glances of his eye, and I could plainly mark that while the rest were perfectly at their ease, he was constrained, restless, watching eagerly every thing that went forward about him, and showing unmistakably a certain anxiety and distrust widely differing from the gay and careless indifference of his comrades. I was curious to hear his name, and on asking, learned that he was the Chef de Brigade Smith, an Irishman by birth, but holding a command in the French service.

I had but asked the question, when pushing back his chair from the table, he arose suddenly, and stood stiff and erect, like a soldier on the parade.

"Well, sir, I hope you are satisfied with your inspection of me," cried he, and sternly addressing himself to some one behind my back. I turned and perceived it was Sir George Hill, who stood in front of the fire, leaning on his stick. Whether he replied or not to this rude speech I am unable to say, but the other walked leisurely round the table, and came directly in front of him. "You know me *now*, sir, I presume," said he, in the same imperious voice, "or else this uniform has made a greater change in my appearance than I knew of."

"Mr. Tone!" said Sir George, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Ay, sir, Wolfe Tone; there is no need of secrecy here; Wolfe Tone, your old college acquaintance in former times, but now chef de brigade in the service of France."

"This is a very unexpected, a very unhappy meeting, Mr. Tone," said Hill, feelingly; "I sincerely wish you had not recalled the memory of our past acquaintance. *My* duty gives me no alternative."

"Your duty, or I mistake much, can have no concern with me, sir," cried Tone, in a more excited voice.

"I ask for nothing better than to be sure of this, Mr. Tone," said Sir George, moving slowly toward the door.

"You would treat me like an emigré rentré," cried Tone, passionately; "but I am a French subject and a French officer."

"I shall be well satisfied if others take the same view of your case, I assure you," said Hill, as he gained the door.

"You'll not find me unprepared for either event, sir," rejoined Tone, following him out of the room, and banging the door angrily behind him.

For a moment or two the noise of voices was heard from without, and several of the guests, English and French, rose from the table, eagerly inquiring what had occurred, and asking for an explanation of the scene, when suddenly the door was flung wide open, and Tone appeared between two policemen, his coat off, and his wrists inclosed in handcuffs.

"Look here, comrades," he cried in French; "this is another specimen of English politeness and hospitality. After all," added he, with a bitter laugh, "they have no designation in all their heraldry as honorable as these fetters, when worn for the cause of freedom! Good-by, comrades; we may never meet again, but don't forget how we parted!"

These were the last words he uttered, when the door was closed, and he was led forward under charge of a strong force of police and military. A post-chaise was soon seen to pass the windows at speed, escorted by dragoons, and we saw no more of our comrade.

The incident passed even more rapidly than I write it. The few words spoken, the hurried gestures, the passionate exclamations, are yet all deeply graven on my memory; and I can recall every little incident of the scene, and every feature of the locality wherein it occurred. With true French levity many reseated themselves at the breakfast-table; while others, with perhaps as little feeling, but more of curiosity, discussed the event, and sought for an explanation of its meaning.

"Then what's to become of Tiernay," cried one, "if it be so hard to throw off this 'coil of Englishman?' *His* position may be just as precarious."

"That is exactly what has occurred," said Lord Cavan; "a warrant for his apprehension has just been put into my hands, and I deeply regret that the duty should violate that of hospitality, and make my guest my prisoner."

"May I see this warrant, my lord?" asked I.

"Certainly, sir. Here it is; and here is the information on oath through which it was issued, sworn to before three justices of the peace by a certain Joseph Dowall, late an officer in the rebel forces, but now a pardoned approver of the Crown; do you remember such a man, sir?"

I bowed, and he went on.

"He would seem a precious rascal; but such characters become indispensable in times like these. After all, M. Tiernay, my orders are only to transmit you to Dublin under safe escort, and there is nothing either in *my* duty or in *your* position to occasion any feeling, of unpleasantness between *us*. Let us have a glass of wine together."

I responded to this civil proposition with politeness, and after a slight interchange of leave-takings with some of my newly-found comrades, I set out for Derry on a jaunting-car, accompanied by an officer and two policemen, affecting to think very little of a circumstance which, in reality, the more I reflected over the more serious I deemed it.

CHAPTER XXX.
A SCENE IN THE ROYAL BARRACKS

It would afford me little pleasure to write, and doubtless my readers less to read my lucubrations, as I journeyed along toward Dublin. My thoughts seldom turned from myself and my own fortunes, nor were they cheered by the scenes through which I traveled. The season was a backward and wet one, and the fields, partly from this cause, and partly from the people being engaged in the late struggle, lay untilled and neglected. Groups of idle, lounging peasants stood in the villages, or loitered on the high roads, as we passed, sad, ragged-looking, and wretched. They seemed as if they had no heart to resume their wonted life of labor, but were waiting for some calamity to close their miserable existence. Strongly in contrast with this were the air and bearing of the yeomanry and militia detachments, with whom we occasionally came up. Quite forgetting how little creditable to some of them, at least, were the events of the late campaign, they gave themselves the most intolerable airs of heroism, and in their drunken jollity, and reckless abandonment, threatened, I know not what – utter ruin to France and all Frenchmen. Bonaparte was the great mark of all their sarcasms, and, from some cause or other, seemed to enjoy a most disproportioned share of their dislike and derision.

At first it required some effort of constraint on my part to listen to this ribaldry in silence; but prudence, and a little sense, taught me the safer lesson of "never minding," and so I affected to understand nothing that was said in a spirit of insult or offense.

On the night of the 7th of November we drew nigh to Dublin; but instead of entering the capital, we halted at a small village outside of it called Chapelizod. Here a house had been fitted up for the reception of French prisoners, and I found myself, if not in company, at least under the same roof with my countrymen.

Nearer intercourse than this, however, I was not destined to enjoy, for early on the following morning I was ordered to set out for the Royal Barracks, to be tried before a court-martial. It was on a cold, raw morning, with a thin, drizzly rain falling, that we drove into the barrack-yard, and drew up at the mess-room, then used for the purposes of a court. As yet none of the members had assembled, and two or three mess-waiters were engaged in removing the signs of last night's debauch, and restoring a semblance of decorum to a very rackety-looking apartment. The walls were scrawled over with absurd caricatures, in charcoal or ink, of notorious characters of the capital, and a very striking "battle-piece" commemorated the "Races of Castlebar," as that memorable action was called, in a spirit, I am bound to say, of little flattery to the British arms. There were to be sure little compensatory illustrations here and there of French cavalry in Egypt, mounted on donkeys, or revolutionary troops on parade, ragged as scarecrows, and ill-looking as highwaymen; but a most liberal justice characterized all these frescoes, and they treated both Trojan and Tyrian alike.

I had abundant time given me to admire them, for although summoned for seven o'clock, it was nine before the first officer of the court-martial made his appearance, and he having popped in his head, and perceiving the room empty; sauntered out again, and disappeared. At last a very noisy jaunting-car rattled into the square, and a short, red-faced man was assisted down from it, and entered the mess-room. This was Mr. Peters, the Deputy Judge Advocate, whose presence was the immediate signal for the others, who now came dropping in from every side, the President, a Colonel Daly, arriving the last.

A few tradespeople, loungers, it seemed to me, of the barrack, and some half-dozen non-commissioned officers off duty, made up the public; and I could not but feel a sense of my insignificance in the utter absence of interest my fate excited. The listless indolence and informality, too, offended and insulted me; and when the President politely told me to be seated, for they were obliged to wait for some books or papers left behind at his quarters, I actually was indignant at his coolness.

As we thus waited, the officers gathered around the fire-place, chatting and laughing pleasantly together, discussing the social events of the capital, and the gossip of the day; every thing, in fact, but the case of the individual on whose future fate they were about to decide.

At length the long-expected books made their appearance, and a few well-thumbed volumes were spread over the table, behind which the Court took their places, Colonel Daly in the centre, with the Judge upon his left.

The members being sworn, the Judge Advocate arose, and in a hurried, humdrum kind of voice, read out what purported to be the commission under which I was to be tried; the charge being, whether I had or had not acted treacherously and hostilely to his Majesty, whose natural born subject I was, being born in that kingdom, and, consequently, owing to him all allegiance and fidelity. "Guilty or not guilty, sir?"

"The charge is a falsehood; I am a Frenchman," was my answer.

"Have respect for the Court, sir," said Peters; "you mean that you are a French officer, but by birth an Irishman."

"I mean no such thing; – that I am French by birth, as I am in feeling – that I never saw Ireland till within a few months back, and heartily wish I had never seen it."

"So would General Humbert, too, perhaps," said Daly, laughing; and the Court seemed to relish the jest.

"Where were you born, then, Tiernay?"

"In Paris, I believe."

"And your mother's name, what was it?"

"I never knew; I was left an orphan when a mere infant, and can tell little of my family."

"Your father was Irish, then?"

"Only by descent. I have heard that we came from a family who bore the title of 'Timmahoo' – Lord Tiernay of Timmahoo."

"There was such a title," interposed Peters; "it was one of King James's last creations after his flight from the Boyne. Some, indeed, assert that it was conferred before the battle. What a strange coincidence, to find the descendant, if he be such, laboring in something like the same cause as his ancestor."

"What's your rank, sir?" asked a sharp, severe-looking man, called Major Flood.

"First Lieutenant of Hussars."

"And is it usual for a boy of your years to hold that rank; or was there any thing peculiar in your case that obtained the promotion?"

"I served in two campaigns, and gained my grade regularly."

"Your Irish blood, then, had no share in your advancement?" asked he again.

"I am a Frenchman, as I said before," was my answer.

"A Frenchman, who lays claim to an Irish estate and an Irish title," replied Flood. "Let us hear Dowall's statement."

And now, to my utter confusion, a man made his way to the table, and, taking the book from the Judge Advocate, kissed it in token of an oath.

"Inform the Court of any thing you know in connection with the prisoner," said the Judge.

And the fellow, not daring even to look toward me, began a long, rambling, unconnected narrative of his first meeting with me at Killala, affecting that a close intimacy had subsisted between us, and that in the faith of a confidence, I had told him how, being an Irishman by birth, I had joined the expedition in the hope that with the expulsion of the English I should be able to re-establish my claim to my family rank and fortune. There was little coherence in his story, and more than one discrepant statement occurred in it; but the fellow's natural stupidity imparted a wonderful air of truth to the narrative, and I was surprised how naturally it sounded even to my own ears, little

circumstances of truth being interspersed through the recital, as though to season the falsehood into a semblance of fact.

"What have you to reply to this, Tiernay?" asked the Colonel.

"Simply, sir, that such a witness, were his assertions even more consistent and probable, is utterly unworthy of credit. This fellow was one of the greatest marauders of the rebel army: and the last exercise of authority I ever witnessed by General Humbert was an order to drive him out of the town of Castlebar."

"Is this the notorious Town-Major Dowall?" asked an officer of artillery.

"The same, sir."

"I can answer, then, for his being one of the greatest rascals unhanged," rejoined he.

"This is all very irregular, gentlemen," interposed the Judge Advocate; "the character of a witness can not be impugned by what is mere desultory conversation. Let Dowall withdraw."

The man retired, and now a whispered conversation was kept up at the table for about a quarter of an hour, in which I could distinctly separate those who befriended from those who opposed me, the Major being the chief of the latter party. One speech of his which I overheard made a slight impression on me, and for the first time suggested uneasiness regarding the event.

"Whatever you do with this lad must have an immense influence on Tone's trial. Don't forget that if you acquit him you'll be sorely puzzled to convict the other."

The Colonel promptly overruled this unjust suggestion, and maintained that in my accent, manner, and appearance, there was every evidence of my French origin.

"Let Wolfe Tone stand upon his own merits," said he, "but let us not mix this case with his."

"I'd have treated every man who landed to a rope," exclaimed the Major, "Humbert himself among the rest. It was pure 'brigandage,' and nothing less."

"I hope if I escape, sir, that it will never be my fortune to see you a prisoner of France," said I, forgetting all in my indignation.

"If my voice have any influence, young man, that opportunity is not likely to occur to you," was the reply.

This ungenerous speech found no sympathy with the rest, and I soon saw that the Major represented a small minority in the Court.

The want of my commission, or of any document suitable to my rank or position in the service, was a great drawback; for I had given all my papers to Humbert, and had nothing to substantiate my account of myself. I saw how unfavorably this acknowledgement was taken by the Court; and when I was ordered to withdraw that they might deliberate, I own that I felt great misgivings as to the result.

The deliberation was a long, and as I could overhear, a strongly disputed one. Dowall was twice called in for examination, and when he retired on the last occasion, the discussion grew almost stormy.

As I stood thus awaiting my fate, the public, now removed from the Court, pressed eagerly to look at me; and while some thronged the door-way, and even pressed against the sentry, others crowded at the window to peep in. Among these faces, over which my eye ranged in half vacancy, one face struck me, for the expression of sincere sympathy and interest it bore. It was that of a middle-aged man of an humble walk in life, whose dress bespoke him from the country. There was nothing in his appearance to have called for attention or notice, and at any other time I should have passed him over without remark, but now, as his features betokened a feeling almost verging on anxiety, I could not regard him without interest.

Whichever way my eyes turned, however my thoughts might take me off, whenever I looked toward him, I was sure to find his gaze steadily bent upon me, and with an expression quite distinct from mere curiosity. At last came the summons for me to reappear before the Court, and the crowd opened to let me pass in.

The noise, the anxiety of the moment, and the movement of the people confused me at first, and when I recovered self-possession, I found that the Judge Advocate was reciting the charge under

which I was tried. There were three distinct counts, on each of which the Court pronounced me "Not Guilty," but at the same time qualifying the finding by the additional words – "by a majority of two;" thus showing me that my escape had been a narrow one.

"As a prisoner of war," said the President, "you will now receive the same treatment as your comrades of the same rank. Some have been already exchanged, and some have given bail for their appearance to answer any future charges against them."

"I am quite ready, sir, to accept my freedom on parole," said I; "of course, in a country where I am an utter stranger, bail is out of the question."

"I'm willing to bail him, your worship; I'll take it on me to be surety for him," cried a coarse, husky voice from the body of the court; and at the same time a man dressed in a great coat of dark frieze pressed through the crowd and approached the table.

"And who are you, my good fellow, so ready to impose yourself on the Court?" asked Peters.

"I'm a farmer of eighty acres of land, from the Black Pits, near Baldoyle, and the Adjutant there, Mr. Moore, knows me well."

"Yes," said the Adjutant, "I have known you some years, as supplying forage to the cavalry, and always heard you spoken of as honest and trust-worthy."

"Thank you, Mr. Moore; that's as much as I want."

"Yes; but it's not as much as *we* want, my worthy man," said Peters; "we require to know that you are a solvent and respectable person."

"Come out and see my place then; ride over the land and look at my stock; ask my neighbors my character; find out if there's any thing against me."

"We prefer to leave all that trouble on *your* shoulders," said Peters; "show us that we may accept your surety and we'll entertain the question at once."

"How much is it?" asked he, eagerly.

"We demanded five hundred pounds for a Major on the staff; suppose we say two, Colonel, is that sufficient?" asked Peters of the President.

"I should say quite enough," was the reply.

"There's eighty of it any way," said the farmer, producing a dirty roll of bank notes, and throwing them on the table; "I got them from Mr. Murphy in Smithfield this morning, and I'll get twice as much more from him for asking; so if your honors will wait 'till I come back, I'll not be twenty minutes away."

"But we can't take your money, my man; we have no right to touch it."

"Then what are ye talking about two hundred pounds for?" asked he, sternly.

"We want your promise to pay in the event of this bail being broken."

"Oh, I see, it's all the same thing in the end; I'll do it either way."

"We'll accept Mr. Murphy's guarantee for your solvency," said Peters; "obtain that and you can sign the bond at once."

"Faith I'll get it sure enough, and be here before you've the writing drawn out;" said he, buttoning up his coat.

"What name are we to insert in the bond?"

"Tiernay, sir."

"That's the prisoner's name, but we want yours."

"Mine's Tiernay too, sir, Pat Tiernay of the Black Pits."

Before I could recover from my surprise at this announcement he had left the Court, which, in a few minutes afterward, broke up, a clerk alone remaining to fill up the necessary documents and complete the bail-bond.

The Colonel, as well as two others of his officers, pressed me to join them at breakfast, but I declined, resolving to wait for my name-sake's return, and partake of no other hospitality than his.

It was near one o'clock when he returned, almost worn out with fatigue, since he had been in pursuit of Mr. Murphy for several hours, and only came upon him by chance at last. His business, however, he had fully accomplished; the bail-bond was duly drawn out and signed, and I left the barrack in a state of happiness very different from the feeling with which I had entered it that day.

CHAPTER XXXI.
A BRIEF CHANGE OF LIFE AND COUNTRY

My new acquaintance never ceased to congratulate himself on what he called the lucky accident that had led him to the barracks that morning, and thus brought about our meeting. "Little as you think of me, my dear," said he, "I'm one of the Tiernays of Timmahoo myself; faix, until I saw you, I thought I was the last of them! There are eight generations of us in the church-yard at Kells, and I was looking to the time when they'd lay my bones there, as the last of the race, but I see there's better fortune before us."

"But you have a family I hope?"

"Sorrow one belonging to me. I might have married when I was young, but there was a pride in me to look for something higher than I had any right, except from blood, I mean; for a better stock than our own isn't to be found; and that's the way years went over and I lost the opportunity, and here I am now an old bachelor, without one to stand to me, barrin' it be yourself."

The last words were uttered with a tremulous emotion, and on turning toward him I saw his eyes swimming with tears, and perceived that some strong feeling was working within him.

"You can't suppose I can ever forget what I owe you, Mr. Tiernay."

"Call me Pat, Pat Tiernay," interrupted he, roughly.

"I'll call you what you please," said I, "if you let me add friend to it."

"That's enough; we understand one another now, no more need be said; you'll come home and live with me. It's not long, maybe, you'll have to do that same; but when I go you'll be heir to what I have: 'tis more, perhaps, than many supposes, looking at the coat and the gaiters I'm wearin'. Mind, Maurice, I don't want you, nor I don't expect you to turn farmer like myself. You need never turn a hand to any thing. You'll have your horse to ride – two if you like it. Your time will be all your own, so that you spend a little of it, now and then, with me, and as much divarsion as ever you care for."

I have condensed into a few words the substance of a conversation which lasted till we reached Baldoyle; and passing through that not over-imposing village, gained the neighborhood of the sea-shore, along which stretched the farm of the "Black Pits," a name derived, I was told, from certain black holes that were dug in the sands by fishermen in former times, when the salt tide washed over the pleasant fields where corn was now growing. A long, low, thatched cabin, with far more indications of room and comfort than pretension to the picturesque, stood facing the sea. There were neither trees nor shrubs around it, and the aspect of the spot was bleak and cheerless enough, a coloring a dark November day did nothing to dispel.

It possessed one charm, however, and had it been a hundred times inferior to what it was, *that* one would have compensated for all else – hearty welcome met me at the door, and the words, "This is your home, Maurice," filled my heart with happiness.

Were I to suffer myself to dwell even in thought on this period of my life, I feel how insensibly I should be led away into an inexcusable prolixity. The little meaningless incidents of my daily life, all so engraven on my memory still, occupied me pleasantly from day till night. Not only the master of myself and my own time, I was master of every thing around me. Uncle Pat, as he loved to call himself, treated me with a degree of respect that was almost painful to me, and only when we were alone together, did he relapse into the intimacy of equality. Two first-rate hunters stood in my stable; a stout-built half-deck boat lay at my command beside the quay; I had my gun and my grayhounds; books, journals; every thing, in short, that a liberal purse and a kind spirit could confer – all but acquaintance. Of these I possessed absolutely none. Too proud to descend to intimacy with the farmers and small shopkeepers of the neighborhood, my position excluded me from acquaintance with the gentry; and thus I stood between both, unknown to either.

For a while my new career was too absorbing to suffer me to dwell on this circumstance. The excitement of field sports sufficed me when abroad, and I came home usually so tired at night that I could barely keep awake to amuse Uncle Pat with those narratives of war and campaigning he was so fond of hearing. To the hunting-field succeeded the Bay of Dublin, and I passed days, even weeks, exploring every creek and inlet of the coast; now cruising under the dark cliffs of the Welsh shore, or, while my boat lay at anchor, wandering among the solitary valleys of Lambay; my life, like a dream full of its own imaginings, and unbroken by the thoughts or feelings of others! I will not go the length of saying that I was self-free from all reproach on the inglorious indolence in which my days were passed, or that my thoughts never strayed away to that land where my first dreams of ambition were felt. But a strange fatuous kind of languor had grown upon me, and the more I retired within myself, the less did I wish for a return to that struggle with the world which every active life engenders. Perhaps – I can not now say if it were so – perhaps I resented the disdainful distance with which the gentry treated me, as we met in the hunting-field or the coursing-ground. Some of the isolation I preferred may have had this origin, but choice had the greater share in it, until at last my greatest pleasure was to absent myself for weeks on a cruise, fancying that I was exploring tracts never visited by man, and landing on spots where no human foot had ever been known to tread.

If Uncle Pat would occasionally remonstrate on the score of these long absences, he never ceased to supply means for them, and my sea store and a well-filled purse were never wanting, when the blue Peter floated from "La Hoche," as in my ardor I had named my cutter. Perhaps at heart he was not sorry to see me avoid the capital and its society. The bitterness which had succeeded the struggle for independence was now at its highest point, and there was what, to my thinking at least, appeared something like the cruelty of revenge in the sentences which followed the state trials. I will not suffer myself to stray into the debatable ground of politics, nor dare I give an opinion on matters, where, with all the experience of fifty years superadded, the wisest heads are puzzled how to decide; but my impression at the time was, that lenity would have been a safer and a better policy than severity, and that in the momentary prostration of the country lay the precise conjuncture for those measures of grace and favor, which were afterward rather wrung from than conceded by the English government. Be this as it may, Dublin offered a strange spectacle at that period. The triumphant joy of one party – the discomfiture and depression of the other. All the exuberant delight of success here; all the bitterness of failure there. On one side festivities, rejoicings, and public demonstrations; on the other, confinement, banishment, or the scaffold.

The excitement was almost madness. The passion for pleasure, restrained by the terrible contingencies of the time, now broke forth with redoubled force, and the capital was thronged with all its rank, riches, and fashion, when its jails were crowded, and the heaviest sentences of the law were in daily execution. The state trials were crowded by all the fashion of the metropolis; and the heart-moving eloquence of Curran was succeeded by the strains of a merry concert. It was just then, too, that the great lyric poet of Ireland began to appear in society, and those songs which were to be known afterwards as "The Melodies," par excellence, were first heard in all the witching enchantment which his own taste and voice could lend them. To such as were indifferent to or could forget the past, it was a brilliant period. It was the last flickering blaze of Irish nationality, before the lamp was extinguished for ever.

Of this society I myself saw nothing. But even in the retirement of my humble life the sounds of its mirth and pleasure penetrated, and I often wished to witness the scenes which even in vague description were fascinating. It was then in a kind of discontent at my exclusion, that I grew from day to day more disposed to solitude, and fonder of those excursions which led me out of all reach of companionship or acquaintance. In this spirit I planned a long cruise down channel, resolving to visit the Island of Valencia, or, if the wind and weather favored, to creep around the southwest coast as far as Bantry or Kenmare. A man and his son, a boy of about sixteen, formed all my crew, and were quite sufficient for the light tackle and easy rig of my craft. Uncle Pat was already mounted on

his pony, and ready to set out for market, as we prepared to start. It was a bright spring morning – such a one as now and then the changeful climate of Ireland brings forth, in a brilliancy of color and softness of atmosphere that are rare in even more favored lands.

"You have a fine day of it, Maurice, and just enough wind," said he, looking at the point from whence it came. "I almost wish I was going with you."

"And why not come, then?" asked I. "You never will give yourself a holiday. Do so for once, now."

"Not to-day, any how," said he, half sighing at his self-denial. "I have a great deal of business on my hands to-day; but the next time – the very next you're up to a long cruise, I'll go with you."

"That's a bargain, then?"

"A bargain. Here's my hand on it."

We shook hands cordially on the compact. Little knew I it was to be for the last time, and that we were never to meet again.

I was soon aboard, and with a free mainsail skimming rapidly over the bright waters of the bay. The wind freshened as the day wore on, and we quickly passed the Kish light-ship, and held our course boldly down channel. The height of my enjoyment in these excursions consisted in the unbroken quietude of mind I felt, when removed from all chance of interruption, and left free to follow out my own fancies, and indulge my dreamy conceptions to my heart's content. It was then I used to revel in imaginings which sometimes soared into the boldest realms of ambition, and at other strayed contemplatively in the humblest walks of obscure fortune. My crew never broke in upon these musings; indeed old Tom Finnerty's low crooning song rather aided than interrupted them. He was not much given to talking, and a chance allusion to some vessel afar off, or some head-land we were passing, were about the extent of his communicativeness, and even these often fell on my ear unnoticed.

It was thus, at night, we made the Hook Tower; and on the next day passed, in a spanking breeze, under the bold cliffs of Tramore, just catching, as the sun was sinking, the sight of Youghal Bay, and the tall headlands beyond it.

"The wind is drawing more to the nor'ard," said old Tom, as night closed in, "and the clouds look dirty."

"Bear her up a point or two," said I, "and let us stand in for Cork harbor, if it comes on to blow."

He muttered something in reply, but I did not catch the words, nor, indeed, cared I to hear them, for I had just wrapped myself in my boat-cloak, and stretched at full length on the shingle ballast of the yawl, was gazing in rapture at the brilliancy of the starry sky above me. Light skiffs of feathery cloud would now and then flit past, and a peculiar hissing sound of the sea told, at the same time, that the breeze was freshening. But old Tom had done his duty in mentioning this once; and thus having disburdened his conscience, he closehauled his mainsail, shifted the ballast a little to midships, and, putting up the collar of his pilot-coat, screwed himself tighter into the corner beside the tiller, and chewed his quid in quietness. The boy slept soundly in the bow, and I, lulled by the motion and the plashing waves, fell into a dreamy stupor, like a pleasant sleep. The pitching of the boat continued to increase, and twice or thrice, struck by a heavy sea, she lay over, till the white waves came tumbling in over her gunwale. I heard Tom call to his boy, something about the head-sail, but for the life of me I could not or would not arouse myself from a train of thought that I was following.

"She's a stout boat to stand this," said Tom, as he rounded her off, at a coming wave, which, even thus escaped, splashed over her like a cataract. "I know many a bigger craft wouldn't hold up her canvas under such a gale."

"Here it comes, father. Here's a squall," cried the boy, and with a crash like thunder, the wind struck the sail, and laid the boy half-under.

"She'd float if she was full of water," said the old man, as the craft "righted."

"But maybe the spars wouldn't stand," said the boy, anxiously.

"'Tis what I'm thinking," rejoined the father. "There's a shake in the mast, below the caps."

"Tell him it's better to bear up, and go before it," whispered the lad, with a gesture toward where I was lying.

"Troth it's little he'd care," said the other; "besides, he's never plazed to be woke up."

"Here it comes again," cried the boy. But this time the squall swept past ahead of us, and the craft only reeled to the swollen waves, as they tore by.

"We'd better go about, sir," said Tom to me; "there's a heavy sea outside, and it's blowing hard now."

"And there's a split in the mast as long as my arm," cried the boy.

"I thought she'd live through any sea, Tom!" said I, laughing; for it was his constant boast that no weather could harm her.

"There goes the spar," shouted he, while with a loud snap the mast gave way, and fell with a crash over the side. The boat immediately came head to wind, and sea after sea broke upon her bow, and fell in great floods over us.

"Cut away the stays – clear the wreck," cried Tom, "before the squall catches her."

And although we now labored like men whose lives depended on the exertion, the trailing sail and heavy rigging, shifting the ballast as they fell, laid her completely over; and when the first sea struck her, over she went. The violence of the gale sent me a considerable distance out, and for several seconds I felt as though I should never reach the surface again. Wave after wave rolled over me, and seemed bearing me downward with their weight. At last I grasped something; it was a rope – a broken halyard – but by its means I gained the mast, which floated alongside of the yawl as she now lay keel uppermost. With what energy did I struggle to reach her. The space was scarcely a dozen feet, and yet it cost me what seemed an age to traverse. Through all the roaring of the breakers, and the crashing sounds of storm, I thought I could hear my comrades' voices shouting and screaming, but this was in all likelihood a mere deception, for I never saw them more.

Grasping with a death-grip the slippery keel, I hung on the boat through all the night. The gale continued to increase, and by day-break it blew a perfect hurricane. With an aching anxiety I watched for the light to see if I were near the land, or if any ship were in sight, but when the sun rose nothing met my eyes but a vast expanse of waves tumbling and tossing in mad confusion, while overhead some streaked and mottled clouds were hurried along with the wind. Happily for me, I have no correct memory of that long day of suffering. The continual noise, but more still, the incessant motion of the sea and sky around brought on a vertigo, that seemed like madness; and although the instinct of self-preservation remained, the wildest and most incoherent fancies filled my brain. Some of these were powerful enough to impress themselves upon my memory for years after, and one I have never yet been able to dispel. It clings to me in every season of unusual depression or dejection; it recurs in the half nightmare sleep of over fatigue, and even invades me when, restless and feverish, I lie for hours incapable of repose. This is the notion that my state was one of after-life punishment; that I had died, and was now expiating a sinful life by the everlasting misery of a castaway. The fever brought on by thirst and exhaustion and the burning sun which beamed down upon my uncovered head, soon completed the measure of this infatuation, and all sense and guidance left me.

By what instinctive impulse I still held on my grasp I can not explain, but there I clung during the whole of that long dreadful day, and the still more dreadful night, when the piercing cold cramped my limbs, and seemed as if freezing the very blood within me. It was no wish for life; it was no anxiety to save myself that now filled me. It seemed like a vague impulse of necessity that compelled me to hang on. It was, as it were, part of that terrible sentence which made this my doom forever!

An utter unconsciousness must have followed this state, and a dreary blank, with flitting shapes of suffering, is all that remains to my recollection…

Probably within the whole range of human sensations, there is not one so perfect in its calm and soothing influence as the first burst of gratitude we feel when recovering from a long and severe

illness! There is not an object, however humble and insignificant, that is not for the time invested with a new interest. The air is balmier, flowers are sweeter, the voices of friends, the smiles and kind looks, are dearer and fonder than we have ever known them. The whole world has put on a new aspect for us, and we have not a thought that is not teeming with forgiveness and affection. Such, in all their completeness, were my feelings as I lay on the poop-deck of a large three-masted ship, which, with studding and top-gallant sails all set, proudly held her course up the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

She was a Dantzig barque, the "Hoffnung," bound for Quebec, her only passengers being a Moravian minister and his wife, on their way to join a small German colony established near Lake Champlain. To Gottfried Kröller and his dear little wife I owe not life alone, but nearly all that has made it valuable. With means barely removed from absolute poverty, I found that they had spared nothing to assist in my recovery; for, when discovered, emaciation and wasting had so far reduced me that nothing but the most unremitting care and kindness could have succeeded in restoring me. To this end they bestowed not only their whole time and attention, but every little delicacy of their humble sea-store. All the little cordials and restoratives meant for a season of sickness or debility were lavished unsparingly on me, and every instinct of national thrift and carefulness gave way before the more powerful influence of Christian benevolence.

I can think of nothing but that bright morning, as I lay on a mattress on the deck, with the "Pfarrer" on one side of me, and his good little wife, Lyschen, on the other; he, with his volume of "Wieland," and she working away with her long knitting-needles, and never raising her head save to bestow a glance at the poor sick boy, whose bloodless lips were trying to mutter her name in thankfulness. It is like the most delicious dream as I think over those hours, when, rocked by the surging motion of the large ship, hearing in half distinctness the words of the "Pfarrer's" reading, I followed out little fancies – now self-originating, now rising from the theme of the poet's musings.

How softly the cloud shadows moved over the white sails and swept along the bright deck! How pleasantly the water rippled against the vessel's side! With what a glad sound the great ensign flapped and fluttered in the breeze! There was light, and life, and motion on every side, and I felt all the intoxication of enjoyment.

And like a dream was the portion of my life which followed. I accompanied the Pfarrer to a small settlement near "Crown Point," where he was to take up his residence as minister. Here we lived amid a population of about four or five hundred Germans, principally from Pomerania, on the shores of the Baltic, a peaceful, thrifty, quiet set of beings, who, content with the little interests revolving around themselves, never troubled their heads about the great events of war or politics; and here in all likelihood should I have been content to pass my days, when an accidental journey I made to Albany, to receive some letters for the Pfarrer, once more turned the fortune of my life.

It was a great incident in the quiet monotony of my life, when I set out one morning, arrayed in a full suit of coarse glossy black, with buttons like small saucers, and a hat whose brim almost protected my shoulders. I was, indeed, an object of very considerable envy to some, and I hope, also, not denied the admiring approval of some others. Had the respectable city I was about to visit been the chief metropolis of a certain destination which I must not name, the warnings I received about its dangers, dissipations, and seductions, could scarcely have been more earnest or impressive. I was neither to speak with, nor even to look at, those I met in the streets. I was carefully to avoid taking my meals at any of the public eating-houses, rigidly guarding myself from the contamination of even a chance acquaintance. It was deemed as needless to caution me against theatres or places of amusement, as to hint to me that I should not commit a highway robbery or a murder, and so, in sooth, I should myself have felt it. The patriarchal simplicity in which I had lived for above a year, had not been without its effect in subduing exaggerated feeling, or controlling that passion for excitement so common to youth. I felt a kind of drowsy, dreamy languor over me, which I sincerely believed represented a pious and well-regulated temperament. Perhaps in time it might have become such. Perhaps with others,

more happily constituted, the impression would have been confirmed and fixed; but in *my* case it was a mere lacker that the first rubbing in the world was sure to brush off.

I arrived safely at Albany, and having presented myself at the bank of Gabriel Shultze, was desired to call the following morning, when all the letters and papers of Gottfried Kröller should be delivered to me. A very cold invitation to supper was the only hospitality extended to me. This I declined on pretext of weariness, and set out to explore the town, to which my long residence in rural life imparted a high degree of interest.

I don't know what it may now be: doubtless a great capital, like one of the European cities; but at the time I speak of, Albany was a strange, incongruous assemblage of stores and wooden houses, great buildings like granaries, with whole streets of low sheds around them, where open to the passer-by, men worked at various trades, and people followed out the various duties of domestic life in sight of the public; the daughters knitted and sewed; mothers cooked and nursed their children; men ate, and worked, and smoked, and sang, as if in all the privacy of closed dwellings, while a thick current of population poured by, apparently too much immersed in their own cares, or too much accustomed to the scene, to give it more than passing notice.

It was curious how one bred and born in the great city of Paris, with all its sights and sounds, and scenes of excitement and display, could have been so rusticated by time, as to feel a lively interest in surveying the motley aspect of this quaint town. There were, it is true, features in the picture very unlike the figures in "Old World" landscape. A group of red men, seated around a fire in the open street, or a squaw carrying on her back a baby, firmly tied to a piece of curved bark; a Southern-stater, with a spanking wagon-team, and two grinning negroes behind, were new and strange elements in the life of a city. Still, the mere movement, the actual busy stir and occupation of the inhabitants, attracted me as much as any thing else; and the shops and stalls where trades were carried on were a seduction I could not resist.

The strict puritanism in which I had lately lived taught me to regard all these things with a certain degree of distrust. They were the impulses of that gold-seeking passion of which Gottfried had spoken so frequently; they were the great vice of that civilization, whose luxurious tendency he often deplored; and here, now, more than one-half around me were arts that only ministered to voluptuous tastes. Brilliant articles of jewelry; gay cloaks, worked with wampum, in Indian taste; ornamental turning, and costly weapons, inlaid with gold and silver, succeeded each other, street after street; and the very sight of them, however pleasurable to the eye, set me a-moralizing, in a strain that would have done credit to a son of Geneva. It might have been, that in my enthusiasm I uttered half aloud what I intended for soliloquy: or perhaps some gesture, or peculiarity of manner, had the effect; but so it was: I found myself an object of notice; and my queer-cut coat and wide hat, contrasting so strangely with my youthful appearance and slender make, drew many a criticism on me.

"He ain't a Quaker, that's a fact," cried one, "for they don't wear black."

"He's a down-Easter – a horse jockey chap, I'll be bound," cried another. "They put on all manner of disguises and 'masqueroonings.' I know 'em!"

"He's a calf preacher – a young bottle-nosed Gospeller," broke in a thick, short fellow, like the skipper of a merchant ship. "Let's have him out for a preachment."

"Ay, you're right," chimed in another. "I'll get you a sugar hogshead in no time;" and away he ran on the mission.

Between twenty and thirty persons had now collected; and I saw myself, to my unspeakable shame and mortification, the centre of all their looks and speculations. A little more *aplomb* or knowledge of life would have taught me coolness enough in a few words to undeceive them: but such a task was far above me now; and I saw nothing for it but flight. Could I only have known which way to take, I need not have feared any pursuer, for I was a capital runner, and in high condition; but of the locality I was utterly ignorant, and should only surrender myself to mere chance. With a bold rush, then, I dashed right through the crowd, and set off down the street, the whole crew after me.

The dusk of the closing evening was in my favor; and although volunteers were enlisted in the chase at every corner and turning, I distanced them, and held on my way in advance. My great object being not to turn on my course, lest I should come back to my starting point, I directed my steps nearly straight onward, clearing apple-stalls and fruit tables at a bound; and more than once taking a flying leap over an Indian's fire, when the mad shout of the red man would swell the chorus that followed me. At last I reached a network of narrow lanes and alleys, by turning and winding through which, I speedily found myself in a quiet secluded spot, with here and there a flickering candle-light from the windows, but no other sign of habitation. I looked anxiously about for an open door; but they were all safe barred and fastened; and it was only on turning a corner I spied what seemed to me a little shop, with a solitary lamp over the entrance. A narrow canal, crossed by a rickety old bridge, led to this; and the moment I had crossed over, I seized the single plank which formed the footway, and shoved it into the stream. My retreat being thus secured, I opened the door, and entered. It was a barber's shop; at least, so a great chair before a cracked old looking glass, with some well-worn combs and brushes, bespoke it; but the place seemed untenanted, and although I called aloud several times, none came or responded to my summons.

I now took a survey of the spot which seemed of the poorest imaginable. A few empty pomatum pots, a case of razors that might have defied the most determined suicide, and a half-finished wig, on a block painted like a red man, were the entire stock in trade. On the walls, however, were some colored prints of the battles of the French army in Germany and Italy. Execrably done things they were, but full of meaning and interest to my eyes in spite of that. With all the faults of drawing and all the travesties of costume, I could recognize different corps of the service, and my heart bounded as I gazed on the tall shakos swarming to a breach, or the loose jacket as it floated from the hussar in a charge. All the wild pleasures of soldiering rose once more to my mind, and I thought over old comrades who doubtless were now earning the high rewards of their bravery in the great career of glory. And as I did so, my own image confronted me in the glass, as with long, lank hair, and a great bolster of a white cravat, I stood before it. What a contrast! – how unlike the smart hussar, with curling locks and fierce mustache! Was I as much changed in heart as in looks. Had my spirit died out within me. Would the proud notes of the bugle or the trumpet fall meaningless on my ears, or the hoarse cry of "Charge!" send no bursting fullness to my temples? Ay, even these coarse representations stirred the blood in my veins, and my step grew firmer as I walked the room.

In a passionate burst of enthusiasm I tore off my slouched hat and hurled it from me. It felt like the badge of some ignoble slavery, and I determined to endure it no longer. The noise of the act called up a voice from the inner room, and a man, to all appearance suddenly roused from sleep, stood at the door. He was evidently young, but poverty, dissipation, and raggedness made the question of his age a difficult one to solve. A light-colored mustache and beard covered all the lower part of his face, and his long blonde hair fell heavily over his shoulders.

"Well," cried he, half angrily, "what's the matter; are you so impatient that you must smash the furniture?"

Although the words were spoken as correctly as I have written them, they were uttered with a foreign accent; and, hazarding the stroke, I answered him in French by apologizing for the noise.

"What! a Frenchman," exclaimed he, "and in that dress; what can that mean?"

"If you'll shut your door, and cut off pursuit of me, I'll tell you every thing," said I, "for I hear the voices of people coming down that street in front."

"I'll do better," said he, quickly, "I'll upset the bridge, and they can not come over."

"That's done already," replied I; "I shoved it into the stream as I passed."

He looked at me steadily for a moment without speaking, and then approaching close to me, said, "Parbleu! the act was very unlike your costume!" At the same time he shut the door, and drew a strong bar across it. This done, he turned to me once more – "Now for it: who are you, and what has happened to you?"

"As to what I am," replied I, imitating his own abruptness, "my dress will almost save the trouble of explaining; these Albany folk, however, would make a field-preacher of me, and to escape them I took to flight."

"Well, if a fellow will wear his hair that fashion, he must take the consequence," said he, drawing out my long lank locks as they hung over my shoulders. "And so you wouldn't hold forth for them; not even give them a stave of a conventical chant." He kept his eyes riveted on me as he spoke, and then seizing two pieces of stick for the firewood, he beat on the table the ran-tan-plan of the French drum. "That's the music you know best, lad, eh? – that's the air, which, if it has not led heavenward, has conducted many a brave fellow out of this world at least: do you forget it?"

"Forget it! no," cried I; "but who are you; and how comes it that – that – " I stopped in confusion at the rudeness of the question I had begun.

"That I stand here, half-fed, and all but naked; a barber in a land where men don't shave once a month. Parbleu! they'd come even seldomer to my shop if they knew how tempted I feel to draw the razor sharp and quick across the gullet of a fellow with a well-stocked pouch."

As he continued to speak, his voice assumed a tone and cadence that sounded familiarly to my ears as I stared at him in amazement.

"Not know me yet," exclaimed he, laughing; "and yet all this poverty and squalor isn't as great a disguise as your own, Tiernay. Come, lad, rub your eyes a bit, and try if you can't recognize an old comrade."

"I know you, yet can not remember how or where we met," said I, in bewilderment.

"I'll refresh your memory," said he, crossing his arms, and drawing himself proudly up. "If you can trace back in your mind to a certain hot and dusty day, on the Metz road, when you, a private in the seventh Hussars, were eating an onion and a slice of black bread for your dinner, a young officer, well-looking and well-mounted, cantered up, and threw you his brandy flask. Your acknowledgment of the civility showed you to be a gentleman; and the acquaintance thus opened, soon ripened into intimacy."

"But he was the young Marquis de Saint Trone," said I, perfectly remembering the incident.

"Or Eugene Santron, of the republican army, or the barber at Albany, without any name at all," said he, laughing. "What, Maurice, don't you know me yet?"

"What, the lieutenant of my regiment! The dashing officer of Hussars!"

"Just so, and as ready to resume the old skin as ever," cried he, "and brandish a weapon somewhat longer, and perhaps somewhat sharper, too, than a razor."

We shook hands with all the cordiality of old comrades, meeting far away from home, and in a land of strangers; and although each was full of curiosity to learn the other's history, a kind of reserve held back the inquiry, till Santron said, "My confession is soon made, Maurice; I left the service in the Meuse, to escape being shot. One day, on returning from a field manœuvre, I discovered that my portmanteau had been opened, and a number of letters and papers taken out. They were part of a correspondence I held with old General Lamarre, about the restoration of the Bourbons, a subject, I'm certain, that half the officers in the army were interested in, and, even to Bonaparte himself, deeply implicated in too. No matter, *my* treason, as they called it, was too flagrant, and I had just twenty minutes' start of the order which was issued for my arrest, to make my escape into Holland. There I managed to pass several months in various disguises, part of the time being employed as a Dutch spy, and actually charged with an order to discover tidings of myself, until I finally got away in an Antwerp schooner, to New York. From that time my life has been nothing but a struggle, a hard one, too, with actual want, for in this land of enterprise and activity, mere intelligence, without some craft or calling, will do nothing.

"I tried fifty things – to teach riding, and when I mounted into the saddle, I forgot everything but my own enjoyment, and caracolled, and plunged, and passaged, till the poor beast hadn't a leg to stand on; fencing, and I got into a duel with a rival teacher, and ran him through the neck, and

was obliged to fly from Halifax; French, I made love to my pupil, a pretty looking Dutch fraulein, whose father didn't smile on our affection; and so on I descended from a dancing-master to a waiter, a *laquais de place*, and at last settled down as a barber, which brilliant speculation I had just determined to abandon this very night; for to-morrow morning, Maurice, I start for New York and France again; ay, boy, and you'll go with me. This is no land for either of us."

"But I have found happiness, at least contentment, here," said I, gravely.

"What! play the hypocrite with an old comrade! shame on you, Maurice," cried he. "It is these confounded locks have perverted the boy," added he, jumping up; and before I knew what he was about, he had shorn my hair, in two quick cuts of the scissors, close to the head. "There," said he, throwing the cut-off hair toward me, "there lies all your saintship; depend upon it, boy, they'd hunt you out of the settlement if you came back to them cropped in this fashion."

"But you return to certain death, Santron," said I; "your crime is too recent to be forgiven or forgotten."

"Not a bit of it; Fouche, Cassaubon, and a dozen others now in office, were deeper than I was. There's not a public man in France could stand an exposure, or hazard recrimination. It's a thieves' amnesty at this moment, and I must not lose the opportunity. I'll show you letters that will prove it, Maurice; for, poor and ill-fed as I am, I like life just as well as ever I did. I mean to be a general of division one of these days, and so will you too, lad, if there's any spirit left in you."

Thus did Santron rattle on, sometimes of himself and his own future; sometimes discussing mine; for while talking, he had contrived to learn all the chief particulars of my history, from the time of my sailing from La Rochelle for Ireland.

The unlucky expedition afforded him great amusement, and he was never weary of laughing at all our adventures and mischances in Ireland. Of Humbert, he spoke as a fourth or fifth-rate man, and actually shocked me by all the heresies he uttered against our generals, and the plan of campaign; but, perhaps, I could have borne even these better than the sarcasms and sneers at the little life of "the settlement." He treated all my efforts at defense as mere hypocrisy, and affected to regard me as a mere knave, that had traded on the confiding kindness of these simple villagers. I could not undeceive him on this head; nor what was more, could I satisfy my own conscience that he was altogether in the wrong; for, with a diabolical ingenuity, he had contrived to hit on some of the most vexatious doubts which disturbed my mind, and instinctively to detect the secret cares and difficulties that beset me. The lesson should never be lost on us, that the devil was depicted as a sneerer! I verily believe the powers of temptation have no such advocacy as sarcasm. Many can resist the softest seductions of vice: many are proof against all the blandishments of mere enjoyment, come in what shape it will; but how few can stand firm against the assaults of clever irony, or hold fast to their convictions when assailed by the sharp shafts of witty depreciation.

I'm ashamed to own how little I could oppose to all his impertinences about our village, and its habits; or how impossible I found it not to laugh at his absurd descriptions of a life which, without having ever witnessed, he depicted with a rare accuracy. He was shrewd enough not to push this ridicule offensively, and long before I knew it I found myself regarding, with his eyes, a picture in which, but a few months back, I stood as a fore-ground figure. I ought to confess, that no artificial aid was derived from either good cheer, or the graces of hospitality; we sat by a miserable lamp, in a wretchedly cold chamber, our sole solace some bad cigars, and a can of flat, stale cider.

"I have not a morsel to offer you to eat, Maurice, but to-morrow we'll breakfast on my razors, dine on that old looking-glass, and sup on two hard brushes and the wig!"

Such were the brilliant pledges, and we closed a talk which the flickering lamp at last put an end to.

A broken, unconnected conversation followed for a little time, but at length, worn out and wearied, each dropped off to sleep – Eugene on the straw settle, and I in the old chair – never to awake till the bright sun was streaming in between the shutters, and dancing merrily on the tiled floor.

An hour before I awoke he had completed the sale of all his little stock in trade, and, with a last look round the spot where he had passed some months of struggling poverty, out we sallied into the town.

"We'll breakfast at Jonathan Hone's," said Santron. "It's the first place here. I'll treat you to rump steaks, pumpkin pie, and a gin twister that will astonish you. Then, while I'm arranging for our passage down the Hudson, you'll see the hospitable banker, and tell him how to forward all his papers, and so forth, to the settlement, with your respectful compliments and regrets, and the rest of it."

"But am I to take leave of them in this fashion?" asked I.

"Without you want *me* to accompany you there, I think it's by far the best way," said he, laughingly. "If, however, you think that my presence and companionship will add any lustre to your position, say the word and I'm ready. I know enough of the barber's craft now to make up a head 'en Puritan,' and, if you wish, I'll pledge myself to impose upon the whole colony."

Here was a threat there was no mistaking; and any imputation of ingratitude on my part were far preferable to the thought of such an indignity. He saw his advantage at once, and boldly declared that nothing should separate us.

"The greatest favor, my dear Maurice, you can ever expect at my hands is, never to speak of this freak of yours; or, if I do, to say that you performed the part to perfection."

My mind was in one of those moods of change when the slightest impulse is enough to sway it, and more from this cause than all his persuasion, I yielded; and the same evening saw me gliding down the Hudson, and admiring the bold Kaatskills, on our way to New York.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI

Paganini was in all respects a very singular being, and an interesting subject to study. His talents were by no means confined to his wonderful powers as a musician. On other subjects he was well-informed, acute, and conversible, of bland and gentle manners, and in society, perfectly well-bred. All this contrasted strangely with the dark, mysterious stories which were bruited abroad, touching some passages in his early life. But outward semblance and external deportment are treacherous as quicksands, when taken as guides by which to sound the real depths of human character. Lord Byron remarks, that his pocket was once picked by the civilest gentleman he ever conversed with, and that by far the mildest individual of his acquaintance was the remorseless Ali Pacha of Yanina. The expressive lineaments of Paganini told a powerful tale of passions which had been fearfully excited, which might be roused again from temporary slumber, or were exhausted by indulgence and premature decay, leaving deep furrows to mark their intensity. Like the generality of his countrymen, he looked much older than he was. With them, the elastic vigor of youth and manhood rapidly subsides into an interminable and joyless old age, numbering as many years, but with far less both of physical and mental faculty to render them endurable, than the more equally poised gradations of our northern clime. It is by no means unusual to encounter a well developed Italian, whiskered to the eye-brows, and "bearded like the pard," who tells you, to your utter astonishment, that he is scarcely seventeen, when you have set him down from his appearance as, at least, five-and-thirty.

The following extract from Colonel Montgomery Maxwell's book of Military Reminiscences, entitled "My Adventures," dated Genoa, February 22d, 1815, supplies the earliest record which has been given to the public respecting Paganini, and affords authentic evidence that some of the mysterious tales which heralded his coming were not without foundation. He could scarcely have been at this time thirty years old. "Talking of music, I have become acquainted with the most *outré*, most extravagant, and strangest character I ever beheld, or heard, in the musical line. He has just been emancipated from durance vile, where he has been for a long time incarcerated on suspicion of murder. His long figure, long neck, long face, and long forehead; his hollow and deadly pale cheek, large black eye, hooked nose, and jet black hair, which is long, and more than half hiding his expressive Jewish face; all these rendered him the most extraordinary person I ever beheld. There is something scriptural in the *tout ensemble* of the strange physiognomy of this uncouth and unearthly figure. Not that, as in times of old, he plays, as Holy Writ tells us, on a ten-stringed instrument; on the contrary, he brings the most powerful, the most wonderful, and the most heart-rending tones from one string. His name is Paganini; he is very improvident and very poor. The D – s, and the Impressario of the theatre got up a concert for him the other night, which was well attended, and on which occasion he electrified the audience. He is a native of Genoa, and if I were a judge of violin playing, I would pronounce him the most surprising performer in the world!"

That Paganini was either innocent of the charge for which he suffered the incarceration Colonel Maxwell mentions, or that it could not be proved against him, may be reasonably inferred from the fact that he escaped the galleys or the executioner. In Italy, there was then, *par excellence* (whatever there may be now), a law for the rich, and another for the poor. As he was without money, and unable to buy immunity, it is charitable to suppose he was entitled to it from innocence. A nobleman, with a few *zecchini*, was in little danger of the law, which confined its practice entirely to the lower orders. I knew a Sicilian prince, who most wantonly blew a vassal's brains out, merely because he put him in a passion. The case was not even inquired into. He sent half a dollar to the widow of the defunct (which, by the way, he borrowed from me, and never repaid), and there the matter ended. Lord Nelson once suggested to Ferdinand IV. of Naples, to try and check the daily increase of assassination, by a few salutary executions. "No, no," replied old Nasone, who was far from being as great a fool as

he looked, "that is impossible. If I once began that system, my kingdom would soon be depopulated. One half my subjects would be continually employed in hanging the remainder."

Among other peculiarities, Paganini was an incarnation of avarice and parsimony, with a most contradictory passion for gambling. He would haggle with you for sixpence, and stake a rouleau on a single turn at *rouge et noir*. He screwed you down in a bargain as tightly as if you were compressed in a vice; yet he had intervals of liberality, and sometimes did a generous action. In this he bore some resemblance to the celebrated John Elwes, of miserly notoriety, who deprived himself of the common necessaries of life, and lived on a potato skin, but sometimes gave a check for £100 to a public charity, and contributed largely to private subscriptions. I never heard that Paganini actually did this, but once or twice he played for nothing, and sent a donation to the Mendicity, when he was in Dublin.

When he made his engagement with me, we mutually agreed to write no orders, expecting the house to be quite full every night, and both being aware that the "sons of freedom," while they add nothing to the exchequer, seldom assist the effect of the performance. They are not given to applaud vehemently; or, as Richelieu observes, "in the right places." What we can get for nothing we are inclined to think much less of than that which we must purchase. He who invests a shilling will not do it rashly, or without feeling convinced that value received will accrue from the risk. The man who pays is the real enthusiast; he comes with a predetermination to be amused, and his spirit is exalted accordingly. Paganini's valet surprised me one morning, by walking into my room, and, with many "*eccellenzas*" and gesticulations of respect, asking me to give him an order. I said, "Why do you come to me? Apply to your master – won't he give you one?" "Oh, yes; but I don't like to ask him." "Why not?" "Because he'll stop the amount out of my wages!" My heart relented; I gave him the order, and paid Paganini the dividend. I told him what it was, thinking, as a matter of course, he would return it. He seemed uncertain for a moment, paused, smiled sardonically, looked at the three and sixpence, and with a spasmodic twitch, deposited it in his own waistcoat pocket instead of mine. Voltaire says, "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre," meaning, thereby, as I suppose, that being behind the scenes of every-day life, he finds out that Marshal Saxe, or Frederick the Great, is as subject to the common infirmities of our nature, as John Nokes or Peter Styles. Whether Paganini's squire of the body looked on his master as a hero, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, I can not say, but in spite of his stinginess, which he writhed under, he regarded him with mingled reverence and terror. "A strange person, your master," observed I. "*Signor*," replied the faithful Sancho Panza, "*e veramente grand uomo, ma da non potersi comprendere*." "He is truly a great man, but quite incomprehensible." It was edifying to observe the awful importance with which Antonio bore the instrument nightly intrusted to his charge to carry to and from the theatre. He considered it an animated something, whether dæmon or angel he was unable to determine, but this he firmly believed, that it could speak in actual dialogue when his master pleased, or become a dumb familiar by the same controlling volition. This especial violin was Paganini's inseparable companion. It lay on his table before him as he sat meditating in his solitary chamber; it was placed by his side at dinner, and on a chair within his reach when in bed. If he woke, as he constantly did, in the dead of night, and the sudden *estro* of inspiration seized him, he grasped his instrument, started up, and on the instant perpetuated the conception which otherwise he would have lost forever. This marvelous Cremona, valued at four hundred guineas, Paganini, on his death-bed, gave to De Kontski, his nephew and only pupil, himself an eminent performer, and in his possession it now remains.

When Paganini was in Dublin at the musical festival of 1830, the Marquis of Anglesea, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, came every night to the concerts at the theatre, and was greatly pleased with his performance. On the first evening, between the acts, his Excellency desired that he might be brought round to his box to be introduced, and paid him many compliments. Lord Anglesea was at that time residing in perfect privacy with his family, at Sir Harcourt Lees' country house, near Blackrock, and expressed a wish to get an evening from the great violinist, to gratify his domestic circle. The negotiation was rather a difficult one, as Paganini was, of all others, the man who did

nothing, in the way of business, without an explicit understanding, and a clearly-defined con-sid-e-ra-ti-on. He was alive to the advantage of honor, but he loved money with a paramount affection. I knew that he had received enormous terms, such as £150 and £200 for fiddling at private parties in London, and I trembled for the viceregal purse; but I undertook to manage the affair, and went to work accordingly. The aid-de-camp in waiting called with me on Paganini, was introduced in due form, and handed him a card of invitation to dinner, which, of course, he received and accepted with ceremonious politeness. Soon after the officer had departed, he said, suddenly, "This is a great honor, but am I expected to bring my instrument?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "as a matter of course – the Lord Lieutenant's family wish to hear you in private." "*Caro amico*," rejoined he, with petrifying composure, "*Paganini con violino é Paganini senza violino, – ecco due animali distinti*." "Paganini with his fiddle, and Paganini without it, are two very different persons." I knew perfectly what he meant, and said, "The Lord Lieutenant is a nobleman of exalted rank and character, liberal in the extreme, but he is not Crœsus; nor do I think you could, with any consistency, receive such an honor as dining at his table, and afterward send in a bill for playing two or three tunes in the evening." He was staggered; and asked, "What do you advise?" I said, "Don't you think a present, in the shape of a ring, or a snuff-box, or something of that sort, with a short inscription, would be a more agreeable mode of settlement?" He seemed tickled by this suggestion, and closed with it at once. I dispatched the intelligence through the proper channel, that the violin and the *gran maestro* would both be in attendance. He went in his very choicest mood, made himself extremely agreeable, played away, unsolicited, throughout the evening, to the delight of the whole party; and on the following morning, a gold snuff-box was duly presented to him, with a few complimentary words engraved on the lid.

A year or two after this, when Paganini was again in England, I thought another engagement might be productive, as his extraordinary attraction appeared still to increase. I wrote to him on the subject, and soon received a very courteous communication, to the effect, that, although he had not contemplated including Ireland in his tour, yet he had been so impressed by the urbanity of the Dublin public, and had, moreover, conceived such a personal esteem for my individual character, that he might be induced to alter his plans, at some inconvenience, provided always I could make him a more enticing proposal than the former one. I was here completely puzzled, as, on that occasion, I gave him a clear two-thirds of each receipt, with a bonus of £25 per night, in addition, for two useless coadjutors. I replied, that having duly deliberated on his suggestion, and considered the terms of our last compact, I saw no possible means of placing the new one in a more alluring shape, except by offering him the entire produce of the engagement. After I had dispatched my letter, I repented bitterly, and was terrified lest he should think me serious, and hold me to the bargain; but he deigned no answer, and this time I escaped for the fright I had given myself. When in London, I called to see him, and met with a cordial reception; but he soon alluded to the late correspondence, and half seriously said, "That was a curious letter you wrote to me, and the joke with which you concluded it, by no means a good one." "Oh," said I, laughing, "it would have been much worse if you had taken me at my word." He then laughed, too, and we parted excellent friends. I never saw him again. He returned to the Continent, and died, having purchased the title of Baron, with a patent of nobility, from some foreign potentate, which, with his accumulated earnings, somewhat dilapidated by gambling, he bequeathed to his only son. Paganini was the founder of his school, and the original inventor of those extraordinary *tours de force* with which all his successors and imitators are accustomed to astonish the uninitiated. But he still stands at the head of the list, although eminent names are included in it, and is not likely to be pushed from his pedestal.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^{S} MORE. [2]

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE,

QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEIÆ INCEPTVS

"Nulla dies sine linea."

Hearde mother say to Barbara, "Be sure the sirloin is well basted for y^{e} king's physician: " which avised me that Dr. Linacre was expected. In truth, he returned with father in y^{e} barge; and they tooke a turn on y^{e} river bank before sitting down to table; I noted them from my lattice; and anon, father, beckoning me, cries, "Child, bring out my favorite Treatyse on Fisshynge, printed by Wynkyn de Worde; I must give the doctor my loved passage."

Joyning 'em with y^{e} book, I found father telling him of y^{e} roach, dace, chub, barbel, etc., we oft catch opposite y^{e} church; and hastilie turning over y^{e} leaves, he beginneth with unction to read y^{e} passage ensuing, which I love to y^{e} full as much as he: —

He observeth, if the angler's sport shoulde fail him, "he at y^{e} best hathe his holsom walk and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete savour of y^{e} meade of flowers, that maketh him hungry; he heareth the melodious harmonie of fowles, he seeth y^{e} young swans herons, ducks, cotes, and manie other fowles, with theire broods, which me seemeth better than alle y^{e} noise of hounds, faukenors, and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fysshe, then there is noe man merrier than he is in his spryte." And, "Ye shall not use this forsaid crafty disporte for no covetysnesse in the encreasing and sparing of your money onlie, but pryncipallie for your solace, and to cause the health of your bodie, and speciallie of your soule, for when ye purpose to goe on your disportes of fysshynge, ye will not desire greatlie manie persons with you, which woulde lett you of your game. And thenne ye may serve God devoutlie, in saying affectuouslie your customable prayer; and thus doing, ye shall eschew and voyd manie vices."

"Angling is itselfe a vice," cries Erasmus from y^{e} thresholde; "for my part I will fish none, save and except for pickled oysters."

"In the regions below," answers father; and then laughinglie tells Linacre of his firste dialogue with Erasmus, who had beene feasting in my Lord Mayor's cellar: – "'Whence come you?' 'From below.' 'What were they about there?' 'Eating live oysters, and drinking out of leather jacks.' 'Either you are Erasmus,' etc. 'Either you are More or nothing.'"

"'Neither more nor less,' you should have rejoyned," sayth the doctor.

"How I wish I had," says father; "don't torment me with a jest I might have made and did not make; 'speciallie to put downe Erasmus."

"Concedo nulli," sayth Erasmus.

"Why are you so lazy?" asks Linacre; "I am sure you can speak English if you will."

[2] Continued from the May Number.

"Soe far from it," sayth Erasmus, "that I made my incapacitie an excuse for declining an English rectory. Albeit, you know how Wareham requited me; saying, in his kind, generous way, I served the Church more by my pen than I coulde by preaching sermons in a countrie village."

Sayth Linacre, "The archbishop hath made another remark, as much to y^{e} purpose: to wit, that he has received from you the immortalitie which emperors and kings cannot bestow."

"They cannot even bid a smoking sirloin retain its heat an hour after it hath left the fire," sayth father. "Tilly-vally! as my good Alice says, – let us remember the universal doom, 'fruges consumere nati,' and philosophize over our ale and bracket."

"Not Cambridge ale, neither," sayth Erasmus.

"Will you never forget that unlucky beverage?" sayth father. "Why, man, think how manie poore scholars there be, that content themselves, as I have hearde one of St. John's declare, with a penny piece of beef amongst four, stewed into pottage with a little salt and oatmeal; and that after fasting from four o'clock in the morning! Say grace for us this daye, Erasmus, with goode heart."

At table, discourse flowed soe thicke and faste that I mighte aim in vayn to chronicle it – and why should I? dwelling as I doe at y^{e} fountayn head? Onlie that I find pleasure, alreadie, in glancing over the foregoing pages whensoever they concern father and Erasmus, and wish they were more faithfullie recalled and better writ. One thing sticks by me, – a funny reply of father's to a man who owed him money and who put him off with "Memento Morieris." "I bid you," retorted father, "Memento Mori Æris, and I wish you woulde take as goode care to provide for y^{e} one as I do for the other."

Linacre laughed much at this, and sayd, – "That was real wit; a spark struck at the moment; and with noe ill-nature in it, for I am sure your debtor coulde not help laughing."

"Not he," quoth Erasmus. "More's drollerie is like that of a young gentlewoman of his name, which shines without burning." … and, oddlie enow, he looked acrosse at *me*. I am sure he meant Bess.

Father broughte home a strange gueste to-daye, – a converted Jew, with grizzlie beard, furred gown, and eyes that shone like lamps lit in dark cavernes. He had beene to Benmarine and Tremeçen, to y^{e} Holie Citie and to Damascus, to Urmia and Assyria, and I think alle over y^{e} knowne world; and tolde us manie strange tales, one hardlie knew how to believe; as, for example, of a sea-coast tribe, called y^{e} Balouches, who live on fish and build theire dwellings of the bones. Alsoe, of a race of his countrie-men beyond Euphrates who believe in Christ, but know nothing of y^{e} Pope; and of whom were y^{e} Magians y^{t} followed y^{e} Star. This agreeth not with our legend. He averred that, though soe far apart from theire brethren, theire speech was y^{e} same, and even theire songs; and he sang or chaunted one which he sayd was common among y^{e} Jews alle over y^{e} world, and had beene so ever since theire citie was ruinated and y^{e} people captivated, and yet it was never sett down by note. Erasmus, who knows little or nought of Hebrew, listened to y^{e} words with curiositie, and made him repeate them twice or thrice: and though I know not y^{e} character, it seemed to me they sounded thus: —

Adir Hu yivne bethcha beccaro,
El, b'ne; El, b'ne; El, b'ne;
Bethcha beccaro.

Though Christianish, he woulde not eat pig's face; and sayd swine's flesh was forbidden by y^{e} Hebrew law for its unwholesomenesse in hot countries and hot weather, rather than by way of arbitrarie prohibition. Daisy took a great dislike to this man, and woulde not sit next him.

In the hay-field alle y^{e} evening. Swathed father in a hay-rope, and made him pay y^{e} fine, which he pretended to resist. Cecy was just about to cast one round Erasmus, when her heart failed and she ran away, colouring to y^{e} eyes. He sayd, he never saw such pretty shame. Father reclining on y^{e} hay,

with head on my lap and his eyes shut, Bess asked if he were asleep. He made answer, "Yes, and dreaming." I askt, "Of what?" "Of a far-off future daye, Meg; when thou and I shall looke back on this hour, and this hay-field, and my head on thy lap."

"Nay, but what a stupid dream, Mr. More," says mother. "Why, what woulde *you* dreame of, Mrs. Alice?" "Forsooth, if I dreamed at alle, when I was wide awake, it shoulde be of being Lord Chancellor at y^{e} leaste." "Well, wife, I forgive thee for not saying at the *most*. Lord Chancellor quotha! And you woulde be Dame Alice, I trow, and ride in a whirlecote, and keep a Spanish jennet, and a couple of grey hounds, and wear a train before and behind, and carry a jerfalcon on your fist." "On my wrist." "No, that's not such a pretty word as t'other! Go to, go!"

Straying from y^{e} others, to a remote corner of the meadow, or ever I was aware, I came close upon Gammer Gurney, holding somewhat with much care. "Give ye good den, Mistress Meg," quoth she, "I cannot abear to rob y^{e}

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.