

sin soon joined us, begging, as he separated us, and drew an arm of each within his own, to be allowed to insert himself between those he admired most and loved best. I took a turn or two with them, and then excused myself, as I had to return to my guests, who soon after separated for the night. The next week Annie returned home, Miss Featherstonough went back to the city, my cousin left, and I was alone again.

## CHAPTER V.

So beautiful thou wert in life!  
Thou art lovely even now,  
With thy pale sweet face, and shining hair  
Smooth parted on thy brow.—M. E. T.

A year has gone by since 'the party,' my reader, a whole year, with its moral and atmospheric changes. Summer is again abroad upon the earth, with its cloudless skies, its sparkling streams, green waving fields, and magnificent forests; beautiful, glorious summer! My home is here unchanged; but where are the young footsteps that echoed, a twelvemonth ago, through its silent apartments? Some will never bound there again! The gay, the admired, the queenly Florence Featherstonough has gone down to the grave. In the springtime, when her friends were preparing a joyous reception, she was borne back to her southern home in her coffin.

The proud, stately old mother bowed down over the still white features of her dead child, subdued—crushed. Ah! the great, great leveller, Death! I have just received the sad intelligence; hold the letter, with its black seal, in my hand. It is from Florence's teacher. It speaks of a gay winter, of balls and parties, of admirers, of their dresses, of colds, sickness, and death. The old story, and the old result. With her, 'life's fitful fever' was soon over. She sleeps well! But the mother—the poor old broken hearted mother! Ah! Fanny, my oldest, earliest friend! and was it for this thou hadst waited and hoped, watched and yearned with a mother's impatience and a mother's tenderness? How shall I write to thee? What shall I say to thee in thy bereavement? How can I point upward while the sky lowers above, from which the sun of thy existence has gone down forever? God help thee!

I must wipe my specs; they are not damp, reader, only dusty. I have yet another letter by this morning's mail. It is sealed with red wax, and stamped with my cousin's initials. Yes, it is from my cousin. Let us read:

'Ever since the suns and showers of April, my cousin, I have been endeavoring to escape from my numerous and absorbing duties, to the quiet and repose of your peaceful home. I hope to succeed, in the course of another week; and now, that the time is so near, I can scarcely wait; my impatient feet are almost willing to wend their way back of themselves.

'I have been very busy and very fortunate since I last saw you; fortunate beyond my most sanguine expectations; and I now feel for the first time, after years of toil and struggle, that I am secure in my elevation.

'I have thought of the events of last summer's visit often, oftener than I can tell you. I sometimes take pleasure, when alone in my room at night, in imagining myself sitting opposite a kind, benevolent old lady with smooth grey hair and spectacles, who knits industriously, ever and anon lifting her mild eyes to my face with such a serene, benignant expression, that I am proud to call her my cousin.

'I am a social, companionable mortal. Cousin Debbie, and I confess to you that the peace and comfort prevailing your home penetrated to my heart, and made it long for a similar atmosphere. You will not wonder, then, when I tell you that I have built for myself a house in—; one after your own plan, my cousin; and I am surrounding it with a garden after your own heart which I hope to see you enjoy often. Altogether, it will be a beautiful cage for a stray bird. Cousin Debbie, especially for such a one as I have in view. 'Where?' you ask. It may be singing now, for ought I know, away up among your own pleasant bowers, where I first heard its tuneful voice. I know this much, my cousin, that the little enchantress will come with me to the home I have prepared early in autumn. I have hastened to secure my beautiful captive, and she will soon fold her white wings and nestle close to my heart. Yes, dear cousin, I hope to have the pleasure of presenting to you, before leaving your village, as my bride, and your cousin, the gentle, excellent, and beloved Annie Logie.

Annie Logan! Only think of it! Well done, Annie; well done, my darling! thou hast won a high heart, and a noble name; one that is ringing from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and a heart whose sublime emanations will go sounding down the tide of time, till time is lost in eternity.

From Mr Jordan's Autobiography.

## EVIL OF DEBTS.

DEBT is the greatest curse which can beset the course of a human being. It cools his friends and heats his enemies; it throws obstacles in the way of his every advance towards independence; it degrades him in his own estimation, and exposes him to humiliation from others, however beneath him in station and character; it marks him for injustice and spoil; it weakens his moral perceptions and benumbs his intellectual faculties; it is a burden not to be borne consistently with fair hopes of fortune, or that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, both in a

worldly and eternal sense. But I shall have much to say on the subject in the future pages of this biography, though I cannot omit the opportunity afforded by my earliest taste of the bitter fruit which poisons every pulse of existence, earnestly to exhort my youthful readers to deny themselves every expense which they cannot harmlessly afford, and revel on bread and water and a lowly couch, in humility and patience, rather than incur the obligation of a single sixpence beyond their actual means.

## ASSASSINATION OF MR PERCEVAL.

One of the most remarkable occurrences of that period was his witnessing the assassination of the prime minister, Perceval, in May 1812. He had saluted the premier, as he was passing into the lobby of the House of Commons, and had held back the spring door to allow him precedence in entering, when instantly there was a noise within. 'I saw a small curling wreath of smoke rise above his head, as if the breath of a cigar; I saw him reel back against the ledge on the inside of the door; I heard him exclaim: 'O God!' or 'O my God!' and nothing more or longer (as reported by several witnesses), for even that exclamation was faint; and then, making an impulsive rush, as it were, to reach the entrance to the House on the opposite side for safety, I saw him totter forward, not half way, and drop dead between the four pillars which stood there in the centre of the space, with a slight trace of blood issuing from his lips.

'All this took place ere, with moderate speed, you could count five! Great confusion, and almost as immediately great alarm, ensued. Loud cries were uttered, and rapidly conflicting orders and remarks on every hand made a perfect Babel of the scene; for there were above a score of people in the lobby, and on the instant no one seemed to know what had been done or by whom. The corpse of Mr Perceval was lifted up by Mr William Smith, the member for Norwich, assisted by Lord Francis Osborne, a Mr Phillips, and several others, and borne into the office of the Speaker's secretary, by the small passage on the left hand, beyond and near the fireplace. Pallid and deadly, close by the murderer, it must have been; for in a moment after, Mr Eastaff, one of the clerks of the Vote Office at the last door on that side, pointed him out, and called: 'That is the murderer!' Bellingham moved slowly to a bench on the hither side of the fireplace, near at hand, and sat down. I had in the first instance run forward to render assistance to Mr Perceval, but only witnessed the lifting of his body, followed the direction of Mr Eastaff's hand, and seized the assassin by the collar, but without violence on one side, or resistance on the other. Comparatively speaking, a crowd now came up, and among the earliest Mr Vincent Dowling, Mr John Norris, Sir Charles Long, Sir Charles Burrell, Mr Henry Burgess, and, in a minute or two, General Gascoigne from a committee room up stair and Mr Hume, Mr Whitbread, Mr Pole, and twelve or fifteen members from the House. Meanwhile, Bellingham's neckcloth had been stripped off, his vest unbuttoned, and his chest laid bare. The discharged pistol was found beside him, and its companion was taken, loaded and primed, from his pocket. An opera glass, papers, and other articles, were almost pulled forth, principally by Mr Dowling, who was on his left, whilst I stood on his right hand; and except for his frightful agitation, he was as passive as a child. Little was said to him. General Gascoigne on coming up, and getting a glance through the surrounding spectators, observed that he knew him at Liverpool, and asked if his name was Bellingham, to which he returned no answer; but the papers rendered further question on this point unnecessary. Mr Lynn, a surgeon in Great George Street, adjacent, had been hastily sent for, and found life quite extinct, the ball having entered in a slanting direction from the hand of the tall assassin, and passed into the victim's heart. Some one came out of the room with this intelligence, and said to Bellingham: 'Mr Perceval is dead! Villain! how could you destroy so good a man, and make a family of twelve children orphans?' To which he almost mournfully replied: 'I am sorry for it.' Other observations and questions were addressed to him by bystanders; in answer to which he spoke incoherently, mentioning the wrongs he had suffered from government, and justifying his revenge on grounds similar to those he used, at length, in his defence at the Old Bailey.

I have alluded to Bellingham's 'frightful agitation' as he sat on the bench, and all this dreadful work was going on; and I return to it, to describe it as far as words can convey an idea of the shocking spectacle. I could only imagine something like it in the overwrought painting of a powerful romance writer, but never before could conceive the physical suffering of a strong muscular man, under the tortures of a distracted mind. Whilst this language was cool, the agonies which shook his frame were actually terrible. His countenance wore the hue of the grave, blue and cadaverous; huge drops of sweat ran down from his forehead, like rain on the window pane in a heavy storm, and, coursing his pallid cheeks, fell upon his person, where their moisture was distinctly visible; and from the bottom of his chest his gorge rose and receded, with almost every breath, a spasmodic action, as if a body, as large or larger than a billiard ball, were choking him. The miserable wretch repeatedly struck his chest with the palm of his hand to abate this sensation, but it refused to be repressed.

From Godey's Ladies' Book.

## PAUSE NOT.

PAUSE not! thou'lt reach the goal at last;  
Thy scenes of toil and sorrow past  
Will seem like dreams to thee;  
And when thou'st gained the daring prize—  
When vision's hopes shall reach the skies—  
Thrice happy then thou'lt be.

Pause not! whate'er the case may be,  
'Faint heart ne'er yet won fair ladye,'  
For despair sheds a chill  
That leaves a dark'ning course behind,  
And conquers all the powers of mind,  
How strong so'er thy will.

Pause not! the feeble arm is strong  
When first is felt the hand of wrong;  
Only vengeance can repay  
The debt—but pass these by—  
For fairer clouds will fill the sky,  
And cause a brighter day.

Pause not! but battle earnestly;  
Thy watchword e'er be 'Liberty,'  
And God will aid the Right;  
For joyful hours will still be thine,  
When hope and happiness combine,  
And day succeeds the night.

From the London Working Man's Friend

## THINGS WONDERFUL AND TRUE

With a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 700,000,000; the annual loss by death 18,000,000. Now the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 624,300 tons, and by its decomposition produces 9,900,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable production of the earth clear away from atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses which, in their turn, become the animal; then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere, and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining, where it is deposited, and not even these unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the insubstantial reach of the roots and plants and trees. Nothing appears so cannibalising as to see a flock of sheep grazing in a country churchyard, knowing it to be an undeniable fact that the grass they eat has been manured by the gaseous emanations from our immediate predecessors; then following up the fact that this said grass is actually assimilated by the animal, and becomes mutton, whereof, perhaps, we may dine next week. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animals and vegetable bodies, in accordance with the unerring law of nature; and consequently we may say with truth that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves. Some of the particles of Cicero's or Cæsar's body, peradventure, wield this pen. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung hole?

'Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!  
Oh, that that earth which kept the world in awe  
Should patch a wall 't' expel the winter's flaw!

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## ADMIRAL BLAKE.

A good biography is ever welcome; and if it be the biography of a good and great man, the cordiality of the *bienvenu* is doubled. Mr Prescott remarks, that there is no kind of writing, having truth and instruction for its main object, which, on the whole, is so interesting and popular as biography: its superiority, in this point of view, to history, consisting in the fact, that the latter has to deal with masses—with nations, which, like corporate societies, seem to have no soul, and whose chequered vicissitudes may be contemplated rather with curiosity for the lessons they convey, than with personal sympathy. Among contemporary biographers, Mr Hepworth Dixon has already established for himself a name of some distinction by his popular lives of William Penn and John Howard; nor will his credit suffer a decline in the instance of the memoir now before us—that of the gallant and single minded patriot, Robert Blake. Of this fine old English worthy, republican as he was, the Tory Hume freely affirms, that never man, so zealous for a faction, was so much respected and even esteemed by his opponents. 'Disinterested, generous, liberal; ambitious only of true glory, dreadful only to his avowed enemies; he forms one of the most perfect characters of the age, and the least stained with those errors and vices which were then so predominant.' Yet hitherto the records of this remarkable man have been scanty in matter, and scattered in form—the most notable being Dr. Johnson's sketch in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and another in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr Dixon has consulted several scarce works, of genuine though obsolete authority, and a large mass of original documents and family papers, in preparing the present able and attractive memoir; not omitting a careful examination of the squibs,

satires, and broadsides of that time, in his endeavour to trace, in forgotten nooks and corners, the anecdotes and details requisite, as he says, to complete a character thus far chiefly known by a few heroic outlines. We propose taking a brief survey of his life history of the great admiral and general at sea—the 'Puritan Sea King,' as Mr Dixon more characteristically than accurately calls his hero. A sea king he was, every inch of him; but to dub him Puritan, is like giving up to a party what was meant for British mankind. To many, the term suggests primarily a habit of speaking through the nose; and Blake had thundered commands through too many a piping gale and battle blast for that.

Robert Blake was born at Bridgewater, in August 1599. His father, Humphrey Blake, was a merchant trading with Spain—a man whose temper seems to have been too sanguine and adventurous for the ordinary action of trade, finally involving him in difficulties which clouded his latter days, and left his family in straitened circumstances: his name, however, was held in general respect; and we find that he lived in one of the best houses in Bridgewater, and twice filled the chair of its chief magistrate. The perils to which mercantile enterprise was then liable—the chance escapes and valorous deeds which the successful adventurer had to tell his friends and children on the dark winter nights—doubtless formed a part of the food on which the imagination of young Blake, 'silent and thoughtful from his childhood,' was fed in the 'old house at home.' At the Bridgewater grammar school, Robert received his early education, making tolerable acquaintance with Latin and Greek, and acquiring a strong bias towards a literary life. This penchant was confirmed by his subsequent career at Oxford, where he matriculated at sixteen, and where he strove hard but fruitlessly for scholarships and fellowships at different colleges. His failure to obtain a Merton fellowship has been attributed to a crotchet of the warden's, Sir Henry Savile, in favour of tall men: 'The young Somersetshire student, thick set, fair complexioned, and only five feet six, fell below his standard of manly beauty,' and thus the Cavalier warden, in denying this aspirant the means of cultivating literature on a little university oatmeal, was turning back on the world one who was fated to become a republican power of the age. This shining light, instead of comfortably and obscurely merging in a petty constellation of Alma Mater, was to become a bright particular star, and dwell apart. The avowed liberalism of Robert may, however, have done more in reality to shock Sir Henry, than his inability to add a cubit to his stature. It is pleasant to know, that the 'admiral and general at sea, never outgrew a tenderness for literature—his first love, despite the rebuff of his advances. Even in the busiest turmoil of a life teeming with accidents by flood and field, he made it a point of pride not to forget his favourite classics. Nor was it till after nine years' experience of college life, and when his father was no longer able to manage his *res angusta vita*, that Robert finally abandoned his long cherished plans, and retired with a sigh and last adieu from the banks of the Isis.

When he returned to Bridgewater, in time to close his father's eyes, and superintend the arrangements of the family, he was already remarkable 'for that iron will, that grave demeanour, that free and dauntless spirit,' which so distinguished his after course. His tastes were simple, his manners somewhat bluntly austere; a refined dignity of countenance, and a picturesque vigour of conversation, invested him with a social interest, to which his indignant invectives against court corruptions gave distinctive character. To the short Parliament he was sent as member for his native town; and in 1645, was returned by Taunton to the Long Parliament. At the dissolution of the former, which he regarded as a signal for action, he began to prepare arms against the king; his being one of the first troops in the field, and engaged in almost every action of importance in the western counties. His superiority to the men about him lay in the 'marvellous fertility, energy, and comprehensiveness of his military genius.' Prince Rupert alone, in the Royalist camp, could rival him as a 'parisian soldier.' His first distinguished exploit was his defence of Prior's Hill fort, at the siege of Bristol—which contrasts so remarkably with the pusillanimity of his chief, Colonel Fiennes. Next comes his yet more brilliant defence of Lyme—then a little fishing town, with some 900 inhabitants, of which the defences were a dry ditch, a few hastily formed earth works, and three small batteries, but which the Cavalier host of Prince Maurice, trying storm, stratagem, blockade, day after day, and week after week, failed to reduce or dishearten. 'At Oxford, where Charles then was, the affair was an inexplicable marvel and mystery: every hour the court expected to hear that the 'little vile fishing town,' as Clarendon contemptuously calls it, had fallen, and that Maurice had marched away to enterprises of greater moment; but every post brought word to the wondering council, that Colonel Blake still held out, and that his spirited defence was rousing and rallying the dispersed adherents of Parliament in those parts.' After the siege was raised, the Royalists found that more men of gentle blood had fallen under Blake's fire at Lyme, than in all the other sieges and skirmishes in the western counties since the opening of the war. The details of the siege are given with graphic effect by Mr Dixon, and are only surpassed in interest by those connected with Blake's subsequent and yet more celebrated defence of Taunton, to which the third chapter of this biography is devoted.