

so nice a man, so pretty spoken; so good-natured; so good a scholar; an' so sober an' steady a man, she'd say, shyin' a leerin' look at her husband, as much as to say, that's more nor I can say o' you, Mister Tom. Well, every one seed as Vaux and Sal were on more nor talkin' terms: he used to write her vases, send her Valentines, an' amuse her mind by readin' out to her all the robb'ries, murders, an' crim-cons as appeared in the 'Times.' 'Crim cons! What the devil are they?' 'Why, it's a China word, I believe; but it means no more nor runnin' away wi' another man's wife.' 'What! a messmate's?' 'No, no, she wasn't a messmate, there was just a berth atwixt 'em. Howsomever Tom, (the gunner's-mate, you know) smells a rat, an' says one mornin', comin' up to Vaux, as he catches him a larin' Sal to sing, an' tippin' her one o' his Valentine vases; 'I say, young fellow,' says Tom, snatching the papper out o' the fellow's fist; 'I say, I've a score to settle with you.—A score!' says Vaux; 'what for?'—'Don't mind him,' says Sal, leavin' Tom and the captain—the-top to side it out. What for? says Tom, seein' Sal leavin' the berth, for he didn't want her to know he was bent on a breeze, make for the bay, says Tom, and I'll soon let you know, we'll soon see who's the most right to sing with Sal or write her vases. I'll tell ye what it is, says Vaux, comin' the gemmen's gammon, I'll tell ye what it is, I'm never the man what ye takes me to be, I'm not a-goin'; says he, to make a Fives-court man of myself, and fist it out like a bullyin' blaguard, if it's honourable. (Mind the fellow's impudence talking of honour in the very same breath he was trying to undermine the poor man's happiness!) If its honourable satisfaction says he, honourable satisfaction you wants, say the word and I'm your man whenever you choose your time.—Well, this you know, was a reglar-built pauler to Tom, as thought to settle the score in the reglar way, and to side it out below in the bay. So no more was said for a time, 'twas just six-bells in the forenoon watch. Well, howsomever, it happens that the very same afternoon watch the small-arm'd men was exercised and fired at a mark; and just as all was over, the men ordered to clean their muskets, and the gun-room officers divin' down to their dinners; I'm blest if the midshipman of the watch didn't catch poor Tom and the varmint Vaux in the very identical act of poppin' at one another with a pair of ship's muskets. Tom took his stand on the folksel, and the right-honourable Mister Vermont Vaux in front of the poop, levellin' at his shipmates life after tryin' all his soft, sinnavin' ways to weather him out of his wife. Tom's musket was cramm'd to the muzzle with more nor twenty balls, in case, as he afterwards said, the first eighteen or nineteen should miss his man. Well! now, what d'ye think of that? there's a third touch of the March-o'-mind, and I hasn't done with half of it yet.'

FROM THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

THE PAST YEAR

THEY go, they go, they pass away!—
Hours bear us on their wings
To where in night and mystery
End mortal wanderings.
I am not weary of this scene,
Although its ways to me
Have rough and care-worn ever been—
I am content to be.
Life hath its whisperings of joy
Amid the darkest hours,
As in the desert of annoy
Spring solitary flowers;
I am prepared to wait my time,
Though but a useless weed,
However dark the doom, or way,
That is for me decreed.
Such course is best—but I am sad
While years thus fleet away,
And times when I was young and glad
Are thronging memory,
And voices heard in parted days,
Whose music on the soul
Falls like a vault's dim window rays
Upon a buried pall.
I hear them in the winds at eve,
That rustle Autumn woods,—
I hear them on the ocean wave,—
I hear them in the floods;—
Whence come they?—Spirits of the
They wait upon the heart;
Enshrining recollections there,
Death can alone dispart—
Holding communions from afar
On shores where all have rest,
Or in some bright remoter star—
The Eden of the blest,
Where fancy furls her sunny wings
Amid bright Isles of bliss,
And many a lovely vision brings
Of worlds more fair than this.

Then why regret the buried time?

Who'd live life o'er again,
The self-same scene from childhood's prime?—
Too deep would be the pain.
Poor weary pilgrims, let us say,
Our toilsome journey run,
Grateful, resign'd, howe'er the way,—
"Father, thy will be done!"

REVIEW.

The Highland Smugglers; by the author of the *Kuzzelbach*. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

We were last week, for want of room, obliged to omit our notice of these volumes, but we hasten to make reparation. Mr Fraser, their author, and the writer of the very excellent and amusing story of the *Kuzzelbach*, is a person of whose talent we have a very high and favourable opinion. In the depicting of Eastern scenery, or the telling of an Eastern tale, he is inimitable and unrivalled. His Persian stories, in the *Annals*, are the most interesting and characteristic fictions of the kind that have been published. All the luxury of Eastern manners—the gorgeous magnificence of scenery—the enervating pleasures of the Courts and harems—the rich splendour of costume—the calm passionless habits of lazy Turks, and the melting winning loveliness of the beautiful Circassians, are so many objects which pass before the bright mirrors of his many narratives, and are reflected in it with admirable fidelity. But while we were perusing such tales, and revelling in the rich exuberance of narrative which their enchanted, and, until then, unopened sources supplied, we never expected to see their talented author so completely changing his ground, as to pass as it were, without one leap from hot to cold—from Persia to the Highlands. We hear, however, that Scotland is 'the land of his birth;' and we, therefore, marvel not that he should love to paint its scenes, and tell of its hospitality. His present volume is intended to illustrate the state of society in the Highlands. This is done by the introduction of a pleasant, interesting love-story into a fiction, of which the *dramatis personæ* are nearly all Scotch, and the scenes of course such—beautiful, indeed, and some of them magnificent, as are to be found in those proud Northern districts, from which the novel partly derives its tale. The *Smugglers*, which give to it its second nomenclature, are, of course, among the most prominent of the characters; and when did these lawless beings ever fail to create an interest in the mind of the legitimate novel-reader. Altogether, there is much to captivate those who will be influenced by national feelings, and to please every body in the perusal—so much of the romantic, the characteristic, and the picturesque—so much of the bold, the vigorous, and the beautiful—so much of the touching, the tender, and the playful—that we cannot choose but admire the varied talent of the writer, and feel a lively interest in his panoramic tale. We commence with a landscape. Talk of hunting Boxes in England. Look at one in the Highlands:—

On turning Tresham saw a little green spot surrounded by hoary stunted birch-trees, growing upon rocks as grey as themselves. Close beneath these trees stood some black huts, chiefly to be discerned by smoke which arose from the roofs of one or two among the group; for the walls were so green, as to leave it doubtful whether they were not rather mounds of earth than habitations of men. A meadow of a full mile in breadth, which lost itself at either end behind the over-lapping shoulders of the hills, were stretched before this nest of huts. This rich piece of pasture was intersected by the numerous windings of the stream, now diminished to a mere burn, and interspersed with patches of peat-bog and heather. On the opposite side of this meadow rose a huge mountain, the bosom of which was covered with scattered wood in all stages of luxuriance and decay; and several chasms, black with rock and shadow, served as beds for the torrents, which, collecting on the broad surface above, were even at this time seen like silver threads, hurrying down the steep declivity, or precipitating themselves in a series of petty cascades from ledge to ledge of the rock, which their violence had laid bare. Above this region rose the great mass of the mountain, exhibiting a variegated expanse of rich purple heather and grey moss, interspersed with stripes and patches of green grass, indicating perennial springs; and of peat moss, evidencing itself in black cracks and spots, which pervaded a great portion of its surface. White or grey rocks stared through the surface in all quarters; and the summit, which rose in several sharp points connected with one great lumpy ridge, appeared to be formed of dark lead-coloured stones, with a few scattered blades of yellow grass. The mountains behind the bothies were of a similar character, but still more rocky and precipitous; and at some distance further, the glen appeared to terminate in a dark mass of peaks and ridges, so jagged and confused, as to suggest the idea of a distant peep of chaos. * * * The bothy, to all appearance, was built precisely of the same materials and in the same fashion as our Highland huts, or shealings, (as the occasional abodes of the shepherds in remote glens are generally termed,) except in as far as it was larger and more lofty than those around it. The walls, externally at least, were formed of divots; that is, sods cut with the heather or grass growing on them, the matted roots of which give a firmer texture to the soil of which the mass is composed. These are built one upon another, in courses, longwise or edgewise, like bricks; and, supported by a frame-work of timber, make a firm and warm wall. The roof was formed of the same materials laid upon small rafters, (or, as they are called in the country, kebers,) and covered with a heather thatch; and in this manner, bating only the heather

thatch, are the majority of the black huts, which form the abodes of the Highland peasantry, chiefly or entirely built, to the great injury of the ground in the neighbourhood, the surface of which becomes thus most wastefully peeled, because the lazy tenant 'can na be fashed' to erect a better habitation of the stones and wood, and heather, which are always to be found in abundance near him. A small square pavement of pebbles placed before the doorway of this tenement, prevented the lodgement there of the water, which formed pools in front of the other huts; and a small window, consisting of six panes of glass in a casement opening inwards, betokened when it was observed, (a matter of not of absolute necessity, from the thickness of the wall in which it was sunk,) a degree of refinement scarcely in unison with the materials around it. On entering the doorway, to effect which our Englishman was forced to stoop rather lower than was agreeable, Tresham found himself in a passage formed of clay and water, which divided the interior into two parts. A glance in passing shewed on the one hand, a dark space of undefined dimensions, filled with smoke, amidst which sparkled the embers of a peat fire; several dim shapes, like ghouls hovering in their own grey mist, might be detected sitting round this dubious light, or flitting about in the thick atmosphere. A qualm of uneasiness came over the Englishman as his eye fell upon this suspicious, limbo-like hole; but he yielded to the impulse of his host's arm, as he threw open the door of an opposite apartment, the appearance of which, as it broke upon him after the other, afforded infinite relief to his mind. The whole interior of that quarter of the bothy had been plastered and whitewashed; and illuminated by no less than two small glass windows and a cheerful fire, it wore an air of cleanliness and comfort far greater than might have been augured from its black exterior. It is true that the great thick COUPLES, as they are called, which form the frame-work at once of walls and roof, together with the cross-beams, or BANKS, which secured them near their point of junction at the upper ends, were seen projecting from the foundation to the roof far into the apartment; and that the dark glossy japan of the smoke which had encrusted them, before the promotion of the bothy to the dignity of a hunting seat, would here and there insist upon appearing through even the densest coat of plaster. But the offensive objects were hung with deer's horns and hunting gear; and, taken in cumulo with other things around them, presented no very incongruous appearance. The floor was bearded; a fire-place, which did not smoke, at least at that time, and was furnished with a few bars of iron, so placed as to favour the arrangement and combustion of the wood and peats which were used for fuel; and a table of two deal, with three or four wooden chairs, and some shelves, on which lay a few books, completed the furniture of the public apartments of the bothy.

Now for an out-door peep and a chase:—

Raising his eyes to a level with the heather top, Tresham could see, at the distance of not more than three hundred yards, the horns of a noble stag just rising between two bags. No other part of the animal was visible; but the movement of the antlers, which slowly turned from side to side, proved sufficiently that he maintained a vigilant look-out after his own safety. 'We'll match him yet, I think,' said Glenvallich. Retreating a few yards, to get farther under cover of the rising ground, Maccombich, followed by the rest of the party, crept on all fours from the water-course, across thirty or forty yards of long heather-covered moor, until they reached a maze of peat-bog cracks, of little depth, but sufficient to cover a man creeping flat upon his belly. This, although the moss was moist and muddy, they were forced to submit to, as the only way of crossing unseen by their intended victims, and in this manner they gained about a hundred and fifty yards more upon the deer's position. The forester, alone, was now sent on to ascertain the means of further progress; and after an absence of more than ten minutes, which to the sportsmen seemed a full hour, he returned creeping like a worm, and beckoning the party to follow in the same manner. This they did; and at length keeping along the peat-cracks, got a chasm deep enough to afford sufficient cover for the whole body. 'He's no a hunder yards from you this moment, Glenvallich,' whispered the forester, in scarcely audible accents, 'and the wind is strong for him. Ye must climb this now; if you can get him within eighty yards, dinna seek to get nearer, for he's in a wide green heuch, and he's very jealous. I dinna think ye'll mak' muckle better; but ochone! take time and be canny—I wudna for ten pund he got away!' 'never fear me man; but here's Mr. Tresham must take the first chance—I'll fire only if he misses. Come along, Harry.' The forester cast a look of mingled disappointment and remonstrance at his master; but it was disregarded. Tresham, also, who still shook from head to foot, with recent exertion and present excitement, would have excused himself from interfering with the anterior rights of his friend in this particular animal; but Glenvallich would not listen to him. 'Have done with this debating,' said he; 'we shall lose the deer—follow me, Tresham.' Cautiously, like a cat stealing on its prey, foot by foot, and inch by inch, dip Glenvallich, growing in the heather, advance towards the crest of the knoll in front of him; when the deer's antlers moved, he was still,—when they took their natural position, he moved forwards. Tresham followed in his track, stopping or advancing as he did, until they had advanced some twenty paces onwards from the ravine. Glenvallich then signed to him to raise his head with caution. He did so, and saw, with a sensation of eager delight, which increased his agitation to a painful pitch, the noble stag lying among some rushy grass apparently in the most unsuspecting tranquility, occasionally scratching a part of his hide with a fork of his antlers, and driving away the insects, which appeared grievously tormenting him. 'Take aim as he lies, Harry; aim low, at the shoulder,' whispered Glenvallich. The heart of Tresham beat more audibly than ever it had done on going into action, as he carefully extended and leveled his rifle. Whether it was the slight click of cocking, or some movement made in the heather, as he stretched out the piece to take aim, is uncertain, but the stag started, and made a movement as if about to rise, just at the moment when Tresham was pressing the trigger. The circumstance, probably, unsettled his aim, for the rifle exploded, but the ball flew over its intended object. But not thus was the unfortunate animal to escape; for scarce had the report of Tresham's shot made him start from his lair, when the rifle of Glenvallich gave forth its fatal contents, and the stag, making one high bound from the earth, tumbled headlong forwards, and lay struggling in the agonies of death. He had anticipated the possibility of his friend's failure, and prepared to remedy it, which he did effectually, for the ball had struck the animal just behind the shoulder and went clean through its heart. 'Hurrah! capital! grand! by