

LITERATURE.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

There's a language that's mute, there's silence that speaks,

There is something that cannot be told,
There are words that can only be read in the cheeks,
And thoughts that the eyes can unfold.

There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,
So conscious, so quick to impart,
Though dumb, in an instant it speaks out the mind,
And strikes in an instant the heart.

This eloquent silence, this converse of soul,
In vain we attempt to suppress,
More prompt it appears from the wish to control,
More apt the fond truth to express.

And oh, the delights in the features that shine,
The raptures the bosom that melt,
When blest with each other this converse divine
Is mutually spoken and felt.

JEU D'ESPRIT ON THE GAME LAWS.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The last number of the Westminster Review has a notice of Savage Landor's works, containing the following new *jeu d'esprit* on the Game Laws:—

“Yesterday, at the Sessions held in Buckingham,
The Reverend Simon Shutwood, famed for tucking ham
And capon into his appointed maw,
Gravely discuss a dreadful breach of law,
And then committed to the county jail
(After patient hearing) William Flail;
For that he Flail, one day last week,
Was seen maliciously to sneak
And bend his body by the fence
Of his own garden, and from thence
Abstract, out of a noose, a hare,
Which he unlawfully found there;
Against the peace (as may be seen
In Burn and Blackstone) of the queen.
He, questioned thereupon, in short
Could give no better reason for it,
Than that his little boys and he
Did often in the morning see
Said hare and sundry other hares
Nibbling on certain herbs of theirs.
Teddy, the seventh of the boys,
Counted twelve rows, fine young savoy,
Bit to the ground by them, and out
Of ne'er a plant a leaf to sprout;
And Sam, the youngest lad, did think
He saw a couple at a pink.

“Come!” cried the Reverend, “come, confess!”
Flail answered, “I will do no less:
Puss we did catch; puss we did eat,
It was her turn to give the treat;
Not overmuch was there for eight of us
With a half gallon of potatoes:
Eight—for our Sue lay sick abed,
And poor dear Bessy with the dead.”
“We cannot listen to such idle words,”
The Reverend said, “the hares are all my lord's;
Have you no more, my honest friend, to say
Why we should not commit you, and straightway?”
Whereat Will Flail
Grew deadly pale,

And cried: “If you are so severe on me,
An ignorant man, and poor as poor can be,
O Mister Shutwood! what would you have done
If you had caught God's only blessed Son,
When he broke off (in land not his they say)
That ear of barley on the Sabbath day?
Sweet Jesus! in the prison he had died,
And never for our sins been crucified.”
With the least gouty of two doe-skin feet
The Reverend stamp'd, then cried in righteous heat,
“Constable! take that man down stairs,
He quotes the Scripture and eats hares.”

A LAWYER'S REMINISCENCES.

(Concluded.)

Nearly three months passed away, and Vandeleur continued in London. He wrote, however, frequently and fully, nor did the tone of his letter manifest any decline in his avowed affection for Emily. On the contrary, he seemed to have the deepest interest in all that related to her, expressing only his anxiety to escape from the giddy whirl of dissipation in which he was involved, once again to taste the happiness of her society. The pretexts which each succeeding letter suggested for fresh delay, had all the appearance of truth, and Miss St. Aubyn was too sincere to doubt. At length an event occurred which would necessarily cause his return. His uncle died suddenly. With what hope did she look for the arrival of the first conveyance from the metropolis, which could bring him back to her. Five weeks elapsed: she was sitting with her father at breakfast, the windows open, the fragrance of her own sweet flowers stealing in through them, as if to repay their

gentle mistress for her care, or to chide her for withholding her smiles from them too long. A servant entered with a letter—the seal was black, and the direction in the well known hand. He heart sank within her as she took it. She opened it—not with the eagerness she was wont to; but calmly, and with a strange foreboding of ill: there was no flutter—her very heart beat slowly, but so loud you might have heard its throbbing. The first glance at its contents seemed to have changed her into marble. Every feature was fixed and rigid, save her eyes, which, as if mechanically, moved with a measured slowness along the page. She reached the end—then returned to its commencement; once more the fatal characters were perused, in the same measured time, and without a single word or utterance, she fell back, to all appearance, lifeless, in her chair.

Oh, perfidy of man to woman!—treacherous, coward crime, is there no guard against thee? Yes! the world has a code of honour which says, ‘betray her at thy peril when she has father, husband, brother to avenge her wrong,’ and the world's ‘men of honour’ keep the commandment!

Miss St. Aubyn had a father—but for the present let us return to herself. She was removed to her chamber—medical aid was at once procured; for three days she lay in complete unconsciousness. When she awoke from it, it was to a sense of entire desolation. The first dawn of perception brought back what had occurred in all its cold reality. There was none of that indistinctness, none of that perplexing doubt which, to some minds, would have made the entire seem a fearful dream. With a character like hers, the blow which could subdue, left a mark which was indelible. The simoom had swept over her existence, and not one hope remained which might blossom in the future.

And how felt she towards Vandeleur? The dream of love had passed away for ever, and what replaced it? Not hatred, nor revenge—he was far beneath them—but a lofty, almost superhuman disdain. All the weakness of her sex was gone. Did he kneel before her now, in heartfelt, unfeigned repentance—did he bring a spell to efface every memory of his deceit, she would scarcely deign to spurn him. Pride triumphed over love: but Love too had his triumph, and rent the veil of the sanctuary which was his no longer—Miss St. Aubyn's heart was broken.

From the moment when that fatal letter was perused till his child's consciousness was again restored, General St. Aubyn scarcely left her side. Worn out by his anxious and dreary watching, with his spirit already crushed by the blow which ruined her happiness, the recognition which that consciousness brought with it, fraught with such bitterness to both, was too much for his exhausted frame. He struggled against his own weakness but in vain; and a few days laid him on that couch from which he was never more to rise.

What a holy thing is woman in the hour of sickness, of affliction!—how deep her self-devotion; how unearthly her fortitude; how cheaply purchased is her angel ministry, at such a moment, by the trifling attentions, the petty cares which she imposes in the day of prosperity upon man! Yet his selfish nature will refuse to gratify what he is pleased to designate her caprices, because he knows that, when the hour of sorrow comes, the treasures of her priceless affection will be yielded up as fully as if he had studied to deserve them.

The love that smoothed the pillow of General St. Aubyn had been well earned; but deep indeed must have been the springs of that affection which could triumph over his daughter's misery, and make her the soothing attendant on her parent's illness. The moment, however, that he required her care, her own griefs seemed to lose their sting, and for weeks she continued to minister to his every want with that kind and tender solicitude which woman only knows. Alas! that solicitude was destined to be unavailing. The day that was to have seen his daughter a bride, closed upon his dying struggle. We have already witnessed the last sad scene between the father and the child.

The contents of Vandeleur's letter the reader is as yet unacquainted with. Let us now turn our eyes to the cold and heartless document. It was couched in these words:—

“MY DEAR MISS ST. AUBYN,—I have just heard of the sudden and melancholy death of my dear and affectionate uncle. The shock which it gives me is great; so great indeed that it is with difficulty I write. I feel, however, that I owe this letter to you, as circumstances connected with this sad event preclude all possibility of my fulfilling those engagements towards you, which I have looked forward to the accomplishment of with such deep and ardent longing. The day before my departure from—, I first became aware of my dear relative's objection to our intended marriage. I dared not communicate it to you. I well knew that the sensitiveness of your nature would make you at once shun a union to which any member of my family should manifest a dislike; and, selfishly I own, I withheld from you a resolve which I knew, if communicated, would seal my unhappiness. I felt at the same time that his wishes, if persevered in, commanded my obedience. Alas! I trusted such would not be the case. I hoped that my remonstrances, my prayers, would conquer his opposition; and to show my anxiety to fulfil his wishes even when most repugnant to my own, at his desire I left you. Till yesterday I still indulged in my dream of happiness, to be awakened from it with what bitter cruelty! The same

post which brought me intelligence of my uncle's unexpected death, brought me his solemn command to give up all idea of this marriage. I cannot dwell upon the subject—I scarcely know what I write. To find, in one dark instant, the future made a dreary blank—to lose all hope of that which gave value to existence, is too much to be calmly dwelt on. You, too, I feel I have wronged; I should have been more explicit—more frank. Even you would pardon me if you knew my present feelings. May God bless you, and give me peace!

“HENRY VANDELEUR.”

It was the third morning of the Spring assizes in the town of—. The court was crowded to excess; and from the anxiety manifest on the countenances of those present, especially the junior members of the legal body, who were chatting in noisy groups, it was evident that a trial of consequence was expected.

“The girl herself will be examined, of course,” said a young gentleman who had been called the previous term, shewing at once his profound acquaintance with the system of jurisprudence into which he had been initiated.

“No,” replied a solemn-looking brother, his senior by a few months, “an action for breach of promise is a simple *assumpsit* in which the woman herself is the plaintiff; not an action for loss of service, in which the father sues. She can't give evidence in her own case.”

“Then we shan't get a look at her,” exclaimed the first speaker, disconsolately, and little enlightened by the legal explanation.

“No, it's not likely,” repeated the second.

“Besides,” added a quiet-looking young man, “the poor girl is really dying. They say she can hardly live another week.”

“Live another fiddlestick!” said a fourth, who, being remarkable for his attention to the fair sex, was of course an authority in such matters. “What a great deal you know of women! It's all a sham to increase the damages. The girl was a consummate flirt.”

“Was she, though?” asked two or three voices at once. “You knew her, then?”

“Knew her! of course I did,” said the last speaker, half astonished at the question, and smiling consciously. “She was certainly a devilish nice girl, though; and, after all, I may judge her unfairly in considering her conduct to myself—towards others, I must say, I never saw her otherwise than—”

“Silence in the court—hats off!” shouted the crier, interrupting the self-complacent Lothario; and the judge made his appearance on the bench.

His entrance caused a momentary bustle. The calous and coxcombical remarks continued, however, *sotto voce*, varied with such observations as the following, as the names of the jurors were called over, and the oath administered to them ‘well and truly to try’ the issue—

“Gad! there's old Harding of Myrtleville. Won't he give a sweeping verdict! He has six lovely daughters out, and is working heaven and earth to get rid of them.”

“By Jove! who is that in the scratch wig?”

“Oh, faith! a set off to Harding. French of Powder-flash hall; as great a *roue* as there's in the kingdom. I'll back him to find for the defendant, or a farthing damages for the plaintiff if it goes very hard with his conscience.”

In this manner the scrutiny went on—such of the gentlemen of the jury as were unknown to the parties being tested by the color of their noses, the length of their chins, the spruceness or negligence of their attire, and other powerful indications of their respective dispositions; till at length the crier called the case of ‘St. Aubyn against Vandeleur.’

A young man, about twenty eight years of age, rose rather hurriedly; he was slightly flushed, and his manner somewhat embarrassed. It was Arthur Crawford. He opened the case. It was an action for breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff was Miss Emily St. Aubyn, the defendant, Henry Vandeleur, Esq. The declaration contained three counts; the defendant pleaded the general issue, and a special plea; the damages were laid at ten thousand pounds. Having made this short statement, he resumed his place, and bent over the brief which lay open before him.

Miss St. Aubyn's leading counsel now rose, and proceeded to state the case. His speech was powerful and effective. He dwelt much on the peculiar circumstances under which the action was brought—solely in fulfilment of the wishes of a dying father, to punish the heartless slanders which the defendant, not content with bringing that father, and, as it was but too probable, his client likewise, to the grave, had circulated in palliation of his conduct; and, at the end of three quarters of an hour, resumed his seat, having concluded an address which evidently produced a strong effect on the minds of his hearers.

The evidence for the plaintiff was now gone into. It consisted chiefly of letters addressed to her by the defendant, proving beyond all question the existence of a legal contract between the parties; after the reading of which the medical attendants of Miss St. Aubyn were produced. Their testimony was in truth painful: they stated her to be reduced by mental suffering to a state of health, recovery from which was altogether hopeless; and one of them declared it to be his conviction, that her physical exhaustion was such as to render it scarcely possible that she could survive another month. Two or three questions of cross-examination, injudiciously