

# The Sherbornian.

*Autolytus*.—"Here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work."—WINTER'S TALE.

---

No. 1.]

SEPTEMBER 8, 1836.

[PRICE 3d.

---

## OUR FIRST FLIGHT.

WE commence our literary campaign by publishing a Manifesto of our plans, principles, and intentions; as well as our reasons for coming forward to solicit the smiles of public favour at this period.

In these days of universal education, while periodical literature appears to be in the zenith of its success, we are emboldened to ask why we ourselves should not, on however small pretensions, endeavour to woo "the popular air?" We answer for ourselves, and here we are, stretching our hitherto untried wings in the atmosphere of public opinion. Touching the scope and tendency of our Publication, we premise it to be a collection of original papers on subjects of literature, and other topics of general interest: a certain portion of our undertaking, therefore, will be devoted to the reviewal of the standard works of past and present times; occasionally putting forth our own opinions on passing events; and aiding, by all the means within our reach, the cause of literature, science, and the arts. We are aware that it does not fall to the lot of every critic to succeed in imparting a higher and more refined tone to the speculations of society with regard to literary and scientific matters,—far less to unpractised ones as we confess ourselves to be: but we trust it may be admitted that we have done somewhat, if the perusal of our pages should excite even one circle of intelligent persons to converse on the subject of, and to read attentively, the works of the master spirits of past and present ages.

With regard to the general conduct of our Journal, we repudiate most earnestly all party bias: we wish to write for the many, though our hope of being read extend not beyond the few. We *cannot*, therefore, be partisans. We will endeavour to steer our bark into the haven of letters, taking discretion for our pilot, and truth for our freight. If compelled to assume partisanship in any mode whatever, we would fain attach ourselves collaterally to both parties, and float in upper air, self-supported (like Mahomet's stone coffin) between the heaven of the one and the earth of the other.

We particularly wish to impress upon the minds of our readers that we distinctly disavow all personal and local satire. We cannot condescend to become the reckless propagandists of social scandal, or indulge in that species of satire which consists of strictures applied to the peculiarities of any individual. We consider personality a coarse and offensive weapon, forged for the purpose of savage warfare, and contemptible alike in the eyes of the moralist and the philosopher.

Nevertheless, we consider satire, in the abstract, an engine worthy to be employed in many a noble cause;—as a moral corrective, its influence over the character of nations is mightier than that of many a more imposing agency; and even the irritability of self-love can forgive the anguish of a wound received in the indiscriminating *melée* of a general attack, and

“Then our taxing, like a wild goose, flies  
Unclaimed of any man.”

During the reign of the House of Stuart, personal satire and slander possessed unlimited sway. Taking into consideration the penalty for such offences, such were actually heroic efforts, hallowed in the public eye by their daring intrepidity. Star-Chamber edicts, privilege of Parliament and the pillory, were “in our flowing cups freshly remembered;” slander and its antidote were both before us. The law of libel is now solely honoured in its breach;—as during the mild reign of the third George. Junius and Churchill, Wilkes and Walcot were permitted to bespatter the Altar and the Throne under such trivial penalties, that the world has supped full of scandalous horrors; and moral satire is now as careful to avoid the cowardly imputation of personality,—a crime of most notorious impunity,—as though the recoil of the weapon were immediately and justly fatal.

We have digressed thus much in order to impress upon the minds of our readers the true spirit in which our present undertaking will be carried on. In our critical remarks we shall studiously avoid the semblance of adopting the “*Nil admirari*” strain. An accurate and shrewd thinker of the present day has pertinently remarked, that “small minds, on being shown a work of genius, whether in art or literature, set all their little wits to work to discover its defects; and where none really exist, they are pretty sure to invent them.” Without, therefore, presuming to arrogate to ourselves the riches of the mind, we can afford to bestow praise without, in the slightest degree, jeopardizing our mental solvency. We profess ourselves the humble advocates of every great principle—in morals, literature, or science; and if by any chance our hand be deemed a helping one, it will be on all occasions gladly stretched out, and do its work, we trust, not negligently.

We purpose reporting the meetings of the Literary and Scientific Societies in this town; and intend occasionally to notice their proceedings. We would fain "give a stage, ample and true with life" to these things, and endeavour, by pouring the oil of perseverance upon the turbid and sluggish waters of ignorance and prejudice combined, to make smooth and pleasant the career of the bark of knowledge through the as yet unfathomed seas of time.

We have not, we venture to affirm, launched our vessel without the prospect of steering it successfully throughout its literary voyage. The breath of detraction or envy may attack our sails when, where, and how it listeth;—it will not in the least disturb the equanimity of our career. Though we court the approbation of the many, we have "roughed it with fortune" too long to fear, or even heed, the sneers of the few. We, therefore, conclude by giving to the Public our zoological definition:—we belong to the genus *Homo*, but claim to be enrolled in the class *Pachydermata*.

---

## THE SHERBORNE CLUBS.

### NO. I.—THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

*De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule.*

---

WE never could bring ourselves to sympathise with those unhappy persons who are so loud in their complaints of the dullness of Sherborne. We are convinced, on the contrary, that there are enough sensible men and amiable women among us to form the germ of a social intercourse, such as few towns can surpass. And if it be true that we have long been debarred of our wishes in this respect by events which we cannot too soon forget, we think it is now time to bestir ourselves, and endeavour to remedy the defect, by affording our neighbours frequent opportunities of meeting, and rational entertainment when assembled. Far be it from us to undervalue that standing topic of conversation, by the Gods called home intelligence, and by men scandal: we know few subjects more amusing or instructive, when the quarry is our acquaintances' foibles rather than their vices, and when sportive wit forbears intruding within the hallowed circle of kindred and affection. But scandal, like the gold mines of Mexico, however rich, is not inexhaustible; and we have reason to fear lest, after it has been thoroughly wrought by the industry of the company, it should

be succeeded by that intellectual barrenness, which is the great evil of provincial life. To supply matter for innocent discourse, as well as to bring their members into frequent and easy communication, is the leading object of our Clubs, whereof those that will pass under our critical view are the Literary Society, the old Book Club, and the Scientific Institution.

Obvious as this expedient may seem, it is but very lately our townsmen have felt inclined to try it; and were we to ask the cause of the renewed activity every one has observed in Sherborne for the last six months, we think it must be attributed to the exertions of a person, our obligations to whom few of us care to acknowledge. The lore that Mr. Buckingham poured from his "magnificent lips" on our thirsty souls was so new and curious, that it could not fail to arrest the attention and arouse the dormant energies of the most listless of his hearers. This is not the place to eulogise the accuracy of his knowledge, the pertinency of his anecdotes, and the gentlemanlike respect for female delicacy that pervaded his lectures. We leave it to abler pens to descant on the originality of the genius that discovered Urrrh of the Chaldeans by its *unique* custom of disposing of its dead; taught us that the subject of Tasso's immortal poem was the capture of Jerusalem by Titus; and conjured up the Manichæans at the Holy Sepulchre, to the confusion of the shallow historians that had strangled their heresy ten centuries ago.\* For our own part, such is our sense of what *we* owe to Mr. B., that we shall cheerfully set apart a tithe of the profits of "The Sherbornian" in aid of the fund the charitable public is now raising in his behalf.

The effects of this profound scholar's eloquence were soon visible in the increasing prosperity of the Literary Club. This Society was founded on the 31st of July, 1835, for the discussion of questions connected with history, morals, and general literature. We dare say its oldest members will thank us for saying nothing of the first months of its existence, a period in which, without being absolutely dead, it performed none of the functions of life, or if it strove to move, could only "like a wounded snake, drag its slow length along." At one time, so hopeless did the attempt appear, that the secretary deferred its meetings from week to week, convinced that it would assemble only to dissolve. But halcyon days were in store for it. In the early part of this year it suddenly revived; its debates grew animated, its supporters zealous, and ultimate success almost

\* "During Easter, Jerusalem is filled with Christians of all sects, from every part of the East: Nestorians, Maronites, Armenians, Greeks, Monophysites, and Manichæans."—*Mr. B., January 7, 1836.* These be brave words; but we wish people would learn their meaning before they use them. The order in which they are arranged affords a beautiful solution of the optical problem of the circle of *most* confusion.

certain. Of this mighty revolution the gracious visit of the Prince of Itinerants, as it was the only visible cause, so was it, we doubt not, the true one. The Society continues to advance in fame and importance; and, while we write, consists of twenty-four active members, notwithstanding the spirit of its laws renders a candidate's election far from a matter of form.

We should be loath to deny that debating clubs present great opportunities of mischief. Every one sees at a glance how bad an influence on the morals, and *therefore* on the intellect, may result from the thoughtless discussions of young men of unformed character and superficial information, ready perhaps to question every principle the folly of self-called philosophers has dared to dispute. The crude sophistry and pompous declamation of such "honourable members," in their speeches to the "House," might provoke a smile, were we not too well aware, that however farcical the manners, the action is purely tragic; and that this impertinent frivolity might well be pardoned, did it not foster a habit of captious scepticism. We need not assure our readers that the above strictures can have no reference to the Club whose progress we are now reviewing. That respectable body is fortunate in obtaining the support of gentlemen differing widely in respect to *age*, profession, and habits of life: it ranks among its members several who have leisure to glean information on the subject of each successive debate; and above all, it forbids the mooted of topics on which it is difficult for opposite opinions to be entertained by Christians and loyal subjects. Those who choose to inspect the Society's Journal cannot fail to observe how wide a field is still left open for discussion, and how boundless a variety of interesting speculations in history, ethics, and literature, yet remains to exercise the faculties of its friends.

Already, we believe, it has been productive of the happiest effects in the case of more than one person, whose original motive for entering it was the desire of spending an idle hour agreeably: it has stimulated and directed their enquiries, has become to them a refuge from the enslaving cares of their ordinary employments, and has imparted to them a taste for intellectual pleasures, which those alone who possess it can adequately value. We have only to add that the Society's door is always open to those who have not yet joined it, but feel an interest in its amusements, and a wish for its success; and ill, indeed, should we think of our little town's public spirit did we not anticipate with confidence a long career of honourable usefulness for the Sherborne Literary Society.

The friendly tone of our preceding remarks emboldens us to express our frank opinion of one or two of the Club's arrangements which we judge susceptible of improvement. We learnt,

then, with pain that two evenings of its precious time were recently thrown away in discussing the question—"Do the present Ministers deserve the confidence of the country?" We will not waste a moment in proving the utter worthlessness of the enquiry, or contrast it with the many instructive propositions then on the rota; we object far less to the particular subject than to the practice of making a literary meeting an arena for debating the paltry politics of the day. Neither will we trifle with our readers' patience by enlarging on the manifold inconveniences sure to ensue were such a state of things to become general: the evils of Political Unions have been admitted by every constitutional speculator from Aristotle to Diedrick Knickerbocher.\* But we protest against this abuse, as quite beside the purposes of the Society. If it was the design of its founders to promote the calm investigation of some of the most important subjects that can engage the mind of man; if they were anxious to cultivate the understanding, strengthen the judgment, and control the temper by subjecting it to the courtesies of debate; how little can these great ends be hoped to result from angry wranglings respecting the merits of the public men of the age:—men of whom it is not too much to say (and we do not apply the remark to one party or knot of politicians more than to another) that the future annalist can only cite them as sad examples of the utter lack of wide views and steady principle often found in those who are at the helm in the crisis of a nation's history.

Lastly, we intreat the speakers—the younger speakers especially—to shun declamation: it will render their discussions useless, perhaps ridiculous. Let them never be seduced by the love of argument to advocate a cause whose goodness they doubt, nor degrade the truth by cumbering it with unmeaning verbiage. Not that we agree with that ingenious member who is always calling for facts, as if they alone were of any value with the philosophic inquirer. We know not why the warm feelings of the heart should be thought beneath the notice of a reasonable being; why the tongue should utter the language of indifference while the soul is burning with indignation at the boasts of successful villany, or reflecting with calm enthusiasm on the certain reward reserved for patient virtue. There is, however, great danger lest the fervour of youth should overstep the modesty of nature, and forget the point at issue while expatiating on some more alluring topic. In this case it is right that the declaimer should know that brilliant figures and bold

\* See Aristotelis Politic: ii. 8. (Goettling), and Livy *passim* for their effects on the fortunes of Carthage. Knicker: New York b. iv. c. v. for the luckless attempt of Wilhelm the Testy to establish them in his Government of the Nieuw Nederlands.

assertion cannot rescue his harangue from deserved contempt. Yet how near the sublime may approach the nonsensical without reaching it, we never saw better exemplified than in an inaugural address we were so happy as to hear read to a debating Club in one of the Universities. We took down the learned orator's words, and offer no apology for presenting an extract of them to our readers, feeling assured they will receive with gratitude this gem of undying eloquence. The subject, it is rather needful to premise, was the moral influence of the French Revolution; and the speaker, after insisting on the necessity of "expanding our spheres of thought in alternate series," concludes in a passage we will venture to pronounce inimitable in its way:—"It was the atmosphere of France that upheld her in her more aspiring flights; the authorities of France, while they talked of liberality and freedom, yet borrowed her brazen frown, and waved her iron rod, that served to conduct the electric contagion, striking up into 'trees of liberty' (spurious enough from their very birth), the seeds of which had been nourished by the flood of corruption that had spread over the land: and these [seeds, we presume,] also crowned her with the hoary scalps of such whose doom had been sealed by remotest suspicion; and as it was an age in which there was no lack of ostentatious talent, the sons of France decorated her train of evils with all the encomiums extravagance could dictate."

Hear! hear! hear! The words of the wise are precious.

---

### MODERN POETRY.

WE are told by Dr. Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, that all are perhaps more willing to honour past than present excellence; that the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity; and that the great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. We will not deny the truth of these opinions previously to, and at the time when Johnson wrote; but we believe our readers will agree with us in thinking that the poets of the present day have been sufficiently applauded by their cotemporaries to satisfy the most craving ambition. An interesting inquiry, however, still remains for those who, like ourselves, are anxious for the future glory of the times in which we live, as to what will be the judgment of posterity on the poetry of the early part of the nineteenth century. Will that be read with as much delight by our descendants as we now read the poetry of the early and middle part of the last century? The present have been

called unimaginative times, and consequently unpropitious towards the developement of poetical genius, yet may we assuredly boast that the Muses have showered their gifts upon us as bountifully as in any former age. It cannot be denied that the last thirty years can furnish a splendid catalogue of poets, from the noble "Childe" to the humble yet amiable and gifted author of "The Farmer's Boy." When we run over the list, and recollect with what delight we have, over and over again, luxuriated in their beautiful imaginings, it seems little less than heresy to doubt their future fame. Yet wherefore is it, that after the spring time of youth is past, and the mind verges towards maturity, we turn with eagerness to the poetry of the last century; and, as years advance upon us, we search for higher beauties still in the immortal epic of Milton, and in the poetry of yet earlier times? It may be that we there find more of nature and less of art, or that having "felt the fullness of satiety" in the beauty of the moderns, we too much depreciate the character of their writings, and give more than due honour to past excellence. Although, perhaps, much of the poetry of the present day has been written without that solicitude for posthumous fame which is so sure a guide to success, yet is the mass of our poetry far superior to that of any former age, as well in composition as in purity and sentiment. The human mind, however, is making rapid progress, notwithstanding the complaints which some make of the decay of sound learning amongst us, and we believe that our posterity will not be satisfied without a high degree of excellence; and who dare prophecy that the mightiest of our bards will be as popular half a century hence as the authors of "The Seasons" and "The Deserted Village" now are? But, after all, why should we despair? Why should we fear that what has delighted us will delight those who succeed us, when we are gathered to our fathers? If another verse were not written during the present century, surely there is already enough, and more than enough, to gratify the taste of every reader for years to come. Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Rogers, Campbell. What other country can produce such a galaxy of Poetic talent as this? England, Scotland, Ireland, the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle all combining to form one beautiful wreath! We shall not endeavour to institute any comparison between them; each has his admirers, and why should we elevate the fame of one at the expense of the others? Many more there are, too, who have done well, passing well, and whose names will doubtless be enshrined in the Temple of Fame, as they must be in the memories of our readers. Of the gentler sex, too, what in the best times of the Blues can be compared with the high and divine aspirations of the lamented

Mrs. Hemans or the soft and graceful loveliness of the amiable L. E. L. ? Never before has all of purity and beauty which the female mind so eminently possesses been so exquisitely embodied in the creations of the imagination. Yes—

Beauty—a living presence of the earth,  
Surpassing the most fair ideal forms  
Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed  
From earth's materials—waits upon their steps.

But our limits compel us to desist from this pleasing theme ; and in the fervent hope that not the less for any misgivings which we may have, the judgment of the present will be confirmed by the future, we trust our readers will come to the conclusion we wish them to do, that the poetical department of this our humble undertaking for their amusement will not be neglected. And wishing

To each and all a fair good night,  
Pleasant dreams and slumbers light,

We bid them for the present farewell.

## REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY LIFE.

By the Rev. THOS. FROGNALL DIBDIN, D.D.

*London : John Major, 1836. 2 vols. 8vo.*

THE title prefixed to this concluding effort of the well known author of the "Library Companion" was so exceedingly engaging, promised such a rich harvest to the literary gleaner, and held out to the imagination the prospect of so delightful a repast, that we could not refrain giving it the preference for early perusal, before all the other various productions of the season. But we have examined only a small portion of the contents of even the first volume, and that the best of the two, when it became clear, "past a doubt," that our expectations were vain, and that the pompous title was merely to answer the purpose

—————"of a gaudy sign,  
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine."

In fact, we doubted for a time whether the author had not entirely forgotten to fulfil the intention which in his preface he expressed, viz : to give the world in this an *aperçu* of all his preceding works ; since the first hundred pages are exclusively occupied with a detailed account of his "Paternal History," comprehending his father's transactions at sea, and the pecuniary losses he endured by the utter want of honour in his Majesty's foreign servants, in neglecting to complete what they had guaranteed to do ; and after this we are still further

delayed by a minute description of his school-boy days ;—we say delayed, for surely even Dr. Dibdin cannot be prepared to dignify the narration of the remarkable events which occurred to him whilst learning to answer the important question—*Sic de quincunce remota est uncia, quid superat ?* with the title of *Literary Reminiscences*. Before we have done with this part of the work, we feel compelled to remark, that we think the author has been unwarrantably severe in his observations on the character of the individual by whom he alleges his father was treated in a manner derogatory to that noble character which has ever in so striking a degree been the peculiar characteristic of an Englishman. The family, or at least some members of the family, of that person might still be ranked amongst the number of the living, and, therefore, since no remedy can now be obtained, and as the fact was never proved before a proper tribunal at the time, the paragraph appears calculated only to act as an envenomed arrow in the breasts of those who participated not in the crime (if such it was), and seems dictated by any other feelings than those which ought to emanate from the pen of a Rev. Doctor of Divinity. Having said thus much on the preliminary pages of the work, we will now proceed “*ad rem ipsam* :” and here at once we venture to assert that none but those “possessing a thorough-bred bibliomaniac feeling” (to employ the author’s own language) would be found to wade through the dry prolix statement of the circumstances attending his “publications,” and the account of the members and the mighty deeds of the Roxburgh Society, with which, under the title of *Roxburghiana*, he contrives to fill up a large proportion of the first volume ; no, not even though he possessed the spirit of a German, or the soul of a Lexicographer, and was animated with a similar determination to that which prompted Macbeth to exclaim—

———“Lay on, Macduff,  
And d——d be he who first cries hold, enough.”

We would not be understood in the slightest degree to decry the character of this celebrated society, for this would be the height of presumption, since to become a member of it was for sometime the common centre to which the wishes of the chief Literary Luminaries of this country had been accustomed to gravitate ; still we imagine they would have better sustained their position in the estimation of the world, had they invoked more of the aid of the God of wisdom and less of Bacchus, for never, it must be by all allowed, did any society more ably maintain and develope the characteristic of Englishmen in their patronage of Aldermanic propensities. They certainly have ranked amongst their members many most en-

lightened and superior men, yet those who remember the festivities of the Philosophical (?) Society at their meeting in Dublin last year, well know what advantages to expect from the assemblies, or rather symposia of these grave Literati. We should much like to enlarge on this subject, but as our design is to give to the public as briefly as possible, a general idea of the character of the work before us, we shall conclude this article with offering a few remarks on the work as a whole, merely observing en passant that the chapter on the Spencer Library is not less unamusing than the Roxburghiana History; yet it is much more concise, and gives a very good idea of the vastness and astonishing magnificence of that far famed Temple of Wisdom; and we cheerfully re-echo the wish expressed in the concluding words of the chapter "esto perpetua." However occasionally pleased the reader might be with the pithy observations, and well-rounded periods, which we in critical candour must allow prevail in some parts of the work, at the termination of the perusal (if such be arrived at) he will find himself compelled to exclaim "what a tissue of pomposity;" never do we remember to have found in so small a compass such an astonishing display of egotism; every letter the Author has received from any magnate of the land is certain to find here an opportunity of being reperused: on one occasion after inserting "usque ad nauseam" not mere extracts of, but entire, a string of these Epistolatory communications he observes, "such are a *few* of the commendatory epistles which I received shortly after the publication of this *original* work." The style of his composition, were it not for the pedantic spirit which so disagreeably pervades the whole, would certainly yield to that of few of the writers of the present day: still it is much too verbose and monotonous, and consequently somewhat tedious. On the whole, this work possesses some very good qualities, but the bad so far preponderate, that we cannot recommend it to the general reader. We subjoin a few extracts, which we consider good specimens of style and power of composition. The description of Coleridge is exceedingly good.

Speaking of Coleridge, he says—"I shall never forget the effect his conversation made upon me at the first meeting. It struck me as something not only quite out of the ordinary course of things, but as an intellectual exhibition altogether matchless. The party was usually large, but the presence of Coleridge concentrated all attention towards himself. The viands were usually costly, and the banquet was at once rich and varied; but there seemed to be no dish like Coleridge's

conversation to feed upon, and no information so varied and so instructive as his own. The orator rolled himself up, as it were, in his chair, and gave the most unrestrained indulgence to his speech,—and how fraught with acuteness and originality was that speech, and in what copious and eloquent periods did it flow !”

The following, also, is exceedingly characteristic:—“Long may these rivalries continue between two such countries as England and France—between all countries ! Without the slightest tinge of an irreverend feeling be it permitted me to indulge the fond hope that spears may in due time be turned into printing presses, and swords into volumes of instruction, and that a desire to develope the literature of past ages, as a spur to that of the present, may

‘Grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength’ of all civilised countries which have the ‘peace and good will’ of their fellow creatures at heart.”

---

## THE ORDEAL:

### A FRAGMENT.

#### I.

THE Lady awakes right joyfully,  
For to-day will her cause be lost or won ;  
And nothing she doubts that the setting sun  
Will smile on that cause won manfully ;  
For faces of beauty and forms of light  
Have gladdened her visions the livelong night.

#### II.

Now in the distance she can hear  
Stout axe and hammer ringing clear,  
And every stroke is fraught with cheer.  
She donned her kirtle snowy fair,  
And twining in her sunny hair  
A dewy wreath of glowing flowers  
Plucked in the Abbey’s lonely bowers,  
She waited with a throbbing breast  
The glimmering of her Champion’s crest.

All is prepared—a rugged Knight,  
Who trusts to-day’s good service done  
For Holy Church, will clean atone  
For countless crimes, in armour bright  
Rides armed and ready for the fight.

## III.

The convent bell with solemn tone  
 Has long since tolled the hour of noon ;  
 And bending in the coloured blaze  
 Through the majestic oriel shed,  
 On tombs and relics of the dead,  
 The lovely Lady weeps and prays ;  
 Oh, eagerly the lady prayed !  
 The flowers have faded on her brow,  
     All loosely flows her radiant hair,  
 Sad tears have quenched her eyes' rich glow,  
     She sickens, yet will not despair.

\* \* \*

Alas ! the slanting sunbeams fall  
     All mellowly on blade and tree,  
 They gild the Abbey's hoary wall,—  
 She hears not yet her Champion's call,  
     And still she prays most fervently.  
 A chill has numbed her aching heart—  
     A film has glazed her aching eye  
 With hope she will not, *cannot* part,  
     And still she prays most fervently.  
 Alas ! the latest, lingering ray  
     Is fading from the chapel grey ;  
 Its light has from the banners gone  
 Which hang o'er many a burial stone ;  
 O'er shrine and visage steals the gloom,  
 The fane is silent as a tomb,  
 The lady pants and sobs for breath,  
 And her brow seems moist with the dews of death.

## IV.

Now life comes rushing through her frame,  
 For gladly bursts a wild acclaim,  
 A trumpet blast assails the ear ;  
 Trembling all over with th' excess  
 Of an ecstatic eagerness,  
     She hurries to a casement near.  
 She sees a tall and stately knight,  
 From head to heel in armour dight,  
 Straight to the place of Ordeal come,  
 And his milk-white steed was flecked with foam.  
 Then there was silence deep and dread,  
 While the knights dismount and the vows are said :  
 'Twas broken by the voice of might  
 Which gave the signal for the fight ;  
 The warriors meet with deadly shock !  
 His horse o'erthrown, his tough lance broke  
 One Champion bites the dusty ground ;  
 Right joyously a shout rings round ;  
 For the cloud of her shame has rolled away,  
 And the Lady's fame is clear as day !  
 Her faith is proved—her trial's over ;  
     One moment—and on Vernon's breast,  
 Her generous and victorious lover,  
     She lulls her fluttering heart to rest.

J. F. RUSSELL, *St. Peter's College, Cambridge.*

---



---

 THOUGHTS ON MEN AND THINGS.

Genius is spiritualized enthusiasm : a Passion refined and sublimed into a Faculty.

Men who tell you that they are never fit for any thing until they have breakfasted, are generally stupid, phlegmatic brutes. They possess no capacity above that of a sack, which can neither stand upright, or is of any use except when full.

---



---

 LINES FROM A LADY'S ALBUM.

WHEN the rude wing of time shall have brush'd off the charm  
That youth o'er its loves and its friendships can shed,  
You will turn to these pages unchanging and warm,  
Though the friends who supplied them be faithless or dead.  
And each touch of the pencil, each word of the pen,  
That in long-vanish'd years to the Album was given,  
Will be deem'd, though unmark'd or thought lightly of *then*,  
As the last, the sole link of affection unripen.

---



---

 TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters, &c., for the Editor to be left with the publisher, Mr. W. S. Penny, Library, Half-Moon Street, Sherborne.

Communications are acknowledged with thanks from J. F. Russell, Esq. ; Z. C. Z. ; "Juvenis;" M. A. ; and T. N. G.

Could the author of "Lines to a Friend" compress his matter ? if so, we would gladly insert them.

We will use "Juvenis:" he may see our opinion of Acrostics in Addison's words, Spectator, No. 60 ; will he or any other friend furnish us with *facts* respecting the influence of the Scientific Institution on its members in humble life ? We are anxious to do it justice.

Our Second Number will appear on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.