



NEC REGE, NEC POPULO, SED UTROQUE.

LITERATURE.

ORIGINAL.

POINTS IN HISTORY. English Constitution.

MR. HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

(concluded.)

We were in the second place to devote our attention to an instance of the false colouring sometimes given by Mr. Hume to his Materials; and, as I premised this instance was to be drawn from the reign of Richard II. where he relates the speech of the Bishop of Carlisle, in defence of the King. (a) He represents him as bravely and generously standing up in defiance of injustice and power, in the cause of his unhappy Master. Sir John Heyward is his authority, and the speech, as given by Sir John is not the same as that given by Hume, who endeavours to prejudice the reader and to throw over the Barons a degree of ferocity and barbarity that does not belong to them. The reasoning, which is displayed, in the speech would indeed be marvellous, coming from the Bishop of Carlisle in the time of Richard II. The Bishop maintains the innocence of the King, but says, "that even if he had acted as was described he should be excused when it was considered he only followed the precedent of former Monarchs." The Bishop said nothing of the sort; Hume then goes on to mention that no laws can truly benefit the people which do not give security to the Sovereign. (b) All this is most true, and most worthy of the reasoning and enlightened judgment of Hume, but no such principles, no such reasoning do we find in Sir John Heyward. The Bishop spoke of nothing but the Divine Right in Kings, and of the duty of passive obedience in the people. Yet, after all, the speech given by Sir John to the Bishop, is given by Sir John himself. It is true that Hall, Shakspeare, and other writers, put such language into his mouth; but the only fact that can be known is, that he was thrown into prison for words spoken against the Parliament; and this is the only foundation of that speech as represented by Heyward; for the very improbable reasoning of Hume, with which he improves upon the language of the former. Hume concludes by observing of the Bishop, that though his words might have been too much tinged with the doctrine of passive obedience, yet, his noble and disinterested efforts to save a falling master; his generous courage in opposing what he thought the violence of oppression; marks him as a man of elevated and honourable feeling, and of a heart too noble to be enslaved. Most undoubtedly it is so, but though the character of the Bishop was disinterested, and generous, and honourable, it was not sufficient that he should possess these qualities, if he exerted others, pernicious to his country. It is not sufficient that a man should not be a slave himself, if his words and actions tend to reduce others to abasement and slavery.

Before quitting Mr. Hume's elegant and fascinating History, it is my duty to call attention to that eloquent writer's inconsistency, & this I think is really curious. "The History of Mr. Hume," it has been observed by a talented writer of the present day "is the most acute work of one of the most acute men that ever existed." It is well known that Hume bestowed great labour upon his work, and it bears internal evidence of the truth of the assertion—it is artfully composed, and was several times revised and corrected with the most anxious care and attention; yet, upon examination, I think it will be found to contain more irreconcilable opinions, and indeed more contradictory representations and sentiments, than can be found in any other historical composition. "The Key to this inconsistency, and waving," says the above writer, is to be found, partly in a reluctant deference to the liberal maxims established at the Revolution, which could not in his day be decently or even safely impugned, and partly in some uncertainty or change of purpose which seems to have come over him in the course of composition. At the time Hume's History was written, it must be remembered, the Whigs were still the predominant party in the State—and it was not howable directly to question any of their Principles, which had been solemnly sanctioned at the settlement of 1688. It is probable that at first the author did not intend indirectly, either to discredit, or contest them. His original design was very likely by no means so bold or so lofty; it was, we should rather infer, at first intended to be no more than an apology for the unjustifiable conduct of the Stuarts. The design was no doubt fair, and certainly neither ungenerous nor unreasonable—a great, and perhaps the best part of the work, is dedicated with sufficient correctness to its execution. As he went on, however, the author seems to have been entirely renouncing the style of an apologist, to have assumed the feelings and adopted the character of a Defender and Eulogist—proceeding from excuses to justification, mixing up reprimand with defence, and presuming at last to question, by implication, the value of that liberty, and the merit of that Patriotism, for which he was every now and then professing the most profound veneration. It is not to be supposed that in this limited space, I can attempt to point out all the faults of this nature, which are to be found

in the History: one instance will suffice, as on the two former occasions: the first I meet with is on page 204 of vol. 6. speaking of the Leaders of Opposition in the first Parliament of Charles I. he says, "The generous Patriots, animated with a warm regard to Liberty, saw with regret an unbounded power exercised by the Crown, and resolved to seize the opportunity which the King's necessities afforded them, of reducing the prerogative within reasonable compass," and adds "that to grant or refuse supplies was the undoubted privilege of the Commons"—and this, he says, of that Parliament whose refusal to grant more than two subsidies till they had been heard on the National Grievances he had chosen to represent "as a cruel mockery of the Sovereign, (c) and a proceeding unprecedented in an English Parliament;" and very shortly after he goes on to stigmatize the very persons of whom he had spoken with such commendation, as "ambitious fanatics" who advocated "various measures" and "under colour of redressing grievances, which, during this short reign, could not have been very numerous, proposed to controul every part of the government which displeased them." The cases of Hampden (d) and Laud (e)—the commencement of the civil war in 1642 (f) and his remarks upon the King's assent to the Petition of Right. (g)

And this is another great fault in Hume's History, that "He is not consistent"—that is, that at times he is prejudiced against the popular rights, and, that at others, he is fair and impartial: and this must be guarded against with the same precautions we use in the case of the other two great faults of this useful writer; which we have seen to be, that "He does not accurately represent even the authority he quotes," and that, "To early times and to ignorant persons, he gives the sentiments and reasoning of his own philosophical mind"—thereby defeating one great end of all History, by which we are enabled to mark the rise and progress of civilization and knowledge. All this, however, must teach us the vast importance of the political principles of men. "The opinion of Gilbert Stuart of Hume, to which I have before alluded, is short and just, he says—"This work is an apology and a plausible defence of prerogative, but that no friend of Humanity, or of the Constitution of his country can regard the tendency and effects of his Book without a sorrowful Surprise and a patriotic Indignation." Every intelligent reader will carefully attend lest he should charm his taste, or mislead his understanding. In these observations, it is not wished that any thing should be understood, to reflect upon the personal character of Hume. Even in his History there are many passages to be found, which the Lover of Liberty might quote, as favouring his sentiments; and this always will be the case, where a writer endeavours to accomplish a design which the nature of his subject will not warrant. This will be continually occasioning inconsistencies and contradictions, and the reader's mind will be in continual danger from the artful association of truth and falsehood. Such writers were Mandeville and Rochefoucault. On the whole, Hume, in exaggerating the irregularity and wretchedness of these early Ages, does not bestow sufficient praise on those brave and generous patriots, who maintained from age to age, a struggle against force and injustice, and to whom every individual of Britain should feel himself indebted for the Laws and Liberty which he enjoys—for every thing which can make his Life a Blessing, and his Country his Happiness.

THE PAPER-MAKER'S COFFIN.

Sir,—The following tale is a free translation from a story, written by Claverus, which I found in one of the GERMAN ANNUALS, for the year 1828; if you think it will amuse your readers, and will give it insertion, I shall not think my time has been mis-employed.

Wishing your Journal every success,
I am, Sir, your constant reader,
E. L. J.

York, November 12th, 1830.

It was an evening like the present; the snow fell thick and heavy; the sky was gloomy and cloudy; we sat round the warm fire and talked. Our conversation became interesting. The death of our neighbour, the Paper-maker, which had taken place only the day before, occasioned many remarks. The old warden of the forest called the Paper-maker a beggarly rascal; not so much on account of his trade, as from the badness of his character. "Such a fellow," he said, "could have no peace in his grave. He oppressed every one within his power, and was a severe, cruel man all his life."

"Be quiet, husband," said his wife. "He is gone, and we should never speak ill of the dead. The pall which is thrown over the coffin at the interment, should be the mantle of Christian love; it covers the deceased with all his errors and sins." "Judge not, that ye may not be judged." "Neither do I judge," replied the old man, holding out his hand affectionately to his wife; "I only think that if all the

tears lay upon my heart which that villain made to flow, I should never sink peacefully to my eternal rest. The fellow died frightfully, and no wonder—pain had distorted all his limbs; and his last word was a tremendous oath. In the morning he had declared that he would go that night to the fir plantation, and show the bailiff the boundary; but when he said so the little suspected he was standing on the brink of the grave. Three hours afterwards he was a corpse."

"Dear father," said Mina, half playfully, half in earnest, and casting a look full of meaning at me,—"dear father do not talk about the fir plantation; for there is one here who must go through it to-night."

"Oh, never mind that, Mina. Should ten Paper-makers stand in my way, I and my black horse would gallop by them or over them. What is the history about the boundary?"

"Do you really mean to go home this weather?" said the old lady. "It is so dark, that one cannot see one's hand. The country is covered with snow; you will not be able to find the road, and—the night is no man's friend."

I could not consent to stay. I was only a short league from home; and whilst my horse was getting ready, I learned the following particulars:—

About a year ago, an old woman was murdered in the fir plantation. The assassin had dragged her several steps away from the spot where he committed the deed, and concealed her behind a hill-lock. The spot where she was murdered was very evident from the marks in the sand, and the quantity of blood. The infamous act was committed behind a bush close to the road side. The bush lay in the demesne of the Prince, but the mound in which the woman was found buried was, according to the assertion of the Justice, on the property of the Paper-maker. The latter, however, affirmed that his property began only at the back of the hill-lock. The question had not yet been decided who should bear the expenses of the prosecution whether the proprietor of the post where the murder was committed, or of the spot where the murdered person was found.—The assassin, who had been apprehended, remained in the mean time in chains.—This very evening there was to have been a meeting at the place of dispute. The Paper-maker had said, on the morning of the day on which he died, being then in sound health, that he would attend the meeting, but it might be late, as he had business of consequence to transact.—Shortly afterwards, he was taken suddenly and violently ill; but, notwithstanding his excruciating pains, he remembered his rencour against the Bailiff; and just an hour before his death, whilst writhing in agony, he said, that if a million of devils held him down on his bed, he would nevertheless appear at the place of dispute, and confront the Bailiff.

My horse, which was to carry me in a few minutes over the spot in question, was now saddled, and waiting for me at the door. I took leave, and my good steed darted off with me like lightning. I willingly gave him the rein; he pranced on through the deep snow, and went snorting across the dreary flat, till we entered the fir plantation. There the road was narrow, the snow deeper, and my horse became more impatient. He was dashing impetuously along, when he stopped so suddenly, that I was nearly thrown over his head by the jerk. I kept on my saddle, however, tightened the rein, and spurred him forward, but the animal was immovable; he pawed with his fore feet, reared up, pricked his ears, and snorted.

"What if the Paper-maker"—the idea only passed half through my mind; yet I stood on the spot where the poor old woman had breathed out her soul in the struggle with the murderer. "Coward!" said I to myself, and again had recourse to the spur; but the horse only made a spring sideways. I now tried to coax him; I patted his neck with a trembling hand; but nothing could induce him to advance a step. I began to feel convinced that something either stood or lay in his way; but, though it had ceased snowing, I could not see five steps before me. I have a tolerable nerve; but people may say as they will—I felt a very uncomfortable sort of sensation creeping over me; I alighted, led my horse with my left hand, and held my switch before me with the right. The horse followed a few steps trembling; he then suddenly stopped and again snorted loudly from his wide-extended nostrils. I looked steadily before me—my eye fell on a black coffin which stood in the middle of the way. I had courage enough to strike it with my switch; but the stroke sounded dreadfully hollow, and, as the horse at the same moment darted still farther off, my heart failed me. I recollected there was a foot-path which led through the plantation. I remounted, and rode back till I reached its commencement and then turned into it. It ran parallel with the road, and at no great distance from it. When I got again to the neighbourhood of the coffin, the horse resumed his symptoms of uneasiness; but no sooner had he passed the spot than he dashed forward at full speed, as if for life and death. For my own part, I was so cold and frozen, that every limb shook. My brother had not gone to bed, and I related to him my adventures. He laughed at me; but I protested upon my honour, the truth of what I had seen and heard.

"Then I will prove the whole a piece of rotomontade," said he. "My two land Bailiffs shall go with you to the spot. If you find the coffin, I will pay each of them a dollar for his trouble; if you do not find it, it is but right that you should reward them."

I had no objections to the conditions, and

ordered my horse to be brought out again. The bailiffs accompanied me, and we drew near the plantation. My horse went on quietly—we reached the spot of terror—the coffin had vanished—I was two dollars poorer—and when I got back they all laughed most unmercifully. I remained however, perfectly convinced that my senses had not deceived me. I scarcely slept an hour all night—the black coffin was continually before me—I heard the hollow stroke of the whip, and felt the trembling of the terrified horse under me.

Next morning I made it my first business to ride back to the plantation. The traces of my horses feet were still visible;—he had tramped down the snow all round the spot where the coffin had stood; but there was nothing else to be seen. I rode on to Mina's house, and related the whole circumstances there. "I told you so," said the old man; "I know he would have no peace in his grave!" His wife folded her hands, and said mildly, "Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not; he will certainly be judged, but God will judge him!"

"No doubt, no doubt," answered her husband; "but the devil has already got him in his clutches. You hear that it was his coffin!"

"Of a truth," said Mina, more seriously and energetically than she was wont, "of a truth it was his coffin."

Her manner surprised me; there was none of her usual gaiety in it; my pulse began to beat quick.

"What do you know of the matter, Mina?"

She raised up her head from her work, flung back the ringlets that clustered over her brow, and looking significantly about her, she beckoned us to gather round her work-table.

"You know the deceased Paper-maker's boy, Martin? Well, yesterday evening, Martin went to fetch his master's coffin from the undertaker's; but as it was badly secured on the sledge, it slipped off behind, while Martin went on quite unconscious of his loss. You and your horse came to the spot; got in a terrible fever of fright, and galloped off by the side path. Meanwhile Martin got home, missed the coffin, returned, and carried it away; so when you and the two bailiffs heroically came back, the apparition had vanished. Martin told me the whole story this morning."

For at least a fortnight, I was the laughing-stock of the country.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Sir,—If you think the enclosed M. S. worthy of insertion among your Original Papers, I shall be gratified by its publication, and may from time to time, submit papers of a like nature to your consideration.

Your obedient servant,

(In giving this paper insertion, we take the opportunity of again expressing our anxiety to draw forth writers of talent; & our earnest desire to give them every assistance our experience may supply. W. is thanked, and his notices of any scarce or new work, shall always command a courteous reception.)—Editor Chron.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

Two vols. 12 mo. London.

The game of Life is the History of a young man, forced to work out his own passage through life; at an early age he is induced to visit London—his all of wealth a Bank note for £10—his all of Marketable ware the birth education, and feelings of a gentleman: without friends; without resources; he repairs to the great metropolis to seek his fortune; the early portion of his life having been passed in the ignorance and seclusion of the Country. The various scenes he encounters are ever dark and gloomy; specimens of vice and want. His first employment is writing for a Lawyer, collecting news for the daily papers; and ultimately he obtains employment as a writer for the Magazines; this is an unprofitable affair, as we can tell by experience; the Magazines, being at all times open to men of first rate and acknowledged talent, care not for the first attempts of nameless correspondents, & the honor of their insertion, and probably from time to time, a small gratuity may be considered handsome remuneration. What might be expected takes place; the young man is left in utter destitution, and wretchedness from which he is rescued by an old and discarded admirer of his mother, a sort of Penelope; a creature to be found in many Novels, Plays and Poems, but seldom, unfortunately one of the dramatic personæ, of the stage of the great world. This amiable and benevolent gentleman is a Mr. Vesper, who happily finds, in his niece a fitting wife for the hero, and the story concludes. From what has been said, it will be seen at once that the plot is very poor, but the great merit of this author is in his forcible and graphic sketches from life. It seems from internal evidence that he must have been an eye witness in all and probably an actor in many of the scenes he describes with such startling reality. The scene in the Lodging House, too long for extract, is copied from the daily occurrences of the town—the same may be said of many of the street scenes. One passage is so great a favourite of ours, and the scene is drawn with such vivid effect, that we cannot resist giving it a place, both as a specimen of the author's style, and as a justification of the praises we have bestowed upon the work

before us. If the reader has ever, as we have often done, wandered through the streets of London at the witching time of night, he will feel the force and truth of the description: if he has ever seen St. Paul's, and the other objects; at the time and from the place pointed out by Mr. Ritchie, he must own, that they seem to rise to the mind's eye.

In all the stern reality of life.

"It was nearly twelve o'clock, the public houses had already emptied their lawful contents into the vast thoroughfares of population; the shops were shut, with the exception, here and there, of an avaricious pastry-cook's, which still gaped upon the street for the purpose of tempting strollers on their way home from the playhouses; the customary noises of evening had died away, all but now and then a drunken shout or the rattle of a hackney coach, or the hoarse voice of a watchman bawling the hour. By and by, the theatres flung their gushing volumes into the stream, which gave token of the addition to the furthest corners of the metropolis. Men and women, boys, girls, and children, flowed rapidly along; some absorbed as they passed into the ducts and creeks which opened by their side, and others disappearing in the gloom before. The eager remark, the abrupt question, the recollected laugh, echoed on all sides; and when the crowd gradually melted away, and their voices died in the distance, the loneliness of the desert street seemed strange and startling. The silence was now only broken at long intervals by the scream of the female night-wanderer, driven by intoxication and despair to reconvert with the sullen guardians of the hour; but elsewhere the drowsy voices of the watchmen themselves seemed to add to the calmness of the scene, 'Imposing silence with a stilly sound.'

As William turned into Bridge Street by the Oldchapel at Fleet Market, he heard a singular cry which even his practised ear was unable to syllable into any of the customary sounds of a metropolitan night. A figure in white came rushing along the pavement, uttering a short shrill, definite scream, repeated in rapid yet regular succession. As she approached, he could see that she was dressed in the extreme of fantastic finery, and that her wild and bacchanal air denoted a profession of shame. "Lost! lost! lost!" was her cry as she ran; "Lost! lost! lost!" she shrieked more wildly in William's ears, as she swept past him like a spirit. Shocked and heart-stricken, he stood still and gazed after the phantom; and when her form had melted into the darkness, and the voice of the lost one fallen for the last time upon his heart, it was with a gasp of unutterable relief he pursued his aimless journey. On the neighbouring bridge he stood for a while, contemplating instinctively the imposing scene before him. No sensible perception, however of beauty or sublimity at first entered his mind. He seemed to be awakened gradually from a dream, of which he remembered not the form or meaning, by the moon breaking from the clouds which had till now enveloped her, and calling out from the chaos of darkness the elements of a magnificent city. The proud dome of St. Paul's raised its head supreme amidst the mass of buildings, while meaner spires countless in number, and various in form and character, were scattered around. To the west, the more definite part of the view was bounded by Waterloo Bridge, which threw its superb length, as straight as an arrow, over the wide and glittering river; and beside it, Somerset House, rising, with its palace-walls, from the water's edge, seemed a building created and existing only in the fancy of a painter. On the north, a forest of dark houses burdened the earth as far as the eye could reach, oppressing the imagination by their multitude, and their close and compact array; on the south the line of Blackfriars Road extended its rows of bright lamps with mathematical exactness to such a distance that it seemed to terminate in a point; and to the east the east-river bridge, bastarding the broad stream, like a giant, seemed to guard the tract beyond from view, into which, nevertheless, the eye could penetrate, although dimly, as in a dream, though darker clouds and shadows, which it learnt by its past experience to shape into houses, and towers, and spires. Every thing was vast, and mighty, and indefinite. No grasp was afforded to the mind of even a part of the picture. The buildings melted into other buildings; the streets were absorbed into other streets; and the boundary line of the whole was hidden in darkness. In darkness arose the mighty volume of waters which rolled in silence through the silent city; and in thick darkness its course was lost & swallowed up. William gazed with a feeling of littleness, which at last diverged into absolute terror. He forgot that he was himself an individual of that species of insects which had created the wonders around him!"

For what has verse with them to do? Or why should song of mine reveal, Thoughts foreign to the vulgar crew, Who yelp round genius chariot wheel? Yet gushingly the song rolls on;— The tale of passion and of guilt Assumes, untaught, a loftier tone, And on the page, like blood-drops spilt, The fierce words glare before mine eyes, And bounds my pulse, and throbs my brain: And in my ears a deep voice cries— "The past! the past!—it comes again!"

I tell not of her peerless charms,— By me—by all—their spell was felt; They could have roused a world to arms, And round her conquerors would have knelt; I tell not of the queen-like grace Endiamed upon her brow; Why waste weak words?—I see her face,— O God! it shines upon me now!

And what was I?—In outward form An object and a vulgar thing; For o'er me, like a darkening storm, Pale ugliness sat gibbering; And if the mind within redeemed Its outer case—its worthless shrine— They knew it not,—it never gleamed Thro' features so deformed as mine.

Yet there were moments fraught with pride, When I have felt my inward power; And walked erect with haughty stride, As if bold beauty was my dower; And often, with a glistening eye, "Shall mind," I taught myself to say "A portion of eternity, Bow down before the idol clay?"

'Twas well; they own'd my mental might; Yet not the less they pass'd me by; Or when I join'd their revels light, They look'd with cold averted eye:— All except her—she sought me out; She ever met me with a smile;— Heaven! how I scorn'd the rabble rout, Whom I had envied so erewhile!

True—true—most true! I dared not think, But wildly drank the poisoning cup; I stood upon the dizzy brink, And gave myself to madness up. Oh! never mortal loved as I! Love! 'tis a word profaned and vain; It was a rapturous agony— 'Twas burning tears that fell like rain.

But did she love me?—Does the sun Love the base worm its heat brings forth? Could she—the bright—the glorious one— On me bestow; (by Heaven! there's mirth, A horrid mirth in such a thought!) On me bestow her world of light, With all its stary glories fraught,— On me,—a thing of hopeless night?

'Twas only pity!—Burst my brain! That darning thought! she pitied me! The common boon each wretch might gain, Was all that she had given to me! 'Twas charity—ay, call it that!— In charity her smiles she gave, As bounty to the beggar's brat, Whom gold from penury may save!

She loved another!—They were wed, I saw the bridal train, and stood A breathing corpse—a form of lead, 'They left me to my solitude. I started wildly from my trance, In handfuls tore away my hair, And taking for my god blind chance, I wandered forth I know not where.

My life became a feverish dream;— I think I sought a foreign land, And saw strange faces round me gleam, And join'd an outlaw's roaming band; I got inured to scenes of blood, Yet can I not remember how; Upon my mind there fell a cloud, And that same cloud is on it now.

I've sat on rocks alone at night, And how'd to every wind that blew; I've pray'd that there might fall a blight Upon my head instead of dew. I've made my haunt with desert beasts, And lov'd to see their gory fangs; I've mingled with them at their feasts, And watched their victim's dying pangs.

Years passed, and left with me no track, Save such as marks uncertain dreams; At length it chanced I wandered back, And look'd and saw my native streams. I saw her house! the setting sun Had bathed it in a holy calm; My mood was changed; and one by one Thoughts stole into my heart like balm.

I ventured near. Beneath a tree A sad and grey-haired man I spied; I named her name:—"Alas!" said he, "Scarce three hours since my lady died!" I look'd and trembled; but to me There was no meaning in his words; Dead! No! that horror could not be,— I caught the voice of singing birds!

Unquestioned and unquestioning, The house I entered, and I heard Nought but a hushed low whispering, That scarce the solemn silence marr'd. I walked at once into the room— The awful room in which she lay; I found her ready for the tomb— I knelt beside the stiffen'd clay.

Temp't me no more!—I dare not write— I might blaspheme the earth and sky; They buried her— I saw the sight— I know that she is dead—and I— A crazed, bewildered man, live o'er, My life a vision—heaven a dream— The soul a mist—the heart a stone— Away! things are not what they seem!

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

THE DESOLATE.

Sir,—If the insertion of the enclosed Poem, (a first attempt, or rather a first completed attempt) will serve the interests of the Kingston Chronicle, I beg you will print it at your earliest convenience—this mark of your approbation will probably elicit farther efforts from the pen of

Your would be Correspondent,

HENRY BELL.

The mark of Cain is on my brow, And in my soul a deeper curse, And 'tis with scorn that even now I weave my feelings into verse;

For what has verse with them to do? Or why should song of mine reveal, Thoughts foreign to the vulgar crew, Who yelp round genius chariot wheel? Yet gushingly the song rolls on;— The tale of passion and of guilt Assumes, untaught, a loftier tone, And on the page, like blood-drops spilt, The fierce words glare before mine eyes, And bounds my pulse, and throbs my brain: And in my ears a deep voice cries— "The past! the past!—it comes again!"

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I've sat on rocks alone at night, And how'd to every wind that blew; I've pray'd that there might fall a blight Upon my head instead of dew. I've made my haunt with desert beasts, And lov'd to see their gory fangs; I've mingled with them at their feasts, And watched their victim's dying pangs.

Years passed, and left with me no track, Save such as marks uncertain dreams; At length it chanced I wandered back, And look'd and saw my native streams. I saw her house! the setting sun Had bathed it in a holy calm; My mood was changed; and one by one Thoughts stole into my heart like balm.

I ventured near. Beneath a tree A sad and grey-haired man I spied; I named her name:—"Alas!" said he, "Scarce three hours since my lady died!" I look'd and trembled; but to me There was no meaning in his words; Dead! No! that horror could not be,— I caught the voice of singing birds!

Unquestioned and unquestioning, The house I entered, and I heard Nought but a hushed low whispering, That scarce the solemn silence marr'd. I walked at once into the room— The awful room in which she lay; I found her ready for the tomb— I knelt beside the stiffen'd clay.

Temp't me no more!—I dare not write— I might blaspheme the earth and sky; They buried her— I saw the sight— I know that she is dead—and I— A crazed, bewildered man, live o'er, My life a vision—heaven a dream— The soul a mist—the heart a stone— Away! things are not what they seem!

(a) Vide Hume's England, Vol. 3. page 43

(b) Vide Hume's England, Vol. 3. page 44

(c) Vide Hume's England Vol. 6. page 201 &c.

(d) Vide Hume's England, Vol. 6. page 375. 521.

(e) Vide Hume's England, Vol. 6. page 284, &c.—Vol. 7. pages 40-515.

(f) Vide Hume's England, Vol. 6. 494, et ubi.

(g) Vide Hume's England, Vol. 6. 253 255.