# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## SAMUEL LOVER.

SAMUEL LOVER. A Biographical sketch, with selections from his writings and correspondence. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON, F. R. S. N. A. 16mo, pp. 256. Harper & Brothers.

An elaborate life of the author of "Rory O'More," with selections from his posthumous works, appeared in London about six years ago. There seems to be room, however, for the present little memorial from the pen of an intimate friend—a Glasgow manufacturer of literary tastes—and it will be agreeable reading for many who have not been attracted by the larger work of Mr. Bayle Bernard. Lover's name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken; but comparatively few of his admirers are aware of the wide range of his accomplishments or the delicacy of his character. We know him chiefly as the author of popular songs and Irish stories; but he was also a painter, an etcher, a caricaturist, a musical composer and performer and a dramatist; and in all these various pursuits he won an honorable success. He was born in Dublin on the 24th of February, 1797, the son of a stock broker in moderately prosperous circumstances. The family was said to be of English descent, and had been Protestant from remote times. Samuel was intended by his father for a business career, but from boyhood he had a passion for painting and music, and all attempts to teach him the routine of the counting-room, whether in Dublin or in London, proved unavailing. At the age of seventeen he returned from an unprofitable sojourn in England, firmly resolved to earn his living as an artist, although as yet he knew nothing of the rules of art. He spent three years in study, supporting himself meanwhile by sketching portraits and copying music, and then he appealed to the Dublin public for patronage as a painter of miniatures and marine pieces in water color. The state of Dublin society at the time when Lover entered it is thus sketched by Mr. Symington:

Barbarity and refinement lived amicably side by side. Drinking, gambling, and fighting were the order of the day; and of these the latter seemed to be the favorite amusement of high and low—the one class using pistols, and the other shillelahs, then there was their feudal feeling, their humor, and irrepressible love of fun, ever combined with a chivalric regard for women. "An air of burlesque romance runs through half this people's history. They seem to turn life into a carnival, in which the only occupation is the concoction of a good joke or the pursuit of a mad adventure."

We are gravely told of a host being found at pistol-practice because he expected some friends to dinner; of a plaintiff's calling out all his opponents in a law-suit; of politicians, ministers of state, and even judges maintaining their title to respect by their repeated shots at one another.

Still matters had improved considerably of late years, for the time had not long passed when duelling was held to be a ground of admission to society, and when a young man going to a dinner party or a ball was sure to be asked the question, "Have you been out yet? have you blazed, sir?" The "trigger process," as it was called, set aside the legal, and, always conducted with punctilious fairness, was very seldom fatal; while, oftener than not, it was ludicrous either in its origin or ending. The Dublin of these days is described as being "The home of hospitality, the imperial mint of jest and epigram; the great fountain-head or factory of everything that was droll or rampant in speech, literature or action. Eccentricity was not only the spirit, it became the business of men's lives. To supply Dublin with fresh laughter seemed just as needful as fresh food. Thus the most absurd wagers were laid and the wildest adventures were undertaken, such as Buck Whalley's famous bet to walk to Jerusalem and back, and play a game of racquet against its walls." Of *Brennan's Magazine*, long the terror and delight of Dublin, Lover himself in his diary afterward recorded the following piece of satire: "There was a rich physician of the time who never asked a friend to dinner, and in the columns of Brennan's obituary was announced the loss of the doctor's cat, as having died in her accouchment of 'a cold caught in his kitchen grate.'"

Between riots, fomented rebellions, absurd affairs of honor, fêtes, balls, reckless extravagance in dress, profuse warm-hearted hospitality which gave occasion for those hilarious hurricanes that so often, at 2 o'clock in the morning, would shake the old dining-rooms of Dublin, there was much to show that the native Lord of Misrule had recently, at all events, had no little share in the government of the city. On the other hand, Lord Cloncurry, a good judge in such matters, speaking of Dublin in 1797—the very year of Samuel Lover's birth—says that it "possessed society as polished and brilliant as that of Paris in its best days—circles whose gayety and freedom had all the restraints of a high respect, and whose festive spirit all the submission that was exacted by good taste."

In Paris, wit predominated; in Dublin, humor, which is higher, broader, deeper, and more genial; while the moral tone of Irish society was far purer than that of France.

It is natural perhaps, that we should think of the author of rollicking Irish tales as the most reckless of boon companions; but Lover was a man of a very different stamp. Always abstemious and industrious, there was nothing of the *bon vivant* about him. His sphere was the drawing room rather than the dining-room; yet he was associated with Charles Lever in the jovial Burschenschaft Club, furnishing music and poetry for their celebrations, and illustrating "Ye Boke of ye Burschenschaft," which chronicles their vagaries. It was at a public banquet given to Thomas Moore in 1818, that the young artist, then only twenty-one years of age, made himself famous. He contributed for the occasion a song, describing the election of a poet laureate for Olympus, and sang it himself amidst storms of applause:

"T'other day Jove exclaimed, with a nod most profound,
While the gods of Olympus in state sat around,
'I have fully resolved, after weighty reflection,
To soon set a-going a Poet's Election.'
A good thought,—Jupiter, boy!"

Each god was to have a vote, whereupon a protest was raised by a goddess in behalf of "women's rights" (said, generally to be men's lefts!)—

"'I request, tho',' said Juno, 'you'll let it be known
Why this right of election the gods have alone;
On this point, as on others, I differ from you,
And insist every goddess shall have a vote too."
Brave Juno, stand up for your right!

"Then Jupiter said, 'Let it be so, my dear,
Let th' Election commence, bid the poets appear;
The polling concluded, whoever is found
To have carried most votes, shall our Poet be crown'd.'
Fair play—Jupiter, boy?"

Scott, Campbell, Southey and Byron, are proposed as candidates, and supported by various of the gods and goddesses.

"But Mercury said he should now bring in sight
A bard who was everyone's pride and delight—
Who Melpomene, Venus, Thalia could lure;
They all knew who he meant, and so, need he say
—Moore?"

This was his first appearance as a song-writer. It led to a friendship with the Moore family (particularly with the mother of the poet); it increased Lover's popularity in society; and with his social successes came prosperity in his profession. He was employed to paint portraits of the Marquis of Wellesley, the Lord Lieutenant (whom Mr. Symington has confounded with his brother, the Duke of Wellington), of the Duke of Leinster, of Lord Cloncurry, and of other Dublin notables; he executed a miniature likeness of Paganini, the violinist, which created a genuine sensation at the Royal Academy exhibition in London; and he was commissioned to paint a portrait of the young Princess Victoria, which circumstances, however, prevented his undertaking. "Lover's miniatures," says his biographer, "with their refined delicacy of expression, masterly handling, and harmonious color, became prominent features in the annual exhibition of the Royal Hiberuian Academy." For twelve years he was also a regular exhibiter at the Royal Academy of London, where his portraits of Lord Brougham in the Chancellor's robes, of the Ambassador from the King of Oude, and of Thalberg, the pianist, are spoken of as remarkable achievements. Of his Brougham, "That face speaks!" exclaimed a spectator. "Speaks!" added the Scotch painter, David Roberts; "more than that, the nose moves!" At thirty Lover made a happy marriage with the daughter of a Dublin architect; and a few years afterward he removed to London, where his celebrity as a painter was already sufficient to insure for him a more brilliant career than Ireland could offer.

He had made his first ventures in literature. He wrote for *The Dublin Literary Gazette*, *The Dublin University Magazine*, and other periodicals a number of Irish sketches and short tales, some of which have taken rank with the classics of humorous literature. "The Gridiron, or Paddy Mullowney's Travels in France"; "Paddy the Piper"; and "Barny O'Reirdon the Navigator," are often republished, and after fifty years' familiarity are still enjoyed. We can think of no pieces of the sort in which the fun is more racy and more refined, the wit more abundant and more subtle, the dramatic movement more admirably sustained, or the humors of Irish dialect, metaphor, and turns of speech more deliciously preserved. The tale of the "Gridiron" has almost a proverbial fame. When Lover was presented to Malibran the fascinating prima donna held out her hand and exclaimed, in the prettiest broken English imaginable, in the words of Paddy Mullowney, "Will you lend me the loan of a gridiron?" Old as the story is, it illustrated so happily Lover's inimitable treatment of the confusion of ideas which constitutes the essence of so much Irish absurdity, that we venture to reprint the conclusion of it. Landing with a shipwrecked crew on the coast of France, Paddy Mullowney, who boasts that he can speak French because he knows one phrase, confidently approaches a house and asks for the loan of a gridiron:

"Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever—and, faith, I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furriners?' says I—'*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads; and, faith, myself began to feel flusthered like, and onaisy—and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir,' says I, *Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'l obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me; and so I began to think they wor all nevgars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in distriss,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.'

"Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sensible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand—'*Parly—voo—frongsay, munseer?*'

"We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scram to you.'

"Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin' and said something or other about a long tongs.

"'Phoo!—the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs, at all at all; but can't you listen to raison?' says I—'*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle as much as to say he wouldn't, and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—troth if you wor in my country it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and, says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Christhen at all at all? are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—*Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then thunder an turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, 'curse o' the hungry an you, you ould negarly villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,' says I: 'and wherever I go, high or low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I; and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away—and in troth it's often sense that I thought that it was remarkable."

The humor of "Barny O'Reirdon" lies in the description of an Irish fisherman's recklessness, simplicity, fertility of resource in difficulties, and unfailing wit under the most discouraging circumstances. Emulous of the exploits of a certain bragging O'Sullivan, Barny essays a voyage to Fingall in his fishing boat. He would die rather than confess that he does not know how to get there, or even where it is, so he follows a ship which he supposes to be bound for the same place. They are 500 miles out when he discovers that the ship is going to Bengal; but he conceals the alarming intelligence from his two companions; and after an interview with the captain of the merchantman, who supplies him with provisions and warns him to keep a Northeast course till he strikes the coast of Ireland again, Barney sets out on his return, resolved that he "won't turn out o' his Nor-Aist coorse for no man." He explains the change of direction to his crew by saying; "You see the captain towld me that I kum around, an' rekimmended me to go th' other way."

The third day Barny's fears for the continuity of his *nor-aist coorse* were excited, as a large brig hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's course.

"May the divil sweep you," said Barny, "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin' forninst me that way? Brig-a-hoy there!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig-a-hoy there!—bad luck to you, go long out o' my *nor-aist coorse*." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay right ahead of the hooker. "Oh look at this!" shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a-purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy hathred to you, quit this minit, or I'll run down an yes, and if we go to the bottom, we'll haut you forevermore—go 'long out of that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that won't go out iv a man's nor-aist coorse!"

From cursing Barny went to praying as he came closer. "For the tendher marcy o' heavin and live my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my nor-aist coorse! May angels make your bed in heavin and don't runnate me this-a-way." The brig was immovable, and Barny gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophizing the hard case of a man being "*done out of his nor-aist coorse.*"

"A-hoy there!" shouted a voice from the brig," "put down your helm or you'll be aboard of us. I say, let go you gib and foresheet—what are you about, you lubbers?"

'Twas true that the brig lay so fair in Barny's course, that he would have been aboard, but that instantly the manœuvre above alluded to was put in practice on board the hooker, as she swept to destruction toward the heavy hull of the brig, and she lifted up into the wing along side her.

Barney makes an excellent sale to the brig of his cargo of pickled mackerel, and then resumes his "Nor-Aist coorse," until he falls in with an American vessel, and runs alongside:

"By dad I've been waitin' here these four or five days, expectin' some of you would be wantin' me."

"Some of us!—How do you mean?"

"Sure an' arn't you from Amerikay?"

"Yes; and what then?"

"Well, I say I was waitin' for some ship or other from Amerikay, that nd be wantin' me. It's to Ireland you're goin' I dar' say."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose you'll be wantin' a pilot," said Barny.

"Yes, when we get in shore, but not yet."

"Oh, I don't want to hurry you," said Barny.

"What port are you a pilot of?"

"Why, indeed, as for the matther o' that," said Barny, "they're all aiqual to me a'most."

"All?" said the American. "Why, I calculate you couldn't pilot a ship into all the ports of Ireland."

"Not all at wanst (once)," said Barny, with a laugh, in which the American could not help joining.

"Well, I say, what ports do you know best?"

"Why thin, indeed," said Barny, "it would be hard for me to tell; but wherever you want to go, I'm the man that'll do the job for you complate. Where is your honor goin'?"

"I won't tell you that—but do you tell me what ports you know best?"

"Why, there's Waterford, and there's Youghall, an' Fingal."

"Fingal! where's that?"

"So you don't know where Fingal is. Oh, I see you're a stranger, sir—an' then there's Cork."

"You knew Cove, then?"

"Is it the Cove o' Cork why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, and pilots as many as any other two min out of it."

Barney thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We war lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem on the terriblest gale o' wind off the land, an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honor."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 'twas from the nor-east."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith, you're right enough, 'twas *Nor-Aist coorse* we wor an, sure enough; but no matther now that we've met wid you—sure we'll have a job home anyhow."

"Well, get aboard then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honor, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why sure it's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barny, "or I'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now mind me, Pether. You don't undherstan' navigashin and the various branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to folly the ship when I get into her, 'an I'll show you the way home."

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain that, as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through "a power of hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep, "for in troth it's myself and sleep that is sthrayngers for some time," said Barny, "an' if your honor'll be plazed I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me until I'm wanted, for sure till you see the land there's no use for me in life, and throth I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four-and-twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight, and when he came on deck the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities and "calculated" he had never met anyone who could sleep "four-and-twenty hours on a stretch before."

"Oh, sir," said Barny, rubbing his eyes, which were still a little hazy, "whiniver *I* go to sleep *I pay attinshon to it.*"

Good luck attends this remarkable experiment. Barny sails into the Cove of Cork without accident, makes the Yankee skipper believe that he is the most skilful pilot on the station, and pockets a good fee for piloting the ship that showed him the way home. Moreover he makes a handsome profit on the sale of his mackerel, besides establishing forever his reputation as an accomplished and adventurous navigator.

Lover was cordially received in the literary society of London, and his pen and his brush were kept equally busy. He wrote many dramatic pieces, operettas, and opera texts for Balfe, for Madame Vestris and others, many of these productions having a great run. Failing eyesight obliged him, when he was nearly fifty years old, to abandon his easel for a while, and he prepared a literary and musical entertainment, consisting of an olio of his most popular songs and stories. His "Irish Evenings" were highly successful for a number of years, not only in England and Ireland, but also in the United States, where he spent a year and a half (1846-'48). He made a pleasant use of some of his American experiences in later "entertainments," but the purpose with which he set out, of making a book about us, was not fulfilled. He found that he could not tell the truth about the South without giving offence, and in the South he had been received with the warmest hospitality. "At Boston he gave several performances which were listened to most attentively, but in solemn silence. In other parts of New-England, the reserved frigid mood of his audiences was even more marked; and Lover, not prepared for this outward aspect of *seeming* indifference, was considerably put out, and felt, as he said, 'like an Arctic voyager who had drifted among icebergs.' Probably, however, in reality he was as much appreciated there as afterwards in the warmer and more demonstrative South." Lover was impressed, as all British travellers are, by the charms of American women, but he coupled with his praises a qualification which, to one who knows what the British beauty becomes when she has blossomed into her ample and rubicund maturity, is surprising indeed:

She was a perfect specimen of American beauty. With its prevailing slightness of form there was sufficient roundness to give it grace; her height was a little above the medium, whilst her erect carriage and even walk betokened her healthful and good proportion. Her face was not unworthy of her bearing. The finely-pencilled brow—the soft blue eye beaming under its long lashes with equal intelligence and kindness—the delicate outline of nose, gently dilating as she breathed, completed their attractions in a mouth which a painter or a sculptor would have acknowledged as a model. My admiration, however, I confess, was tempered with the thought of such beauty's evanescence. Nowhere, need I say, as in America, is female loveliness so transient. The blossom scarcely becomes a flower before it has reached the time to wither. Whether it is in the race or in the climate, the mode of living or want of exercise, the pitiless destiny of American beauty is a fact not to be disputed.

Of Lover's songs the best known probably is "The Angel's Whisper," but his Irish peasant songs, of which "Rory O'More" is a familiar example, are his chief and most enduring titles to fame. They show a purity, refinement and sensibility of which the Irish comic song before his time was almost entirely destitute. The actor in these vivacious little lyric dramas is droll, quick-sighted, warm-hearted, impudent without vulgarity. He has a half-conscious delight in his own absurdity. A flash of real wit accompanies every new twist of his thought, and the poetry of true feeling mingles indescribably with his nonsense.

His Irish peasant songs, with their love and humor, are indigenous to the soil, and Hibernian to the core, whether in their gayety or their tenderness. Racy, delightfully natural and thoroughly original, they struck out a path entirely new, and are unique in modern literature.

The characteristics of the Irish peasant, before Lover's time, were absurdly and falsely supposed by comic song-writers, as Lover himself tells us, to be chiefly "expletive oaths, 'whack fol de rois,' 'hurroos,' 'pigs,' praties, brogues, shillelahs, jewels and joys; while coarseness and vulgarity were the offensive substitutes for wit." On one occasion, Lover, who had hitherto only written sentimental songs, chanced to comment on the impostures of the current popular specimens to his bright country-woman, Lady Morgan, when she exclaimed: "Do you think you could do better?" "At all events, I'll try," he at once responded. The result was the song of "Rory O'More," which, set by him to a well-known lively and appropriate Irish air, immediately flew over the kingdom, crossed the ocean, and, like the Union Jack, made the circuit of the world, becoming a favorite in every city and village of Britain, America and the colonies. From the drawing-room it reached the street, and was sung, or listened to, by every man, woman or child, ground by every street-organ, and played by every military band. "On the occasion of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's coronation," we are told in *The Lyrics of Ireland*, "every band along the line of procession to Westminster Abbey played 'Rory O'More' during some part of the day, and, finally, it was the air the band of the Life Guards played as they escorted her Majesty into the park on her return to Buckingham Palace."

Lover was once visiting the warehouse of the Symingtons in Glasgow, with a party of gentlemen, when Peter Cunningham suddenly pushed him into a room where forty girls were at work, and told them that if they let the author of "Rory O'More" go without singing his song, it would be their own fault. Lover was obliged, blushing and covered with confusion, to comply with the young women's demand; and the whole scene was so ludicrous "that Blanchard Jerrold, when Lover concluded, dived headforemost into a heap of soft goods lying on the floor, and beat applause with his boot heels high in the air."

"I'm Not Myself At All" is a song in which an unhappy swain pleads his cause with the most original and unanswerable arguments:

"I'll be not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
Till you my own I call!
Since a change o'er me there came,
Sure you might change your name—
And 'twould just come to the same,
Molly dear,
'Twould just come to the same:
For, if you and I were one,
All confusion would be gone,
And 'twould simplify the matther intirely;
And 'twould save us so much bother,
When we'd both be one another—
So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly;
Oh, I'm not myself at all!"

In a different vein is the pretty song, "How to Ask and Have":

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry
At leisure repent."

"Then, suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry;
"For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say 'No.'"

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary," says I;
"If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
"A way now to save you, I see;
Since my parints are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me*."

"The Irish Mermaid," certainly a novelty in fable, is one of Lover's posthumous songs:

A Mermaid once, 'tis said,
Came near Irish cliffs to dwell,
And to her cave there often sped
A gallant, rolling ocean Swell.
He curl'd his head whene'er
He paid his visits there,
The affections to ensnare
Of this Irish diving belle.

One day this Swell was borne
To the Mermaid's shadowy cave,
With some trifles he had torn
From the wreck of a galleon brave.
"Here," said he, "I bring my fair
A comb and glass of beauty rare,
With which to trim her sea-green hair
As she floats upon the wave."

"Oh, be aisy, if you please,"
Said the Mermaid to him mild;
"Is it by presents such as these
That you think I'd be begniled?
Don't I know you've struck and wrecked
Some noble ship, and do you expect
That in her plunder I'll be decked,
You young thief of the waters wild?"

"By the honor of my crest,"
Half indignant he replied,
"A ship's my prey—and I hunt my best
When I would strip her for my bride.
But no more of these vexations—
I'll give up my depredations,
And in gentle undulations
Evermore with thee abide.

"Say you're mine, I'll lay my head,
With all those curls so many crave,
On your precious oyster-bed,
Which spreads beneath your ocean cave.
By-the-by, I hear they are numbered
As much as six shillings a hundred,
And-with such wealth we'll ne'er be sundered,
But spend in comfort all we have."

"Ah! get out of that," says she;
"Now I see your tricks too well.
What a fool you'd make of me,
My palavering ocean Swell!
You only want to plunder me,
And sell the bed from under me—
Get out now!"—and it's a wonder she
Escaped the rogue so well.

The differences between Moore and Lover are pointed out in a letter from the latter poet to Mr. Symington, and in the main the criticism conveyed by it is undoubtedly just:

I think there is more of the "touch of nature"—that quality to which Shakespeare attributes so much—in my writings than in his. I think also there is more *feeling*, and beyond all doubt I am much more *Irish*; so far I agree with you. Moore's songs are not "racy of the soil," though I think it is by his *Irish Melodies* (so called) that his name will live the longest. He sometimes sings therein of an Irish Saint or English Sinner ("the Saxon and *guilt*,") and these are almost the only forms in which his Irish feeling breaks out; but with the modes of expression and phases of thought and feeling of the people of Ireland he was unacquainted. He knew more about "the shady side of Pall Mall" than of the morning breeze that stirs the heather on the hills of Ireland or the nigatly blast that sweeps the Atlantic and often sings a death-song over the fisherman. The broadcloth and satin of English lords and ladies were more familiar to him than the frieze and flannel of his nation's peasantry. Yet, with all these drawbacks to the *Irish Melodies* (so called), what an exquisite collection of lyrics exists in that work! Moore was keenly alive to the *character* of a melody—hence, from those of his own land, which are so lovely, he selected judiciously the air suited to the spirit of his lay. Then, as the verses he wrote were meant to be *sung* (not merely read), with what consummate skill he has accommodated every word to be capable of the "linked sweetness long drawn out!"—In this respect I think Moore matchless.

"But as you justly say, 'the first canon of criticism to be observed is take the man, and be thankful for the good that is in his writings, rather than condemn him for what is wanting,'—and we must admit (I think) that Moore had a brilliant fancy—though here and there the brilliancy degenerates into glitter—great command of versification—a fine ear that let him with ease into musical cadence, a graceliuess of expression seldom equalled, and wit that could sparkle or wound as the case needed, and often got an additional edge from being whetted on that Irish pebble called *fun*, for Moore had a keen sense of the ridiculous.

The popularity of the songs was greatly enhanced by Lover's care to make them "singable." He understood the requirements of the vocalist, the difference between good "singing words" and good "reading words," the importance of open vowel sounds and the characteristics of particular rhythms. Out of his 263 published songs he composed the music—both air and accompaniment—for about 200, and he adapted most of the others to popular melodies. The partiality of friendship somewhat exaggerates the merit of his music, little of which—though it has the characteristically national flavor—is likely to live long; but, making all necessary allowances, the following remarks are worth citing:

As a musical composer Lover had the gift of melody largely developed. The airs which he composed for his songs were simple, symmetrical, and compact in structure, natural and expressive in phrase and sequence, and all of them tender, sweet, and singable.

These qualities were such as might be expected of one in whom the lyric faculty was bird-like—words and melody welling up together as the complement of each other. On one occasion he told his daughter that he never wrote a song in his life "except he couldn't help it," and he never attempted to pen the words but the air came simultaneously. The accompaniments, also, to his songs were ever effective and pleasing; and they possessed a very valuable quality, too often neglected—that of giving full support to the voice.

Lover's own voice was slight, but powerful in its effect, from being very sweetly modulated, clearly articulated, expressive, and true.

When singing in the social circle he could send deliciously charming phrases made up of humor and tender sentiment steeped in genuine feeling, and music-winged, directly home to the heart. Such passages excited universal sympathy, because they were the sincere emotional outcome of his own pure and refined nature.

We have heard him rendering many of his songs, and on one occasion, in his own house, as he sang "The Angel's Whisper" the tears were fast trickling down his cheeks. Genuine feeling, whether sad or glad, is ever the source of sympathy. Hence eminent foreign vocalists were wont to cluster admiringly round Lover as he sang, looking, if not saying to each other, "This is the real thing, after all!"

Mr. Symington has not preserved many of Lover's good sayings; but here is one: "A lady of great beauty and attraction, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, crowned her praises of it, at a party, by saying, 'I think I was meant for an Irishwoman.' 'Cross the channel, madame,' Lover replied, 'and millions will say you were meant for an Irishman.'" But there are charmingly droll and witty remarks on almost every page of his Irish tales. Barny O'Reirdon, for example, denouncing steamers as a disgrace to the sea, "turning good sailors into kitchen-maids, all as one," will not admit that navigation has gained anything by the greater speed of steam; "Pooh; sure Solomon, queen o' Sheba, said *there was time enough for all* things!" How comic, and yet how natural, is the manner in which Barny, having dropped an allusion to his rival navigator, Teddy O'Sullivan, turns off the captain's inquiry as to who Teddy O'Sullivan is: "Oh! he's a scut iv a chap that's not worth your axing for—he's not worth your honor's notice—a braggin' poor craythur. Oh, wait till I get home, and the devil a more bragging they'll hear out of his jaw." In Mr. Lover's notebook were found the following jottings: "The parish clerk of the Roman Catholic Chapel at Killarney addressed the congregation as follows: 'Let me have silence.' Then he put on his spectacles and read out—'Take notice, that on to-morrow second Mass will be first Mass, and there'll be no last Mass.'" A sign-board in the middle of a ford bore this warning: "Take Notice, that whenever this board is covered by the river, this ford is dangerous."

Lover's first wife having died during his absence in the United States, he married an English lady a few years afterward, and the evening of his life was, as he expressed it, "just like an Indian Summer." He resumed his brush; he learned, at the age of fifty-five, to paint in oils (which he had not attempted before); he continued his literary work; and for the last twelve years of his life he was in the enjoyment of a pension from the crown. He died at St. Helier's, in the Island of Jersey, in his seventy-second year. Religious themes are prominent in his later correspondence, and the last thing he wrote was an account of a dream in which he thought he saw the Good Shepherd surrounded by his sheep; and he drew from the vision an assurance that the prayers he had offered that night "had been heard and granted by his merciful and gracious God, and that he need not fear the Valley of the Shadow of Death." The letters of Mrs. Lover to Mr. Symington give a touching description of the piety and sweetness of temper in which the old poet passed his painful last illness.

---

Sabethia is a Kansas village with a cemetery. There is a sign painted on the fence opposite the cemetery reading, "To keep out of that place across the road, get your medicines at the corner drug store."

The other day a little four-year old shaver living with his parents on First-st., in this city, made one of those informal calls upon a newly-arrived neighbor, as some children are wont to do. He was graciously received by the lady of the house, who, after learning his name and place of residence, inquired: "What does your papa do?" "Don't do nothin'." responded young hopeful. "What does your mother do?" pursued the lady. "She licks me," was the suggestive reply.—[Troy Times.

# TRIBUTES TO MR. RIPLEY.

## HIS SERVICES TO LITERATURE.

*From The New-York Evangelist.*

In the literary reunions which took place in this city a few years since, there were three men who stood as the head of all who could claim a place in the goodly fellowship of scholars and writers, as preeminent alike in attainments and in reputation. Each had devoted his life to letters, and having lived even then to an advanced age, and a life of remarkable industry, had rendered great services to American literature. These were Bancroft, Bryant and Ripley. Of these Bancroft alone remains, having nearly finished his eightieth year, and is still engaged with the ardor of youth upon that History of his country which has been the work of his life. Bryant, older still, was borne to his grave three years since, honored and mourned by his countrymen; and now George Ripley, who since the death of Bryant has been easily the first of the literary men of this city, follows him. Mr. Ripley was the youngest of the three—having been born two years later than Bancroft (though curiously on the same day of the year), October 3, 1802; Bancroft, October 3, 1800. Both began life as Unitarian clergymen. They were life-long friends.

In the services rendered to literature we should rank Mr. Ripley as not inferior, either to Bancroft or Bryant. For though his productions did not so often take the form of books, though he was neither a poet nor a historian, yet in the vast range of his knowledge, which extended over the philosophy and the literature of Germany, as well as of England and of America, he had no superior, while his facilities for diffusing that knowledge far surpassed those of his great contemporaries. For more than thirty years he had been the literary editor of THE TRIBUNE, one of the foremost of American journals, through the columns of which whatever he wrote obtained an instant and almost universal circulation; while in later years he had toiled upon that great monument of learning, the American Cyclopædia, a work which takes its place in libraries, where it is constantly sought for reference, as an authority on matters of science and art and history and literature. Through this two fold channel he was able to turn the accumulated treasures of his mind to the greatest practical account, and give his vast learning the widest possible diffusion. Thus he became on a scale the most extensive an instructor of his generation.

It is as a literary critic that Mr. Ripley is best known to the community of authors whose books he had occasion to review. These criticisms had a value quite beyond ordinary newspaper notices, both from his ability and from the care which he gave to this work. Few men ever had more of what may be called literary conscientiousness. While his judgment was apt to be kindly, and he far preferred to praise rather than to censure or to criticise, yet his taste was so pure, his standard so high, that no personal regard could lead him to commend what his judgment told him was worthless. This strictness and severity of taste gave tenfold value to his sincere and hearty commendation.

But at this first moment, while the sense of loss is so fresh and keen, we think not so much of the critic, the reviewer, the man of encyclopædic learning, as of the personal friend. Ever since we came to this city—now more than a quarter of a century—we have had not only his acquaintance, but his warm friendship. The feeling we have had for him was such as we have had for few whom we have ever known, and we take our place today in the group of sincere mourners that follow his bier.

---

## NOT A NOISY REPUTATION.

*From The Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The death of George Ripley takes away from us another of those remarkable men who clustered around Horace Greeley and made THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE the great power it has been for the last quarter of a century. Distinguished more for the ripeness of his scholarly attainments than as a controversalist in the incessant conflicts of daily journalism, and preferring the tranquil pleasures of literature rather than the wearisome activities of politics, he was not ranked among the leaders of his profession, nor was his name known to the multitude. But among the intelligent and close reading constituency of THE TRIBUNE, in all parts of the Union, his productions as its literary head were widely read, and his judgments were accepted with confidence and veneration by the literary public. His range of knowledge was large, and his sagacity and acumen were unerring. The death of this venerable man will not make much of an impression on the public mind generally, but there will, nevertheless, be thousands all over the country whose mental training was nurtured in those pages to which he so long contributed, that cannot regard without a melancholy feeling his departure to join these useful and illustrious men with whom he so long was associated as a journalist.

---

## GARFIELD THE YOUTH.

*From The Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Dr. C. Henri Leonard, whose father was for many years a near neighbor of General Garfield, relates some interesting reminiscences of the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Of General Garfield's early life he has often heard his family speak, and the General has frequently narrated to him incidents of his boyhood career. On one occasion he told how it happened that he quit the business of canal boatman and struck out for a better position in life. He brought up soon after at the house of the grandfather of Dr. Leonard, one Worthy Taylor, a farmer of Aurora, Portage County, where he asked for employment.

Mr. Taylor said he had no employment for a boy, but young Garfield insisted that he was able to do a man's work. Mr. Taylor told him if he did he would give him a man's wages. He went to work in the hay field and was set to mowing with three men. He was given a swath next the leader, and those behind him, thinking to "bush" the boy and make him sick of his job, crowded him the best they were able, but he held his own without complaint and let none of them throw their swath upon him. This sort of racing was kept up all the forenoon, and the men seeing the boy's mettle steadied down to the work, and thereafter he kept evenly along with the rest. When the day's work was done he begged for a candle, and retiring to his room studied until far into the night. The next morning he was up bright and early and ready for the day's work with the rest.

He worked for Mr. Taylor throughout the season, and every day did an honest day's work and every night pored over his books long after the rest of the household were asleep. He had fully made up his mind to gain an education, and while others were indulging in idleness or recreation he was storing his mind with useful knowledge. Afterward he went to Hiram Institute, and there prepared himself to enter Williams' College, having been assisted financially to some extent by an elder brother. From the time he left the canal, with the high resolution to make something better than a boatman of himself, his career was upward. Dr. Leonard recalled an incident which had a marked influence upon Garfield's subsequent course in life. When he was at the institute a glib lecturer came along and advertised a lecture in which he proposed to show that the Mosaic account of the creation was absurd and unscientific. After he had finished his lecture he said if there was any person in the audience who wished to ask him any questions he would be pleased to answer them. Young Garfield, who had been deeply interested in the study of geology, propounded a few questions which proved rather troublesome to the lecturer to answer, and before they got through with it the audience found that a very interesting controversy was going on.

The result was that the next day the lecturer was challenged to a series of debates with Garfield upon the Bible and its relations to science. The challenge was accepted and the debate continued for a week. The result of it was that young Garfield showed himself so well equipped with arguments in support of the Bible and against materialism, such a keen and ready controversialist and such a fluent and convincing speaker, that he was urged to speak in the pulpits of the Christian or Campbellite churches in the vicinity. This he did with great success, and his fame as a preacher spread far and wide, and his services were in great demand.


## New Publications.

RECENT TRIBUNE PUBLICATIONS.

Tribune Index for 1879.....Price 50c.
Tribune Mining Digest.....Price $1.
Women's Exits.....Price 10c.
Capital and Labor. By Robert Collyer.....Price 10c.
Address, THE TRIBUNE, New-York.

## Instruction.

### For Young Ladies—City.

MISS JAUDON'S YOUNG LADIES' BOARDING and DAY SC