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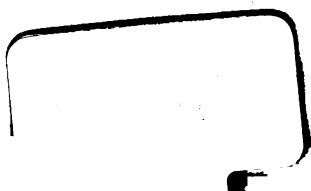
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THE SCHOOL-BOY.

THE SCHOOL BOY:

A POEM.

BY

THOMAS MAUDE, M.A.

LONDON:

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TO
ELIZABETH STEWART MAUDE

THE FOLLOWING
Sketches of School-day Scenes

ARE INSCRIBED

BY
HER HUSBAND.

December, 1835.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN, in the first part of the following Poem, I exhibit my mind recurring with delight to those earlier years of my boyhood which were passed at *Ovingham*, on the banks of the Tyne, I wish it to be remembered that I am speaking of a remote *village* grammar-school, where the restrictions are less distressing than they necessarily are—to a very young boy—in town schools; where all surrounding objects of natural scenery are more cheerful and delightfully exhilarating; and where, particularly to a childish heart, the external incidents are more touchingly impressive—certainly more simple.

At Ovingham we lived in almost rustic simplicity amongst rustics, many of whom we were taught to respect, and whose language (not unlike the Lowland Scotch) became in a manner familiar to us. To this I attribute, not only the perfect facility with which I

now read and understand the Northern Wizard's most Scottish and vernacular productions, as well as the rude reliques of ancient popular poetry preserved on the Borders, but also the tone of mental feeling—something like “the remembered tone of a mute lyre”—which enables me to enter into the spirit of Scottish romance, and which to my ear throws a charm over the language of Robert Burns.

I had not, indeed, passed a few years of my childhood in that happy retreat without advantages of a peculiar and enduring character. I had viewed rural life and manners intimately in their most pleasing aspect of picturesque seclusion; and the occupations and abodes of a virtuous peasantry have thus acquired an immortal interest in my regard. To me, the “huts where poor men lie” suggest no *uniform* ideas of squalid misery, similar to those which darken the “Village” of Crabbe and the early eclogues of Southey. Every subject, undoubtedly, has two aspects: the life of man, in every grade, is full of contrasts; in strict reality, perhaps, the *shadows* predominate over the *lights*;—but, for my own part, in reference to subjects of humble life, I prefer keeping the idea of independent poverty distinct from that of pauperism, and notions of the

condition of an industrious country cottager distinct from those of the condition of a poor town-alley lodger.

Let me add, however, that the smoke arising from the chimney of a humble cottage presents (under certain associations) to my fancy something more than a mere pleasing rural image. From circumstances which speak for themselves, I am prepared in some degree, I hope, to appreciate the poetical philosophy of the poet of Rydal Mount, and to set my seal to the *fidelity* of the “manners-painting strains” of *him*, of whom it has been so sweetly said by an illustrious compatriot, that

———“rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.”*

Yes! I, also—though merely as a looker-on—I, also, can bear witness to the moral worth, the simple intelligence, the peaceful happiness (things easily ascertained on the Borders), which brighten many a hearth, that sends its curling token through the lowliest chimney in the land.†

* See Campbell's verses to the memory of Burns.

† “I recollect once, he (Burns) told me,” observes the late Professor Dugald Stewart, in a letter to Dr. Currie, “when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks,

But, to confine my remarks to the subject immediately before us, I do not so much contend that even a school life like my own at Ovingham is at the time delightful *per se*, as that the matured mind, after the lapse of years, looks back on that season with melancholy pleasure. It is unquestionably the season of innocent hope and acute sense of pure gratification ; and none, I think, will here dissent from my opinion, excepting those (no fair judges) whose misfortune it has been to have been *unblessed* in their parents and preceptors.

With regard to the *second part* of my Poem, in which my School-boy is introduced to a wider scene, what I have chiefly to premise in the way of preface will be somewhat explanatory of the *want*, that may be observed in it, of any descriptions of *games and customs* usually deemed characteristic of school-boy days.

As to mere locality, the romantic situation of the city of *Durham* is well known. A few of the leading features are incidentally noticed in the poem. At the

that the sight of so many *smoking cottages* gave a pleasure to his mind, which none could understand who had not *witnessed*, like himself, the happiness and the worth which they contained."—*Currie's Life of Burns*.

time, too, to which my subject refers (as, for anything I know, may be the case now), the character of the *Grammar-school* stood very high. The first and second masters * were both men of superior stamp; and few young men, I suppose, quitted the sphere of their kind and able superintendence without feelings of regret, as well as of lasting gratitude and respect. The senior boys—at least those composing the *head class* of the school—enjoyed also, at that period, singular privileges. We were, in fact, treated more like the undergraduate members of one of our old Universities than like school-boys; visiting occasionally in the best society of the place, and participating at discretion in whatever public amusements might be going on. Some of these characteristic points will also be found touched upon in my poem.

Yet the important business of education suffered not the slightest interruption; our exertions were rather stimulated by a system which, as it implied confidence,

* The Rev. John Carr, M.A., formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. James Raine, M.A. Shortly before his death, which occurred in 1833, Mr. Carr was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the (then embryo) University of Durham. Mr. Raine has for some years retired upon a benefice.

served to engender the higher principles of action. Nor (if I may adduce so humble an instance) is there any period of my own youthful career on which I can look back, in *this* particular, with greater satisfaction than the happy days when the *Banks* and *Prebends' Walk* of Durham were my groves of Academe.

* * It is proper to state, that upwards of a *hundred lines* of the first part of the following Poem formed a portion of a poetical epistle of mine on the same subject, which was printed some years ago, under the title of "The Village Grammar-School." A very few copies only of that rough sketch got into circulation, as I speedily cancelled the impression on conceiving the idea of attempting a broader and more diversified picture. Years, however, elapsed before I resumed the subject ; and I then, after executing my first design, added a *sequel*—the "Town Grammar-School"—which forms the *second part* of the entire Poem now presented to the Public.

THE
S C H O O L - B O Y.

PART FIRST.

Dorchester.

**" Jours charmans ! quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans ;
Et mon cœur enchanté sur sa rive fleurie
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie."**

Anon.

An autumnal scene, with associations of natural scenery. Prudhoe. Apostrophe to the river Tyne. Retrospect. Address to Ovingham. A Mother's visit; with an excursion to Prudhoe. A Father. A village wedding. The pedlar gossip. Cakey. The drowned farmer—a flood of the Tyne. Incidents in village life. An unexpected holiday. School-boy sports. Apostrophe to the sports of boyhood. Jack Wharf. The Ovingham annual Fair, with its humours. Particular reminiscences. Ride home with the groom, for a few days' irregular vacation. Reflections. Concluding address.

THE
SCHOOL-BOY.

PART I.

ADDRESSED TO A BROTHER.

Now, while the soft light of these shadowy skies,
Henry ! o'erflows at once my heart and eyes ;
While autumn's variegated leaves around
With rustling carpet strew the faded ground ;
Thoughts of departed years come back on me—
And can I muse on them, forgetting thee ?

B

Where Prudhoe's ruined towers o'erlook the Tyne, (1)

My heart is wandering, filled with *auld lang syne*.

It seems but yesterday, since o'er those towers

We saw the April clouds dissolved in showers—

The summer's gilding beams—or, far and near,

The autumnal yellow-tinted foliage sere ;

When on the opposing banks we lived at school,

Happy beneath the kindest master's rule. (2)

—Yet, yet, with life's first fires my bosom burns—

Still to th' enchanted morn of life it turns,

Muses o'er feelings fresher, purer still,

And sweetly paints remembered scenes at will.

Remembered scenes ! and which of all than thine

More fondly loved, my sweetly-winding Tyne ?

Dear native stream ! along whose broomy shore,

In life's first morn I seem to roam once more,—

Where Akenside, where Bewick thought it sweet (3)

To press thy pastoral marge with filial feet,—

While each, with pencil or with lyre renowned,

Made all thy wooded vales poetic ground ;—

Musing on thee, meandering wild and clear,
I clasp, in thought, all—all to childhood dear :
O ! I forget the years that intervene—
Before my eye fresh blooms each earliest scene ;
Again mine ear thy rippling music charms,
And every first-born joy my fluttering bosom warms.

If, when the heart looks back on years gone by,
Tears oft will gush, and cloud the abstracted eye—
(Whether those distant, shadowy years were past
In lasting joys, or joys that *could not* last,—
Whether remorse upon their memory wait,
Or phantomed conscience, stinging when too late,—
Whether their flight they held in grief or gladness,
In power's idolatry, or passion's madness)—
If—O ! whate'er their colour—it be sweet
To trace the vestige of their viewless feet,
And, with a melancholy joy, to dwell
On *all* we loved— or foolishly, or well—

How must the eye be filled, and with what tears,
Whose retro-visions sweep departed years,
Winged with all happiness we love to cherish,
Unmixed and pure—too exquisite to perish—
The eye that pierces to the grave of bliss,
And conjures forth the ghost of happiness !

Dear Ovingham ! whose every nook is known
Still to my heart—though many years are flown
Since, a mere child, among thy hamlets rude
Careless I roamed, and loved the solitude—
(For me, 't is solitude where never yet
Chilled the warm heart life's frigid etiquette,)
Now, let thy peaceful memory warm a strain,
Which, warmed by thee, can ne'er be poured in vain.
There thou, my Brother ! oft with me hast shared
The pleasures by maternal love prepared
For our young school-boy bosoms—when from home,
To see her boys, a mother loved to come ;

And we for hours would walk conversing free,
All-lovingly, whate'er the theme might be,—
Wandering afar, o'er flowery-scented fields,
Tasting the bliss—that Love, not Nature, yields—
How blest ! mid joys that leave no sting of pain,
Till the sad hour—when we must part again !

Fair rose the morn, with autumn's mellowing smile
O'er woods, whose tints might limner's eye beguile—
Fair rose the morn—through memory's vista dark
Distinguished still by whitest pebble's mark—
Whose noon beheld, on Tyne's sweet margin there,
A mother, with her girl, and school-boy pair,
Blithe hailing from the shore the ferry-boat,
And then—for Prudhoe !—cheerily afloat.
(Ah, mother, sister, brother ! since we roved
By Prudhoe's banks—the happiest of the loved—
How has time fled on a downy wing,—
Yet, changing much, no change to hearts so knit could
bring !)

—But who is he, in suit of forest green,
(An archer or a soldier by his mien)
The Charon of our Styx, who bears the sign
Of angler true in basket, rod, and line ?
One of a gallant corps—a tenant he
Of Percy, proud of yeoman chivalry,*
To give the French a welcome, should they land !
And never feudal Chief shewed fairer band—
Each with his sylvan vest, and sworded side,
And well-born steed—of Border farm the pride.
But now, in angler's trim, our cavalier
Deludes the trout on Tyne's broad bosom clear,
(Stout scion of the boat-house dame !) or plies
The ferry, as chance customers arise.

Soon disembarked, behold us pacing slow
Up the oft-gazed-at hill, whose winding flow
Of rustic road with sinuous beauty guides
To where grey Prudhoe o'er the vale presides.

* Mounted under the style of the *Percy Tenantry*.

Each note of bird in brake, or ban-dog's bark,
Or lowing cow, adds life to rapture's spark :
But oh ! o'er all—the lane, the field, the grove,
The stream beneath, the feudal tower above—
Still brightest glows a Mother's matchless love !

At length, descending slow, we turn aside
Where the neat *Boat-house* peers above the tide;
For there a simple but delicious meal
Awaits us, blithe to answer the appeal.
Trout from the stream, hooked by our volunteer,
Fried delicate, the ready pilgrims cheer,
In plenteous pile—with what might best afford,
Mealy and white, a pledge of Irish board.
No sauce was needed, and no grace forgot—
Blest be the memory of that hour and spot !

Ye ! who would blush a Mother's love to own !
Smile at a bard who proudly makes it known.

This page is the pure mirror of a breast
With childhood's happier memories imprest :
Throw it, then, by—or pass it o'er in haste—
Ye ! in whose polished hearts it breeds distaste.

A Father, too ! whose kind indulgent smile
Could from the brow each school-bred cloud beguile ;
How beat each heart his cheering voice to hear,
When home's glad tidings thrilled the ravished ear !
And he !—how prompt each childish wish to grant ;
Sharing each joy, supplying every want !
For well each spring of early bliss he knew,
As when in Houghton vale his school-boy seasons flew.

But lo ! what smiling groups !—In colours gay (4)
They come : and Love and Hymen lead the way.
What happy faces ! Lassess trimly drest ;
Ploughmen, in coarse apparel, yet their best—
They come !—and see, in bridal vesture there,
A buxom maiden ; ruddy, yet how fair !

Downcast her eyes—a village beauty ! Oft
In the hay-season has she sung aloft
On the sweet-breathing stack, with fork in hand,
Darting the smiles which none may all withstand :
And, when the day declined, how many wove
Chaplets of wild-flowers for their queen of love !
But one dear youth from all the rest she chose,
E'en him on whom herself she now bestows.
Ah, happy pair ! whom equal love and truth
Unite in the delicious spring of youth—
Happier than some, more splendidly endowed
With all that makes the feeble heart so proud ;
Yet wanting that which only can inspire
The wedded breast with rapture's genuine fire :
Some—the mere slaves of wealth, of lust, or power,—
Who prize the name, the person, or the dower ;
Who become fashionably groom and bride,
And call it *marriage*—when the knot is tied !

But, waiving *Love* (in palace and in cot
Who reigns, and equalizes every lot,—

Smiling as sweet in Tynedale's lowliest bower,
As once he smiled in Prudhoe's lordly tower)—
Hail Fancy's dawn ! while Memory pictures now,
When round the gossip each, with thoughtful brow,
Would sit and listen ; as, enthroned beside
The kitchen's cheerful hearth, in honest pride,
(While from her lips 'twixt sagest comments broke
Of *luntin-pipe* the blue and wreathing smoke),*
She'd tell the wonders of her vagrant life,
With changing scenes and strange adventures rife.
Poor Nanny ! where art thou ? — Though oft thine

eyes

(5)

Have glanced on me, who loved thy histories,
While I have turned thy pedlar-goods for sale,
Or hung entranced on every wondrous tale,
(Which fostered in my bosom's depth, perchance,
The germs of poetry and young romance),
Yet, should I meet thee now, thou could'st not know
Him who admired and loved thy marvels so :

* *Luntin* (*Scoticé*)—*smoking*.

No, thou would'st pass—or, if required to trace,
Could'st recognise no feature in my face ;
For I'm all changed—ah ! many years are past
Since, O thou wandering one ! thou saw'st me last.
But I remember thee—thy sun-burnt cheek—
Thine eyes, through which the native fire would break—
Thy form—thy staff, whereof thou lov'dst to tell,
How it had served thee long, *by down, and eke by dell.*

Thee, too, old Cakey ! thee can I forget,
While my mouth waters at thy memory yet ?
Thee, bent with fourscore years, but bending more
Beneath the burthen of thy liquorish store ;
Thy well-known pack, swung wallet-wise, replete
With every rich confectionary sweet,
Seed-cake and queen-cake, cut in hearts and dices,
With plum and currant of all quaint devices.
Then hapless he ! who, when old Cakey's name
(Through all the country-side of sweetmeat fame)

Was heard announced, deep fumbled in his pouch,
And not a tinkle answered to his touch,—
Perchance whose next *week's money* thriftless went
On trust—at Bullock's, or Jean Simpson's spent. (6)
He, when more prudent chiefs their pence produce,
Or silver well reserved for special use,
Stands by, with well-licked lips and rueful face,
Unless some happier imp takes pity on his case,
And, with a generous warmth some little hearts
Can feel, a portion of his treat imparts.
Hail, simplest trait of generosity !
Down with the selfish heart that mocks at thee.

List ! through the village flows a vague report—
While to the rural hostel all resort ;
Where Curiosity and Pity seem
Alike intent on one absorbing theme.
In the rude hall what solemn object lies,
To shock Compassion's ever-melting eyes ?

Deep-scarred and swollen a human corpse appears !
A stranger—and in manhood's vigorous years.
O'ernight the storm was heard, and to the wave,
Already flooding, added impulse gave ;
While poured the deluging unceasing rain,
As Heaven's own windows were unbarred again.
Old Tyne chafed wildly with his weltering tide, (7)
And stretched his watery arms on either side ;
Engulf'd his osiered shores—high reaching where
Their hazel banks shewed nooks to school-boy
dear.

No moon peered forth—and every muffled star
Shrank from the scene of elemental war.
—Woe to the wretch who then should tempt his
fate

At yonder ford ! Long may his help-meet wait
To chide his late return, and clasp once more
That form—whirled down to Wylam's shelvy shore,
Upon the shouldering stream ! that would not brook
The hoof of steed—from his frail footing struck.

Such fate was *his*, who lies at Bedlington's*—
A cold swoln corpse—a jolly farmer once !
Alas ! an extra cup at Horseley town
Helped first those brains, sagacious else, to drown.
Bereft of reason, he his quivering grey
Urged to the stream !—Yon corpse the lesson reads
to-day.

In scenes secluded from all great events,
The mind is struck with simplest incidents.
The pedlar's cart, with all his wares of trade,
On the green sward in shining pomp displayed—
The mountebank—the conjuror, whose profound
Looks and sly tricks diffuse the marvel round—
The strolling troop, whose histrionic art
Wins vulgar praise, and strikes the untutored heart—
The gipsy wanderers, who awhile remain
Encamped within the hawthorn-scented lane ;—

* The principal inn at Ovingham.

These all, with picturesque effect, combine
To charm the fancy—one at least like mine.

But hark ! that joyous shout ! Methinks I hear
The cry of gladness—yes, it fills my ear—
When from the prison school-room all rush out,
Wild with delight—a noisy, laughing rout !
A holiday !—The tasks were just begun,
Bright through the window shone the mocking sun ;
When, with the master's Sunday's coat, his dame,
Bustling and smiling, to the school-room came,
And called him thence ! A gentle stranger's come,
To take his little prattling urchin home ;
And the young smiler, ere he rides away,
Begs his papa to ask a holiday.
'T is asked—'t is granted ! With reluctance feigned,
The double favour is in form obtained ;
But the good master chuckles while he grants,
Well-pleased to tend his orchard-trees and plants. (8)

What gladdening tidings ! O, the joy within
Twenty young hearts, and ah ! the deafening din !
Quickly the Latin books are thrown aside,
The hats snatched up ; and, like a flooding tide,
Out rush the merry hearts, o'erjoyed to be
Thus early in the fragrant morning free !
Away they scamper ; they 've a feeling now
Of liberty, enlightening every brow :
Away they scamper, full of sport—away—
With careless minds, intent on various play :
Huzza !—a long and sunny holiday !

Now, when the first wild transport of delight
Subsides, they congregate with faces bright,
Loud clamorous tongues, and speaking sparkling eyes,
And sports and games—how innocent !—devise.
Ah ! how unlike the headlong passions strong,
Which hurry man's maturer heart along—
Passions, in evil pleasures seeking vent,
Intenser—but how much less innocent !

Alas ! to these, ere few brief years be flown,
Will all their fiery tyranny be known.
But hence, O hence, anticipations vain ;
Age ! view their frolics—and be young again.

Some o'er the chalky flags the marble shoot ;
Some buy sweet spice, or sweeter summer fruit ;
Some the projected racing-match decide ;
Some strut on stilts, with ill-dissembled pride ;
Some play the truant, wandering far and wide,
Exploring—fearful of each distant sound—
The simple wonders of the country round.
Some tend their little gardens ; some (and thee
'Mongst these, my Brother ! fancy still can see)
Some watch their nibbling rabbits feeding near,
Or hold the sparrow-hawk in pleasing fear :—
While Nature smiles around, and every boy
Feels in his bounding heart the pulse of joy !

O sports beloved ! how oft, ere passion charmed,
Has my heart danced, by you and nature warmed ;
How oft exulted, in its lightsome mood,
Your train to swell in meadow, lane, or wood !
To cut the holly or the hazel wand,
Prune its rough gib, and shape it to the hand ;
To climb the loftiest oak, and, nestling there,
Make its pleached boughs a castle in the air ;
(With all the nameless joys of brooks and fields,
The simple raptures rural nature yields) :
To win the palm in every gallant play,
In hunt-the-fox, or witty-witty-way ;
In feats to shine—with steady hand and eye,
To pitch the quoit in rustic rivalry ;
Highest, with shortest run to leap ; to make
With turnip-lantern doited beldam quake ;
From Jack Wharf's honest hold with venturous hand *
The reins to seize, and skill-less miscommand.—

* Jack Wharf was one of Mr. Birkett's farming servants.

Ah, Jack ! I well remember the blithe morn,
When thy sweet Nancy blushed like rose on thorn,
As, gay with ribbons, by thy manly side,
Down the church-path she walked a new-made bride.

But can I sing thy simpler pleasures flown,
Loved Ovingham ! and leave the *chief* unknown, —
Thy *annual Fair*, of every joy the mart,
That drained my pocket aye, and took my childish
heart ?

Blest morn ! how lightly from my bed I sprung,
When in the blushing east thy beams were young ;
While every blithe co-tenant of the room
Rose at a call, with cheeks of liveliest bloom. (9)
Then from each well packed drawer our vests we drew,
Each gay-frilled shirt, and jacket smartly new.
Brief toilet ours ! yet, on a morn like this,
Five extra minutes were not deemed amiss.

Fling back the casement !—Sun, propitious shine !
How sweet your beams gild the clear-flowing Tyne,
That winds beneath our master's garden-brae,
With broad bright mazes o'er its pebbly way.
See Prudhoe ! lovely in the morning beam :—
Mark, mark the ferry-boat, with twinkling gleam,
Wafting fair-going folks across the stream.
Look out ! a bed of sweetness breathes below,
Where many a rocket points its spire of snow ;
And from the *Crow-tree Bank* the cawing sound
Of sable troops incessant poured around !

Well may each little bosom throb with joy !
On such a morn, who would not be a boy ?
Far o'er the village green the *booths* are reared—
Ah, village green ! by many a sport endeared,
Still, still, methinks, thy wormwood scent I hail,
Mixed oft with passing waft from earthen pipe so frail.
But now, gay country groups are scattered o'er
Thee, sloping to the burn's romantic shore ;

While mingling echoes float upon the air—
The merry humours of a Border Fair.
Hark ! “hit my shins and miss my pins”—away !
Prepare the ground, and give the lads fair play.
The pins are set—the spice (like golden cup
At race) held in superb temptation up ;
While many a youngster purchases a throw,
And whirls the stick—ah, ha ! you win not so ;
Wide flies the stick—the pins stand firm below.

Gay gear on every hand for boys and girls !
Here, to young sweethearts ribbons bright untwirls
The stallman ; or the bonny-patterned gown,
The newest sprig from merry Carlisle town—
Or gloves of Hexham tan—or scarfs so gay,
Of silken twist—or rings of glancing ray—
Or bonnets, open some, and some designed
To shade the glowing cheek, to every beauty's mind.

“Eheu fugaces,” Horace sang of old—
And, Henry ! while my artless rhymes unfold
Boyhood’s dear pleasures, unforgotten still ;
While all their charms revived thy bosom fill,
Doth not thy feeling heart at once incline
To sympathise with Horace’ strain and mine ?
Yes, Brother, we have tasted joys like these,
With undistracted minds, and hearts at ease ;
And half their memory’s blessedness to me
Is that those early joys were shared with thee.
Ay, we have climbed the tree, the marble shot,
Run the swift race, explored the rural spot,
Gathered sweet wood-nuts from the hazel bough,
Dammed the bright-flowing burn (which flows on now),
Shot coral berries through the hollow reed,
Drawn the strong bow, impowered to wound indeed ;
Ay, we have mingled in each joyous play,
Each pastime loved, through many a holiday ;
Or talked of home—bewitching theme ! apart,—
Still, still together ! we were one in heart.

But, if those pleasures we can ne'er forget,
O there were others, purer, dearer yet !
When, mid our tasks, when now the morn was new,
We heard that John was come—with ponies too,
And a delighting letter, winged with joys,
From a kind father to his absent boys !
Then, with the smiling sympathising groom,
Whose very aspect breathed of happy home,
How we would trot all merrily along,
(Our hearts and voices leaping into song) ;
Anticipating, with a warmth of heart
Which few maturer raptures can impart,
The dear enjoyments of that HOME endeared,
Which Hope's elysian Paradise appeared.

Methinks upon my Lilliputian steed
(My chestnut beauty—flower of Shetland's breed) ⁽¹⁰⁾
Once more I vault—as on some blithesome day
When homeward ho ! we made the pebbles play ;

Through Horseley Street — through Heddon-on-the-wall—⁽¹¹⁾

By moor and dean ⁽¹²⁾—(how memory clings to all !)

Each object strikes—all Nature wears a smile—

But the heart, restless, counts each lingering mile.

Six—five—four—three—two—(oh for patience !)—*one !*

Now hail each tree ! and each familiar stone !

E'en Diamond feels the magnet—mark ye not

How, without spur, he mends his twinkling trot ?

I see my soul's blest Eden ;—springing light

To earth, heart—step bound quicker at the sight.

Ha ! the glad signal !—Welcome !—Every eye

Glows with the life of love's expectancy.

A sister springs her playmates old to greet—

A mother, with a step almost as fleet—

A father !—happiest group ! when, when again to meet !

* * * * *

Scarce half a league from yon romantic town,*

Whose shattered towers Nidd's wild-wood valley crown,

* Knaresborough.

(While the sad curfew wins my distant ear,
And soothes yet more than when resounding near,)
Pensive I sit—and mark the sober grey
Of evening stealing o'er each hue of day.
But ah ! *Grief* rushes with a swifter night,
Veiling Joy's orb at its meridian height ;
And stern repeats—though soon the orient ray,
Scattering the clouds, shall wake again the day—
Though Spring once more with luxury of green
Shall clothe the embowering woods, now leafless seen—
(While I the garland of my boyhood wreath
In flowers that still of vernal rapture breathe)
No more those charms shall bless a *Parent's* eyes—
For him—for her—no more the halcyon days arise !

* * * * *

But thou ! dear comrade of my happier prime !
My Brother ! take the wreath of votive rhyme,
Which, freshly bathed in our Northumbrian stream,
May waft some fragrance with an early dream.

O ! mid life's clouds, be thine a brightening path,
O'erspread with blooms that dread no tempest's wrath,—
The settled joy of duty in a sphere
Whose sacred circle knows no limit *here* !
—Yet not the less, in Memory's vacant hour,
Recall life's lovelier dawn, and childhood's sweeter
bower.

THE
S C H O O L - B O Y.

—
PART SECOND.
—

Durham.

— MAJOR RERUM MIHI NASCITUR ORDO.

Virg. Æn. VII. 44.

Removal to a larger school—Durham. Effects of novelty on the young mind. Apostrophe to this season of life. The School. Fancies respecting the future destinies of the boys. Opening of the youthful mind in study. Classical enthusiasm. Walter Scott. First stirrings of ambition. Canning. Reflections on the subject. A County Election. Reflections. Country walks near Durham—Houghall, Shincliffe. The Abbey—the Anthem. Russell, a friend and school-fellow. Walks—Banks, Prebends' Walk, Pelaw Wood, Bearpark, Croxdale, Butterby, Neville's Cross. Russell's early fate. Conclusion.

THE
SCHOOL-BOY.

PART II.

As some slight shrub, transplanted from the care
Of nursery fences to new soil and air,
Makes hardier shoots, and girds itself about
With strength, to face the seasons from without,—
So I, from Tynedale's calm retreats, appear
A stranger on the wooded banks of Wear,
Where DURHAM's grey monastic towers arise,
And pomp prelate woos the churchman's eyes ;
So, to a wider scene removed, must brace
My nerves, and gird me for a ruder race.

—Still, still a child, full oft I northward turn
My eyes, and childhood's perished pleasures mourn ;
Turn from St. Cuthbert's castled height,* and pine
For Prudhoe and the sweetly rural Tyne.

But novelty arrests e'en tearful eyes :
New scenes, new objects, strike with quick surprise ;
And elder minds and sterner manners teach
A lesson that home-maxims seldom reach.
Now harder tasks the opening mind engage,
And sports becoming a maturer age.
Fancies of bolder flight the thought employ,
And dreams of manhood flit before the boy.
Years, as they roll, new powers, new feelings breathe ;
Tasks easier grow, and nobler fruits bequeath.

Season of bliss ! when life and nature charm,
And Hope, like the too vivid pulse, is warm—

* The Bishop's Castle ; originating in a fortress built by William the Conqueror on the same site.

Ne'er was it thine with dull regard to view
This trivial round—for all to thee is new,
Each prospect flattering with celestial blue.
'T is thine each promised joy to antedate,
T' enhance the smiles and hide the frowns of fate,—
To dart on pleasure with a falcon's wing,
And taste of all—but disappointment's sting.

On the bold skirt of yon unverdurous Green, (1)
St. Cuthbert's Castle and his Church (2) between,
Survey the SCHOOL—a lowly, simple fane,*
(Its history ask of Surtees or of Raine), (3)
On that commanding hill, whose towered brow
O'erawes the obsequious Wear that winds below. (4)
Enter the antique door—and hark ! around
The busy murmurs of the task resound.
Scored thick with names, the desks, the panels mark—
Some freshly cut, some indistinct and dark.

* It was formerly a chapel.

Ah ! Fancy lends her colours, and imbues
Each future scene with her conjectural hues ;
Too ready limner ! auguring the day
From the first opal of Morn's orient ray.

Perhaps, of those who carve their ciphers here,
Some, born to shine, nor in a distant year,
Shall seek a better and more lasting fame,
And stamp in brighter characters a name ;—
Alike of college and of sire the pride,
Where Isis rolls, or Cam, a classic tide ;
(Whether arrayed in sleeves like dusky wings,
Or backed with sleeveless gowns and leading-strings,
Or fluttering in smooth silk, or proud aloft
Sporting the golden honours of a tuft ;)*—
Nor in the academic bowers alone
Exult, but make a wider scene their own ;

* Badges in the costume of the Scholars, Commoners, Gentlemen Commoners, and Noblemen of Oxford.

Minds fraught with fire—the pure ethereal glow,
Which only spirits of loftier impulse know;
The electric flame, that thrills the passive blood,
And wakes the soul to inspiration's mood ;—
By strong imagination's picturing might
A country bathe in new-created light ;—
Or chase the clouds that still, in reason's spite,
Hang darkling o'er the metaphysic maze ;—
Or from coy Nature's brow the veil upraise ;—
Or in the stir of life a name achieve—
Perhaps a nation's ravished rights retrieve ;
Bid Poland smile—beat back the Scythian horde—
Or, wielding weapons nobler than the sword,
Explore, adventurous, the Arctic seas,
Where the chained wave obeys the icy breeze ;—
Like Pliny, (^s) midst volcanic ruins pry,
Or scan the Alps with geometric eye.

Some, too, erelong, on faithless Ocean cast,
Mid present scenes may muse upon the past,

And, hovering on some famous classic shore,
Recall the visions of her earlier lore ;
Or—like young Falconer*—upon the deep
Doomed o'er wild wreck and perished friends to weep.
Shall, hardly 'scaping, pour the piteous tale
In verse that bids the storm for ever wail,
And draw from brightest eyes, through future years,
The sacred stream of sympathetic tears !

E'en he, by gentler ties forbid to roam,
Shall share the charm in patrimonial home :
While Fancy hears the angry tempests rave,
Each breeze but freshens life's unstagnant wave ;
Far, far from Folly's mindless noise removed,
Where he secure may taste each bliss beloved—
In a sweet spot to nursing Nature dear,
With hills, and streams, and groves inviting near.

* He was only seventeen at the period of the shipwreck off Cape Colonna.

—His *book-chamber*—chaste, shadowy—shall afford
Gems from all climes, in various order stored :
There shall the Stars of Fame their light impart,
There sages mend, and poets wake the heart !
—Oft, too, the angel of his youth shall sit
A dear companion in his bower of wit ;
Born of a gentle and a generous race,
With beauty—but not all upon her face ;
Richly endowed, yet feminine, in mind ;
In taste, thought, unaffected—yet refined ;
With sympathies to warmest feeling true,
And eyes *love-darting*—whether black or blue.
—Yes, for her sake, the classic groves among,
He 'll cull the blooms of science and of song ;
Catch from her eye the mutual-kindling spark,
Love from her tongue the sweetly-naïve remark,
And in the endless sympathies of mind
Perpetual springs of purest rapture find.

Prized howsoe'er self-seeking Man's esteem,
'T is but a shifting shadow and a dream ;

A thing which yields small zest, or small relief,
To home-felt joy, or individual grief.
But Woman!—oh within her gentler mind
Spring the pure charities that save mankind;
The finer mould, the softer soul, are given
T' inspire a love that breathes the bliss of Heaven:
And her's the faith—pure, changeless, glowing, fond—
That lingers to life's close, and looks beyond.

Such wreaths round youthful brows may Fancy bind,
And from the blossoms paint the fruits of Mind.
Yet, ere the loftier palm of fame be won,
An intellectual race is to be run,
A race—e'en at *these lowly desks begun*.*

O speak the bliss!—(to *you* I make appeal,
Ingenuous hearts alone, that warmly feel)—

* Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer.—*Horat.*

O speak the bliss ! when first the *Mind* awakes,
And slave-like at the task no longer quakes ;
Pierces the formal semblance, and below
Learning's hard crust sees Wit's pure brilliant
glow ;

Quaffs inspiration from the hallowed fount
Of song, and pants to climb the laureate Mount !
Then Virgil's page no more th' impression bears
Of careless thumb or of a dunce's tears ;
Then, Homer's leaves to scan no longer loth,
We leave to Northerton the impious oath ;*
Then, happy tenant of the Sabine farm !
Thy *curious* felicity can charm ;
Then not supreme seems *Brinsley* in thy grace,
Thalia ! but thy elder-born have place,—
The wildly-humoured Aristophanes,
And Terence, with his loved Menander's ease.

* Vide *Tom Jones*, book vii. ch. 12.

Now, now the secret study yields delight—
And oil, not wine, expended, gilds the night :
Now, now a liberal Master's cheering praise
Incites to cultivate the living bays.
Rome's image, or Athena's, shines before :
Our ardent eyes, raised by th' immortal lore.
The great of old—the lights of other shores—
All whom Time values, all whom Fame adores,
Are ours ! The orient sun illumines the page,
And midnight fans the yet unsated rage.
Still, as we read, all emulous we burn,
Now clasp a hero's, now a sage's, urn :
Not ours the cold, the listless apathy,
That yawning plods, whate'er the line may be ;
But sympathies, caught from the classic Muse,
O'er our young spirits the life of life diffuse ;
While forms severe, of matchless beauty, seem
To beckon on—and on—and point th' exhaustless
theme.

Nor second to the Bards of earlier day
Was *he*, whose oft-awakened minstrel lay
Beguiled the school-boy of his hour of play*—
(Whose shivered harp, in Dryburgh's aisle forlorn,
No more to mortal touch may voice return,
Till Prospero's staff shall charm Bermoothes' sea,
Or Shakspeare's wand again creative be.)
Ne'er fade the wreath that lofty brow displays—
Fern, ivy, heath inwoven with the bays !
Whether all chivalrous he pours the strain,
And wakes the Muse to love and war again ;—
Or whether his inspiring genius flows
Bright down the channel of poetic prose,—
With thronging shapes of varying story rife,
The motion and the eloquence of life ;—
No timid follower in the heavens of fame,
But leaving *with* the highest his wizard name ;

* See *L'Envoy* to "Marmion :"—

" To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task and merry holiday !"

Nor with the wreaths of wit alone renown'd—
By every Muse, by every Virtue, crown'd!

Then not delight alone, but a new fire,
A zeal to be admired as to admire,
Springs in the soul—and young Ambition first
Developes powers deep in the spirit nurst.
Not the trite academic palm is now
The thought that fires the eye and lights the brow ;
There is a distant prospect dimly seen
Of laurell'd trophies—chaplets evergreen! (6)
The “ digito monstrari ” seems to bring (7)
A not unvirtuous hope worth cherishing ;
The “ hic est ”—*This is he*—to stripling bard
Thrills like the earnest of a rich reward.
Perhaps the page of Tully fires anew
Some patriot—while the Senate bursts to view,
And Canning—helmsman good—Etonian true!
To the remotest regions of mankind
Flashing the lightnings of a British mind ;

The moral Atlas of a splendid State,
Yet mightier far—unstooping to the weight.

Smile not ; perchance full many a scorner smiled
When with such dreams e'en *he* his youth beguiled ;
As, early smit, in Eton's classic glade,
Each Muse's generous dictate he obey'd ; (8)
And now with Tully seemed alone to stand,
The light and guardian of his native land,—
And now with Flaccus bade the shaft of wit
Full in the joint the frame of Folly hit.

Grudge not the mind-born smiles of triumph here,—
Chased all too soon by disappointment's tear.
Ah ! though Fame's tempting prize their grasp elude,
Still be it theirs, unscared by envy rude,
From Nature's varying aspects to inhale
Springs of heart-quickenning life that never fail ;
To cherish Fancy's vivifying glow,
Lend joy new zest—extract the sting of woe—

Nursing high thoughts in every changing mood,
And with immortal lore ennobling solitude.

But hark ! what means that shout ? and wherefore meet
Such busy groups in every crowded street ?
Why swarm the Baileys and the Elvets ?* why
Scours Framwell-gate that bannered company ?
All sense in clamour or in spirits drown'd—
While “blue” and “orange” shine and echo round ;
Shine in the ribbon, echo from the tongue,
The badge alike and theme of old and young.
At Ward's and Eskett's† booted cavaliers,
From hall and farm, dismount midst party cheers.
To Andrews'‡ soon the new contagion spreads,
Where literati seem at loggerheads.
E'en essenced Gleason's§ with the ferment glows,
Turned upside down by disputatious beaux.

* Streets in Durham.

‡ Book-shop.

† Inns at Durham.

§ Hair-dresser's.

He comes !—the chaplet and the squib prepare—
The county feast, and the triumphal chair.
He comes ! the People's hope, the Church's thorn,
To plague the Premier and the Prelate born. (9)
He comes ! of Durham's hopeful youth the pearl—
Her representative—and embryo Earl !
Now let each maid and youthful matron trim
Call up her smiles, nor grudge her lips to him. (10)
Health to his friends, confusion to his foes !
Cracked crowns to these, and brimming cups to those !

Now cramm'd Committee-rooms their crowds disgorge,
And to the Courts their troops the leaders urge.
The Courts once gained, in space confined they burn,
And loud the cries—Out ! hustings ! Out ! adjourn !
Well, on the lofty hustings see him stand,
Bow his bare head, and graceful wave his hand.
The crowd grows hushed, while in their lantern jaws
He reads the famine that a patriot draws,

And points against a party government
The artillery charged with party discontent.

Motley the scene!—yet hence th' instructed sage
Incitement draws for life's eventful stage.
For not to one with loftier thoughts endow'd
Are lost the common passions of the crowd, (11)
Which hail before their bar the titled proud.
And luckless—'neath ignobler planet born—
Who views such scene with eye of vacant scorn.
Such was not he, the moralist of yore,
Who upon Arden's scattered leaves could pore,
Yet, midst the stir of populous resort,
Pierced through the body of the city, court:*—
Twin scion of the Avonian Potentate
With him, the pride of Lochlin's † stormy state,
Who, musing with a melancholy sublime, (12)
Yet phantom-fired to purge a bloated time,
Bared to the sun a den of foul domestic crime!

* See *As you like it*, Act ii. sc. 1. † Lochlin—Denmark.

Yes, the same mind that Folly's trashery sifts
May—must inherit Nature's nobler gifts ;
And the true Alchymist will still be found
Not with dead dust, but living laurel, crown'd ;
For Genius is the single alchymy,
And of th' immortal secret holds the key,—
Potent in scenes or civilised or rude,
Or in society or solitude.

How sweet o'er Houghall's mazy paths to stray,
Then wind to Shincliffe vale the rural way,
(Shincliffe ! whose Hall* to social dear delights
Welcomed so oft, with hospitable rites)—
And, home returning, from some headland's brow
Survey the city's gothic pride below ;
Or list, when from her massive midmost tower
That iron tongue proclaims the quartered hour !

* Then the residence of Warren Maude, Esq.

Stupendous pile! I see thee yet—and fain
Would trace thy hallowed precincts once again.
—Ay me! methinks once more, in life's first bloom,
With hasty step beneath the cloisters' gloom
I move—when now the anthem from the choir
Bursts, and young voices heavenly thoughts inspire.
Methinks I enter that proud arching door,
And musing pace the tessellated floor;
While down the mighty aisles, by fits, I hear,
Mixed with the organ's breath, the choral voices clear.

Jubal!* whose soul of sweetness could compel
To heaven-voiced melody the chorded shell—
Thence didst thou draw the full seraphic tone,
Lengthened and soft—a magic all thine own—
Charming the tents of Jubal† with a strain
Transcending all the gifts of Tubalcain!‡

* The ante-diluvian inventor of musical instruments.

† The ante-diluvian originator of the pastoral life in tents.

‡ The ante-diluvian artificer in brass and iron. He was the half-brother of Jubal and Jubal.

Jubal! oh could'st thou wake once more, to hear
The strains which *Handel* breathed, thy ravished ear,
Smit with the volumed harmony, would seem
New-sphered beyond the fire-armed cherubim!
—So undulates the gushing roll of sound
From the high organ's lungs throughout that dim
profound.

Now, now the *Banks* and *Prebends' Walk* beguile,
When Beauty deigns to cheer them with her smile;
As, promenading slow, we love to trace
The mind depicted in each passing face.
—Thee, too, my friend!—thee from thy Highland
Hall, (13)

Frank, generous, true—thy image I recall,
My school-fellow! as we were wont to rove
Apart, and speak of all young poets love;
Perhaps on Pelaw's breezy heights, or where
A ray of song gilds classic Beaurepaire;

Or Croxdale more remote, whose beacon Scar
Commands the westering vale of Wear afar ;
Or Butterby's salubrious springs, and seat
Manorial, bosom'd in her green retreat ;
Or where rude Neville's Cross, with centuries dark,
Stands, of Philippa's queenly fame the mark. (14)

Ah, Russell ! early lost ! when we essay'd
In rival strains to sing thy Border maid,
And taught the whispering woodlands to repeat
A favourite name as Amaryllis sweet,*—
How little dreamed we, in that cloudless morn
Of life, so soon from all thou should'st be torn ;
And I so soon should with a mother's blend
The fruitless tears that wept thy hapless doom, my friend !

Yet life, we knew, (at best a chequered span)
Points but one *earthly* goal—the grave—to man.

* Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.

Virg. Ecl. I.

All reach it soon ; but some achieve the race
While youth's bright dawn yet lightens o'er the face,
And hope is winged !—ah happy, if for Heaven !
Then, *brief* howe'er, *enough* of space is given.

But fare thee well !—and (bright and promising)
Farewell the grace of *life's* delightful *Spring* !
—Too soon 't is gone ; the sweet enchantment flies,
And the eye opens on realities.
Care and reflection rule the mental state,
Evils yet distant we anticipate.
Full soon the hasty *Summer* too is flown—
Time sweeps o'er all but memory's charm alone ;
The immortal charm, surviving pleasures past,
Reflecting all, and brightening to the last.

Yes, when on vanished years or scenes removed,
Once dearly known and intimately loved,
We muse—while memory bids the bosom swell,
And the heart counts each bliss remembered well—

The fond illusion lives before our eyes,
Paints brighter flowers and more unclouded skies,
Cheats the worn heart of life's incumbent pain,
And breathes the soul of early joy again.

NOTES.

NOTES.

PART I.

NOTE (1). PAGE 14.

Where Prudhoe's ruined towers o'erlook the Tyne.

The village of Ovingham is romantically situated immediately opposite the highly picturesque ruins of Prudhoe Castle. For an account of *Prudhoe*, see Scott's *Border Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 89. The second plate in that work, facing page 91, gives a very accurate idea of the ruin.

Prudhoe Castle, with its appendages, passed by marriage into the family of the Percies (from the Umfranvilles), about the year 1381; and, in 1816, Lord Algernon Percy, second son of the late, and brother of the present Duke of Northumberland, was raised to the peerage, by the title of Baron Prudhoe.

Prudhoe is on the south side of the Tyne, "situated on the summit of a rocky promontory" overlooking the river; and

Hutchinson, after minutely describing the old castle, notices "the town of Ovingham hanging on the opposite shore." This latter straggling village, the scene of the first part of my poem, is about equi-distant from the towns of Newcastle and Hexham, twelve miles from each by the high road. (Hexham is "in the centre of the Border line.") In going to Ovingham, you diverge from the west high-road at Horseley, and proceed down a "sandy lonnen" (or lane) to the river side.

NOTE (2). PAGE 14.

Happy beneath the kindest master's rule.

The gentleman alluded to is the *Rev. James Birkett*, sen., who for many years kept an excellent initiatory grammar-school at Ovingham, and had under his tuition two generations of the principal gentry of the county of Northumberland. Mr. Birkett (if, as I believe, still alive) must now be between eighty and ninety. During his active years, he exhibited a specimen of a clergyman of the old North-of-England school—who minded his farm, his breed of horses, his kine, his orchards, and his flowers; who uniformly carried a large *posie* into the pulpit with him; and loved a crack with a "gaucie gash gudewife," or an honest farmer "in ridin graith," as well as with a bishop. He piqued himself on having the best young horses, and the best apples of all sorts, in the whole *country side*; yet entered *con amore* into the professional business of syntax. The disposition of this good man was of an order to leave an indelible impression of grateful affection on the mind of every pupil.

NOTE (3). PAGE 14.

*Where Akenside, where Bewick thought it sweet
To press thy pastoral marge with filial feet.*

It is well known that the author of the "Pleasures of Imagination" was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1721. "He had," says one of his biographers, "a strong regard for the place of his birth ; and even so late as the year in which he died (1770), he wrote some beautiful lines commemorative of the pleasure he was accustomed to receive, in early life, from wandering among the scenes of his *native river*."

—————" O ye dales
Of Tyne," &c.

See Mr. Bucke's *Essay on the Life, Writings, and Genius of Akenside*.

The following account of the early days of *Bewick* is taken from an article in *Loudon's Magazine of Natural History*:—
"Thomas Bewick, the celebrated xylographer and illustrator of nature, was born at Cherryburne, in the parish of *Ovingham*, Northumberland, August 12, 1753. His father was a collier at Mickley Bank ; and Thomas, with his brothers, was early engaged in that subterranean and laborious employment. He was, however, occasionally sent to school to the Rev. Christopher Gregson, minister of *Ovingham*. * * * * * He was frequently sent out *among the braes of Tyneside*, to cut birch rods. * * * *In these truant hours of sunshine, he would loiter along the river banks, watching the sand-martins hovering*

like butterflies about the precipitous promontories, or the speckled trout sporting among the flies that streaked the dimpling waters beneath, &c. &c. His first tendency to drawing was noticed by his chalking the floors and grave-stones with all manner of fantastic figures—any known village characters, dogs, horses, &c.” The writer of the article goes on to say, that Bewick married a girl whom he used to meet in *Ovingham Church*, and was bound apprentice to an engraver on copper and brass, at Newcastle. “During this period, he walked most Sundays to Ovingham, to see his parents; and, if the Tyne was low, crossed it on stilts—but, if high-flowing, holloaed across to inquire their health, and returned.”

See Art. I. in Loudon's No. for September, 1829, written by J. F. M. Dovaston, Esq.

NOTE (4). PAGE 20.

But lo! what smiling groups, &c.

The Ovingham villagers resembled the sort of beings so inimitably sketched by Burns, in his *Holy Fair* and *Hallowe'en*, far more than the south-country “gentle villager” and “swinkt hedger” of Milton's *Comus*, or even the more modern rustic portraits in Bloomfield's *Horkey*.

NOTE (5). PAGE 22.

Poor Nanny! where art thou? &c.

This itinerant pack-woman was generally known by the name of *Nanny the Pether*. I learned the song of Autolycus, “Will

you buy any tape?" from her lips. Nanny the Pether used to carry a good deal of hard coin about with her: I well remember her long tin boxes full of guineas. In strength of body, however, she was an Amazon; and, what "wi' tippeny" and a formidable club-stick of Northumbrian oak, she, in all her pedlar-errantry, "feared nae evil." Besides, she was a great favourite everywhere, and was welcomed at hall and cot, by old and young.

NOTE (6). PAGE 24.

——— *At Bullock's, or Jean Simpson's spent.*

The husband of *Bessy Bullock* journeyed to Newcastle with his carrier's cart once a week, and always brought back a package of sweets for his wife's shop-window. *Jeanie Simpson* was an auld wife chiefly noted for her capital well-sugared preserved currants.

NOTE (7). PAGE 25.

Old Tyne chafed wildly with his weltering tide.

The floodings of the Tyne were events of considerable interest and importance in our eyes. The first human corpse I ever saw was that of an unfortunate youth—swollen and white—who had been drowned in attempting to cross the stream during a flood of this river near Bywell.

NOTE (8). PAGE 27.

Well pleased to tend his orchard-trees and plants.

Vide Note 2, ante.

NOTE (9). PAGE 31.

Rose at a call.—————

Everything was proclaimed by a *call* at Ovingham. “All up!” —“All to dinner!”—“All out!”—“All in!” will be readily understood. “All up!” was also used for a muster-roll.

NOTE (10). PAGE 35.

My chestnut beauty! flower of Shetland's breed.

Little Diamond! symmetry itself, and exactly a yard high.

NOTE (11). PAGE 36.

—————*Through Heddon-on-the-wall.*

Many vestiges of the wall of Severus remain in the county of Northumberland. Spenser, in his enumeration of rivers, notices

—————“Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts.”—————

Faery Queene. Book IV. Canto xi.

NOTE (12). PAGE 36.

By moor and dean.—————

Twenty years ago, there was a wild moor near Horseley; but I believe it has been for some years enclosed.

PART II.

NOTE (1). PAGE 45.

Yon unverdurous Green.

A large open area, called the *Palace Green*, on the north side of which stands the Bishop's Castle. From this Green the whole north front of the Cathedral appears at once.

NOTE (2). PAGE 45.

Saint Cuthbert's Castle and his Church —.

The see of Durham is well known to be the "patrimony," and the Cathedral itself the place of sepulture, of the famous St. Cuthbert. The exact spot of his interment was long a religious secret, but was discovered in 1827. For a full account of the life of St. Cuthbert, as well as of the disinterment of his skeleton, see a curious work published at Durham in 1828, by the Rev. James Raine, M.A., entitled *Saint Cuthbert*.

NOTE (3). PAGE 45.

Its history ask of Surtees or of Raine.

Since this was written, the former of these historical antiquaries (Robert Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth near Durham, author of the *History of Durham*) has paid the debt of nature.

NOTE (4). PAGE 45.

*On that commanding hill whose towered brow
O'erawes the obsequious Wear that winds below.*

"The Cathedral," says a writer on the topography of Durham, "stretches along the crown of an eminence above eighty feet perpendicular from the surface of the river, which washes its base. On the west, this church rises on the points of rocks, which shew themselves on the summit of the mount, and almost overhang the stream."

NOTE (5). PAGE 47.

Like Pliny —————

The Elder; who, as is well known, perished from his ardent curiosity in research during an eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79. "The mind of Pliny," observes Mr. D'Israeli, "to add one more chapter to his mighty scroll, sought nature amidst the volcano in which he perished." *Essay on Lit. Character*, vol. II. p. 17. "Cherchant la science," says *Corinne*, "comme un guerrier les

conquêtes, il partit de ce promontoire (Miseno) même pour observer le Vésuve à travers les flammes ; et ces flammes l'ont consumé."—Liv. XIII. ch. IV.

NOTE (6). PAGE 54.

*There is a distant prospect dimly seen
Of laurell'd trophies—chaplets evergreen !*

"For my part," says Goëthe, speaking of himself as a boy, "I had an irresistible inclination to endeavour to distinguish myself by something extraordinary. But I knew not yet to what object I was to direct my efforts. It is not uncommon to be more ardently desirous of a noble recompense than studious to acquire the means of deserving it. Why, then, should I deny, that, in my dreams of glory and happiness, the idea of the *crown of laurel*, destined to adorn the *Poet's* brows, was what appeared most attractive to me?"—*Autobiography of Goëthe*, vol. I. ch. IV.

NOTE (7). PAGE 54.

*The "digito monstrari" seems to bring
A not unwirtuous hope worth cherishing.*

I hardly know whether, in these blue-stocking days, it is necessary to inform my fair readers, that the words *digito monstrari* mean literally *to be pointed out by the finger*, and (as well as the words "*hic est*" in the next couplet) are taken from a well-known passage in Persius—

"Pulehrum est digito monstrari, et dicier, *Hic est.*"

With reference to the "*hic est—this is he,*" the reader will probably recollect (besides the line of the Roman satirist) a passage somewhat congenial in our own Shakspeare. It is where King Henry the Fourth endeavours to excite the emulation of his son by pointing to the example of his own youth :

————— " I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wondered at ;
That men would tell their children, *This is he* :
Others would say—*Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*
First Part of King Henry IV. Act iii. Sc. ii.

NOTE (8). PAGE 55.

————— *In Eton's classic glade*
Each Muse's generous dictate he obey'd.

See the *Microcosm*.—"When Mr. Canning was at Eton," says one of his biographers, "a society existed which periodically met in one of the halls for the purpose of discussion. It consisted of the boys then in the establishment ; and the masters wisely encouraged the practice, on account of its obvious utility. It was the cradle of eloquence ; a sort of House of Commons in miniature. Mr. Speaker took the chair ; a minister sat on a Treasury bench, and faced as bold an opposition as Eton could produce. The order, the gravity, the importance of the original assembly were mimicked with the greatest success. The Crown and the people had their respective champions, &c. &c. Mr. (now Marquis) Wellesley, Mr. (now Earl) Grey, and, at a subsequent period,

Mr. Canning, distinguished themselves in the intellectual warfare of this juvenile House of Commons."

The plays of Sir William Jones, when a school-boy at Harrow, were of a classical character. "In the usual recreations of his school-fellows at Harrow," observes Lord Teignmouth, "Jones was rarely a partaker; and the hours which they allotted to amusement he generally devoted to improvement. The following anecdote strongly indicates the turn of his mind, and the impression made by his studies. He invented a political play, in which Dr. William Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr. Parr, were his principal associates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of *Greece*, into states and kingdoms: each fixed upon one as his dominion, and assumed an ancient name. Some of their school-fellows consented to be styled barbarians, who were to invade their territories and attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy; and in these imitative wars the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials; all doubtless very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In these unusual amusements, Jones was ever the leader."

See Lord Teignmouth's *Memoirs of Sir William Jones*. Vol. i. p. 33.

NOTE (9). PAGE 57.

To plague the Premier and the Prelate born.

I design the whole passage merely as a picture of an election

fifteen or eighteen years ago. *Tros Rutulusve mihi, &c.* As people, however, are extremely apt, on occasions of this sort, to surmise politics, I beg to say that I wished merely, in few words, to paint the entrée of a highly popular candidate—but that nothing of satirical inuendo is intended in the sketch. The incidents of the scene are real.

NOTE (10). PAGE 57.

*Now let each maid and youthful matron trim
Call up her smiles, nor grudge her lips to him.*

The reader will perhaps recollect Cowper's humorous account of the visit of a candidate to him and his ladies at Olney. The passage is rather too long for entire transcription, but it closes with the following statement apropos to the line in the text:—
“Thus ended the conference. Mr. G—— (the candidate, a stranger to the party) squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome.”

Letter CLIV. (Johnson's edition of the Letters of William Cowper.)

NOTE (11). PAGE 58.

*For not to one with loftier thoughts endow'd
Are lost the common passions of the crowd.*

“In the last election,” says Mr. *Bulwer*, “I remember to have heard a Tory orator, opposed to the emancipation of the West

Indian slaves, take advantage of the popular cry for economy, and impatience under taxation, and assure his audience, *all composed of the labouring part of the population*, that to attempt to release the slaves would be to increase the army and consequently the national burdens. The orator on the other side of the question, instead of refuting this assertion, was contented to grant it. 'Be it so,' he said; 'suppose that your burdens are augmented—suppose that another shilling is monthly, or even weekly, wrung from your hard earnings—suppose all this, and I yet put it to you, whether, crippled and bowed down as you are by taxation, you would not cheerfully contribute your mite to the overthrow of slavery, though in so distant a clime—though borne by men of a different colour from yourselves—rather than even escape your burdens, grievous though they be, and know that that human suffering still exists, which you, by a self-sacrifice of your own, had the power to prevent?'—The meeting rang with applause; the appeal was to generous emotions."

England and the English, vol. i. p. 53.

NOTE (12). PAGE 58.

Who, musing with a melancholy sublime.

Need I mention *Hamlet*?—"the most interesting of melancholy heroes," (if I may apply to him the expressions which my kind and celebrated friend *Mrs. Grant of Laggan* used, in a letter to me several years ago, respecting *Edgar Ravenswood*)—"because his melancholy, though deep, has an adequate cause. He is not like

the young gentlemen whom Prince Arthur remembered in France, that would be as sad as night for very wantonness."

I cannot thus allude to the venerable authoress of the inimitable "Letters from the Mountains" without expressing a desire (in which all her readers will participate) to see that charming book, on which her fame rests, reprinted in a popular form. I rather suspect it is now out of print: if so, the fact is nothing to the credit either of the reading public or of the publishing speculators of the day. The book was highly popular when it made its appearance about thirty years ago; and it at once immortalized, not the writer only, but every person and place noticed in the volumes. If Mackenzie is the Addison, Mrs. Grant is the Sevigné of Scotland. "Green Laggan" in the Highlands is now *classic ground*—to be visited by persons on pilgrimage to the banks of Doon and the shores of Loch Katrine.

Perhaps the title, "Letters from the Mountains," may give a wrong idea of the work to persons unacquainted with its contents, as leading them to fancy that it belongs to the novelistic class of a by-gone era. For the benefit of such persons I will state, therefore, that the *Letters* in question are the genuine correspondence of a Lady, addressed chiefly to her female friends. They go over about thirty years of her life, beginning before her marriage, when she was about seventeen, embracing the whole of her married career, and extending to a few years after the death of her husband. That worthy man was a simple country minister, in a remote mountain district; and the "Letters" of his wife are based chiefly on the incidents of their domestic retirement; but the

genius of the writer (naïve, ardent, and healthful in the highest degree) animates whatever she touches, and gives an inexpressible charm to the whole series. Indeed, it would be difficult to name a book in its class more captivating.

Besides its worth in a moral point of view, it is valuable also as giving the most vivid pictures of interesting localities now much changed, and of primitive manners now extinct. I will only add that these "Letters" present in themselves the happiest pastoral sketches—drawn not from principles of nature abstractedly considered, but from the incidents of actual experience. In them (written in the course of real correspondence, without the most distant view to publication), there is no forced blending of incongruities, to suit the *ideal* of classical authority—learned shepherds, to wit, with their pipes, and crooks, and Arcadias—but a life-breathing exhibition of the simplicities of pastoral life in league with the humanities of literature.

NOTE (13). PAGE 61.

Thee, too, my friend! —————

James Russell, Esq. of Black Hall, Perthshire, who was drowned by the upsetting of his pleasure boat in the river Dee, 1817. He was about eighteen at the period of his death, and possessed all the natural endowments which would have graced the large property to which he was to succeed on coming of age.

NOTE (14). PAGE 62.

*Or where rude Neville's Cross, with centuries dark,
Stands, of Philippa's queenly fame the mark.*

Though Lord Percy commanded the victorious army at Neville's Cross, the glory of the day, according to the chivalrous feeling of the period, was Queen Philippa's. Take Hume's brief account of the battle.

“When Edward (the third of England) made his last invasion upon France, David (Bruce the second of Scotland) was strongly solicited by his ally (the King of France) to begin also hostilities and to invade the northern counties of England.”—“David soon mustered a great army, entered Northumberland at the head of above 50,000 men, and carried his ravages and devastations to the gates of Durham. But Queen Philippa, assembling a body of little more than 12,000 men, which she intrusted to the command of Lord Piercy, ventured to approach him at Neville's Cross near that city; and, riding through the ranks of her army, exhorted every man to do his duty, and to take revenge on these barbarous ravagers: nor could she be persuaded to leave the field till the armies were on the point of engaging.”—“Never did they (the Scots) receive a more fatal blow than the present. They were broken and chased off the field: 15,000 of them, some historians say 20,000, were slain; among whom were Edward Keith, earl mareschal, and Sir Thomas Charteris, chancellor: and the King himself was taken prisoner, with the earls of Sutherland, Fife, Monteith, Carric, lord Douglas, and many other noblemen.—

Philippa, having secured her royal prisoner in the Tower, crossed the sea at Dover; and was received in the English camp before Calais with all the triumph due to her rank, her merit, and her success. This age was the reign of chivalry and gallantry: Edward's court excelled in these accomplishments as much as in policy and arms: and, if anything could justify the obsequious devotion then professed to the fair sex, it must be the appearance of such extraordinary women as shone forth during that period."

Hume's Hist. of England, vol. iii. p. 153.

It may readily be supposed that "the Lady Phylippe of Heynaulte noble quene of Englande" would be a favourite with the chivalrous Froissart. Accordingly we find him dedicating his first written "Cronycle" to her. In describing the preparations for what he calls "the batayle of Newcastell vpon Tyne, bytwene the quene of England and the kyng of Scottes," the old chronicler says—"Than every man was sette in order of batayle: than the quene cāe among her men, and there was ordayned four batayls, one to ayde another; the firste had in gouernaunce the bysshoppe of Dyrham and the lorde Percy; the seconde the archbysshoppe of Yorke and the lord Neuyll; the thyrde the bysshoppe of Lyncolne and the lorde Mobray; the fourth the lorde Edward de Bayleule, captayne of Berwyke, the archbysshoppe of Canterbury, and the lorde Rose (Roos), every batayle had lyke nōbre, after their quantyte: the quene went fro batayle to batayle, desyring them to do their deuoyre, to defende the honoure of her lorde the Kyng of Englande, and in the name of God every man to be of good hert and courage, promysing them, that to her power she wolde remēbre

theym as well or better as thoughe her lorde the kyng were ther personally. Then the quene departed fro them, recōmending them to God and to Saynt George."—*Lord Berners' Froissart*, vol. i. p. 165. ed. 4to. 1812.—Froissart seems to make the battle take place "within thre lytell englysshe myle of Newcastle, in the lande of the lorde Neuyl;"—and my distinguished friend Mr. *Sharon Turner* follows his account. The principal scene of action, however, was undoubtedly close to the city of Durham. See *Surtees* on *Neville's Cross*, in his *Hist. of Durham*.

In stating the marriage of the king, Mr. Turner says—"At the age of sixteen Edward married Philippa, the daughter of the count of Hainault and Holland. He had seen her when his mother returned with him from Paris to Valenciennes, and had distinguished her from her three sisters by his attentions. The court of Hainault had a chivalric taste: its lord had recently celebrated a tournament at Condé, with the king of Bohemia and many of the great lords of France; and Philippa proved, during her husband's reign, that she had imbibed no small portion of the heroic spirit of the day."—*Turner's Hist. of England during the Middle Ages*, vol. ii. (4to.), page 140.

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