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The intelligent countenance of Dr. Robert James Graves, Professor of the Institute of Medicine, adorns the February Number of our Tory Contemporary's Irish Portrait Gallery. A Memoir accompanies it, written in a spirit which must be highly flattering to the living original of so spirited an etching. "Gaspar the Pirate" is a clever continuation of a very startling tale, as unlike every-day life, even in the Indian seas, as possible. Besides articles, clever in their way, about the Corn-laws and the Repeal of the Union, there are some well-written reviews of "Stephens' American Travels," and the latest volumes of "Rambles in the Pyrenees." From the "Anthologia Germanica" we quote the following extract from Burges's ballad of the "Abduction of Lady Gertrude Von Hochburg"—a translation of which was never before attempted in the English language. The lady's father, a Baron of the Empire, had determined to bestow her hand upon a more powerful suitor than the Knight to whom she gave her heart. On the eve of her nuptials her lover carried her off, was pursued by her intended spouse, whom he killed in fair fight, but when ready to continue his flight with his fair charge, he found himself surrounded by her father's retainers, led on by the Baron in person. What followed will be best told by the poet:—

Alas, poor Gertrude ! Who can tell
Her agony of hope and fear,
As, like a knell, each full word fell
Upon her anxious ear ?
She cast herself in tears to earth,
She wrung her hands till blood gushed forth,—
She tried each fond entreaty
To move her sire to pity.

"O, father, for the love of Heaven,
Have mercy on your child ! Forgive,
Even as you look to be forgiven !

A guilty fugitive
I am not !—If I fled from one
Whom still I cannot chuse but shun
As ruffian-like and hateful,
Oh, call me not ungrateful !

"Think, think how in my childhood's days
You used to take me on your knee,
And sing me old romantic lays,
Which yet are dear to me !
You called me then your hope, your pride ;
Oh, father, cast not now aside
Those hallowed recollections !
Crush not your child's affections !"

Oh, mighty Nature !—how at last
Thou conquerest all of Adam's race !—
The Baron turned away and passed
One hand across his face—
He felt his eyes grow moist and dim,
And tears were such a shame in him,
Whose glory lay in steeling
His bosom against feeling !

But, all in vain !—a thousand spears
Pierce in each word his daughter speaks—
In vain !—the pent-up floods of years
Roll down the warrior's cheeks !
And now he raises up his child,
And kisses o'er and o'er her mild
Pale face of angel-meekness !
With all a father's weakness !

"My child ! I may have seemed severe—
Well, God forgive me—as I now
Forgive thee also freely here
All by-past faults !—And thou,
My son, come hither !"—And the knight
Obeyed, all wonder and delight—

"Since love bears no repressing,
Mayest have her,—with my blessing !

"Why carry to a vain excess
The enmities of Life's short span ?
Forgiveness and Forgetfulness
Are what Man owes to Man.
What, though thy sire was long my foe,
And wrought me Wrong,—since he lies low
Where lie the Best and Bravest,
Peace to him in his clay-vest !

"Come !—all shall soon be well once more—
For with our feuds, our cares will cease ;
And heaven has rich rewards in store
For those who cherish Peace.
Come, children !—this day ends our strife—
Clasp hands !—There !—May your path of life
Be henceforth strewn with roses !"
And here the ballad closes.