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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1835. WHOLE NO. 568.

TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

PEN CILLINGS BY THE WAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I was in company the other evening where Westmacott, the sculptor, was telling a story of himself and Leigh Hunt. They were together one day at Fiesole, when a butterfly, of an uncommon sable colour, alighted on Westmacott's forehead, and remained there several minutes. Hunt immediately cried out, "the spirit of some dear friend is departed," and as they entered the gate of Florence on their return, some one met them and informed them of the death of Byron, the news of which had that moment arrived. The authoress of "Speculation" was present when the story was narrating, and the next day she sent me the following beautiful versification of it.

They stood together on the haunted ground,
Rich with Boccacio's memory—'twas a day
When all was blue and beautiful around,
And sunlight fell in many a glorious ray,
On trees and streams; while insects, birds and bees
Awoke the air with nature's melodies.

They stood together—one a poet, full
Of noble fancy, and of glowing thought,
Whose soul responded to the beautiful,
Whose heart with tenderness and love was fraught—
Imagination's child! upon whose head
The wreath of mighty minstrelsy was shed!

They stood together—he, the son of song,
Beside another proudly gifted one,
Whose mighty art could skillfully prolong
The dreams of grace and beauty—who had known
Nature in her most glorious works; and wrought
Bright shapes engendered by his lofty thought.

Companions meet for such a scene and hour!
Each imagined his own beauty, as he stood
And mused upon the poetry and pow'r,
Which peopled every dell and hanging wood,
With gentle fancies—while the voice of fame
Linked the fair prospect with Boccacio's name.

They stood awhile in silence. In the crowd
Where man contends with man, words must have way;
Folly and falsehood will alike be loud,
And pleasure's torch flash back a double day;
But the world was not here--and it was bliss
To muse in silence mid a scene like this.

And then they spoke! words less of sound than soul,
Their mighty spirits grappling with high themes,
And fancies; which awhile beyond control,
Lit up all nature with their golden gleams;
While each from each in generous rapture caught
What one had poured in song, and one had wrought!

What was the world to them? its coil, and care,
And vanities, and vices?—They had made
A planet of their own, where all was fair,
And over which bright gleams of splendour play'd:
A foretaste of the halo which would be
Wreathed round their own high brows, immortality.

About them all was brightness; earth and sky
Bathed in a flood of glory; not a thing
But seemed replete with light; when lo! the eye
Of the rapt poet saw toward them wing
A butterfly—not in its beauty glad,
But nature's gaudiest insect sable clad.

Nearer it came, and yet again more near,
Until it rested on the sculptor's brow;
Folding its wings, unconscious of the fear
Of a more common reptile—and crouched low
And lingeringly upon its place of rest,
As though it held itself a welcome guest.

A wilding fire flashed from the poet's eye,
He tore the bonnet from his throbbing brow,
Then raised his glance to the far reaching sky,
And as he yielded to his fancy's flow,
Forth burst the instinctive feeling—"Yes, I see,"
He cried, "some dear and lost one visits me!

Some mighty spirit which was not of earth
Hath passed away to its own angel-sphere;
Some lofty one hath wearied of the dearth
Of light and loneliness it suffered here—
I recognise the warning, and the sign;
'Tis the soul's symbol—Psyche, it was thine!"

They turned away in silence to the spot
Where Florence rears her fair and queenly brow;
Man and man's vanities they heeded not,
A loftier feeling filled their bosoms now:
And soon the withering tale of grief was said—
Europe is one long wail—BYRON IS DEAD!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MY HONOURABLE FRIEND BOB.

It was at a public school that I first became acquainted with my friend Bob Burnaby; he was then a little round-faced, curly-pated boy about ten years of age; and I, being two years his senior, and there existing some intimacy between our parents, he was put under my especial protection. Bobby had been a spoiled child, (the only one possessed by Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby,) and until his tenth year the world had been to him a world of pies and tarts, of comfits and comforts; his *will* had been the regulator of the paternal mansion, and his *pleasure* the main object promoted by his mother.

All this ended (that is as far as the young gentleman's residence at Burnaby Hall was concerned) in those roots of all evil, idleness and ignorance: and some rash and glaring acts of insubordination having brought upon Bob's head the wrath of his father, (whose head, by the bye, was more in error than his son's,) the young reprobate had sudden notice to quit, and in spite of the threats, entreaties, and hysterics of Mrs. Burnaby, he was immediately borne off to the academic shades superintended by the Rev. Dr. Rearpepper.

I soon became very fond of Bob; we naturally feel attached to those who cling to us for support, and every thing was so new to him, poor fellow, that without me he was miserable. By day and by night he was my appendage; he sat on the same form, at the same desk, casting up his little sums, or writing his little exercises; and at night his little bed was close to mine, and he used to talk to me about his papa and mama, and the big dog Pompey, till he talked himself to sleep. At that very early age Bob had acquired a taste for extravagance; his money always burned a hole in his little breeches pocket, and when it was gone, many a shilling did he borrow of me, and more did he owe to Mrs. Puffy, the fat vender of pastry, whose residence was "down the street."

These premature extravagances, pretty as they certainly were, of course led to little difficulties; and perhaps the worst result likely to arise from early embarrassments is, the habit of fibbing, and making a mystery and a concealment of troubles, which nothing but candor could really remedy. And thus it was with Bob: had I not loved him and been a real friend, he would have forfeited my friendship a hundred times; so often did he borrow, and so often did he promise repayment, and so often did he forget to fulfil the promises he voluntarily made. But no! I wrong him, he did *not* forget; I always saw that he felt infinitely more annoyed than I did, when he stood before me a defaulter, and his flushed cheek and moistened eyes proved that he endured humiliation, and that at heart he was even then my *honourable friend*.

At sixteen I left Dr. Rearpepper's establishment, and many were the tears that poor Bob shed at my departure: he said nothing about the nine shillings and fourpence that he owed me, but when I said, "Bob, be sure you write to me," I suspect that he almost expected me to add, "and don't forget to enclose the money."

During my residence at Oxford we never met; at first our interchange of letters was frequent, and the style of our communications most affectionate, but gradually a change came over the spirit of our dream, and for a whole year I heard nothing of him. At length, by the coach came a splendidly bound copy of a work which he knew to be my favorite, and in the title page was written my name, and underneath the words, "from his affectionate and grateful friend, Bob."

"Yes," thought I, as I read the inscription "and thou art still my honorable friend."—Bob, after so long a period had elapsed, was naturally ashamed to send me the few shillings which he owed me; but he could not be happy till he had spent many pounds on a gift which was intended to repay me.—With the parcel I received a letter announcing his having entered the army, and adding that he was about to join his regiment, which was then on a foreign station. He entreated me not to suppose from his long silence that he had forgotten me; and in short there was so much warmth of heart in the whole letter, that Bob was reinstated in my good graces, and I wrote him a most affectionate reply, assuring him that whenever we met he would find me unaltered.

After quitting Oxford, I travelled on the continent for many months, and on my return to England I found my friend Bob at an hotel in Bond street; and in every sense of the word "a gay man about town."

Ours was more like the re-union of boys after a summer's vacation, than the meeting of men who had seen something of the world, we could talk only of the past, of frolic, and of fun; and while arm in arm we ranged the streets of the west end, we laughed almost as much, and were really nearly as thoughtless, as in the days when together we ranged the playground of old Rearpepper.

Whatever I may have been, Bob was indeed unchanged, and not alone in spirits and temper, for I soon found that his old habits had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He still retained his 'sweet toeth,' and daily did he lead me into Gunter's or Grange's, (nay often into both in turn,) and there I saw him indulge, as he used of old in the habitation of Mrs. Puffy; the only difference was that his dainties were somewhat more refined, and more expensive; for, alas! I soon saw that the old injunction, 'Put it down to my bill,' had by no means fallen into disuse. I also saw, with regret, that all other trades people were most impartially dealt with by Bob in the same way; and I saw him take possession of trinkets, coats, hats and boots, without considering it requisite to take his purse out of his pocket.

Now I knew that Bob would eventually, in all probability, be exceedingly well off, but I greatly doubted his having it then in his power to pay for one fourth of the valuable articles which I saw him so unceremoniously take possession of. I one day ventured to speak to him on the subject, and from his embarrassed manner, and the deepened colour in his cheek, I saw he felt the truth of what I said; but I soon found that with the old error, he still retained the old habit of fibbing to endeavor to conceal it; and the consequence was that we spent our evenings together with much more reserve than usual. The next morning I forgot all that had passed, for Bob ran to my bedside to inform me that he was ordered to India, and must leave London in a day or two; he showed me his letters, and it was evident that he must prepare for his immediate departure. We breakfasted together, and during the repast the waiter was continually presenting him with wafered notes, and it appeared that several persons had called very earnestly wishing to see him. I had my suspicions about these visitations, but said nothing.

Immediately after breakfast Bob took my arm, and requested me to walk with him; and after passing through several streets and squares in unusual silence, and with an appearance of agitation in his manner, he suddenly addressed me.

'There is no alternative,' said he, 'I must go.'

'You must, indeed, Bob,' I replied, 'unless you are *detained*.'

Detained!' said Bob, blushing, 'how do you mean?'

'Pardon me,' I answered, 'but really few young men could go on as you have lately done, and be prepared for a departure so sudden; now, my dear Bob, you know what my finances are; you know I have literally *nothing* to spare, but if knowing this, you think I can be of temporary use to you, command me.'

Bob grasped my arm, and his eyes watered, but he was ashamed to own the extent of his incumbrances: he therefore hastily answered—

'This is like yourself, my dear friend, and at the moment you may indeed serve me by putting your name to a bill.'

'Not of large amount, Bob, I trust.'

'No—yes—larger, I fear, than——'

'If it be a large sum, Bob, you know that if your draft is not honoured when it is due I shall go to prison instead of you.'

'Never,' said Bob, with a fervor and an evidence of deep feeling which I could not distrust.

'Well, then, what is the sum?' said I.

'First let me tell you some circumstances which press heavily on my heart,' said Bob; 'not here—come with me this way.'

And in solemn silence he led me to Park-lane.

'What can all this mean?' said I, at last.

'Hush!' said Bob, 'you see that house?'

And he pointed to a very handsome and well appointed mansion. Two footmen in splendid liveries were standing at the door, receiving cards from the window of a coroneted carriage.

'See the house?' I replied; 'to be sure I do; and what then?'

'That house is owned by one of the richest commoners in England.'

'I should think so,' I answered.

'He has an only daughter,' said Bob.

'Has he?' said I.

'His sole heiress,' added Bob.

And again I answered, 'What then?'

'I am ashamed of having concealed all this so long from so dear a friend,' murmured Bob.

'All what?'

'But the secret was not my own.'

'What secret?'

'That lovely girl!'

'Upon my word, Bob,' I cried, 'you put me out of all patience.'

'I have won that girl's affections.'

'The heiress?' said I.

'She loves me,' whispered Bob.

'My dear fellow,' I exclaimed, 'this is news indeed. You have no occasion for assistance from a poor fellow like me.'

'Oh!' said Bob, 'you have not heard all; she loves me—to madness loves me—poor dear girl! But rich as her father is, were he to suppose that I am involved, he would forbid the match.'

'A very sensible old man.'

'That may be, but there is another obstacle—my rank. Clara will not consent to marry any thing below a captain.'

I could not repress a laugh.

'It is a foible perhaps,' said Bob, rather piqued; 'but it is her only one, and I must humour it; but my promotion depends on my going to India, and——'

'Well, well,' said I, 'I understand all this; but tell me at once what you wish *me* to do for you?'

'To put your name to a draft for one hundred and ninety pounds,' faltered Bob.

'Mercy on me! what a sum!' said I; 'however, it must be done, and when the draft becomes due——'

'I will honourably pay it.'

'If not, to prison I go; and now let us return to our hotel.'

'One moment,' said Bob; 'I love to look at the house.'

'At the casket which contains the gem?' said I.

'Yes, and for your sake too I love to look at it. You see those three windows shaded with sky-blue silk curtains? Oh! such a little room that is! and that room I always mean to be your own *exclusively*, when I am master of the mansion. Such a room! the furniture so exquisite! and such a view of the park! But come, we'll talk all that over while we are at dinner.'

Before that meal was half finished, Bob seemed quite to have recovered his spirits; and I could not help suspecting, that as the prospect of an immediate separation did not seem to depress him, he loved the *lady* less than he loved her *gold*.

'I can't imagine, Bob,' said I, 'when you contrived to win your divinity; you and I have been for months almost inseparable, and——'

'Ask no questions,' said Bob; 'the secret is not my own.'

'Not entirely, certainly,' I replied; 'so I will not interrogate you farther. Is she to inherit that house in Park-lane from her father?'

'To be sure she is; and such a house as it is! and that room which I mean for you! you are fond of a hot bath?'

'Very.'

'There is a sky blue silk sofa in that room, and when you touch a spring, it flies up (I don't exactly know how,) and turns into the most delightful white marble bath?'

'How very nice!' said I.

'Yes, and so very complete! three cocks!'

'Three!' said I; 'two you mean.'

'No, no, three,' replied Bob; 'one for hot water——'

'Yes,' said I.

'And one for cold——'

'Well, that makes two,' said I.

'And one,' said Bob, for 'eau-de-Cologne.'

In the evening I put my name to Bob's draft, and the next morning we parted with mutual expressions of regret.

I missed him sadly, and it so happened that after he went, many untoward circumstances occurred, which having first materially lowered my resources, next effectually lowered my spirits, and I used to saunter through our old haunts looking like the ghost of his companion.

When he was gone I became acquainted with many circumstances connected with his expenditure which perfectly astounded me, and at the end of four months (exactly two months before it was to become due,) I had every reason to doubt whether the draft for one hundred and ninety pounds would ever be paid. I was conscious of my own utter inability to pay it; and I therefore existed for a week or two in a state of mental excitement not to be described. One day after breakfast I sallied forth more dolorous than usual, and after wandering about for sometime, I found myself in Park-lane, opposite the identical mansion inhabited by Bob's intended.

'Ah!' thought I, 'were Bob now in possession of that house, all would go well with us; his heart is in the right place, poor fellow, but, alas! before he puts me in possession of that sky-blue apartment, with the hot water, and the cold, and the eau-de-Cologne, I may be in prison, and my name disgraced.'

As I looked towards the balcony of the drawing room, I saw a female watering some geraniums; and suddenly turning her head towards me, she seemed to recognise my person, and gave me a familiar nod.

I soon discovered it was my old friend and near connection, Mrs. Simmons, and beckoning me to the window, she exclaimed, 'Oh! I'm delighted to see you—we only came to town yesterday—we are on a visit to Mr. Molesworth—pray come in, and I'll introduce you.'

I knocked at the hall door in a state of mind not to be described; the hall door of a house in which I (*by anticipation*) already possessed a room of my own, with sky-blue curtains, and a bath overflowing with eau-de-Cologne! I walked up stairs, and my friend Mrs. Simmons received me at the drawing room door, and introduced me to Mr. Molesworth (an old gentleman in a pair of gouty shoes) and his only daughter (a lovely fair haired girl of about eighteen.)

In this family I spent many happy days; and being, though unknown to her, so well acquainted with the secret of the young lady's heart, I became more intimate with her than I could have been with any one else without incurring the imputation of 'serious intentions.' In this instance, however, my knowledge of the fair heiress's engagements to another person made me feel perfectly at my ease; and we became the talk of all our acquaintances, without my being the least aware that we were engaged even in a little flirtation.

To my bitter astonishment, Mrs. Simmons came to me one day (it was the day before that on which Bob's draft was to become due,) and with a knowing look asked me why I was so out of spirits; I gave an evasive reply, for I did not choose to own the paltry pecuniary difficulty which was threatening to overpower me.

'Nonsense,' said Mrs. Simmons, 'go boldly and make your offer; your connections are unexceptionable, and whatever your present income may be, your prospects are excellent; besides she has enough for both.'

'And pray, I replied, 'what do you mean by *she*?'

'Miss Molesworth, to be sure,' said my friend, 'I am sure she is attached to you, and——'

'You know nothing about it,' said I, 'for I can tell *you* that——'

I hesitated, for I had no right to betray Bob's secret.

'Well,' said Mrs. Simmons, 'here she comes, and I will leave you together.'

With these words *exit* Mrs. Simmons at one door, and at the same moment *enters* Miss Molesworth at the other.

'What is the matter?' said the young lady, earnestly, 'you seem agitated! what has happened?'

'Are we alone?' said I, after a pause. 'It is better that I should be explicit.'

Miss Molesworth started, coloured, and cast down her eyes. Had I been a favoured lover on the point of making my avowal of attachment, she could not have been more embarrassed.

'Do not be alarmed,' said I, 'I am Bob's best friend; and I know your secret.'

'My secret!' cried Miss Molesworth.

'Yes, dear lady,' I answered, 'I am, as I told you before, the intimate friend of Bob.'

'Of Bob!' said she.

'Yes,' I answered, taking her hand, 'I'm Bob's old school fellow.'

'And pray, sir,' said she, withdrawing her hand, 'who is Bob?'

'Do not distress yourself,' I whispered, 'do not think it necessary to conceal any thing from me; before he left England, Bob told me all.'

'All what?' cried Miss Molesworth.

'Your mutual attachment—your engagement,' I replied.

Miss Molesworth started up, colouring crimson; at first she could not articulate, but at last she said—'I know not, sir, to what I am to attribute this conduct. I have been attached to no one— engaged to no one—I know not of whom it is you speak. I had considered you, sir, in the light of a friend; but now, sir, now——'

She could say no more, but sank on a chair beside me in a flood of tears. A mist at the moment fell from my eyes; at once I saw the full extent of Bob's unpardonable falsehood, and the distressing certainty flashed on my mind, that his draft would be dishonoured.

Mrs. Simmons entered at the moment, and found us both apparently plunged into the depths of despair. Miss Molesworth was in an instant weeping on her shoulder, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, without my knowing exactly how it happened, I found myself breathing forth vows of love to the young lady, and exulting in my discovery that her engagement to my friend Bob was a fable.

Miss Molesworth referred me to her father, but I read in her large blue eyes that she did *not* dislike me; I therefore retired to my bed that night full of love and hope, and dreamed of driving my wife in a chariot drawn by six dragons, over the mangled body of Bob Burnaby.

The next morning my first thought was of my approaching interview with Mr. Molesworth; but, alas! it was soon followed by my recollection of Bob's draft, and the too great probability that, before night, I should be in durance vile for the amount. My own resources were at the moment inadequate to meet the demand, and could I ask a rich man to let me marry his daughter, and expect that his first act would be to pay one hundred and ninety pounds to extricate me from a prison!

At length I made up my mind to walk to Bob's banker's, and at once ascertain the worst; I did so, and on my arrival I was astonished at being informed by a clerk, that "Mr. Burnaby had provided funds for the payment of his draft."

So far I had wronged my honorable friend; and I was therefore able to appear in Park-lane in excellent spirits. "The course" of my "true love" did, for a wonder, "run smooth," and all our preliminaries having been finally arranged, the Molesworths left town for the family seat in Wiltshire, and I remained to arrange some legal and other matters which would, in all probability, detain me for a couple of months. I was sitting in my own room, rather out of spirits, the morning after my true love's departure, when the door opened and in came Bob. He was so evidently delighted to see me again, that I could not help receiving him kindly. He spoke of the obligation I had conferred on him previous to his departure; and after frankly acknowledging the gratification I had felt at his punctuality, I said—"And now, Bob, that you have the rank of captain, nothing can interpose to prevent your marriage."

"My marriage!" said Bob, blushing all over.

"Yes," I replied, laughing *in my sleeve*, "your marriage with the heiress of Park-lane!"

"Oh!" cried Bob, starting from his chair and pressing my hand, "never—never, I entreat you, mention that subject again."

"Why so?" said I.

"It is all off," sighed Bob.

"Off!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Bob, "the traitress! but I cannot speak on the subject—never name it again."

I, of course, promised to obey him, and for some days we enjoyed ourselves very much in the old way. One morning he came to me in real distress, and told me that his tailor had threatened to arrest him for the amount of his bill; I offered to go and speak to the man, and endeavor to persuade him to give Bob time.

"If he will only give me a month," said Bob.

"Well," I replied, "I can but try him;" and away I went.

The tailor was inexorable; but he told me that if I would become responsible for the payment of the debt in a month, he would consent to wait; if not, he was determined to arrest Bob that day. I hesitated for a moment, and then recollecting his prompt payment of the hundred and ninety pounds, I made myself responsible for the amount of the bill, and then returned to congratulate my friend. When I had told him what I had done, he started up and exclaimed—"You do not mean it; you cannot have made yourself responsible for the amount of that fellow's bill?"

"I have, I assure you," said I.

"Then," said Bob, "you will have to pay it; I shall not have the money myself—I never asked you to incur the responsibility—I never expected it, and all I can say is, that you will have to pay."

"My dear Bob," said I, "it will not be in my power—I am peculiarly situated; at the end of a month I shall be most particularly engaged, and paying this will be out of the question."

Still Bob protested that he had never asked me to become responsible, and it ended in his leaving me in a very ill humor. My engagements with legal persons employed me for days together in the city, and I saw very little of Bob. When we did meet, my manner was cold and constrained, and it was not till within a day or two of the expiration of the month that I had time to think of the very inopportune and annoying responsibility which I had incurred. That very day I met Bob, and spoke to him very earnestly and seriously about the payment; but he sighed most deeply—told me how much he lamented my having engaged to make the payment, and pathetically bemoaned the emptiness of his own pockets. The next morning I called on the tailor, earnestly requesting him to renew the draft for a month, and was then told that my honorable friend had called that very day, and had placed in his hands the sum for which I was responsible.

I went instantly to call upon him, and he received me with laughter, in which I could not resist joining; but I must confess I laughed the more from the recollection that my hour of revenge was at hand.

About a fortnight afterwards (the family of my intended having arrived in town for the wedding, which was to take place the next morning at St. George's church, Hanover square,) Bob enquired "*what* it was that seemed to occupy me from morning till night, and *why* it was that we so seldom met?"

"My dear Bob," said I, "it has been a secret, but I will now hide no secrets from you; I am going to be married to-morrow."

"Married to-morrow!" cried Bob, "tell