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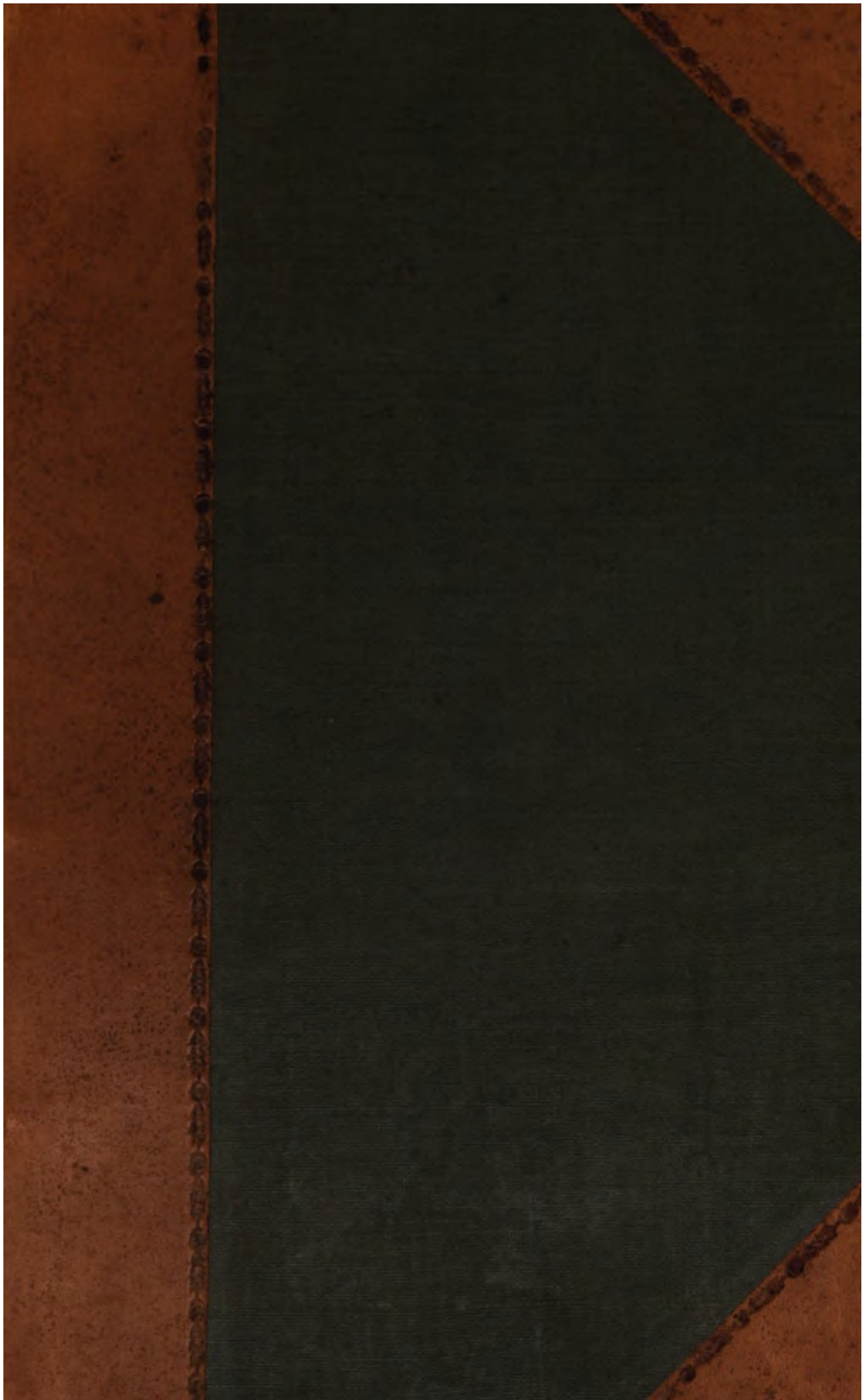
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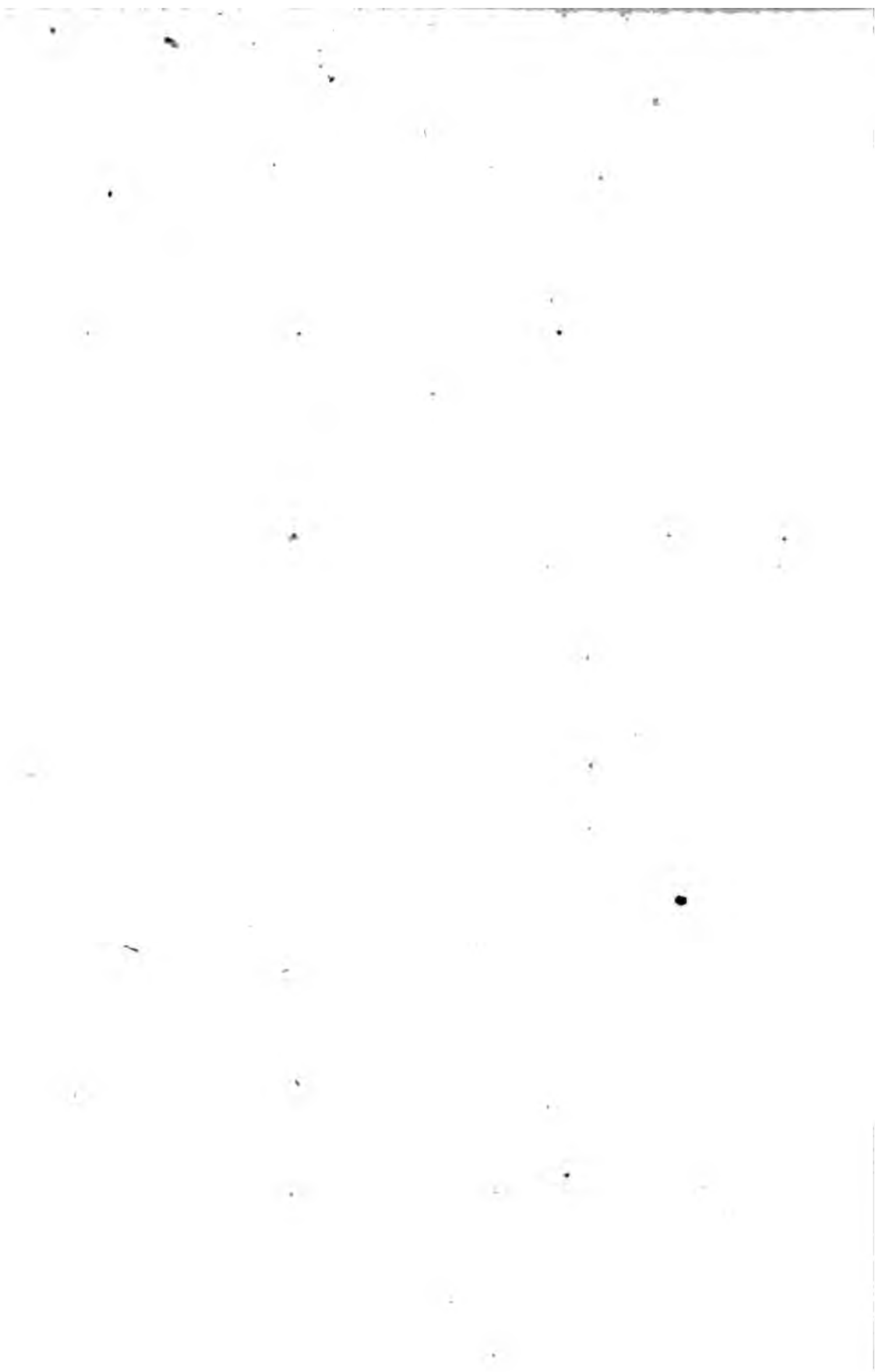


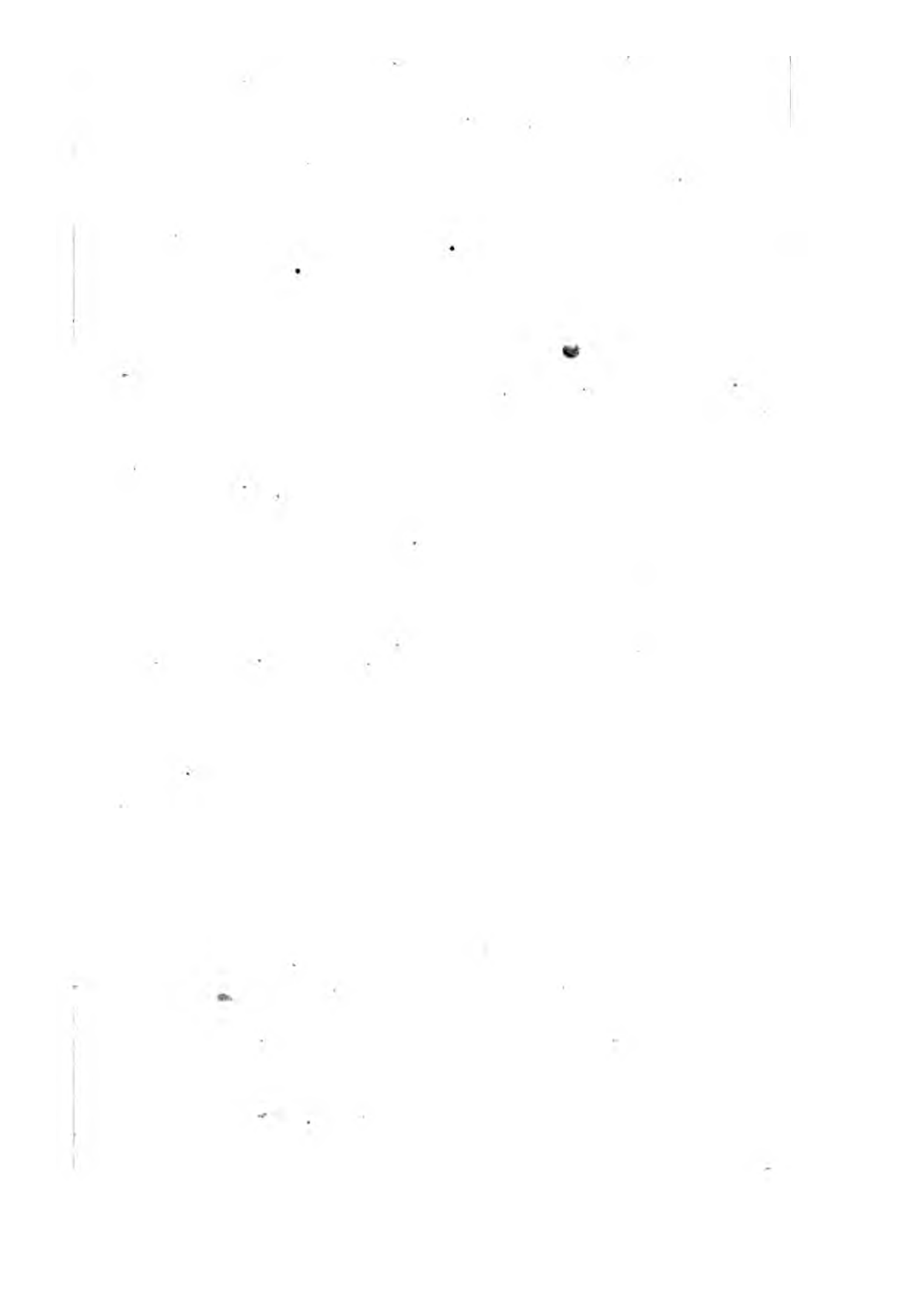
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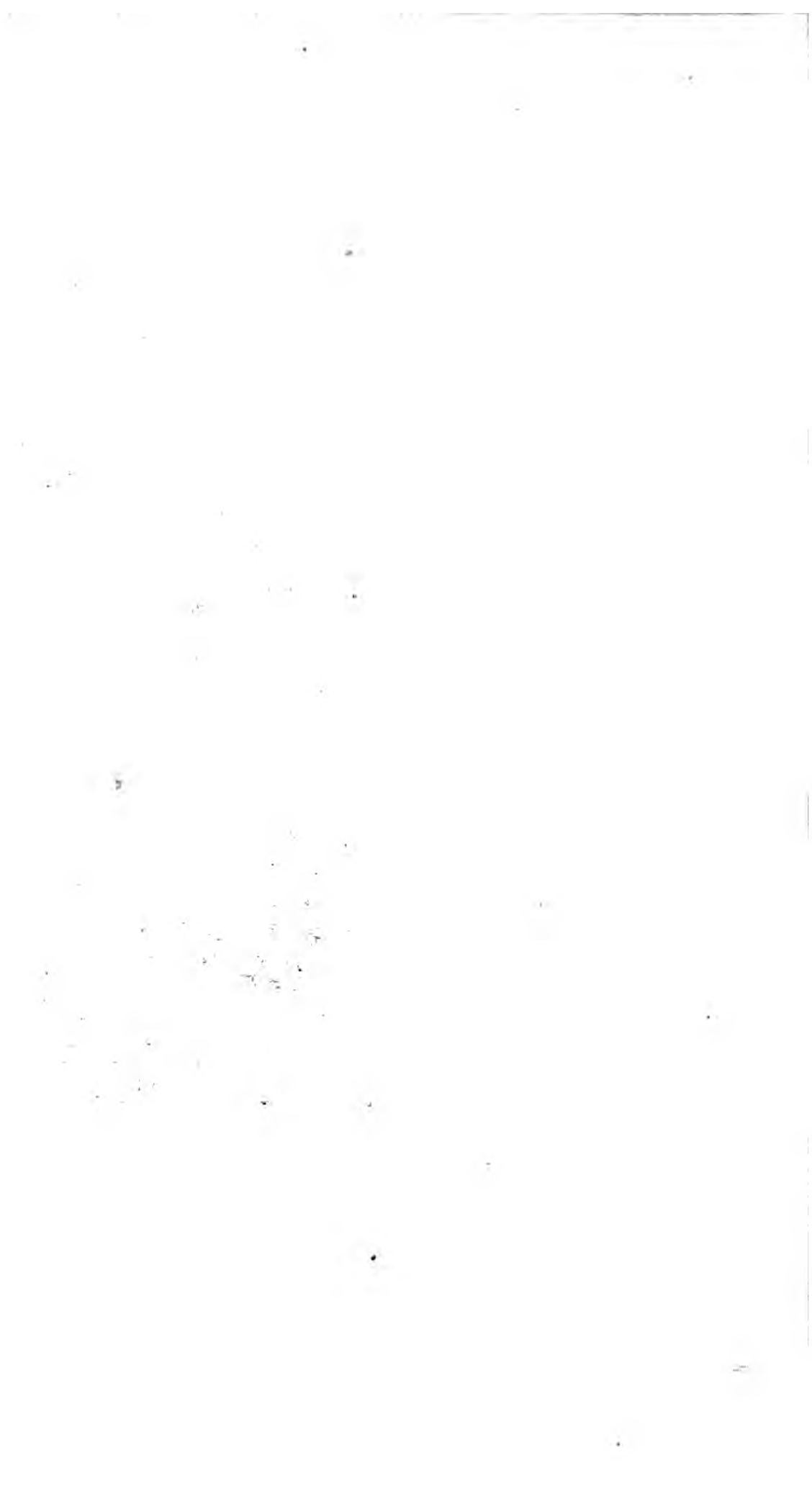


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1834











R. Westall, R. A.

Hollis.

THE MILK GIRL.

Joseph Roberts del.

THE
LADIES POCKET
Magazine.
1834. PART 1.

30



H. Vernet del.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

JOSEPH ROBINS.

Bride Court, Bridge Street.

LONDON.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE
COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON,

WHOSE ELEGANT PEN

IS THE BRIGHTEST GEM IN HER CORONET,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TRIBUTE TO THE GENIUS OF NOBILITY,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOSEPH ROBINS.

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THE LADIES' POCKET MAGAZINE.

THE ORIGIN OF PANTOMIME.



Harlequin. Pantaloon. Doctor. Policinella.



Scapin. Mezzetin. Pierrot. Scaramouch.

Italy, if it was not the birth-place of those pantomimes which have since delighted all countries and all ages, was unquestionably the place in which they were carried to the highest perfection. The natural disposition of the people leads them to that broad humour which is the principal character of pantomimes, and their extraordinary vivacity and facility at improvisation of all sorts is admirably adapted to this species of entertainment.

It appears that the pantomimes, as they now exist at carnivals and festivals, and in the entertainments of the populace in Italy, were, in their commencement, a sort of offset, from the chorus of the regular ancient drama.

Under Augustus, all public amusements, and particularly pantomimes, were encouraged for the purpose of diverting the minds of the people from reflecting on the tyranny in which they were held. The encomiums which are heaped upon the mimes, Pylades and Bathyllus, the first of whom excelled in the tragic, and the other in the comic style of acting, show that this art had been carried to a high point of perfection at this period. They enjoyed the favour of the emperor; established schools, which were soon filled with pupils. Their importance grew with their good fortune; and we have the testimony of Seneca, that nobles and privileged persons did not disdain to court their friendship. As it usually happens with such folks, their pride at length was their destruction; for to such a pitch of insolence did they arrive, that Augustus himself was forced to take part against them. Pylades was banished from Italy; and Hylas, a dancer, who had been his pupil, and had become his rival, was publicly scourged in the palace.

Of the characters of these ancient pantomimes nothing remains to the present day but the Harlequin. The dress, altered as it has been repeatedly, yet retains, even in the present degraded days for pantomimes, unquestionable marks of its origin. The faces were blackened with soot and grease; their shoes were flat, or else they were without shoes, a token of vulgarity at a time when the tragic and comic actors wore invariably the buskin or the sock. It is easy to recognize in this description some of the more remarkable features of the Harlequin as he now exists. The old one of Italy is exactly represented in the cut.

Other characters have been introduced at various periods, but all of them with a view of satirising the different States of Italy in the persons of the various actors who represented the inhabitants of those States.

Thus the Pantaloon was the representative of Venice, the wealth and pride of which State made it, at the period when the Pantaloon was brought on the stage (about the beginning of the thirteenth century), the envy of the other Italian powers. The name is a satire on the Venetians, who, in allusion to their foreign victories, called themselves the planters of the lion, their national standards being decorated with the lion of St. Mark. The dress was such as was usually worn by the citizens of that republic, who were most of them merchants, and consisted of a robe of eastern shape, which they kept on at home and in their counting-houses, and exchanged for a cloak, the dress of gentlemen, when they went abroad. The stockings and breeches, joined together, was a garb peculiar to Venice, and this retains to the present day the name of the pantomimic character. This part of the dress was originally scarlet; but, when Venice lost the sovereignty of Negropont, the whole population went into mourning, and the pantaloon remained black from that period. The Pantaloon was always represented as an old man, and generally a kind, well-disposed, but simple personage; often amorous, and always the dupe of his rival, his mistress, his son, or his servants.

The Doctor was another of the most important personages in the pantomime. In his person the Bolognese people were ridiculed. They are said to be great talkers; and, for this reason, the Doctor is an eternal chatterer. He was generally made to look like a fat man. His dress, a caricature on that of medical practitioners of his day, consisted of a large broad-leafed hat, a long black cloak, with the sleeves hanging loose, and a pouch filled with vials and the tools of his trade. The comic effect of his character was produced by the impositions, of which he was made either the object or the instrument, by the contrivance of Scapin, who will be hereafter described, or of Harlequin, when Harlequin had, in process of time, grown to be witty and mischievous. Another means of exciting the laughter of the audience was

by the misplaced and incorrect quotations of learned authors, with which the Doctor seasoned his discourse.

Policinella is a thief, a liar, a coward, a braggart, and a debauchee; and although most of his exploits bear on some of those characters, the whim with which he contrives to get through them has always been a source of delight even to the people who are the objects of this satire. A modern author (M. Viessieux) says "he delights in licentious double entendre, gross jokes, and dirty tricks; there is not a single good quality in him; his cunning is always very low, and he is invariably outwitted when he meets with a person of any sense; so that in the end he is generally discovered, whipped, imprisoned, or hanged. Such is the celebrated Policinella!" Such he is now, and such he has always been.

The introduction of the pantomimes of Italy to France effected an improvement and alteration in them of which it might have been doubted whether they were susceptible. They were reduced to the form of more regular dramas; the greater part of the actors were accomplished persons in their art; and the encouragement which Mary di Medici and the Cardinal Mazarin gave to them made them for more than a century the most popular entertainments of Paris.

Scapin was a most useful personage in the drama, and resembled very much the servants and slaves in Terrence. Intriguing, roguish by nature, and always ready to lend his aid to young libertines and spendthrifts, his most common employment was to cheat fathers and guardians. He was dressed in a sort of livery, with a short cloak, a cap, which he commonly carried in his hand, and a dagger.

Mezzetin was a character quite unknown to the pantomimes until the year 1680. He was dressed in a cloak of striped silk, a little vest of the same, breeches and stockings of different colours, a little hat, and a large collar about the neck. The character is something like Scapin, but a little more exalted; and sometimes, by way of variety, is represented as a sort of adventurer, a servant turned gentleman, or a supposed foreign noble. Even at the present day the theatres of the Boulevards present very nearly the same features as those of the Fairs in their best days.

Among the characters in the pantomime, which are wholly of French invention, was the celebrated Pierrot. He was

represented as an imbecile and a silly fellow, who was always the butt of the jokes and rogueries of Harlequin and all other knaves. He was dressed in white, with a broad white hat, a falling collar, immense buttons, and large sleeves, the cuffs of which fell down when he attempted any violent exertion, and gave a ridiculous and helpless expression to his whole figure. In the Pierrots of our degenerate times this circumstance is made the most remarkable, and the character is nothing more than an unmeaning figure with long sleeves.

The Scaramouche, which is the only character remaining undescribed, is of Neapolitan origin. When the Spaniards first set up their domination in Naples, the vanquished, who could find room for mirth in their deepest woe and degradation, set themselves to work to ridicule the pompous bombast of their conquerors. They consequently introduced to the pantomimes a character of a bully and braggart, who talked impossible things, and was eventually beaten into a sense of his real cowardice. He wore a very long sword, and used to frighten all the people in the piece with his threatenings. He was called Scaramouche, or Capitan Spavento. The part remained thus for some time, but has since undergone several changes.

SELF DEVOTION.

Francis the First at the beginning of his reign, returning from Italy, chose to pass through Provence, and the keys of the first town he entered were presented to him, on a golden dish, by the daughter of one of the principal inhabitants, the handsomest girl in the place. The king gazed upon her for some time, with looks so expressive and so full of royal omnipotence, that, in great confusion, she immediately retired, and resolved to take shelter in a monastery; but reflecting that the king, if he pleased, could pursue her thither, she lighted some sulphur, and inclined her head over the smoke long enough to spoil her complexion.

SECRECY.

Too much and too little secrecy, with respect to our affairs, are equally the marks of a weak mind.

LINES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. ANN ROLFE.

AUTHOR OF "THE WILL, OR TWENTY-ONE YEARS."

Eleven o'clock.

Come, my friends, there's an hour left us yet to be gay
 Ere the new year comes, and the old flees away ;
 The winds whistle round my small cottage I know,
 But the banquet is waiting, so e'en let them blow ;
 While music, and song too, though none of the best,
 Shall chase away care from the sensitive breast.

Alas ! e'er I'd said half my tongue had to say,
 The clock has struck twelve, and the hour's past away ;
 Reflection intrudes,—what a bleak world is this,
 Though some dance and sing as if nought were amiss ;
 While many look back midst despondency's gloom,
 And weep for those friends that are laid in the tomb.

Ah sweet, art thou come crowned with myrtle and flow'rs,
 More lovely by far than our eglantine bow'rs ?
 Right welcome art thou to the land of the tars,
 Whether born in the ocean, or formed in the stars,
 It matters not truly, thou laughing new year,
 For love is still living to welcome thee here.

How fair is thy cheek,—and how sweet is thy smile,—
 As sweet as the ladies that live in our isle ;
 As beautiful too, as attractive and bright,
 Thou seem'st like a God—or an angel of light ;
 Thy presence divine surely brings no alloy,
 And we hail thee indeed as the herald of joy.

Sweet child of our hopes,—so thou art, could thy brow
 Retain all its beauty, and promise as now :
 Could the odour that chastly ascends from thy breath,
 Purify and keep off the infection of death ;
 Or bring back the circle of lov'd ones, all fled
 From our view, like a dream, to the vaults of the dead.

Oh no, like the world thou art mortal, though fair,
Thou art subject to change like the things of the air ;
Thou art born midst the storms of the land and the sea,
And the scythe of old Time will prove fatal to thee ;
As flashes the meteor that gleams in the skies,
So thy glories will vanish, and flee from our eyes.

Say, why dost thou visit this desolate world,
So soon from the anchor of hope to be hurled ?
As hope in that bosom must quickly expire,
That feels not the warmth of celestial desire ;
And thou wert not formed for a happier shore,
But will bloom for awhile, then be heard of no more.

And though thou art charming, and bringest good cheer,
Though the blessings of plenty shall mark thy career ;
Though thy songs be as sweet as the strains of the dove,
And the lutes of the virgins shall learn thee to love ;
Though the earth, and the sky, and the waters combine,
To make thee appear like a spirit divine,

The fates have decreed that thy brief life shall close,
And the spot where thy manes will for ever repose,
Will ne'er be examined by angels or men,
Thy sun will be set, it can ne'er rise again ;
It can ne'er rise again, as oblivion can tell,
And heaven will bid thee a lasting farewell.

But man though declining in beauty and years,
Though a martyr to weakness, to age, and to fears ;
Though the friends of his childhood are dropping away,
And the groves round his cottage are gone to decay ;
Though all things to him wear a changeable face,
And he sinks in the dark tomb, the last of his race ;

Yet, yet shall his body, though withered and curst,
More gloriously beautified, spring from the dust ;
His spirit, immortal, its fetters shall sever,
And live in the land of the righteous for ever ;
While the woes, unpropitious, that tortured his mind,
And the pains of the earthly will flee far behind.

Then let not the humble, the virtuous, the brave,
Shrink, alarmed from the perils that lead to the grave :
The atheist truly may tremble and sigh,
And the proud stand aghast when they're summon'd to die,
But ye children of truth, have no fear of the sod,
While it shuts you not out from the glory of God.

THE FEMALES OF SEVILLE.

They are remarkably animated and interesting. They have a good deal of Arabic fire in their eyes. They mostly walk in the Almeida in full dress,—that is to say, with their hair carefully curled, their arms bare ; the veil being thrown over the head and shoulders, but not concealing the face. Their chief attractions, however, consist in fine forms and a lively expression of countenance, which, perhaps, are more fascinating than regular beauty. The Moorish color is not absent from their cheeks, though some are to be met with whose faces are as fresh as those of a lovely English woman. They have an oriental fondness for gay colors, which they display chiefly in the selection of their neckerchiefs. The gown which they wear is of black silk, handsomely flounced, and not gravely long enough to hide the snow white silk stocking beneath. The young women take peculiar pains in dressing their feet. They generally wear a very low shoe of pink and white satin on gala days, with a large bow of white ribbons : the silk stocking is also white and of open work, and the contrast which the white stocking forms with the black gown sets off a neatly-turned instep and ankle to great advantage. It is here all the pride of the belle is seen, and her downward looks frequently indicate her complacency in the dangerous snares she has set in that quarter. The mantilla is as common here as in other parts of Spain, but generally of a finer fabric, and more abundantly decorated with lace. The middle orders, from ten to sixty, wear natural flowers in their hair. Matrons, whose heads already bear the blossoms of the grave, do not scruple to cover them with roses—thus asserting that even for declining age the all-reviving spring does not return in vain.

ELIZABETH MELVILLE;

OR, THE BRIDAL OF DEATH.

It was in the evening of a very beautiful summer day that two young persons wandered together by the banks of the river Evan, a few miles above its junction with the Clyde. They had often met there before, but never on any occasion so interesting as the present. It was to undergo the pangs of a separation, certainly for a long period, and not improbably for ever. The countenances of both lovers (for such they were) wore the hue of an expressive sorrow, but there was likewise a deeper melancholy than even such a leave-taking could produce. There was something beyond the mere pain of parting for a season; something which did not spring solely from that sudden occasion, but was deeply and sadly rooted in the heart. It was plain that they loved, but that some evil influence hung over their heads, which threatened to blight their affections, and place wider bars between them than any distance, however great. To part with those in whom our feelings are centred is melancholy, even when the voice of hope whispers that we may yet see them under happier circumstances; but when the future is dark and inauspicious, and there is no prospect of ever seeing each other face to face, human imagination cannot depict a state of mind more fearfully withered and desolate.

Such was the case with the two lovers: they had met to take what they might well consider their final farewell. Before they thought of parting, the sun had long gone down, and the moon lighted up with a flood of glory that beautiful strath through which the Evan, sheltered with bowers of overhanging elm and alder, was now rippling along. Time had never passed so rapidly over them, and the three hours they had been together seemed but as many minutes.

"Eliza," said the young man, "we part, and we may never meet again. The broad Atlantic must soon roll between us. I have now only one request to make, and it is this: Wear the ring I present you with for my sake. When you look upon it, think you are my affianced bride. Oh! Eliza, when you look upon it, *think on me*; and if ever the

messenger of misfortune tells you I am no more, wear it as the token of one who loved you better than life."

"No, William," said she, returning him the ring, which he had put upon her finger, "keep that pledge till another time. The day may yet come when you will be able to bestow it under happier auspices—when our countenances shall shine with smiles instead of being darkened by sorrow, and when you may call me something else than you affianced bride. Keep it till my father's anger is washed away, when our bridal may be solemnized with his free consent. Keep it till then; for that happy day shall assuredly arrive, if we are blessed with life. Then, William, present the token to me and claim my promise. As sure as the eye of Eternity is upon us, it shall be fulfilled. Beneath the rocks that gird this mysterious solitude—beneath that moon which lightens up so beautifully the glen of Evan—in the presence of whatever unseen forms behold us and hear us, I pledge my vow, and it shall be fulfilled!"

No limit can be placed on the language of love; and perhaps on the present occasion the young couple indulged in it to a degree of extravagance. With them, however, it was sincere, and came from hearts overflowing with the tide of affection. Love is the poetry of human life. When it springs forth in native purity, it diffuses itself over the mind like sunshine over the face of nature, and clothes the most naked and barren thoughts with impassioned beauty. It is the music of existence, and has its gay and its melancholy tones. When it comes across the soul, all the other faculties thrill under its influence, as the rocks and mountains quivered to the harp of Orpheus; and its saddest and most subduing spirit had fallen on the two lovers when they bade each other adieu. One speechless embrace, in which their souls seemed dissolving into one, and they tore themselves asunder. He followed her with his eyes as she wound her way among the trees which led from the stream to her father's house. He thought he could hear sobs as from a broken heart. He knew they must come from her; and when he reflected that they were uttered on his account, he thought his spirit would have sunk within him.

Nor was Elizabeth Melville unworthy of such affection, for besides being one of the prettiest girls in the middle ward

of Lanarkshire, she possessed a sweetness of disposition which made her universally beloved. But it was not her lot to experience the soft blandishment of maternal kindness. She lost her mother in childhood, and was left to the care of her other parent, who, save his affection for her, had no redeeming quality: he was morose, and sullen to an incredible degree. He inherited considerable property, but this circumstance, which is generally sure to attract society to the possessor, however depraved his character, was unavailing with him. His house stood among its little grove of elm, a lonely monument of desertion, and he walked forth and returned, apparently as widowed of friends as he was of his consort. So withering was his glance, so repulsive his manner, that no one would solicit his acquaintanceship, and long before he had passed into the vale of years, he found himself in some measure a stranger in the world. This circumstance, however, far from inducing him to shake off his moroseness, only rendered it the more vehement: far from inspiring him with the love of society, it only made him shun it the more. Had he been childless and alone, it would perhaps have been impossible for any human being to be more completely unhappy, but his beautiful daughter inhabited the same mansion, and amply repaid him for every other pleasure which the world denied. He was sullen and harsh to others, but comparatively gentle to her. He was naturally sordid, but to his child he became in some measure generous, and money, although the ruling passion of his soul, was willingly sacrificed at this fair altar of paternal idolatry. He had her taught every accomplishment befitting her genius and rank in life; among other things music, of which he was passionately fond—and with this she would compose him in the winter evenings, as David with his harp lulled to calm the perturbed spirits of the King of Israel.

About the fifteenth year of Elizabeth's age, a change took place, and his mansion no longer wore the deserted aspect that had hitherto characterised it. The fame of Miss Melville's beauty spread far and wide; and the circumstance of her total retirement in so lonely a quarter, and with so singular a companion, gave those reports a kind of romantic interest. By degrees his acquaintance began to be courted by the young gentry around; his house to be visited by those

who before had seldom or never crossed its threshold, and even those who were a little disposed to stoop to his caprice, became wonderfully accommodating. The unction of flattery being skilfully applied, he smoothed over his ruggedness as much as his unhappy nature would admit, and so far got the better of his former manner, that every one began to think him a much better man than he had ever appeared to be.

His daughter at this time was a lovely girl. Notwithstanding the seclusion of her life, she was none of the demure sentimental damsels so often met with, but a brisk rompish creature, full of mirthful enjoyment. The life she led had a perpetual tendency to repress the exuberance of her animal spirits; but in spite of every trammel they were perpetually bursting forth, and even drawing smiles from the severe countenance of her father. When seclusion could not restrain this delightful flow of heart, it is needless to say that the freer intercourse with society which she now enjoyed operated directly in its favour, and rendered it more brilliantly fascinating. The spirit of happiness seemed to beam in her countenance, and two dark brown eyes, shining beneath full-arched and graceful eyebrows, sparkled with life and intelligence. Her brow was open and lofty; her hair, of the deepest black, hung in graceful ringlets over her temples, and her complexion possessed much of the warmth and Italian hue which glows in the pictures of Titian. She was not tall, but of that middle size which, after all, is perhaps the most attractive in woman. Then her shape, it was, proportion itself; and when she laughed, two rows of beautiful pearl were revealed beneath the shelter of lips of the most melting and seductive richness. Every one who knew her thought it miraculous that she should be the child of such a father. But though her temper was brisk and airy, she had at the same time a depth of character which no one could imagine her to possess. When in any situation which called it forth, she exhibited the workings of a profound feeling, and could throw off the manners of a fanciful girl to assume those of an intelligent woman. None ever wept more sincerely at a tale of distress than she; none ever went more frequently to the relief of poverty and distress, or had their names more affectionately sustained on the wings of gratitude. In the language of our divine Shakspeare, "she had

an eye for pity, and a hand open as day for heaven-born charity."

No wonder that her father's house began to be more crowded than usual, with such an attraction within it: no wonder that his visitors were contented to humour him, to laugh at his witless jokes, and put up with his peculiarities of temper. His stories might be good enough in their way, but while his new friends seemed to listen to them with all possible deference, their eyes were turned another way, and their hearts responded to other strings. He was surrounded not with his own friends, but with the lovers of his daughter.

But of all the suitors of Elizabeth, there was one alone on whom her affections became unalterably fixed, and this was William Leslie. He was indeed a noble character—not that he was merely handsome in his appearance and of elegant manners, but he had a frankness, and at the same time a modesty of deportment, which brightened his other qualifications, and constituted him, in the strictest sense of the word, a gentleman. He was about four years older than Miss Melville, and regarded her with a love which, to the exclusion of all the other competitors, she as fondly returned. Elizabeth felt all the rapture of a first affection, and had the disposition of her father been different, her happiness would have been complete. But her lover's circumstances, though on the whole easy, were far inferior to several of his rivals. Such an event she knew would weigh strongly with Mr. Melville, and felt a conviction, that his immediate resentment would follow any supposed intimacy between her and the only man she ever loved. This, however, could not root out the passion which had taken ground in her heart, nor quench the Promethian fire which burned there. By a secret sympathy she felt that her happiness was centered in Leslie—and every obstacle that was thrown in their way, but rivetted them more strongly together.

When a woman is deeply in love, what will she not do to gain her object? Elizabeth's heart was naturally open, and never till now did she stoop to any thing like disingenuousness. She found herself compelled to practise a justifiable deception on her father, by treating William with an affected coldness, and bestowing all her smiles upon her wealthier, and consequently with him, more favoured admirers. But

love cannot be concealed. The sigh which stole from her bosom—the flush that suffused her cheek—the swimming softness of her eyes, as they glided almost unconsciously on William—the confusion and eloquent silence which prevailed, spoke volumes. By such tokens Mr. Melville discovered his daughter's feelings; and his sullen temper, like a volcano which had long been at rest, broke forth with redoubled fury. He forbade Leslie his house, and threatened Elizabeth with his perpetual displeasure if she ever saw him more. The command went like lightning to her heart; it was the first time she had ever felt calamity. The fabric of bliss she had so fondly reared fell in an instant to the ground; her visions of happiness floated away like a summer cloud, and she found herself overwhelmed with unutterable despair.

This was a sad blow to the fond-hearted girl, but perhaps it might have been borne, had not another event shortly after occurred to complete her misfortunes. This was the unavoidable departure of William for Jamaica, to look after his affairs, which had been unfortunately impaired in that island. While he remained at home, hope had not entirely forsaken her. She conceived, although she knew not upon what grounds, that they might yet be brought together; and at any rate, enjoyed the satisfaction of thinking that she still inhabited the same country, and was never far away from her lover. But this last event gave the finishing stroke to all her prospects; and from that moment when they bade adieu on the banks of the Evan, happiness departed from her bosom. She had wrought up her mind to a pitch of unusual firmness at this meeting, and she had gone through with apparent energy. When, however, the extraordinary excitement had worn away, and the mind subsided into its usual channel, it became unable to sustain the slow and sure workings of the settled grief which followed. The poison of care was strewed over her spirit, and destroyed it utterly. Nor was there any quarter to which she could fly for consolation. Hope, the star to which the wretched ever turn, shed no ray upon her.

When the waters of life are withdrawn, the flower soon perishes, and the body does not long survive the ravages of a broken heart. So it was with Elizabeth; she had drained the bitter cup of affliction, and its baneful influence was

soon manifest. The bright sparkling of her eyes disappeared ; they became dim, heavy, and anxious. Her complexion faded into a pallid hue, and her cheeks became wan and sunken. The symmetry of her form, and that exquisite proportion which delighted all eyes, began to be lost. Instead of the firm, yet brisk and airy step which attended all her movements, she trembled at every pace, and degenerated into a mere shadow of what she had been. Cough, the heavy eye, the hectic flush, and the blanched lip, succeeded in their turns. In a very short period of time the once beautiful Elizabeth Melville showed all the appalling signs of a fatal consumption.

Her bodily malady was visible to all : her father alone knew the cause, and felt remorse for his harshness. His repentance was too late : destruction had done its worst. He longed with intense anxiety for the return of Leslie to arrest its progress. He did at length arrive, after an absence of twelve months, but his approach could not snatch his mistress from the grave which was opening to receive her.

When Elizabeth was warned of this event, she fainted away. Then a flush rose upon her pale countenance like a beam in the valley of death—a smile crossed her lips, and her heart palpitated with a transient rapture. For a moment she was happy ; but when she contemplated her emaciated form—the ravages which illness had made there, and the short path that lay between her and Eternity, her happiness as speedily departed. But what were William's feelings on beholding this sad spectacle ! In the pride of youthful beauty, an angel of loveliness he had left her, but he found her a shadow disrobed of all her charms, save that immortal beauty inspired by religion and love, over which disease has no command. His heart was blasted at the sight ; his eyes swam with a sudden giddiness. He fell insensibly at her feet, and dreamed that what he beheld was only a vision : but he awoke to find it a sad reality. Elizabeth stretched forth her hand to him.

“ Do not weep for me, William ; I shall leave you only for a season. I am going to a country where the bride shall not mourn the absence of the bridegroom, nor the bridegroom

the departure of the bride. Farewell, dearest, best-beloved! Think often on Elizabeth Melville when she is away, Think how she lived and died for you; but mourn her not, for she is happy."

The unfortunate young man could only sob in a burst of agony: he seemed more overcome with emotion than his dying mistress. He pressed her slender hand to his lips, and bedewed it with tears. At last, the irrepressible tide of affection found vent in words. "Eliza," said he, "you remember the banks of the Evan, where you vowed to be mine, and where you told me that this ring was to be the token which should make us one. I now claim your promise, and before we are separated on earth, let it be fulfilled at the hands of the man of God." As she looked at the ring, her eyes sparkled with unusual vivacity; but when she remembered the time, the place, and the occasion at which it was first offered her, she wept bitterly. William placed it on her finger, kissed her, and said, "You are mine—mine for ever." But as she turned down her hand, the ring fell off; the emaciated finger could not fill up its small circle. Elizabeth observed this, and shook her head; William remarked it also, and called to his recollection how lovely and full of health she was a year before—how frail now and worn out, when the ring which then fitted well dropped from her finger.

The friends of both tried to dissuade them from the melancholy union which they contemplated, but their minds were made up, and they were married by the parish minister. It was a sad sight to witness the pale consumptive form of Elizabeth robed in the bridal garments; but whoever looked on the pensive melancholy of that still lovely face, could see an expression more than earthly, and a spirit of hope and virtue that aspired beyond the tomb. An evanescent flush came across her countenance as she joined hands with her lover; it was the last she ever wore. She died eight days after the marriage—nor did William Leslie long survive her; for under a cloud of the deepest sorrow, he went out again to the West Indies, and fell a victim to the yellow fever, three weeks after his arrival.



TO A LADY ABOUT TO SIT FOR HER
PORTRAIT.

BY J. H. MIFFLIN.

Oh! do not mock the pencil's power,
Nor bid the artist feebly trace
An image of ethereal grace,
A shade of thy celestial face,
Still varying—lovelier every hour!

Deep in the holy haunted cell
Of poet's thought, and painter's mind;
Beings that leave the day behind,
From vulgar gaze for ever shrined,
In soft mysterious twilight dwell.

Their beauties language fails to catch!
Their forms that float like clouds in heaven,
Or play like waves in rays of even,
O'er pebbly shores by breezes driven,
No pencil'd hues, nor shapes can match.

But thou whose look has loftier beam,
Whose lips seem warbling in repose!
Thy form with softer movement flows,
With more seraphic radiance glows,
Than those that bless the poet's dream.

Thou with bright beings of the mind
 Must pass away ; perplex'd and grieved,
 The thought half deems the sense deceived,
 By things unreal—yet believed,
 Too beautiful to be defined !

Yet, no ; though painting dimly shew—
 As misty mirror, charms like thine,
 'Twill bear an image more divine
 Than brightest forms that round us shine,
 In pride of living beauty's glow !

Then bid the pencil's art endeavour
 To fix the evanescent ray.
 That loves upon thy face to play—
 Reflection of a lovelier day,
 That lost with thee, were lost for ever !

To the painter it alone is given,
 Sweet visitant from brighter spheres !
 To place the charms for future years,
 Beyond the blight of time and tears,
 O lift to hopes with looks of heaven !

LOVE TOKENS.

It was the custom in England, in *olden tyme*, as the ancient chronicles have it, for *enamoured maydes, and gentil-women*, to give to their favorite swains, as tokens of their love, little handkerchiefs, about three or four inches square, wrought round about, often in embroidery, with a button or tassel at each corner, and a little one in the centre. The finest of these favors were edged with narrow gold lace or twist ; and then, being folded up in four cross folds, so that the middle might be seen, they were worn by the accepted lovers in their hats, or at the breast. These favors became at last so much in vogue, that they were sold ready made in the shops in Elizabeth's time, from sixpence to sixteen pence a piece. Tokens were also given by the gentlemen, and accepted by their mistresses, thus described in an old comedy of the time :

Given earrings we will wear,
 Bracelets of our lover's hair ;
 Which they on our arms shall twist,
 (With our names carved) on our wrists.

THE ENCAMPMENTS;

OR, DUNCAN THE DE'IL.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH. BY MISS M. L. BEEVOH.

We heard a mighty dash,
 As of a spirit's plume;
 We saw the steed fling past, by the flash
 Of his stirrups in the moon.

Lines, by The Harrovian.

It was evening, late in the month of September, the brave Earl of Surrey and his gallant troops had but a few hours preceding taken and fired the town and abbey of Jedburgh, and a detachment of his army under the command of Lord Dacre, had as lately gained the strong fortalice of Fairnie-hirst, (the seat of the Kerrs, and situated about three miles from the above-mentioned town,) not, however, without a considerable loss of men, and a meagre requital for their trouble in the way of booty; the houses of the Scotch nobility and gentry being in those days but sparingly supplied with the necessaries even of life, because their owners, subjected to the continual incursions of the English, took the precaution of sending their flocks and herds into the impenetrable fastnesses of the Highlands, and depended for daily subsistence upon the plunder seized in Border forays. The English, nevertheless, ever ardently desirous of subjugating Scotland, always celebrated with, perhaps, intemperate rejoicings, any victory achieved over their ancient enemy the Gael, and esteemed it a step gained in the conquest of the country, when they had been so far fortunate as to sack and fire a castle or town, or when they had been enabled to throw into such, a garrison of their own. Perhaps in the military annals of this period, as well as in those of some previous ages, there is nothing more striking than the total lack of precaution in the conduct of the English army; it was not that they needed discipline so greatly, as did they that ordinary thoughtfulness and care, which should have prevented the loss by *surprise* of a hardly won city, castle, fortress, or field; and instances of English recklessness are, in the history of their early wars, so frequent, that particularly to enumerate any here, were perfectly superfluous.

Lord Dacre's gallant but greatly diminished, detachment, had encamped near Fairniehirst ; in fact, between that place and the main body of the army under Surrey, which flanking them on one side, a river on the other, whilst their front was protected by mountains, and they had the town in rear, they believed their situation sufficiently secure ; therefore, neglecting to send out patrols, and to station out-posts, fancying moreover that with Jedburgh still in flames, and Fairniehirst their own, the struggle was concluded, and the intrepid Scotch forces either dispersed or cowed, they resigned themselves, after the tremendous fatigue they had undergone within the last six-and-thirty hours, partly to rest, partly to riot and revelry : some of the camp slept, some gamed, and some having hastily prepared a kind of feast in celebration of their victory, ate heartily, drank in quadruple proportion, accompanying, as has been from time immemorial the custom of Englishmen, the enjoyment of their good cheer with singing, shouting, and laughter. In the rejoicing camp, scarcely a creature could be found to take common care of such of the wounded for whom Fairniehirst could not afford accommodation, to guard the baggage, arms, &c. : nor did one think for a moment about the *fifteen hundred* generous and gallant steeds, whose exertions had so materially aided them in obtaining the late victories, and who were now picketed without the camp ; and Lord Dacre had even in contempt of orders exceeded the space marked out for him by Surrey, as the boundary of his encampment. Consequently, with fewer men than ordinary, owing to recent losses, and on rugged, precipitous ground, Dacre's bivouacking detachment presented an appearance of dispersion and disorder, extremely tempting to any straggling party of the hardy Scots who felt inclined to venture upon a skirmish which would have inevitably involved a greater loss to the enemy than to themselves ; indeed, had an assault been actually attempted upon the thoughtless Suthrons, experience would shortly have proved to them the indispensable necessity of attending to compactness in the disposition of a camp.

The experienced and wary Surrey had, on the contrary, disposed with greater precaution the main body, apprehensive ever of a surprise from vigilant and alert enemies. A strong *corps de reserve*, whose services had not been required at the

storming of Jedburgh, were now on active duty whilst their comrades reposed, or refreshed themselves with the extractions of food and liquor which had been liberally, though not lavishly awarded them, in consideration of their late exertions. The Earl of Surrey sat meanwhile with a few particular friends in his tent, discoursing gravely upon the event of the siege and storming of Jedburgh, and dubitating as to whether the loss of men and money were not to the sovereign and kingdom of England a more serious evil than the gain of a few sterile Scottish acres could prove profitable; and whether the attempt, which had now on the part of his country been carried on for ages, to subjugate a people invincibly brave, possessing far greater physical power than their enemies, and strong holds by nature rendered impenetrable, were not altogether a vain one and profitless; the little party spoke also of intended plans of attack, of their conduct in the event of conquest or defeat,—enlarged on the tyrannous and unreasonable behaviour of several English monarchs towards the Scotch, and unanimously agreed that the scheme of a union between the kingdoms of North and South Britain was wild, visionary, and impossible.

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of an officer, who came to announce that two or three scouts just came in, had brought intelligence that a party of Scots, well armed, and headed by *Duncan the De'il*, were apparently making for the encampment of Lord Dacre. Surrey immediately issued orders for his men to get under arms, feeling assured from the approximation of the camps, that a danger, menacing one, would recoil upon the other; and having moreover heard, with extreme displeasure, of the disorderly arrangements and proceedings of Dacre and his division, he expected nothing less than to be obliged to abandon his position, and fly to the assistance of that careless and contumelious commander. The anxious general also quitted his tent, and followed by several of his officers, proceeded in person to see his orders executed; every man was on the alert, and Surrey perceiving through the increasing gloom of evening their busy preparations for offence and defence, said with a smile to Sir Robert Lascelles, “Who would credit, that to meet perhaps a mere handful of men, we are thus obliged to arm almost our whole force?”

“Ay,” replied Sir Robert, “who indeed, that did not behold with his own eyes how these accursed Scots creep through passes and defiles impervious to any other living creature; scamper over mountains whose summits the eye cannot reach; bound from crag to crag like the Alpine chamois, with gulphs yawning at their feet, a mere glance at which would infallibly send an Englishman down them! Faith!—’tis astonishing!”

“To say nothing,” continued the gallant Baron Feversham, “of the natural wiliness of their dispositions, which instructs the unlettered loons in all the infernal craft of stratagems, surprises, ambuscades, and blockades; so when perhaps you believed them fifty miles off, behold they are upon you! verily, Satan’s self is no match for a Scot in cunning;—what say you, De Dunstanville; are they not incarnate fiends?”

“Such, do I firmly believe one of them, at least, to be;” replied the young nobleman “that Duncan the smith, whose murderous sledge-hammer and unerring hand (heavens! who may withstand them?) have sent many a gallant soul unshriven into eternity; surely, some foul demon hath reanimated the gigantic body of Bruce, and is, under the name and similitude of Duncan the De’il let loose to plague us.”

“Most probably” rejoined Surrey, who was not a little tinctured with the superstition of the times, “for they say that his mother was a witch, who carried on ostensibly some petty trade in Jedburgh; and by St. George, to see how her hopeful heir laid about him yesterday in defence of his household gods, and how madly desperate he became when of the old place we made a bon-fire this morning, ’twas enough to have moved the very dead in their graves.”

“We shall, I fear,” observed De Dunstanville “have some mischief with him yet.”

“There’s sma’ doot o’ that,” rejoined a strange voice in the broad lowland accent.

The officers started; they were standing on the summit of a small bank, between which, and ground that rose with an almost imperceptible swell opposite, and at no great distance, laid a low kind of copse, composed of ferns and brambles, and from this, the voice seemed to proceed; at the same moment, with a spring which lodged him at once on the shelving oppo-

site ground, appeared a man whose uncommon height and proportions, distinguishable but as a dark moving mass amid the deepening dusk, assured the astonished gentlemen, that he who had just formed the subject of their conversation stood before them."

"Hoot! hoot! my braw callants" exclaimed the redoubtable smith in an insulting tone, "anither time tak 'tent o' the lugs that maun chance to *hear* ta your discourse!" So saying, he turned on his heel and scampered off; a flight of arrows pursued the bold reconnoiterer, but he escaped those weapons, sure and effective in English hands, by winding with amazing celerity round the foot of a hill, ere one shaft could reach him, whilst Surrey, his officers, and such of the soldiers as had witnessed this rencontre, remained petrified with astonishment.

It was not, however, a time for standing inactive, from idle consternation, and a distant rumbling noise convinced Surrey that the assault on Lord Dacre's camp had already commenced; but a patrol, at this moment, riding up, reported that a party of about eight hundred Scots, headed by *Duncan the De'il*, were proceeding, at a hard trot, on the road to Fairniehirst. Surrey knew not how to reconcile the appearance of the formidable smith in three places, at nearly the same moment of time, but immediately despatching a strong party to re-inforce the garrison of Fairniehirst, resolved to remain in his quarters at present, since Dacre had agreed, should he require his assistance, to request it by a beacon-fire. The noise of distant war not only continued and increased, but, as it seemed rapidly approached the Earl of Surrey's encampment, until at length the sound of hoofs, of the hoofs of horses, mounted by an amazing body of cavalry, and urged on with inconceivable velocity, was clearly distinguished. With this thundering clatter was mingled the hideous discord of shrieks, yells, shouts, indicative of terror, pain, encouragement and triumph, with the neighing and whinnying of horses, and the barking of dogs; whilst on came the vast body to the assault furiously valiant, as if intending to ride over the heads of their detested enemies, and trample and tread them to dust. It was evident, therefore, that either three parties of the foe were abroad, or that the appearance of a couple proceeding to different stations was a mere feint to throw Surrey

and his camp off their guard, so that well satisfied remained this gallant nobleman with the reward of his own prudence which had foiled the designs of the wily Scots, and a storm of ably directed arrows, javelins, and fiery missiles, prevented the assailants from coming to such close quarters as they had anticipated. But, by the momentary light emitted as the latter hissing, flashed through the air, and becoming spent were extinguished, an incredible scene presented itself to the eyes of the astounded English soldiery ; a scene, which, in the superstitious spirit of the times, immediately attributing to supernatural agency, many of them became panic-struck, and actually retreated for safety into the interior streets of the camp, for their assailants they perceived were not men, but *horses* ; — horses, who had neither saddle, bridle, or rider, save one,—a coal-black, beautiful charger, and upon him sat, brandishing a weighty sledge-hammer with furious gesticulations, and uttering horrid cries, a gaunt, muscular, half-clad figure, a figure not to be mistaken,—for who could mistake *Duncan the De'il?*”

(*To be concluded.*)

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

There's a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks,
 There's a something that cannot be told ;
 There are words that can only be read on the cheeks,
 And thoughts but 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.

THE REALMS OF AIR.

BY G. R. CARTER.

Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright ;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining ;
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray ?

Byron.

The realms of air are beautiful
In the fairy light of morn,
When a purple tint is on the clouds,
And the glorious sun is born ;
When the flow'rs uncloseth their sapphire eyes,
To greet a sky as fair,
And the skylark soars with joyful song
Amid the realms of air.

The realms of air are beautiful
When the wings of light unfold,
And the gorgeous monarch of the sky
Displays his crown of gold.
How welcome to the mourner's heart,
Depress'd with grief or care,
Is every sunbeam which illumines
The silent realms of air !

The realms of air are beautiful,
They charm the gazer's sight,
When wreaths of crystal stars adorn
The diadem of night ;
The moon reveals her silver brow
In cloudless splendor there,
And like a fairy spirit glides
Amid the realms of air.

When sunset fades upon the hills,
And tinges them with fire,
What recollections of the past
Its parting gleams inspire !—

The billows sleep in serpent coils,
 Or seem awake to pray'r,
 And hues and forms magnificent
 Are blended in the air.

Those viewless halls—the early lost
 Received a home therein,
 Ere earth destroy'd the spirit's bloom,
 Or stain'd the heart with sin.
 Oh! may the beatific dawn
 Soon light this world of care,
 And guide us to eternal rest,
 Amid the realms of air!

King's College, London.

CHIT-CHAT.

THE HUNCHBACK, by Sheridan Knowles, has been translated into German and performed at Vienna, with complete success. The emperor, with the empress and suite, was so pleased with the representation that they went a second evening, when the house was crowded to an excess.

THE ENGLISH COMPANY of actors at Hamburgh have been very successful in their speculation, and are likely to remain some time on the Continent.

MADAME DULCKEN is considered to be the finest singer since Madame Catalani. She lately gave three concerts at Stockholm, which were crowded to suffocation. She has twice sang before their majesties and had the honor of dining with them, which is a very unusual occurrence with actors.

ACHMED PACHA, the newly appointed ambassador from the Sublime Porte to St. Petersburg, is the bearer of some magnificent presents to the Emperor Nicholas and his empress. Among them are twenty Arabian horses for the emperor, and one hundred and twenty cashmere shawls for the empress. There is also a pair of bracelets for the empress, each set with magnificent diamonds, and a saddle and bridle, &c. for the autocrat's favorite horse, which are estimated at an enormous value.

THE CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS are very splendid this season. At Drury Lane the Pantomime has been superseded by a grand spectacle, called *St. George and the Dragon*, in

which Mr. Ducrow and his horses take a prominent part. At Covent Garden the Pantomime is founded on the old nursery rhyme of *Old Mother Hubbard*. At the Olympic, a burlesque burletta, called, *The Deep deep Sea, or Perseus and Andromeda*, has been produced in which Madame Vestris sustains the leading character. At the Victoria the Pantomime is called *Guy Earl of Warwick and the Dun Cow*. The Surrey and the Pavillion have hit on the same subject for their harlequinade — *One, Two, come buckle my Shoe*.

SALE OF CASHMERE SHAWLS.—Some time ago, a courier who was the bearer of despatches from the cabinet of Hesse Cassel to the French Government, was detected in the attempt to smuggle into France a number of valuable India shawls, and other contraband articles. The property was seized at the Bureau de Blancmisseron, and accordingly forfeited. The courier had purchased the goods at St. Petersburg from a Persian merchant, who has just brought them from the East.

The sale of these Oriental treasures, which took place a few days ago, attracted much fashionable company to the extreme frontier of France. The following is a list of the shawls, together with the prices at which they were sold :—

No.		Francs.
1.	White, square	2,600
2.	Pale blue, long	3,400
3.	Black, ditto	5,475
4.	Green, ditto	3,800
5.	Dark blue, ditto	1,600
6.	Black, ditto	3,623
7.	Green, ditto	3,000
8.	Green, ditto	4,000
9.	Pale blue, ditto	3,475
10.	Green, ditto	5,250
11.	Black, ditto	5,000
Total		41,223

Considering that these are some of the finest India cashmeres that were ever brought into France, it must be acknowledged that they were sold at singularly low prices. The India shawls which are brought to Europe are for the most part

second-hand, having previously been worn, perhaps by a young and beautiful Bayadère, or perhaps by an ugly old Nabob. Consequently they are usually soiled. Those, on the contrary, which were sold at Blancmisseron are perfectly fresh. The designs are in the best state, consisting of palm leaves wrought in rich and vivid colors, and so ingeniously varied that no single one resembles another. Some of the principal French shawl manufacturers sent artists to the sale to sketch the designs and copy the colors of these cashmeres.

One of the most admired of the whole lot was the white *fermagh* (No. 1). It has an Indian Inscription marked in red at each corner. This inscription, which is exceedingly curious, is a certificate of the authentic origin of the shawl, and cannot be counterfeited.

Besides the shawls, the Cassel courier had secreted a considerable quantity of valuable furs, Morocco slippers, Turkish tobacco, and other contraband articles, all of which were sold.

Mdlle. Jenny Vertpré, the favorite actress, purchased a splendid cloak of scarlet and ermine, which she probably intends to exhibit to her Parisian admirers, when she next appears in the *Reine de seize ans*.

[TO-DAY IN PARIS.

*Rue Saint Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain,
Dec. 20, 1833.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The approach of the new year has, during the last few days, occasioned a good deal of bustle. The shop-keepers exhibit their goods in the hope that the necessity of making new year's gifts may bring them customers. Now is the period when bargain hunters and lovers of novelties, are in their glory: for at no time of year is the number or choice of new articles so great. In fact there is not, perhaps, a person in Paris who is not, at the same time, the giver and receiver of new-year's gifts. I like the custom, it is good in itself, but, like other good things, it is sadly liable

to be abused. There will be many heartaches among persons holding public situations, who must, for appearance sake, practice a liberality to which their slender means are very inadequate. More than one lover will be ready to hang himself because he cannot purchase the rich cashmere, or costly bijou, on which he sees his mistress cast a longing eye; and you may be certain that those husbands who will not draw their purse strings handsomely on this occasion, will enjoy the benefit of many a curtain lecture. The court used to set a splendid example in regard to new year's gifts, but Louis Phillippe seems to think the custom more honored in the breach than the observance. A late caricature represents some men of letters, whom Charles X. was in the habit of making presents, sorrowfully shaking their heads over letters from Louis Phillippe. One exclaims: "Here is a pretty cargo of compliments instead of a Christmas box!" and another quotes a French proverb synonymous to our old adage, "fine words butter no parsnips."

The foreign ambassadors are as usual, at this time of the year, giving balls, to which all the élite, both French and foreigners, are invited. Lord Granville's parties of every kind are decidedly the most brilliant, and, if report says true, the most pleasant. The ministers and the public functionaries will also give balls at the commencement of the year. One of the former, M. Thiers, has lately made a most brilliant marriage. The lady is only fifteen, and being a slight little figure, with a very childish face, she looks still younger. She brought him an immense fortune, and as he has since the revolution of July made a very large one himself, he can afford to keep up the dignity of the crown by handsome entertainments. In a pecuniary sense he is one of the most fortunate men in France. Of obscure origin, and very moderate talents, he began life as a paragraph writer; in this capacity he avowed himself a staunch disciple of liberty, and, by his devotion to the republican cause, worked his way upwards, till he became the editor of a newspaper; which newspaper was mainly instrumental to the fall of Charles X. The partizans of liberty expected of course great things from Thiers when he came into office, but he veered about directly, became one of the first to bring forward arbitrary and oppressive measures, cut at once with all his old

connexions, and shewed the world that he knew quite as well how to imitate Roman luxury as to eulogize Spartan frugality.

The appearance of his pretty little bride in the antique style of dress, which is now fashionable, is rather ludicrous; she really looks like a doll dressed up to serve as a model. Her little slender figure seems quite lost in the heavy silks which are now all the fashion. We draw nearer and nearer every day to the materials and forms of the middle ages, and assuredly they had not the effect of rendering a lady either light or slender; but, on the other hand, they are not destitute of grace. Certainly an arm that is not exactly symmetrical looks well in a *demi manche à sabot*, which is a sort of *juste milieu* between a long sleeve and a short one; and a body of the natural length, and shoulders half covered is infinitely more becoming, to say nothing of delicacy, than the short waists of former days, or the naked busts of last year.

Your old friend Charles E—— has just met with a singular adventure. You know how very much he admires a graceful horse-woman, and as a number of fair equestrians take the air every day, in the *Champs Elysées*, he generally makes it his morning ride. Some days ago he noticed an extremely pretty woman who rode remarkably well. She had a fine spirited horse, was followed by a servant in livery, and her appearance was altogether that of a woman of fashion. Something frightened her horse, who set off at full speed. In her fright she dropped the reins, and was on the point of being thrown, when E——, who had put his horse to full speed in suit of her, caught her as she was falling.

Her terror, and the disorder of her dress, added to her beauty in the eyes of E——. As soon as she could speak she testified her gratitude in the most graceful manner. You know that E—— is naturally reserved and almost awkward in the company of women, but the accident that introduced him to the fair unknown seemed at once to establish an intimacy between them. He assisted to adjust her dress, awkwardly enough I dare say, though he declares the contrary. Helped her to mount once more, and for fear of a new accident would absolutely lead her horse. The lady appeared deeply touched by those *petite soires*, and the tone in which he expressed her gratitude for them, had in it something of tenderness which absolutely bewildered poor E——. Of

course he insisted on seeing her home, and never did the road from the Bois de Boulogne to the Chaussée d' Antin appear to him so short.

He did not lose his time, however, before they arrived at the Rue du Helder, he had ascertained that his fair one, Madame de Saint L——, was a widow. They stopped at a handsome house, the lady once more returned her thanks in a most sentimental style, and, in reply to his wish to wait upon her the next day, frankly invited him to dinner.

E—— has been for some time very desirous to marry, but, as he is prudent and not rich, money was of course a necessary item in his catalogue of a wife's perfections. He could not, for a moment, doubt that his dear Madame de Saint L. was possessed of it, and he went home to dream of matrimonial felicity for the rest of the evening. His delightful reverie was interrupted by the arrival of a friend, who seeing his abstraction and silence, rallied him upon it, till, at last, the adventure of the morning came out, and all E——'s anticipations in consequence of it. The friend, a wary man of the world, looked grave, shook his head, and dropt some hints of the necessity of making very particular inquiries as to the circumstances of the beautiful widow, which E—— promised to do.

You may judge of the impatience with which he hastened the next day to keep his appointment. He was ushered into the drawing-room, where he found Madame de Saint L——, who received him in the most gracious manner, and placed him by her side on a sofa in a retired corner of the room, in which the guests, to the number of a dozen, were already assembled. They had hardly begun to converse when the dinner was announced. Madame de Saint L—— took the arm which E—— eagerly offered, but although they were the last to reach the dining-room, all the places were taken, except that of the mistress of the house, who immediately prevailed upon the gentleman at her right hand to cede his seat to E——.

The dinner began, E—— turned to the champagne, which stood by him, and was going to fill his glass, when he felt his hand grasped by that of his neighbour, who called out, in a stentorian voice, "that is my bottle." Surprised, as you may easily believe, at such a singular proceeding; but, with-

out stopping to ask any explanation of it, Mr. E—— turned to the Bourdeaux, which stood by the gentleman next to him but one, but his hand was again arrested with the same exclamation. The astonished E—— was upon the point of demanding an explanation, when a footman approaching, said, "You wish for champagne and claret, sir?" "Certainly" replied E——. Both were brought him, and he hastened to give his neighbours a lesson of politeness, by offering them some, after he had taken wine with his lovely hostess.

When the dinner was over and the guests were about to quit the dining-room, the servant who had brought the wine, stepped up, and said, in an under tone, to E——, "The dinner is twelve francs, sir." Judge of the surprise and mortification of E——, his lovely widow was actually the mistress of a *table d' hote*. What a denouement to so romantic an adventure! He paid his reckoning and retired, fully bent, as you will easily believe, on never repeating his visit to the Rue du Helder.

Adieu! always yours,

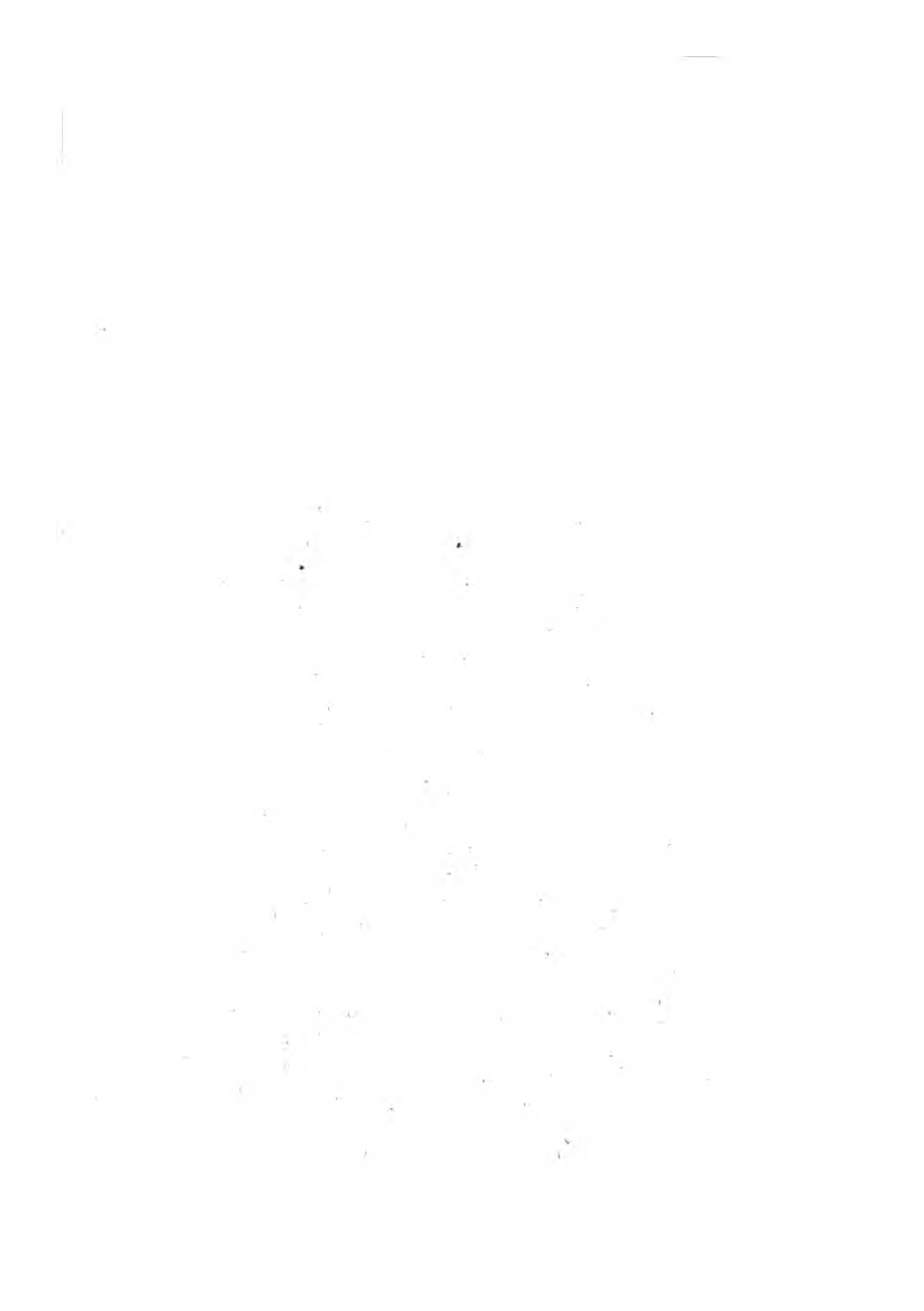
Hon. Mrs. Sutherland,
Fairlawn, &c. &c.

CHARLOTTE B——.

THE LADIES' TOILET.

WALKING DRESS.—The robe is composed of merino, a very bright shade of claret color; the body is made partially high, the sleeves of the Amadis form, are ornamented with a round rosette of ribbon to correspond, placed over the bend of the arm. Velvet bonnet of the color of the dress; the brim is long, narrow at the sides, and standing very much off the face; it is trimmed on the inside with white *tulle*; knots of plain satin ribbon, corresponding with the bonnet, adorn the crown. Palatine tippet of Marten fur of a large size. Cambric collar edged with very narrow Valenciennes lace.

EVENING DRESS.—Satin robe, a new and very beautiful shade of blue, the *corsage* is cut low and arranged in folds across the front, which form a stomacher, it is bordered with blond lace, and ornamented with knots of gauze ribbon to correspond. Short sleeves of the single bouffant form, de-

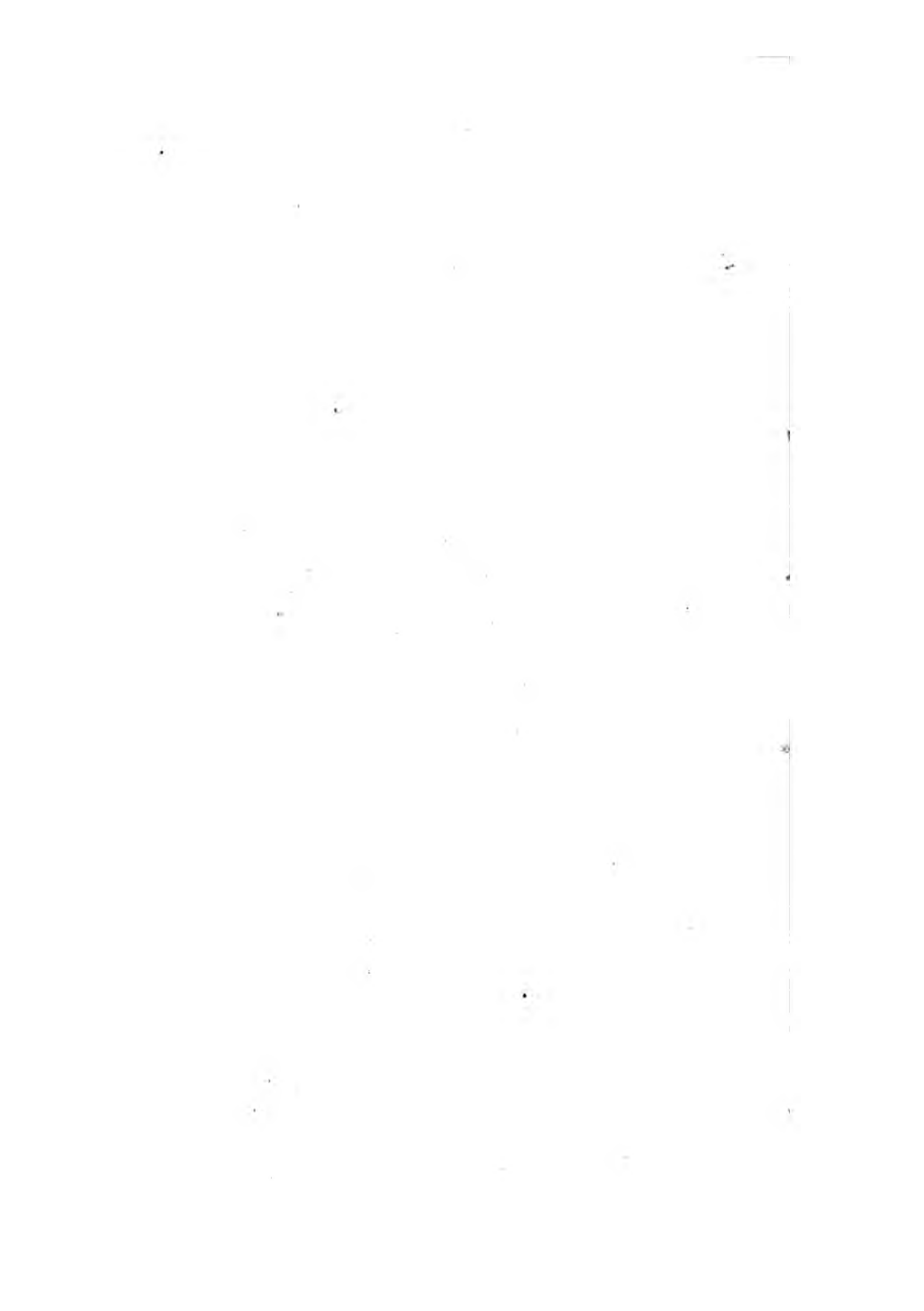




Jos. Robins.



Jan? 1834.



scending to the elbow, and surmounted by triple *mancherons* of white blond lace. The hair dressed in a low knot behind, and in light curls at the sides of the face, is ornamented with a bouquet of wild flowers. Ear-rings, Neckchain, &c. &c. gold. White blond lace scarf.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

Out-door dress may now be said to be pretty well determined for the season, with the addition of course of some novelties, which always spring up in carriage costume; it has presented nothing remarkable during the last month, except an increase of furs, several mantles being trimmed and a few lined with them.

Merino begins to be very much adopted in home dress. Those robes are made in a very plain style, the bodies a three-quarter height, a plain back and a few folds across the front. The sleeves are of the gigot shape. Plain as the dress is, it may be rendered smart or otherwise according to the accessories; if intended for morning costume, nothing can be neater or more appropriate than a *chemisette* of clear cambric, finished with a full ruff of the same material small plaited. A cap with a low turned-back border of black or white *tulle*, lined with rose color, orange, or green gauze or sarsenet, and trimmed with one or two light knots of gauze ribbon to correspond; a *gros de Naples* apron to match the lining of the cap, covered and trimmed with black *tulle*, will complete a dishabille at once tasteful, pretty, and economical.

If the robe is worn for dinner, the *chemisette* may be either of embroidered muslin, or *tulle*, made *à la vierge*, that is to say, approaching nearly but not quite up to the throat, finished round the top with a narrow lace or quilling of *tulle*. If a head-dress is necessary it should be a *tulle* or blond lace cap, which may be either black or white according to the pleasure of the wearer, for they are equally fashionable. A low caul decorated with rouleaux of ribbon or a drapery of the material of the cap, the trimming of the front, low and extremely light, with an intermixture of small flowers. If the head-dress is of hair it has seldom any ornament, and there is so much variety in hair-dressing that it may be arranged in whatever way a lady looks best, without any risk of her appearing unfashionable. A short black lace scarf fastened close to the

throat by a gold brooch, gives a pretty finish to a dress of this kind.

Rich materials are decidedly those in favor for evening parties. Satins are in great request, particularly those with black grounds and very rich flowered patterns. Flowered silks also, which bear a strong resemblance to the brocades of former days, are also fashionable. Pointed bodies are universally adopted, but they are, generally speaking, of moderate depth; they are cut low round the top, and draped horizontally. The sleeves are all of the double bouffant form, and in a good many instances terminated by ruffles copied from those of our grandmamas. Trimmings are not generally adopted except for ball dresses. A few dinner robes are, however, ornamented with a single flounce of black or white blond lace round the border. We should observe that if the flounce is black, real lace is preferred, but if it is white it must be blond.

Ball-dress will be this season more tasteful and magnificent than it has been for several years past. We have just seen some of *gaze fleur des Anges*, a white ground beautifully flowered in vivid shades of green, they were to be worn over white satin under dresses; the latter made with the bodies very low and square across the bust; the *corsage* of the robe was disposed in folds which met in the centre of the bosom, where they are fastened by a jewelled brooch. The skirt, open from the waist, was looped back at each side, at regular distances, by bouquets formed of a single rose with buds and foilage: the folds were formed so as to round the front a little, which had a most graceful effect. Double sabot sleeves of white blond lace over white satin. The bust of the under dress may be trimmed either with a falling tucker of blond lace, or a narrow row of it standing up.

Where flowers trim a ball dress the hair should be adorned with some to correspond, but they may be mingled with ornaments of jewellery; it is generally supposed that the latter will be this winter very much adopted for ball *coiffures*. Fashionable colors are different shades of green, orange, brown, grey, and a great variety of shades of red.

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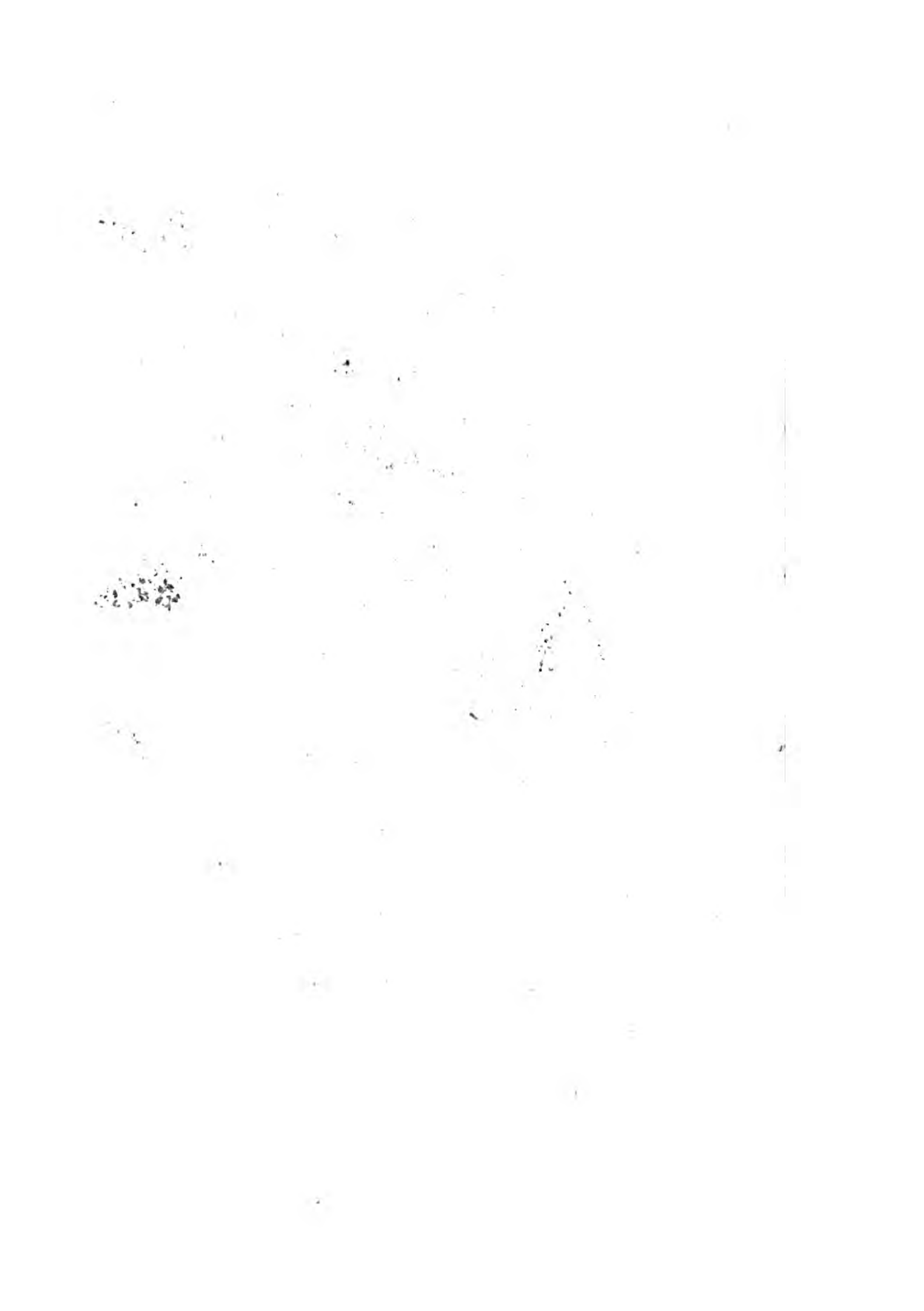
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Jan. 1834.



PARISIAN FASHIONS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Pelisse of violet *gros de la reine*, it is made with a loose body which comes up to the throat, and a deep shawl pelerine bordered with a band of sable fur. The front of the dress is trimmed with sable fur in the form of a cone. Gigot sleeves. White satin cottage bonnet, worn over a *tulle* morning cap of the cornette kind. The bonnet is trimmed with white satin ribbons, and two white ostrich feathers. Embroidered muslin collar. Sable muff.

BALL DRESS.—A white gauze robe over white satin, it is embroidered in a light grecian pattern in gold, mingled with single flowers of the fancy kind in bright red silk. *Corsage à la Fontanges*, it is of the corset form, is cut low, and trimmed with a lappel edged with blond lace. Short sleeves descending to the elbow, and terminated by blond lace ruffles. The hair is divided on the forehead, dressed in ringlets at the sides and back of the head, and in bows on the summit of it; it is ornamented with flowers to correspond with those of the embroidery, and a gold bandeau. Necklace and ear-rings pearls.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

Winter has now completely set in, the winter of fashion we mean, for the weather is still rather mild than otherwise, but our fair fashionables appear in the promenades enveloped in mantles, or wrapped in shawls of such extraordinary dimensions that they cover the person almost as completely as a mantle could do. The great variety of colors, patterns, and materials which the latter presents, takes off in a great degree from that excessive uniformity which would otherwise be caused by their being much more numerous than shawls. The latter are all of cashmere, either Indian or the imitation of it now made so successfully in France. In this respect, also, old fashions are revived; the palm borders which the Empress Josephine and her court ladies were so fond of, are now the most fashionable; but there is this difference, that they are much deeper, and the colors much better contrasted: the grounds are generally black.

Velvet flowers have now superseded all others for trimming bonnets, they are equally fashionable for velvet or satin ones, they are always of fancy; many have the hearts rose color,

green, or orange, and the leaves black. The sweet-scented pea, capuchins, dahlias, &c. are those most generally adopted. Feathers are also fashionable, though not quite so generally adopted as flowers; ; bonnets trimmed with them have either two long ones or a bouquet of four short feathers; the latter are usually placed near the top of the crown, where they are attached a little on one side by a knot of ribbon.

Wadded silk, or cashmere dresses of the pelisse form, are now almost universally adopted in undress. They are always made with high bodies, and in a very plain style, generally speaking. We have, however, seen some ornamented down the front with *pattes* of the lozenge form, bordered with black lace, and the points united by bows of ribbon to correspond with the dress. Where this style of trimming is adopted, the dress is usually made with a small pelerine collar trimmed with black lace, but if there is no trimming, an embroidered muslin collar lined with rose-colored silk, and bordered with Valenciennes lace, supplies the place of one to the dress; a band of embroidered muslin lined with rose-colored ribbon, and also bordered with lace, or rather we should say edging, for it is always very narrow, serves to attach the collar at the throat, and ties in a full bow and ends. Sometimes the collar is double, and, in that case, a ribbon of the color of the lining (generally but not always rose) passes between the two falls, and ties in short bows and ends at the throat.

Gauzes of various kinds, particularly satin-striped gauze, are fashionable for ball dress. The form of these robes is quite *à l' antique*, a pointed body with the skirt of excessive fulness set on in tripple plaits; the front of the body is ornamented with knots of ribbon so arranged as to form a stomacher, or else laced up with silk cord. This kind of trimming terminates in a knot of ribbon on the point, one to correspond adorns the breast; the body is always cut low, and the sleeves very short and full. The border is usually adorned with a wreath of flowers, or else bouquets are placed at regular distances. A mixture of black is exceedingly prevalent in ball dress, both for the materials and ornaments. Ball *coiffures* are extremely splendid, birds of Paradise, and ornaments of jewellery, particularly the former, which are adopted even with robes trimmed with flowers. Fashionable colors are different shades of green, violet, saucis, carrot-color orange, deep blue, ruby, and rose color.



The Reculver.

THE TWO SISTERS,

A TALE OF RECVLVER.

Towards the end of those troublesome times, when England was shaken by the feuds of the houses of York and Lancaster, there resided, in a village near the banks of the Medway, a gentleman, whose name was Geoffry de Saint Clair, descended from a family of great antiquity and repute in those parts.—The many launces, and pieces of armour, that hung round the old hall, did not render it more respectable than did the unbounded benevolence of its present possessor.—The poor sat at his gate, and blessed his liberal hand; and never a pilgrim reposed in his porch, without remembering, in his orisons, its hospitable owner.

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Saint Clair had allied himself in marriage with the Lady Margaret de Boys, a woman of high birth, and rare endowments; whose accomplishments might have embellished the greatest scenes, had not a love of domestic life, and a religious cast of mind, induced her to prefer retirement. All her leisure hours, which her family did not call for, were spent in duties, which, in that age, ladies of the noblest rank exercised, without thinking they demeaned their stations;—she relieved the indigent,—advised with the unfortunate,—visited the sick,—and brought up her *twin daughters*, Frances and Isabella, in the same sentiments;—accustoming them very early to attend upon her in all those acts of primitive piety. As these young ladies were the sole issue of Saint Clair and Lady Margaret, they devoted their whole attention to their education; and had the comfort to find in their minds so rich a soil, that every thing prospered which was planted in them:—no useful knowledge was omitted, no external accomplishment neglected.

Frances and Isabella were now arrived at the age of twenty-five. The amiableness of their characters, their enlarged understandings, and the gracefulness of their persons, won the admiration and esteem of all who approached them.—They had, from similitude of manners and sentiment, contracted such a rare affection for each other, that it seemed as if nature, by forming them together in the womb, had prepared them for that extraordinary union, which was to distinguish their lives,—and for those effusions of elevated friendship, which the loss of their exemplary mother was one day to call forth. Nor was this event very remote; Lady Margaret was seized by a sudden illness, which, in a few days, carried her off, and desolated one of the happiest families in the world.

It would be difficult to describe the sounds of woe, which, on this occasion, echoed through all the mansion, or the sighs of the disconsolate poor under the windows. The grief of Saint Clair, after the many years of uninterrupted happiness that he had enjoyed with Lady Margaret, in its first attack, almost overpowered his reason;—whilst Frances and Isabella had the weight of a father's sorrow added to their own; which compelled them to smother their feelings, great as they were, and to assume a fortitude their hearts disavowed.

Lovely mourners!—more lovely in your tears!—Fancy pictures you before me, bathed in filial sorrow,—standing by and supporting your distracted parent—striving in vain to tear him from the coffin, which he will not suffer his servants to close, still demanding in wild utterance, again and again — *one last — last look!*—

Heavens!—how severe a distress!—If any reader hath been in a situation to ask for a *last look* of what is most dear to him,—and what he is going to be deprived of for ever—he alone can best judge how much that bosom agonizes, that urges the request!—

Though Saint Clair called in aid all his philosophy, to support himself under the loss of his beloved Lady Margaret, yet he was worn by a silent sorrow, which had so visible an effect on his health, as to menace his life; and which, in about a year, put an end to it.

In this mournful interval, the greatest comfort his dejected daughters received, was, from the frequent visits of their uncle, John de Saint Clair—who was at that time abbot of the monastery of Saint Augustin, in Canterbury; of which place there are, at this day, such noble remains existing.—He was the younger brother of Geoffry, though there was but the difference of a year between them; and was reputed to be a man of so much learning and virtue, that Saint Clair, by his will, recommended his children to his care and protection; bequeathing to each of them a very large inheritance.

The manner in which Frances had been brought up, added to her natural turn of mind, and the example of a mother she so much revered, determined her to a life of religious retirement;—and a great convent of Benedictine Nuns, not very distant from Feversham, happening a few months after, to lose their principal (who was always one of a considerable family) the abbot of Saint Augustin, perceiving her fixed in her scheme of life, procured her to be named the lady abbess of it.

Isabella, who had never as yet been separated from her sister, would, on this occasion, most willingly have taken the veil.—“The same roof,” says she, “hath ever hitherto covered us,—the same have been our wishes,—the same our pursuits;—the grave hath divided us from those who taught us the ami-

ableness of friendship,—and shall alone divide us from one another!”—

The abbot was much hurt by this declaration of his niece. He desired her to banish from her thought, such a resolution; and failed not to intimate to her, that Frances, having devoted herself to the cloister, she remained the only support of the family of Saint Clair; that her virtues should rather embellish society than be lost within the walls of a monastery; and wished she would, by accepting some alliance of suitable rank and fortune, rather permit those accomplishments to be seen by the world, which she sought to hide in oblivion.

Frances, on her part, however she was charmed with this testimony of her sister's affection, joined in sentiment with her uncle.—expressing to her how much happier she should be to see her settle herself by marriage, and imitate the good life and example of their excellent mother.—

“I am not, you know,” says she, “by the religious office I fill, tied down to all those rules which must of course be imposed on you;—my liberty remains;—we shall have constant opportunities of continuing that intercourse of love our hearts so mutually desire. It will be the highest pleasure to me, to see you united to a man worthy your choice;—preserving in our father's castle that hospitality, for which it hath so long been famed; and whenever you shall wish to make a short retreat from the bustle of the world, our holy house will afford you a peaceable asylum.”

It was not but with a great difficulty, nor even till much time after, that, by the repeated solicitations of Frances and her uncle, Isabella was prevailed on to relinquish entirely her intentions of entering on a monastic life. She resided for some time in her father's venerable old mansion on the Medway, accompanied by a widowed aunt, her father's sister; who, at intervals, attended her on visits to Frances,—and also, at particular seasons, to the abbot, at his house, which was a noble building, adjoining to the monastery of Saint Augustin.

It was in one of these visits to her uncle that she became acquainted with Henry de Belville, between whose father and the abbot there had long subsisted a most firm friendship. He was of good birth, though much inferior to Isabella in

fortune; his father's estate having greatly suffered in the confusion of those turbulent times.

Belville was now in his twenty-ninth year;—his figure was graceful and manly,—and to a disposition as amiable as his person was joined an understanding both quick and strong, and which had been improved by the most extensive education, that the fashion of the age allowed. He had been sent to travel over Europe,—had resided in several of its principal courts;—and was now on his return from a short expedition into France, and had stopped at Canterbury to pay his respects to the abbot, and to deliver him certain letters with which he had been charged.

Belville, on his first return to England, a few years previous to the present period, had been honored by the patronage of Richard Duke of Gloucester; near whose person he held an employment, which could not long dispense with his absence; for that prince, being now mounted on the throne of England, the whole nation was thrown into an hostile state.

It will not be wondered at, if after Belville and Isabella had been a few days together, their mutual accomplishments, and their mutual desire to please, should have made them much charmed with one another. Belville felt himself enamoured of his fair companion, and had the satisfaction to perceive that his attention was not thrown away. Though he took leave, after a short time, to go to London, yet he found an excuse for returning very soon; and having reason to think he had made a favorable impression on Isabella, did not long hesitate to propose himself to her, as one who would be happy to pass his life in the society of so engaging a woman. His offer was not less pleasing to Isabella than it was to her uncle and Frances;—the latter of whom agreed to give up to her sister, her right in the castle of Saint Clair, where it was proposed they should reside.

Every thing was preparing for their nuptials; and nothing could wear a fairer face of prosperity, than did this purposed union of true and disinterested affection. But the successful progress that the arms of Henry of Richmond now made in the kingdom, had obliged Richard to oppose them with his utmost force, and to summon all his servants to attend his camp; amongst whom as I before mentioned, was the intended bridegroom; who, at this time, would most willingly

have waved the service, had not his own nice sense of honor, and his zeal for his royal master, overcome every private motive.

Were I to follow closely the manuscript from whence the substance of this story is drawn, it would lead me into some of the historical transactions of those times, which are already sufficiently known; only it is worthy of being remembered, that there are encomiums bestowed on the character and person of Richard; upon both of which historians have thrown so much deformity. I shall therefore pass over those circumstances, which are foreign to my subject; and only observe, that the unfortunate Belville was amongst those of the king's followers, who shared the fate of their royal master in Bosworth Field. He was near Richard in great part of the battle, and was also a witness of his death;—and by his own horse being killed under him, either by the fall or by being trampled on in the confusion, his thigh was broken; and, after Richmond's party had obtained the victory, this gallant youth was carried, with several others wounded, into Leicester,—where, his rank being known, he was lodged in a monastery of Black Friars, in that city.

His page, Bertram, who had served him from his infancy, took care that every assistance should be procured him; but the fever, which was occasioned by the accident, together with the many bruises he had received, neither gave himself, or those about him, any other prospect but that of approaching death.

Those who contemplate Belville a few weeks before, in the full vigour of youth, flattering himself with every expectation of happiness, that virtue, fortune, and an union with one of the loveliest of women, could present to his imagination; and now picture him—stretched on a poor pallet,—surrounded by a parcel of mendicant friars,—his countenance shrunk and wan,—and his eyes fixed with humility, and resignation, on a crucifix which they held before him,—cannot surely, by the contrast, avoid dropping a sigh at the fallacy of human hopes!

A little before he expired, he desired to be left alone with his page, that he might give him his latest orders.

“Bertram,” says he,—looking wistfully on him—“the day that hath ruined our sovereign's fortune hath blasted

mine!—and that, too, in the moment when it shone the fairest!—Thou wilt soon render me the last of thy faithful services!—Let my body rest with the fathers of this house, and as soon as thou hast seen its due rites performed, speed thee to Canterbury, and acquaint the holy abbot of Saint Augustin, with the bloody event of yesterday. Conjure him that he unfold it to my intended bride, in such manner as his discretion shall advise. Bear her this jewel from my finger, in token that my last thoughts dwelt on her;—and tell her, my only sigh in leaving the world was for the losing her, whose virtues so embellished it!”

(*To be continued.*)

STANZAS, ON A TOMB STONE IN DITTON
CHURCH-YARD, SURREY.

BY MRS. ANN ROLFE,

AUTHOR OF “THE WILL, OR TWENTY-ONE YEARS,” ETC.

Sacred to the Memory of John Kaye, Esq. late Accountant General,
and Civil Auditor of Bombay; who departed this life, August 22,
1823. Aged 34 years.

The Inscription.

I knew thee not when living, no,
I knew thee not when dead,
Whether thou wert a friend or foe,
To noble hearts that bled
For those that fell among the brave,
And did their praises sing,
Or whether thou dropp'd in the grave,
An unlamented thing,

I cannot tell—but pity must
Some pensive tears let fall,
For one so soon consigned to dust,
Unheard, unseen by all;

Forgotten too, perhaps by those
Who once professed to be
The sharer of thy joys and woes,
The lovely and the free.

And fancy brings thee to my view,
The youthful debonair,
The proud, the beautiful, and true,
To all the ladies fair ;
With graceful form, a radiant eye,
Nerves knowing no decay,
A breast unshaken with a sigh,
The honor'd of Bombay.

Now fancy shifts the scene again,
The elegant and blest,
Writhes in the agony of pain,
And strikes his heaving chest ;
The pallid cheek, the drooping head,
The wasted form of youth,
The eyes, whose starry beams are fled,
Betray the mournful truth.

So young at once to yield thy breath,
And see thy friends no more ;
To journey on with gristly death,
And touch some unknown shore :
To pass the frontiers of the grave,
Beyond which none can scan,
And disappear like ocean's wave,
Unsearchable to man.

The spirit's fled,—the body's here,
Insensible and cold ;
No gorgeous monument is near,
To tempt the young or old,
To wander forth amidst the gloom,
To view the sculptor's art,
To scan the beauty of a tomb,
That hides the mortal part.

Oh ! no—a humble stone alone
 Records thy rank and name,
 Yet sensibility must mourn,
 That nought of higher fame,
 Proclaims that one of former worth,
 Hath sank to darksome night ;
 That the confused, unseemly earth,
 Might not annoy our sight.*

How many rest in gorgeous state,
 The subtle and the proud,
 That lived despised, and still are great
 In their embroidered shroud ;
 While wisdom, worth, the virtuous brave,
 The pure and holy die,
 And humbly in some lowly grave
 Their noble relics lie.

Ye beautiful beneath the sod,
 Sleep on and take your rest,
 Till the prophetic voice of God
 Shall call you to the blest ;—
 Ye loved ones that so silent lay,
 Like gems below the sea,
 Sleep on awhile—then wing your way
 To bright eternity.

Eternity ! tremendous sound,
 To those who fear the theme,
 Whose hardened hearts did ne'er abound
 With life's celestial stream ;
 While holy pilgrims yield their breath
 In peace—which nought destroys,
 And gliding through the gates of death,
 Receive their promised joys.

* The sod is much beaten down, and engenders mournful ideas in the mind of a stranger.

THE ENCAMPMENTS;

OR, DUNCAN THE DE'IL.

(Concluded from page 24.)

It might have been the apparition of this formidable ruffian which inspired Surrey's soldiers with the idea of a supernatural power planning, directing, and urging this uncommon attack, but they may stand excused for the panic which seized them on beholding a disorderly army of animals, bearing upon them with resistless power and velocity, overwhelming every person and thing with which they came in contact, overleaping all obstacles in the fury of the impetus which propelled them, rearing, plunging, kicking, snorting, neighing, whinnying, frothing, and foaming at the mouth, lashing the air with their manes and tails, scrambling and rolling over each other, and bearing with them in their course sundry wretched human beings, some of whom vainly endeavoured to extricate themselves from their perilous situation, whilst the greater portion were squeezed, kicked, and trampled to death. The shouts of encouragement which proceeded from the rear of this singular body of cavalry, the drone of the pipes playing martial airs, and the barking and yelping of dogs of all descriptions, proved that the irruption of those animals into Surrey's camp was anything but accidental. Torches and beacons were now every where lighted, and by their broad blaze a scene of confusion and devastation was discerned, almost too wild for description; in fact, no pen can adequately paint that wild and terrible exhibition, that mingled, moving conglomeration of man and brutes, fierce and furious as Hyrcanian tigers, which was rolling in, like an overwhelming surf, upon Lord Surrey's camp. The English soldiers involved, and yet surviving in that animated vortex, (evidently a party of stragglers from Dacre's detachment,) endeavoured to turn the course of the furious chargers, but the Scots in the rear cheered them on with hideous and unremitting cries. Surrey's soldiers, at first driven back from the transient effect of surprise, soon rallied, and uttering the war-cries of England and their commander,

charged in a compact body, sword in hand, the unwelcome intruders: Surrey, not willing if possible to injure his army by wounding and slaughtering many hundreds of noble horses, directed a battalion of infantry to follow his cavalry, each man bearing a huge and flaming torch which he was to brandish in the eyes of the horses; the stratagem succeeded, and the ungovernable animals, terrified at that which seemed little less than a living forest of fire, commenced a retreat as precipitate and disorderly as was their onset, overwhelming by their sudden movement the Scots in their rear, and fleeing in all directions; some galloping across the mountains, some taking the open country, some swimming the river, and some making straight for Jedburgh. They were closely pursued both by cavalry and infantry, Surrey himself joining in the chase of those which fled towards the town, although the principal part of his officers and men were left to take charge of and repair the dilapidated camp. And where, during this scene of uproar, confusion, and fatality, where was the Lord Dacre and the main body of the division under his command. A band of Scots had indeed come down upon his disorderly camp, but as they were inferior in numbers to his people, they feared to hazard an encounter, and content with cutting loose the fifteen hundred unguarded horses, in their endeavours to secure so rich a booty, they drove unwittingly those spirited animals full upon Surrey's quarters, and they were joined by some of Dacre's soldiers in pursuit, as also by several idle vagrants, of all ages and either sex. All however of this undisciplined horde, not being, as they imagined, needed to take charge of the horses, the residue, or rather the principal portion, betook themselves to Fairniehirst, which fortalice they anticipated regaining on easy terms, since the garrison who now held it, compared with their own numbers, was inconsiderable; and as the combat of that morning had been of the most bloody description, the conquered *castle* (per courtesy so termed, though little more than one of the fortified country mansions with a tower, of that period,) was now become a hospital for the wounded, and its warlike inmates were busily engaged in solacing their unfortunate comrades. As soon as Lord Dacre was informed of the loss of his horses, and of the march of a considerable party of the enemy to

Fairniehirst, he, with a principal part of the infantry of his division, took the road to that place, (a route different from the wild, rugged, and pathless one chosen by them,) and had but just arrived, when the detachment from Surrey's camp came up with his own. The Scots, who had calculated upon taking the English garrison by surprise, and were warily stealing upon them through an unsuspected pass, became not a little dismayed at beholding these reinforcements; but with the courage natural to their tameless spirits, made a gallant stand against this superior force, fought to a man with the utmost desperation, and though finally routed, it was not without having committed horrible slaughter. Lord Dacre, under a trifling escort, leaving the residue of his soldiers as an additional protection at Fairniehirst, mounting a horse, rode directly to the Earl's encampment; great was his grief and astonishment upon their learning the history of the assault, and of the destruction and dispersion of so many beautiful and valuable war-horses; nor, as he beheld the numerous dead bodies of men and carcasses of animals which strewed the ground, and which Surrey's soldiers were collecting and burying, was his regret and indignation less, for the wanton sacrifice of life, whereby he had sustained, in many a gallant fellow a severe loss also. Surrey's quarters still presented an aspect of great disorder, most of his soldiers laid under arms, and all were employed, instead of now enjoying the repose so necessary after their prior fatigues in active regimental duties. Dacre heaved a profound sigh, as the thought flashed athwart his mind, that principally, if not entirely, was all the mischief which had ensued attributable to his own indiscreet, and, indeed, indefensible conduct as a commander; but desirous of obtaining a personal interview with his general, of reporting the recent engagement at Fairniehirst, and of assisting to recover some of the stray horses, he tarried not long at the desolated encampment but proceeded with his escort at a brisk pace on to Jedburgh. The town was still flaming in several places, and vivid streaks of many-coloured fire, glancing and shooting at intervals from and amidst heavy columns of black, suffocating smoke, formed an awful contrast to the darkness of the skies. The tumult and stunning uproar which filled the streets of the blazing town, was incre-

dible ; helms, corslets, and weapons of all descriptions were flashing redly in the fire light, as their wearers, on foot or on horseback, rushed to and fro as if possessed, driving about in all directions war-steeds, wild and free as the beasts of the forest, steeds all froth and foam, who with eyes protruding, tails and manes waving like banners in the breeze, heads tossing disdainfully in air, and veins and muscles swelling almost to bursting through their hairy sides, ramped over the streets and incinerated ruins, maddened by the sense of freedom, by the flaming dwellings, and hideous yells around them, and indignant at the efforts made to press them once more into the service of man. Some of the Scottish amazons contrived to arrest and ride off with a few of these noble chargers, these good women being almost as powerful as their male relations, and fully as well informed of the etiquettes of war, where plunder was concerned. Confounded by the clamour of man, horses, crashing timbers, falling stone-work, horns, drums, arms, &c. &c. &c. suffocated with heat and smoke, sinking under the weight and scorching influence of armour, which in such an atmosphere was become a case of burning iron, and almost despairing of finding Surrey amidst the mingling mass of human and brute beings, Lord Dacre and his friends for a few moments lost all self-possession, and sat in their saddles in mute despair. "Fools as we are!" at last exclaimed one of the officers "why not, instead of broiling in this volcano, plunge into the river, cool and refresh ourselves, and then return to seek"—Dacre heard not the conclusion of the sentence, setting spurs to his horse he took the rout to the river, followed by his companions, and reaching it tolerably unmolested, considering the obstacles through which he had to make his way, each plunged in, swam his horse to the opposite bank and back, and thus refreshed, reascended the rising ground upon which the town is erected. Turning into one of the streets, they beheld at no great distance a crowd collected, as if drawn together by somewhat more remarkable than ought which had yet occurred, pressing forwards through which their attention was arrested by the spectacle of a coal-black charger lying dead in the midst of the people, clotted with gore from the numerous wounds it had received and terribly burnt in all parts of its body. "I'll swear to that horse any where!" cried Dacre,

in a voice of mingled grief, anger, and astonishment. "What devil has run mine own Black Prince, (poor fellow!) to Jedburgh, and butchered him thus?" "Why man, that devil, *Duncan*, the blacksmith, to be sure. You need not ask," replied a voice, and Dacre was instantly beside the Earl of Surrey. "Yes," continued the General in an undertone, "that ubiquitous imp of Satan who has this night, at one and the same moment, haunted and harried us in four or five different places, brought your good horse into that deplorable state. (Poor animal! he has just breathed his last, and his dying agonies—every soldier loves his horse—so be thankful that *you* were spared the sight of *them*!) The infernal smith, mounted on your princely courser, drove many of our valuable beasts into the very fiercest flames of the burning town, where they perished; we pursued him, but the fellow riding, as never *man* rode, round the corner of this street, we lost *him*, but the horse he left us in the deplorable state in which you behold it." "And where then is the blacksmith?" asked Dacre. "That" answered Surrey "God only knows; none of our people have seen him since, but his own declare that they saw the foul fiend sink into the earth with him, somewhere hereabouts, in a vortex of sulphureous flame, and with a loud thunder-clap, which indeed I cannot say that I heard. But let us retire, our horses are, I fear, irretrievably *lost*, the Scots are too weary and confounded by the disappearance of their leader to renew hostilities to night, and, Dacre, I have a word or two for your *private* ear. But hark 'e my friend" in a lowered tone, "assure yourself of this, a second breach of duty will oblige, on my part, a *public* notice."

After this singular affray, *Duncan*, the mysterious smith, was never heard of more; Jedburgh and its environs became in consequence tolerably tranquillized, for the people alarmed and dispirited by his disappearance, and lacking his diabolical counsels and examples, sat down quietly under English protection, for a time at least, firmly believing him to have been carried off by his relation and ally, *Auld Hornie*. The probability is, that this wretched being, exhausted by wounds and fatigue, unable to retain his seat on Lord Dacre's fiery courser, whose speed was augmented ten-fold by the agony of the mortal hurts he had received, was, in turning abruptly round the corner of a street, jerked into the flames of one of

the edifices yet burning, and there miserably perished ; whilst the anguished animal, at not many paces distant, dropped down in the agonies of death but a few minutes previous to the arrival on the spot of his noble owner.

Surrey, however, it is said, believed in common with the Scots, that the blacksmith was nothing less than an incarnation of one of Satan's host, and to the end of his days never related the story of this border-foray, without attributing the whole to infernal agency, and swearing that the arch enemy himself, appeared six several times at least, during that night of unearthly tumult, confusion, destruction, and affray !

STANZAS TO A LADY.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

I do not love thee for thine eyes,
 Of tender and bewitching blue ;
 I do nor love thee for thy cheeks,
 Which shame the opening rose's hue !
 Nor lips vermilion that surpass
 The corals, which 'neath ocean grow ;
 Nor for thy graceful neck that vies,
 In whiteness with the Alpine snow.

I do not love thee for thy voice,
 Which round the heart enwreaths a spell ;
 I love thee not for sunny smiles,
 Which on thy radiant visage dwell ;
 Nor for the thousand outward charms,
 That all the painter's skill defy,
 Which make thee to the world appear
 A pitying seraph from the sky.

I love thee for thy noble mind,
 A treasure age will ne'er impair,
 Which, when thy beauty fades away,
 The ruthless hand of time will spare :
 I love thee for thy gentle heart,
 Of which I'd rather guardian be,
 Than reign a sceptred sovereign,
 And govern o'er the earth and sea.

Thy heart, beloved one ! is the shrine
 Where I my fond devotions pay,
 Like pilgrims who desert the world,
 And seek to heaven the brightest way :
 So, let my fervent worship gain
 That prize, all earthly joys above,
 Without which life no bliss can yield—
 Grant me the heaven of thy love !

TIME'S TELESCOPE, 1834.

This annual volume still maintains its character, or, indeed, we may say, improves. The present year is extremely rich in each of its departments ; and the illustrations are numerous and beautiful. The portraits of Rammohun Roy, Hannah More, La Place, Dr. Halley, Baron Cuvier, and Sir J. Banks are really gems of art ; and the astronomical subjects are executed with great taste. The first portion, " Remarkable Days," abounds with Cotemporary Biography, and is interspersed with numerous poetical pieces of much merit. Among the contributors to this department we find our own Mrs. Rolfe, Miss Beevor, H. C. Deakin, and G. R. Carter. The second part, " Astronomical Occurrences," is from the pen of Mr. Barker, of the " Literary Gazette." The introductory essay, " On the Formation of the Solar System," and the papers on " Telescopic Objects," will be read with much interest by the general, as well as scientific, reader. The third division, " Notes of a Naturalist," by Professor Rennie, requires no eulogium : Nature is ever presenting something new to the observant eye, The following extract we think will be amusing.

" WHY CATS FALL ON THEIR FEET WHEN THROWN FROM A HEIGHT.—The instinct which all animals seem to possess, in bringing the line of direction of the centre of pressure within the base is admirable. It is this instinct which renders the wild goat and the chamois so fearless of danger, in the terrific leaps they take among the alpine precipices ; and which enables a cat always to alight on its feet, in falling from heights that appear sufficient to render a fall fatal. Now, the operations of instinct, though in many points of view somewhat

miraculous, are always regulated by some ingenious principle, when that can be discovered ; and, in the instance of the cat always falling on her feet, it appears to me, that the same principle operates, which enables us to walk upright, by regulating our centre of pressure according to the things around us. In learning to walk, we judge of the distances of the objects which we approach, by the eye ; and by observing their perpendicularity, determine our own. Hence it is, that no one who is hoodwinked, can walk in a straight line for a hundred steps together ; and for the same reason, most people become dizzy when they look from the summit of a tower or battlement, much raised above the objects in the sphere of distinct vision. A whirling wheel, or the current of a rapid river, or the apparent motion of the sea on looking over the side of a fast sailing ship, have often a similar effect. When a child can first stand erect on his legs, if you gain his attention to a white handkerchief, extended like a sail, he will stand firm, but the instant you wave it, he will tumble down. It is for this reason, that rope dancers, who have a very narrow base upon which to maintain the line of direction perpendicular, keep their eye fixed on a point of the frame work upholding the rope, by which to regulate their centre of pressure ; and for the same reason, those who perform difficult feats of balancing, keep their eye fixed on the top of the thing balanced, to retain the line of direction within the base. It may be accordingly inferred, that the reason why a man loses his balance when tipsy is, that his eyes roll so unsteadily as to prevent him from regulating his balance by the things around him, while the muscular feelings that assist him when hoodwinked, are also deranged.

“ It would be curious to ascertain whether a cat, if rendered tipsy, would fall equally on her feet, when dropt from a height, as a sober cat. The difficulty of the experiment would lie in getting a cat to drink beer, wine, or spirits, all of which it greatly dislikes. I have no doubt, however, that it is by fixing the eye on the things around, that a cat, falling from a height, regulates her centre of pressure, so as to fall on her feet. She is, however, aided in this, by the form of her body, somewhat the reverse of that of a grey-hound, the centre of pressure lying far back from the head, and, consequently, bringing down the hind feet rather before the fore feet.”

In this part, also, we have a very charming little engraving, "The Moralist," accompanied by some lines, the moral of which is good, and the piece worth our extracting.

THE MORALIST.

Let youth pluck the rose, and a wreath let him weave,
While wet with the dew of the morn;
But alas! he will find, when with me at the eve,
That the rose left behind it a thorn.

The pluck'd rose is the classical emblem of death,
'Tis the mirror we owe to the fair,
It teacheth how virtue embalmeth the breath,
But if pluck'd it empoisons the air. *Anon.*

Fair ladies see this withered flower, unsightly now to view,
'Twas once the garden's boasted pride, and beautiful as you;
Each passer by in rapture gaz'd, as they may gaze on thee;
Then learn a moral from my tale, soon thou as changed may be.

Let not the pride of fashion's way allure thee to forget,
That ere yon sun has sunk in night, the sun of life *may* set;
Thou'rt young—but many young as thee by death are oft
called hence;

Then learn a moral from my tale, let folly ne'er drown sense.

There's time for thought, there's time for mirth, but one thing
keep in mind,

Let all thy doings ever be, good, innocent, or kind;
Do no one harm, nor harm yourself, and death you need not
fear;

Then learn a moral from my tale, and from all vice keep clear,

"Do unto others as you'd have all others do to thee,"
Your conscience then for ever will from all reproach be free;
When mixing in life's giddy scenes, think on this faded flow'r,
And then the moral of my tale will cheer your calmer hour.

Thus moralized an aged man, upon a rose decayed,
To two fair ladies, in whose charms, nature her art display'd;
They thank'd him as they turn'd away, a tear stood in each
eye,

Each learnt a moral from his tale they'll think of till they die.

This work still maintains its patriarchal title, of "Parent of the Annuals," with all its accustomed vigour. We shall again recur to its pages, and we promise our fair friends something worthy their attention.



Painted by J. Smith.

Engraved by S. Freeman.

THE MORALIST.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, oriented vertically.

THE INCOGNITO ; OR, SPECULATIONS.

BY MISS M. LEATHES BEEVOR.

Such is the quiet, viz. the dullness and stupidity of most country towns, that very trivial occurrences frequently there become matters of moment, and give rise to much speculation, cogitation, and debate. News is greedily sought, and swallowed with an avidity proportionate to its rarity ; much is often made of a little, and, something, strange to say, of nothing at all.

There stood in the small town of W—— (the name and precise situation of which we must be excused from precisely indicating,) a large, dismal-looking old mansion, which, having long had the reputation of being haunted, had not for years been inhabited, and it was popularly expected never would be again, if it stood till the end of time.

Great astonishment was then excited, when one morning some of the natives of W—— going forth to their several occupations, and having to pass the Great House, perceived that it was *inhabited* ! Yes ; to a certainty, inhabited by human, substantial beings, not by supernatural and airy forms. The news quickly circulated, and all W—— was in commotion to learn “ *who had hired the house ?* ”

This point being, as the good gossips thought, tolerably well ascertained, “ I’m heartily rejoiced,” cried Miss Tabitha Smith, “ that it is a *gentleman* ; men are scarce in W——, and, surveying herself complacently in a neighbouring friendly mirror, “ I hear he is a good kind of man, well looking, and of a steady, companionable age.” “ O dear no, aunt,” rejoined Miss Christina, the lady’s niece, “ you must have been misinformed, I’m sure, because Mrs. Fowkes, who has, I believe, *seen* him, told me he was quite a lad.”

“ Ah !” sighed Reuben Redmayne, thrusting his beefy hands into very empty pockets, “ what’s the good of a *man* in that house !—’twould have been some sense now if a rich *lady* had taken it ; and young or old, I should have been equally pleased.”

“ Is he that has taken the great house a gentleman, I wonder,” asked worthy Mrs. Bobbit of herself ; “ has he any family ? any lady ? and would it be worth my while to

“speak for his washing, or to let Mrs. Dabble have it, poor creature as she is?”

“Fain would I have had Drew,” observed the grocer of W——, “take that house last year for his chandling business; but the fellow wouldn’t hear of it; afraid of night-work *there*, I believe; and said he could have it if he changed his mind, any day for the asking, little thinking ’twas so soon to be clear gone.

“A *stranger* come to live in the great house,” mused the tailor of W——, “I wonder if he will want *superfine* for his clothes, and if he will be content to wear *my* make, instead of having, like other fops I could name, his toggery from town! as if *I* knew nothing about the London cut! who have patterns down every month, and make every ’dential article as comes out of *my* hands, by the regulation rules of the coxcomb’s repartorium of fashion!—Well, I’m glad ’tis a *gentleman*, at any rate, but if my good woman had got the stay-making for a *lady*, it might have been much the same in the end, I take it.”

And thus, in fifty different fashions was the unconscious stranger discussed in the town of W——; there was not a gentleman’s family, a tradesman’s, a mechanic’s, nay, not even a pauper’s, to which he was not an object of interest, and in which the queries were not agitated of, “Who is he?—What?—How long does he mean to reside amongst us?—And will he be *able* to live in the great house?” &c. &c. Some asserted he was a gentleman; others, that he could not be one, because he kept but a single servant, and she was maid of all work. Many were of opinion that he was a man “who had seen better days,” and had come to W—— for retirement and retrenchment; but a few, and their opinion had great weight, because, besides being the principal tradesmen and most substantial yeomen of the place, they had weighty reasons for advancing it, maintained that he must be “*somebody*,” that is, somebody of consequence incog. by reason of the princely orders he gave, and the great accounts he had opened with them. Never, in fact, had they experienced such a demand for their goods, and the apropos appearance of the gentleman at W—— was regarded by those favoured individuals as a special blessing.

The quantity of new furniture which was sent to the great house, and the quantity of old which its owner employed, (how could slander insinuate that he kept but one female servant, when he had at least a dozen serving men in his pay?) his *own* carts, horses, and men, to carry away from it, must have made it a fine place; but as he avowed his intention of admitting no company within his doors until his residence was rendered fit for their reception, *how* it was furnished, and *when* it would be opened for a house-warming, supplied the gossips of W—— with fresh matter for speculation; and they were also considerate souls, very curious to know *where* he would find money to answer all demands.

It having been ascertained that the stranger was, to use a popular vulgarism, unencumbered with “chick or child,” and one of those enviable beings whose age is by their appearance undistinguishable, being *any*, between thirty and sixty, his arrival excited amongst the single ladies of W—— *speculations* rather differing from, though not wholly unconnected, with the preceding, but of which the nature will be best understood by our stating that their usual and almost sole enquiry after awhile was, “Is Mr. Dyer a *marrying* man?” Poor Rosalina Burton, the clergyman’s youngest daughter, and a sentimental, romantic Romeo and Juliet sort of girl, fell desperately in love with Mr. Dyer; at first by hearsay, subsequently “at first sight,” by accidentally meeting him in a shop, though not a word passed between them; but he *looked* such a *nice*, dear man! she was confident *he was not what he seemed*, but something better!—the *son* of a lord at least, if not a nobleman himself!—nay, man he *might* be, the GREAT UNKNOWN, who was come to W—— in double incog. for the double purpose of quiet and seclusion, and of gathering incidents and characters in a country town for a novel of English domestic life! At any rate, Miss Rosalina felt assured that homely David Dyer was not the interesting stranger’s *real* name, and neither was he living in his accustomed style at the great house. Poor fellow! did he know it was haunted when he hired it? and did the ghosts trouble him, she wondered? This query which no one of course could answer but the gentleman himself, she had so ardent a desire to have satisfied, that she actually summoned courage to ask her papa “to take some

notice of Mr. Dyer." "I have done so already, my dear," replied Mr. Burton. "having unwillingly noticed that since his residence amongst us, he has not set foot into the church. Now it is true he may not be of our communion, but he may also be of no religion at all—an atheist—a scoffer! I would not think uncharitably of my neighbours, but cannot avoid having *my* speculations upon the stranger as well as others, and am moreover bound, not less as the minister of this parish, but as the head of one of the most respected houses in it, to learn something positive and satisfactory respecting a new comer, ere I admit him to my table, and to an intimacy with my wife and daughters, if *such* be the *notice* you wish me to extend to him." Miss Rosalina, to these objections, would not, or *dared* not offer a reply; her father's suppositions and sentiments, just and rational as they were, she secretly thought too harsh and unchristian to damp the ardour of her feelings towards the stranger, yet was she sorely grieved and astonished some weeks afterwards to observe, upon meeting the object of her secret homage at the hall, that Miss Maria Plumpton, the baronet's eldest daughter and heiress, for he had no son, a plain girl, but a reputed *fortune*, entirely engrossed his attention; nay, she could not but perceive that he was in prospective the son-in-law of the family, to the dismissal of young Hastings, for whom heretofore that honour had been designed. The faithless Maria had, it seems, discarded the faithful Hastings so soon as Mr. Dyer ventured to declare himself; and that Sir William and Lady Plumpton had readily assented to this new arrangement, only proved that the tenant of the great house *was* SOMEBODY, perhaps of rank, but assuredly of wealth. Speculation went to work more busily than ever, but the Plumpton's "tiresome creatures, who knew who the man was, of course," kept the secret so inviolably, that the gossips of W—— were, with all their penetration, more at fault than ever. Perhaps to this day, the mystery concerning him might have remained undiscovered, but for a singular accident, though indeed such is not without its precedent in the annals of "English domestic life."

One morning the town of W—— became in as great an uproar on account of the sudden disappearance of Mr. Dyer, as it was upon his sudden arrival: he was *gone* that was certain,

but *how*? Some said he had "walked off;" some, that he had marched without beat of drum;" some, that he had "taken to his heels and run away;" whilst others, and amongst these Miss Rosalina Burton, stoutly maintained that "the unfortunate gentleman had been *spirited* away," one fatal consequence of living in a haunted house; "otherwise, after all that has passed at the hall, it would have been impossible for him to have walked, run, or marched from W—— without Miss Maria Plumpton on his arm." However, it was singular, that all the new furniture, &c. &c. had been spirited away likewise; plate and glass of the most valuable description, and to a large amount, together with many articles, were *all gone*, leaving the great house more naked and desolate than ever. The countenances blank and aghast of the good people of W——, but for their losses, would have been sufficiently ludicrous to furnish the ingenious inventors of the *Grimacier*, and similar toys, with a month's subjects, and a twelvemonth's laughter; and the query "*Why* had the stranger departed?" was scarcely answered by the supposition that "he was a rogue," when the immediate and pressing cause of his uncivil exit, became apparent. A paragraph copied from a provincial into a London paper, had found its way to the little town of W——, and in due course, no doubt, to the Great House, and this was its purport:—

"CAUTION.—The public, and tradesmen particularly, are cautioned to beware of the arts of a certain *Chevalier d'Industrie*, who is carrying on singly and by confederation, a system of alarming depredations all over the country. He is a dark complexioned, good looking man, of middle height and good figure, about forty years of age, with traces of moustaches on his upper lip, dresses *en militaire*, and evidently by his appearance and demeanour endeavours to pass himself off as a retired or non-attached officer of army or navy. He is in the habit of hiring unfurnished houses and giving large orders to tradesmen for furniture, plate, glass, wine, &c. &c. for all of which they receive payment in liberal *promises*, but, when their demands grow importunate, it is needless to add, that the *gentleman* finds it convenient to change his place of abode, and to convey with him the property of his dupes, which he generally does by means of his confederates, who acting as servants to this arch impostor, decamp with the un-

paid for goods in the dead of the night. The real name of this adventurer is unknown, but his aliases are numerous : the last trace we have of him was at the town of W——, in the county of B——, where, we are informed, he is living in great style, and about to form a matrimonial alliance with one of the fair daughters of a well known baronet. It is to be hoped, that some friend of the family will immediately step in and prevent so disastrous an occurrence.”

Of the appearance of this pretty paragraph in the papers, our ingenious stranger was probably made aware, by his allies in other places, some hours earlier than were the hapless inhabitants of W—— by that London journal, which had in fact *arrived* only at the post office, two hours after his departure.

The feelings of Miss Rosalind Burton upon this melancholy finale to her little romance will be easily conjectured ; but acute as they were, we beg leave to state, that they were nothing to those of Miss Maria Plampton, and her ill-advising family, when, to their infinite chagrin, mortification, dismay and despair, they found the villainous Dyer GONE, such as he was, for ever ; (and oh ! what a heart-rending discovery !) and the worthy and high born Hastings gone also, as far as an alliance with him was concerned, he, wisely declining, after his recently shameful treatment, any further intercourse with the perfidious, avaricious, and ambitious Miss Maria.

Great Marlow, Bucks.

CHIT - CHAT.

BRIGHTON PIER.—His Majesty has renewed his annual subscription of £20 to the chain pier, and the Queen her subscription of £10. The Princess Augusta has signified her intention of renewing her annual subscription of £5. The repairs to the pier are nearly finished, and in a short time it will resume its usual appearance.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—There is note of preparation for the return of the king and queen and the court from Brighton to Windsor Castle, which is expected to take place between the 20th and 25th February. All the royal galleries and state apartments, as well as those for domestic use, are ready.

Adelaide Cottage, in the little park, to which her Majesty is so much attached, has been newly decorated. Virginia Water will receive the beautiful yacht Adelaide, constructed at Sheerness dock-yard, from a plan suggested by his Majesty, and which has been built so as to take to pieces, and put together again on the banks of Virginia Water, previously to its being launched upon that fine lake.—*Court Journal*.

HANNAH MORE.—The Princess Sophia of Gloucester has subscribed £10, and the Archbishop of Canterbury £20, towards a memorial in honor of this distinguished lady.

THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.—The queen regent is a fine young woman. Her figure was perfect; it is now, however, too fat for the English taste. Her countenance is in the highest degree pleasing; the features are well formed, and there is a mixture of sweetness and intellect in the face that gives that peculiar charm to the countenance which is preferable to some beauty. The only face which I recollect in England that will give an idea of her majesty, is that of Miss Ellen Tree; and her nose is of too prominent a character to make the resemblance altogether decided. She is equally fair, but not quite so tall; and, as I have said, exceedingly round in all proportions. Her manner is of the most gracious, and she goes on saluting and smiling and nodding with a most untiring cheerfulness and urbanity. She rides well for a Spaniard—indeed, I think I may say, well for an Englishwoman; but not with a graceful seat. Her habit and her hat want exceedingly to be sent from England. She puts all her hair from her face, and, with a strap under her chin looks very much as if careless of weather; and, if necessary, I should not be surprised at her enjoying, like her half-sister, the Duchess of Berri, a campaign or two—the which, *Deus avertat!*—*Letter from Madrid*.

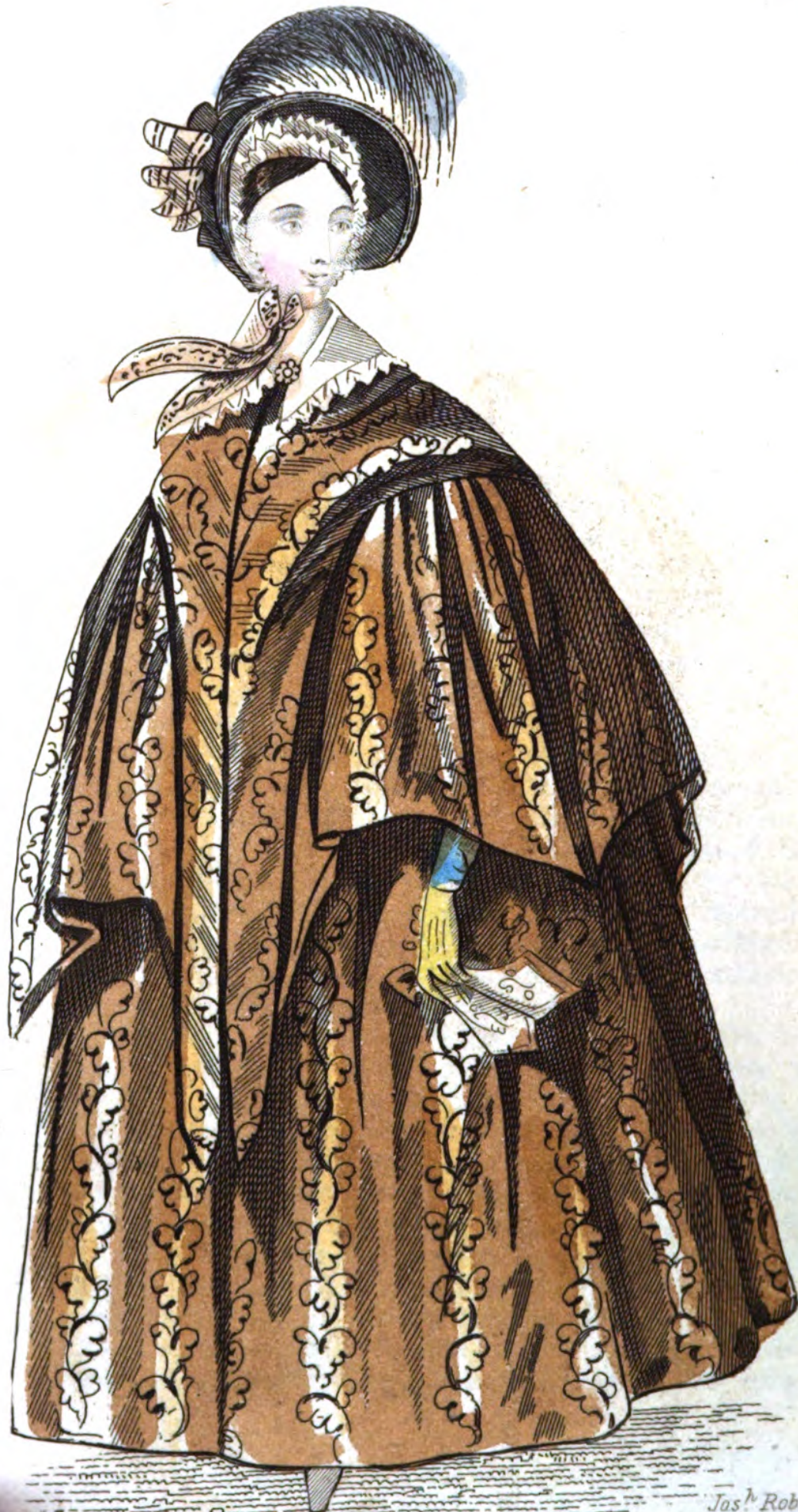
THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has addressed a proclamation to the army of Arragon, in which she mentions that she will, ere long, undertake a journey through the provinces of Spain, to hear the complaints of the people, and remove the evils which have so long afflicted them.

SENORA TERESITA VALTAREN, (the Queen of Spain's Camarista.)—This lady, who has been exiled from Madrid, and has created so much interest in the political world, has just arrived in France. She is by birth a Frenchwoman, of very

humble parentage, and her history is not a little curious. Though only a *camarista* (waiting woman to the Queen of Spain), she has for years past swayed the destinies of that kingdom. Ferdinand, who was much attached to her, never took any important step without consulting her. Such was the address of Senora Teresita, that she contrived to win the confidence of the royal pair, whose interest and tempers were so different, and so difficult to be understood. It is generally believed that Teresita had no small share in bringing about the determination which caused the law of succession to be changed in Spain. In her gratitude for this act of service, Christina raised her *camarista* to the rank of her confidential friend, and it is even said, to that of her prime minister. If report speak true, it was only in the presence of Teresita that a certain foreign minister, recently sent on a diplomatic mission to Spain, could be admitted to his first interview with the queen. The highest noblemen of the court of Madrid daily attended the levee of the favorite. The enjoyment of so much power was sufficient to gratify the most inordinate ambition; but either owing to the queen's caprice, or to the perfidy of the minister Zea, Teresita was accused of corresponding with Don Carlos, and of wishing to restore to the throne, the prince she had contributed to remove from it. On very vague evidence of this charge she was exiled from Madrid. Her husband, who was formerly one of the king's body guards, departed precipitately for Portugal. According to some accounts, however, he is still concealed in Madrid, and Teresita, who knows too many secrets to be sacrificed, will probably be soon recalled.

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL'S DRAWING-ROOM.—On New Year's Day, Queen Donna Maria gave a grand gala and beja-mao at the Palace of Bemposta, which is situated at the eastern extremity of Lisbon, on a beautiful inland spot, surrounded by picturesque hills, the castle of St. George, and a variety of churches, convents, and ruins. The royal party proceeded early to the palace, seated in a superb English-built state-coach, which was drawn by eight beautiful chesnut English horses, richly caparisoned, with a profusion of sky-blue ostrich plumes proudly nodding on their heads; and driven by an English coachman, dressed in English fashion, in scarlet and gold. The patriarch, Miguel Serafim Ribeiro,

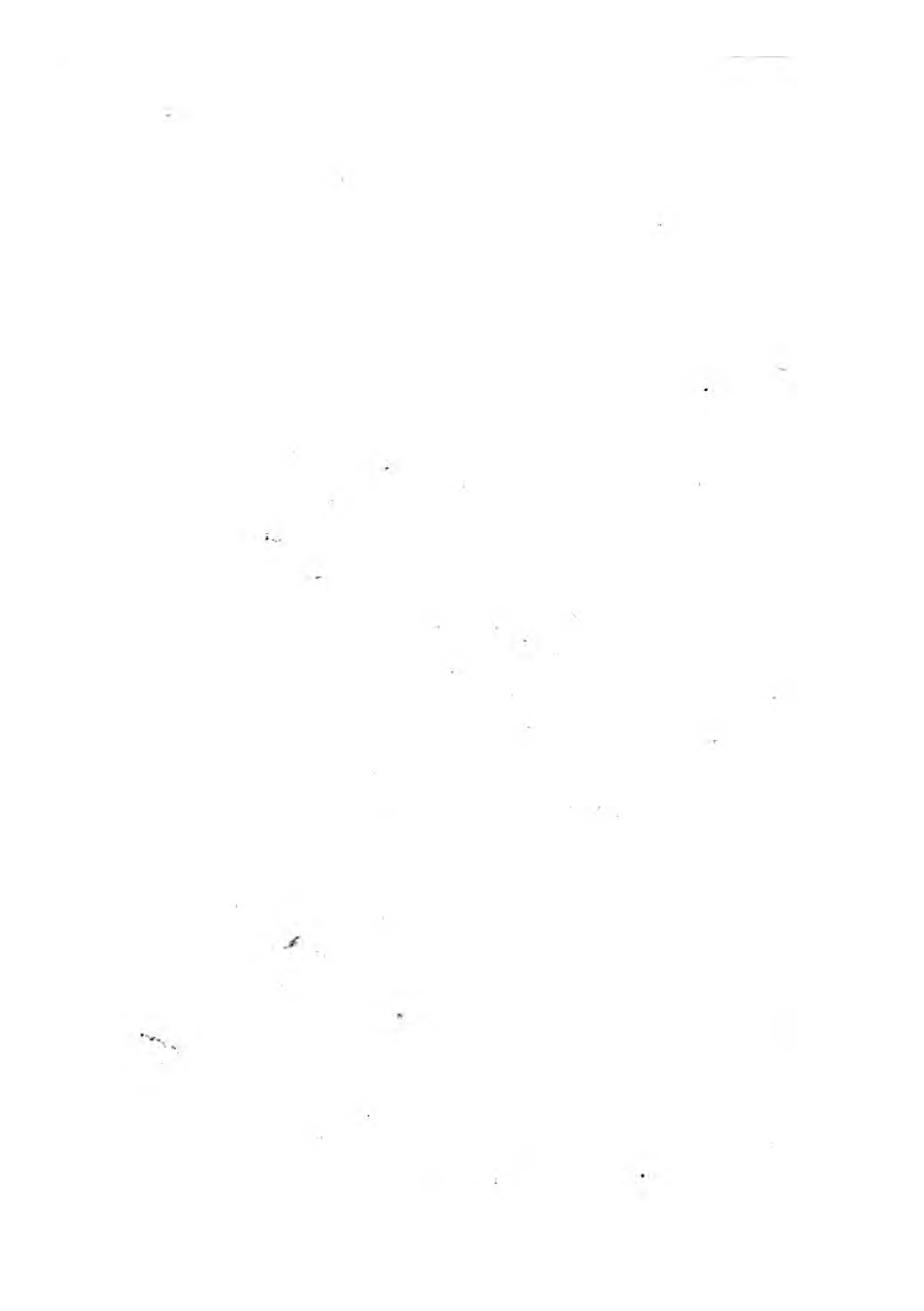




Jas. Robins



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attended by two churchmen in vermilion mantelets, followed next to the royal equipage ; and afterwards came the British ambassador in a carriage drawn by four mules.

In the throne-room, the queen was stationed by the side of the Duchess of Braganza, where the courtiers kissed the royal hand, extended over a sort of railing, the regent standing before it. Her majesty's deportment was calm and dignified, though many thought it frigid and statue-like. The empress, however, was as fascinating as ever. The emperor's manly aspect was characterized by his usual military sternness ; but the seriousness of his features frequently relaxed into an agreeable and gracious placidity of countenance. The concourse of civilians, military and naval officers, and clergymen, all in grand costume, was immense, but the number of ladies rather limited, and bearing no proportion to those who attend the drawing-rooms of our most gracious Queen Adelaide.— At two o'clock the court broke up, and their majesties returned to the Palace of Necessidades by a quarter past three. Everything passed off quietly without a single accident of any kind, and the people seemed highly gratified.

On Monday, the 20th instant, died, aged 32, Mr. Mungo Park, nephew of Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, and son of the late Mr. Park, of the Isle of Mull, whom Sir Walter Scott, in the notes of his novel of " Guy Mannering," acknowledges was the original from whence he drew the character of Dandie Dinmont.

DR. BABINGTON.—The sum of £1300 has been raised by subscription, for the erection of a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the memory of this eminent physician.

THE LADIES' TOILET.

MORNING DRESS.—The robe is of a new and peculiar shade of green. A plain high body, *gigot* sleeves terminated by a very pretty fancy cuff. Apron of *soucé gros de Naples*, figured with black, and trimmed with black real lace. A *ruche* of black net, and a knot of ribbon borders each pocket. Blond lace cap, the trimming consists of a single row, it is arranged

in a peculiarly light and graceful manner, and intermixed with ends of gauze ribbon. Clear cambric collar, embroidered round the border.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Cashmere mantle printed in columns, in a new and beautiful pattern. The pelerine of the usual depth is cut in points round the border, and surmounted by a lappel of a novel and graceful form. Velvet bonnet, the color is *fumée de Londres* it is of the *demi bibi* shape, and trimmed with an *aigrette* to correspond, attached on one side by a knot of ribbon, gold color, figured with brown, to correspond with the mantle. The morning cap and *collerette* are *tulle*.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

The uncommon mildness of the weather has some effect upon walking dress, mantles are less frequently seen than shawls; the latter are mostly of the French imitation of cashmere, but we see also some of a material that was fashionable about twenty years ago. They were called then whittles, they are of the finest wool, twilled, and of a large size. They are woven in large squares of different and rather shewy colors. Although they are adopted by some very genteel women, they have really a vulgar appearance, and we think are never likely to become a general fashion.

We have nothing to say on the chapter of hats, as far as regards promenade dress, but some very elegant ones have appeared in carriage costume. We shall cite two, that our fair readers will find worthy of their attention: the first is composed of emerald green velvet, the crown, of the helmet kind, has the material arranged in oblique folds towards the front, they form a point on the summit of the crown. A bandeau of gauze ribbon is twined round the bottom of it, in which a bouquet of three ostrich feathers, green tipped with black, is placed a little on the left side, and drooping over to the right. They are *plumes panachées*, that is to say, the beards of the feathers are thickened and knotted towards the ends. The brim is of the *bibi* kind, but more open than they are in general, it is trimmed next the face with a wreath composed of leaves of gauze ribbon, edged with very narrow black blond lace.

The other bonnet is of the *chapeau capote* kind, it is composed of geranium colored satin, the crown of the cone form, but lower than any that we have yet seen, it is ornamented with *aigrettes* formed of black and geranium colored flowers. A round brim of moderate size, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with a half veil of black blond lace.

Velvet and satin pelerines, lined and bordered with fur are frequently adopted instead of mantles in carriage dress, since the weather has been so mild. Though sable is still the fur for excellence, different others are adopted, particularly that called Kolinsky, and the fur of the Russian fox.

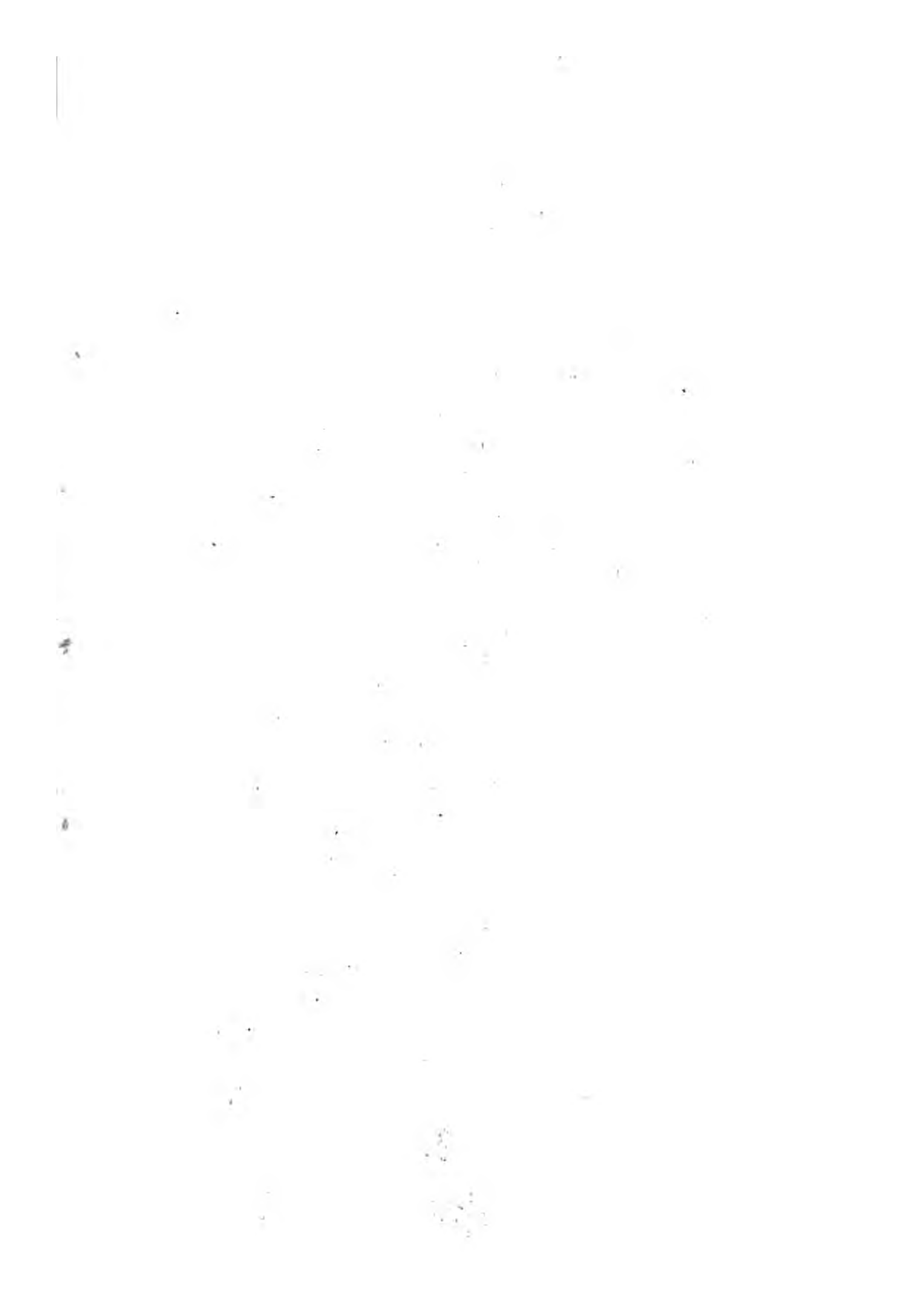
Rich materials continue to bear the palm in evening dress. Figured satin and velvet are most in favor. Some of the most novel and elegant have the *corsage* made of moderate height round the shoulders and back of the bust, and plain, but arranged in folds, which come from the shoulder in front, and descending obliquely on each side, terminate in a point at the bottom of the waist. The *corsage* thus arranged, displays an under front, or, as it is called, *guimpe*, which may be either composed entirely of blond lace, or else of satin, trimmed at the top with a *ruche* of *tulle* or blond lace. If the sleeves are long, they must be ornamented at the lower part of the arm either with knots of ribbon, or else a cuff turning up and open at the sides; it is trimmed either with narrow blond lace or a *ruche*.

Blond lace caps are the head-dresses most in favor in dinner dress. Several are trimmed with short ostrich feathers, either two or three are placed *en bouquet* rather far back. We have seen some also trimmed with the tops of ostrich feathers, and this latter style of trimming is, in our opinion, very novel, as well as pretty. The tips of the feathers being intermingled with the blond which forms the trimming of the front, and partly shaded by it, have a very tasteful effect. Turbans and dress hats are the *coiffures* most in request for evening parties. The latter are mostly of velvet, with small round turned-up brims. A single ostrich *plume panachée*, extremely long, and thick at the edges, is generally used to trim a hat of this kind, but we have seen some decorated with the beautiful plumage of tropical birds, the effect of which is extremely striking.—Fashionable colors are the same as last month.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.



OPERA MANTELET AND CAPUCHON — of brown and gold colored striped velvet, trimmed with black real lace. The capuchon is bordered by a *tulle ruche*, and finished by a knot of ribbon.





Jos.^h Robins.



Feb^r 1834.

DIN NER DRESS.—Robe of dark violet velvet, a low body in cross drapery, displaying a blond lace chemisette. *Maintenon* sleeves, ornamented with knots of gauze ribbon with gold buckles in the centre. A trimming formed by an intermixture of bands and knots of ribbon, with a gold buckle in the centre of each knot, descends from the waist down one side of the skirt. Green velvet hat of the gothic form, the brim quite turned up, is trimmed next the face with a band of rich green figured satin ribbon, in which a white ostrich feather is inserted. A jewelled clasp is placed at the base of the plume. Necklace and fancy jewellery.

EVENING DRESS,—Composed of white blond lace over white satin. The *corsage* low, and that of the blond dress brought down in the *demi cœur* style to the centre of the breast, and ornamented by a knot of rose-colored gauze ribbon. The border of the satin dress is trimmed with blond lace; the lace dress is open before, and trimmed in the apron stile, with knots of ribbon. The head dress is a *chapeau toque* of rose colored crape trimmed under the brim, in a very novel stile, with gauze ribbon, and a single white ostrich feather attached by a gold lozenge. Long ends of ribbon descend from the back of the crown upon the shoulders. Jewellery, gold and pearls.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

Notwithstanding the unusual mildness of the weather, furs are in the greatest possible request in promenade dress. A muff and palatine tippet is, in fact, indispensable, even if the mantle is, as is frequently the case, bordered with fur. Boas have declined very much indeed in estimation, they are still partially seen in the promenades, but are no longer considered fashionable.

Fur trimmings are a good deal worn in half dress, and partially adopted in evening costume. In the former the dresses are composed of cashmere or plain satin, and made with a high *corsage* fitting close to the shape, and a pelerine either round or cut in four points; it is bordered with a flat band of fur, and, if it is cut in points, the border of the dress is trimmed with a flat band of fur arranged in points. An innovation of a very happy kind has just appeared in fur trimmings;

swandown which for several years past was only used in the spring and autumn, has this year been in favor up to the present time, and is likely to remain so during the winter; the effect of this light and elegant fur upon velvets or satins of rich full colors, is extremely beautiful. Some ladies have lately appeared in evening dress with ruby or emerald green velvet robes, made in the antique style, and trimmed with swansdown round the top of the *corsage*, and also at the waist, and round the point, from whence a rouleau descended on each side *en tablier*, and turned back about a quarter of a yard from the bottom. This style of trimming has been much admired, and is certainly very graceful.

Plain *corsages* are quite the mode for evening as well as half dress toilettes, that is to say, for evening *negligé*. Some of the prettiest robes for the latter have the *corsages* made *à la vierge*, terminating in a point before, and trimmed with short knots of gauze ribbon. Pelisse robes are also very much in favor in evening *negligé*; several of the most novel are composed of satin figured in large flowers. The *corsages* are made low and of the shawl kind. The lappel rounded on the back crosses with the skirt. Some are trimmed with black lace, others are bordered with *dents*, and a few are edged with a very narrow rouleau of fur. The trimming of the lappel is always continued down the front of the robe.

Velvet hats continue in favor in evening dress, they are now ornamented with feathers only: the various ways in which the latter are placed, takes off from the uniformity of their appearance. Some are trimmed with a single feather, drooping either to the front or back; others have two inclining in different directions, one rising above the crown, the other falling upon the brim. A third style is three feathers of different lengths, but none of them long, placed *en bouquet*.

Turbans of embroidered gauze, begin to be very generally adopted in evening dress. Some very beautiful ones have the band at the bottom, composed of folded velvet of one of the colors employed in the embroidery. The gauze rises in voluminous folds from this band, on one side of which is placed an *esprit*, or a bird of Paradise. The queue of the latter droops over the back of the turban. Velvet and satin hats are also considered *très distingués*, particularly some of the latter which have just appeared. They are of a new and most

beautiful shade of green, with low crowns, and small round brims, shaped something like a man's hat, but cut very small behind. The trimming consists of very broad gold gauze ribbon, figured at each edge in a wreath of green foliage. The ribbon forms a round rosette on the front of the crown, and descending obliquely, ties behind in a bow with two long ends, which float over the shoulders. Fashionable colors are the same as last month.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rue Saint Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain,
Jan. 20, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We have celebrated the festival of Christmas in the good old English fashion, at least as far as we could, for it really is not an easy matter to get any roast beef that is eatable in the good city of Paris. The only piece that the French ever think of roasting, is the inside of the sirloin, and you may guess what a magnificent appearance this *morceau*, which never weighs more than two pounds and a half or three quarters, makes when it comes rolled up to table. Papa, who is a perfect John Bull for roast beef, has tried several butchers without much success. The beef in appearance was remarkably fine, but when it came upon table it always appeared shrunk and was tough. At last the cause was explained: the oxen in France are made to work, and are not killed till they are eight years old, so you may suppose that epicures in roast beef are not very likely to be gratified with it here. There is, however, one butcher in Paris, who has the reputation of procuring his beef from England, and from him we have had some of what papa declares emphatically to be "the right sort." There are two English pastry cooks, where mince pies, plum puddings, and plum cakes, are to be had quite as good as at home. They have as many customers among the French as the English, for it is quite the fashion

for the former to have English pastry at their entertainments, although they never eat it ; and, in truth, I don't wonder at it, for their own is far superior. New year's day and twelfth day were formerly welcomed with great solemnity by the French, and even now, though the change of manners is so great, they are observed as festivals by most people. The morning of the former is devoted to leaving cards, either in person or by deputy, with all your acquaintance ; or rather, I should say, with all the people with whom you are so far acquainted as to speak when you meet, for though you may never exchange cards on any other occasion in the course of your lives, it would be considered as an intended affront, or a want of good breeding not to do it on new year's day. But it would be equally ill-bred to expect to find any body at home, even your most familiar friends are invisible on that day. In fact, their being at home, would be a tacit confession that they either neglected their acquaintance, or had but a small circle of them, and either supposition would be highly wounding to their self-love. We spent the twelfth day with a very amiable family. They celebrate it as we do, but they make more of it. The sovereign of the night gains his temporary crown by part of the cake in which a bean is placed falling to him or her. He, or she, then chooses a partner in the regal dignity, and immediately afterwards all the great officers of the court are selected from among the company. I understand that this custom may be traced several hundred years back, and it is a well known fact, that at the time of the revolution there were several martyrs to it, not only in the first year but in some of the succeeding ones ; for although it was well known that the guillotine awaited all who even uttered the word king, except with execrations, many families braved the danger, and met to celebrate in secret that festival, which long habit and tender recollections, had rendered dear and sacred in their eyes. The parents of the young people with whom we spent it were among the number, and as their history is a little romance, I will relate it to you.

The families of La R—— and De V—— had been long connected, partly by intermarriages, and partly by the ties of friendship. In the year 1790 an estrangement took place from political motives, between the heads of the houses. La R——, a staunch ultra royalist, looked with horror upon

the new order of things. His friend, an adherent to constitutional monarchy, looked forward to seeing it firmly established in France. Although some disputes had taken place between the friends, yet they had never gone any great lengths, till the twelfth day of 1790, when the two families met as usual to spend it together. Ernest La R—— and Cecile de V—— were king and queen. All was mirth and harmony, when a few words dropped by La R—— and sharply taken up by De V—— produced a violent quarrel between them, and despite of the intreaties of their wives and children, they parted with a declaration that their friendship was at an end.

Ernest and Cecile were in consequence forbidden to see or correspond with each other. La R—— and his family soon after emigrated, and De V—— retired to a very remote part of France, where he hoped to remain in quiet obscurity till better times. It so chanced, that the property to which he retired, adjoined one that had belonged to a cousin of La R—— who was guillotined in the course of the revolution. On the morning of the twelfth day of ninety-three, De V—— was walking in that direction, when he met a peasant whose features were familiar to him, though he could not at first recollect them. A second glance convinced him that it was La R——. That glance spoke volumes, there was no need of words to prove that each had forgotten every thing but their ancient friendship. A moment sufficed to bring to De V——'s mind the danger his friend was exposed to. He conducted him instantly to his own house, which he entered by a back way, and proceeded unobserved with La R—— to his chamber. "Here," said he, "with Heaven's blessing, we may be safe, if safety is to be found; there is a recess in this room, in which I trust you may remain concealed even from the strictest search, and now, dear La R——, tell me why did you brave the danger of returning, and where is your wife and Ernest?"

The first had fallen a victim to sorrow and hardship, the latter, after an unsuccessful attempt to serve the royal cause in the army of Condé, was then in Germany, where lingering illness had brought him to the brink of the grave, and reduced them both to the most extreme penury, for it was to the talents of Ernest that they owed a maintenance. This circumstance had decided the return of La R——, he had received a letter

which his deceased cousin left in charge with a friend to forward to him, describing a spot in which some money and jewels were buried, and the situation of his son determined him to hazard his life to recover it.

The resolution of De V—— was instantly taken. “Defer your plan till to-morrow night,” said he, “my wife has baked in secret the twelfth cake, which we are to eat to-night with a few faithful friends. We dare no longer keep the festival openly, but you will not shrink from the danger which we must run to celebrate it in secret.”

La R—— readily agreed. The little party, who were all in the house, met in the bed-chamber of De V——, and when they separated, Dr V—— went himself to the spot which his friend had described, and was fortunate enough to return undiscovered with the treasure, with which La R—— reached Germany in safety. Five years afterwards he was enabled, by the unceasing exertions of De V——, to return to France. The constancy of Ernest and Cecile was rewarded, and they still live to celebrate happily and securely the *jour des Rois*.

The masked balls have commenced by one at the Opera house. The *salle* was magnificently lighted, and decorated, but I am told, for we were not there, that the company was not the most select. There were, however, some elegant masks, particularly a groupe of Spaniards, who danced the Bolero in the first stile of excellence, and a quadrille, representing all the different modes that have appeared in France, since the days of Francis the First, up to the present time. Thirty-six persons made their *entrée* to the air of the polonaise in Gustavus the Third, and during a quarter of an hour formed groupes that afforded a piquant *coup d'œil*, by the singular union they presented of the costumes that have succeeded one another in France, for nearly four hundred years. We have had also two charity balls. Papa took us to both. They were numerously attended, but, in truth, the distress is so great that the relief thus afforded can be but temporary.

Adieu ! Ma chère !

Believe me, always yours,

EMILY B——.

Miss Melmoth,
Melmoth Hall, &c. &c.



THE ELVES & THE SHOEMAKER.

There was once a shoemaker who worked very hard, and was very honest ; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them all ready to make up the next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his troubles ; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to heaven, and fell asleep. In the morning after he had said his prayers, he set himself down to his work, when to his great wonder, there stood the shoes, all ready made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship ; there was not one false stitch in the whole job ; and all was so neat and true that it was quite a masterpiece.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes suited him so well that he willingly paid a higher price than usual for them ; and the poor shoemaker with the money bought leather enough to make two pair more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early that he might get up

early and begin betimes next day ; but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was done ready to his hand. Soon in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four more. He cut out the work again over night, and found it done in the morning as before ; and so it went on for some time : what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and well off again.

One evening about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, " I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought ; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in a corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should happen.

As soon as it was midnight there came two little naked dwarfs ; and they sat themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate that the shoemaker was all wonder, and could not take his eyes off for a moment. And on they went till the job was quite done, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before day-break ; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker, " These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good turn if we can. I am quite sorry to see them run about as they do ; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain ; do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much ; and one evening when the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves to watch what the little elves would do. About midnight they came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual ; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and chuckled and were greatly delighted. They then dressed themselves in the

twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out at the door over the green ; and the shoemaker saw them no more : but every thing went well with him from that time forward as long as he lived.*

METRICAL SKETCHES.

BY M. L. B.

No. 8.—THE SLIGHTED ONE.

He never *said* he lov'd me,
 But I saw it in his eye ;
 I heard it in his low soft speech,
 And brief, but frequent sigh ;
 I felt it,—in that meek caress,
 The pressure of his hand,
 When one we made —one happy pair,
 I' the gleesome dancing band.

I surely *thought* he lov'd me,
 For he brought me roses bright
 As ever gladden'd Paradise
 With love's celestial light ;
 He brought me bouquets fresh and fair,
 Tied up with ribbons blue ;
 All flowers, he said,—had *language*,—
 And—*I learnt to read it too!*—

He never *said* he lov'd me,
 But he listen'd when I talk'd ;
 Correction—contradiction—bore,
 And beau'd me when I walk'd ;
 At opera, concert, play, or ball,
 No sense or soul had he
 For aught around him,—nay, indeed,
 For any one—but *me!*—

* For this amusing fiction we are indebted to *German Popular Stories*, a new edition of which has just appeared. It is decidedly one of the most popular books in the language, and deservedly so. The illustrations are amongst Mr. G. Cruikshank's very best productions, which is no little praise, when we consider that in this branch of the arts he stands alone, in this or any other country.

I surely *thought* he lov'd me,
 And most people thought so too ;
 Or, I'd ne'er have wept each season
 When sighing *mes adieux* ;—
 My watch-guards, purses, sketches, should
 Have grac'd some fancy fair ;
 I wonder, if the hosts I made—
 He *has* SOLD anywhere ?

He never *said* he lov'd me,
 But I really think it hard,
 With no shadow of a quarrel,
 Of his love to be debarr'd ;
 His eye—his smile—his voice—are chang'd ;
 His vapid words are loud ;
 Last week,—(there might be nothing *meant*)
 He passed—and never bow'd !

I surely *thought* he lov'd me ;
 And the world began to hint,
 Of “*marriage*,”—and “*a settled thing* ;”—
 O!—*was it put in print*?—
 Or, did his spirit dastardly
 Succumb beneath a “*quiz*?”—
 He could not be *surpris'd* to hear
 All persons style me *his*!—

He never *said* he lov'd me,
 But he quite *insults* me now !
 Does he talk to other fair ones,
 Of “*the matrimonial vow*?”—
 Does he give *them* gloves, and trinkets?—
 (Rare flow'rs he does—I see ;)
 Does he take from them such presents,
 As he *once* received from *me*?

I surely *thought* he lov'd me,
 And I deem'd him worthy too,
 Of my ardent soul's wild fondness ;
 Now, what shall the SLIGHTED do ?
 I cannot treat him harshly,
 Though so faithless and unkind ;
 And, but the more he haunts me, as
 I'd drive him from my mind !

ON REARING OAK PLANTS IN HYACINTH GLASSES*.

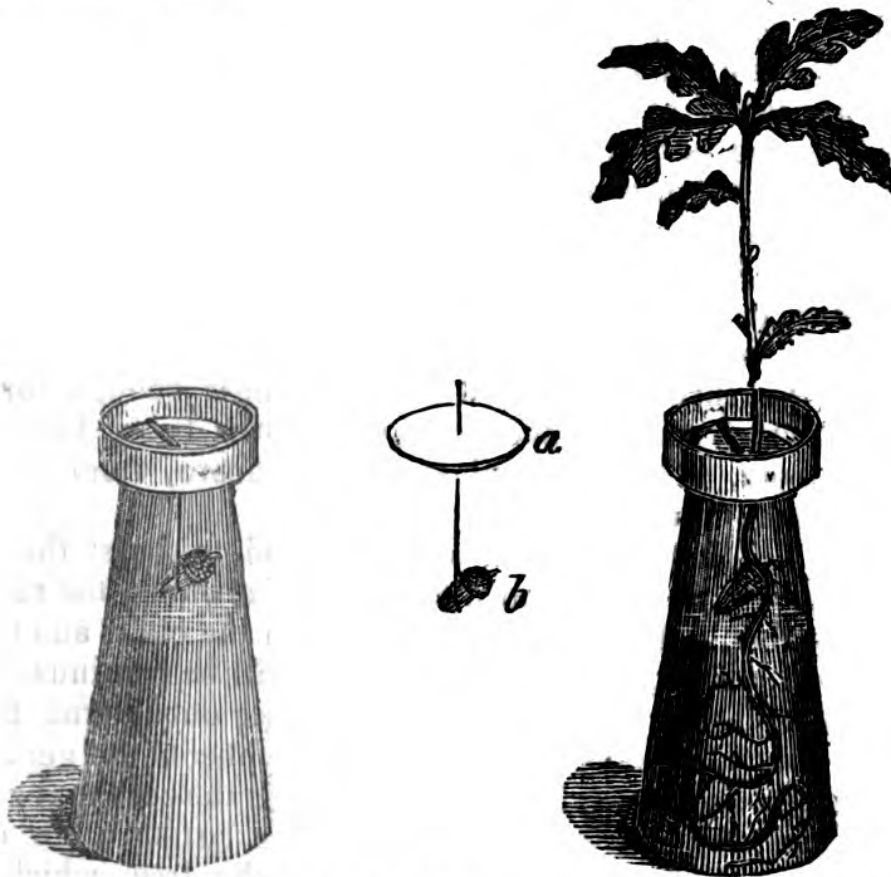
The following experiment on the germination and growth of plants may be new to many of our readers, as it was to several friends to whom I showed it, though they were by no means inattentive to natural phenomena :

Let a common hyacinth glass, or other glass if more convenient, be filled about a half or a third part full of water ; and a piece of card be prepared as a cover for the opening of the glass, so as to fit close and exclude the air. Fasten a strong thread, or a piece of brass wire, round an acorn—not iron wire for it will rust and corrode the acorn, and frustrate the experiment—and suspend the thread or brass wire from the card, or from a small tranverse bar of wood or metal beneath it, so that the acorn may be sustained at a short distance above the surface of the water ; but near enough for the steam, which will be generated by the glass being kept in a small room, to be communicated to the acorn, from which it will depend in a large drop.

In a few days the germ will be found to burst the shell of the acorn, and in about a fortnight afterwards, the radicle, or little root, will protrude itself through the cleft, and take a downward direction into the water. It will be continually extended and enlarged, by degrees throwing out external fibres, until, after a few days more, the other member of the germ will be seen to rise upwards, till it comes near the card that covers the vessel, through which a hole must be cut to allow of its free passage. This forms the stem of the tree, which will shortly be seen to throw out two leaflets at its extremity, and shortly again others ; till in the course of a few weeks, from the commencement of the experiment, the tree will have grown to the height of several inches, and be ornamented at the top with leaves of two or three inches long, and wide in proportion, besides smaller ones breaking out at its sides, the root meanwhile having continued growing to a length exceeding that of the stem. In six instances of this experiment, commenced in November last, the hyacinth glasses having been kept during the cold weather, for the most part, on the mantle piece of an inhabited parlour of the usual temperature of such

* For this amusing experiment we are indebted to *Time's Telescope*.

apartments, the stem has grown to different heights, being respectively about five inches high, which is the lowest, and so on to about nine inches, with intermediate heights, at the date of this letter, March the 4th ; the acorn itself having in the mean time become shrivelled, and lost much of its substance and weight.



a, represents the card : *b*, the acorn suspended.

The annexed sketch represents one of the examples above described. The growth of similar plants will, I am sure, afford an interesting object of observation to any of your readers, who are fond of natural history, and may be disposed to try the experiment. And if, when they have satisfied their curiosity by the phenomenon, they desire to turn it to further account, they may do so by removing their nursling from the glass to the garden, where they may have the pleasure of seeing the stem, at least, continue to improve under their eyes ; the progress of the root being, of course, known only by its effects, in continuing to supply moisture, and, thereby, increase and vigour to the stem.

THE TWO SISTERS.

A TALE OF RECVLVER.

(Continued from page 43.)

The faithful Bertram dropped a tear of affection and gratitude, over the grave of his gallant master;—and journeying to Canterbury with a bursting heart, presented himself before the abbot, with such a countenance, as hardly needed a tongue to tell his melancholy errand.

The arrival of Belville's page, could not be long a secret to Isabella, who was then at her uncle's; and whose mind instantly foreboded some extraordinary events:—though the news of the battle had not yet reached that city.

When Saint Clair was himself sufficiently composed, to open the mournful business to his niece, he spared none of that ghostly comfort, which a good man would offer on such an occasion;—though the amount of all that can be said to the sons and daughters of affliction, is no more than this,—that it is our duty and our interest, to bear, with patience, that which it is not in our power to alter! The emotions of nature must subside, before the soothing voice of reason can be heard!

Isabella, after giving way to the first transports of passion, assumed a fortitude and resignation, which her piety alone could inspire. She desired that Bertram might be detained, two or three days, at the monastery, and as soon as her mind was more fortified, she would dispatch him to her sister Francis, whom she could then bear to see with more calmness; and to whom she sent the following letter, by the hands of the page:

“ Most beloved sister,

“ I am plunged from the height of imaginary happiness, into the depth of real distress! The messenger who delivers this will inform you of my situation, and to him I refer you for particulars, which I am unable to dwell on.—Belville is no more!—All that dream of happiness, which I hoped for, from an alliance with that dear, that amiable man,

is vanished in an instant ! and I wake into a world that hath no object for my regard, but the affection of my ever tender Frances !—I support my adversity with all the fortitude I can summon up ; but Heaven only knows the struggles of my heart ! From the time that the united solicitations of you and my uncle, prevailed on me (though reluctantly) to absent myself from you, my soul hath been agitated between hope and disappointment !—I will trust the fallacy of the world no more ; the remainder of my days shall be passed with you ; and we will end life as we began it, in an inseparable union. Your converse, and the solitude of a cloister, can alone restore tranquillity to the mind of your ever faithful and disconsolate

“ ISABELLA.”

When the lady abbess saw her sister, she found her still more confirmed in her resolution of entering on a monastic life.—Her uncle, conceiving it might best restore a calm to her troubled spirits, no longer opposed it ; and as soon as her affairs were properly adjusted, and every thing prepared, she took the veil in the convent where Francis presided.

Isabella now found in religion the only consolation for her past misfortunes ; and though the remembrance of her beloved Belville, would often come across her and spread a temporary gloom over her mind, yet she constantly strove to dispel it, by piety and resignation. The two sisters enjoyed all that heart-felt pleasure which arises from rooted friendship ; and, as the effects of benevolent dispositions operate on all around, theirs served to communicate happiness to all the sisterhood.

The Louvain *Manuscript* informs us, that after these ladies had passed fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the abbess was seized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung so long upon her, that they greatly endangered her life. It is not difficult to conceive how severe Isabella's sufferings were, in this dreadful interval of suspense and apprehension, or the anxieties of her mind, till her sister was restored to health.

Frances, during her illness, had made a private vow to the *Blessed Virgin Mary*, that if she recovered, she would send some costly offering to a chapel, which was consecrated to her, at a little port, called Bradstow or Broadstairs, in the isle of Thanet (part of which chapel is at this day remaining) ;

and in which her image was esteemed to work such great miracles, that pilgrims came from parts very remote to visit it; and it was held in such veneration, that all ships passing within sight of it, are reported to have constantly lowered their topsails, to salute it. And the Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, which was the third day of May, being to be celebrated there, with great solemnity, her gratitude for her recovery, and for the supposed intercession of the Virgin, determined her to go herself at that time and fulfil her vow.

Isabella obtained permission to accompany her sister in this devout purpose; and the roads being little frequented in that age, and a horse almost the only conveyance, they resolved to put themselves, with two attendants, aboard a passage-sloop, that usually went, at stated times, from Fever-sham to Broadstairs, and other parts along the coast, between that place and the Downs.

They set sail in the evening, but had not been at sea above two hours, before a violent storm arose.—Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coast, quite to the mouth of the Thames, knows how difficult it is rendered, by reason of the many flats, and banks of sand, that obstruct it.

The suddenness and fury of the storm, together with the thunder and lightning that accompanied it, threw a dismay amongst all the passengers; and the mariners, from the opposition of the wind and tide, were unable to direct the vessel. To pursue their course was impracticable; they therefore attempted to save themselves, by running in on the shore, at a place called Reculver (which is a small village, though of great antiquity, situate on the border of the isle of Thanet); but the advance of the night, and a thick fog, prevented them from discerning exactly whereabout they were.—Every endeavour to reach the shore was frustrated by the storm driving them from it; and their sails being all shattered, a sudden swell of the sea bore them quite out of their direction, and struck the vessel on a bank of sand, called the Horse, that lies a little off from Reculver.

The surprise—the confusion—and the image of death that must naturally rush into the minds of people, who were on the point of being wrecked, can only be justly felt, or described, by those who have stood in so dreadful a situation. Each one recommended himself to God, and to his tutelar saint.—

The mariners hoisted out their long boat as precipitately as they could ; and that which most agitated the thoughts of Francis and Isabella, was the mutual preservation of each other.

Scarce was the boat on the surface of the waves, when every one was eager to rush into it ; for it was certain the vessel must bulge in a few hours, and, to add to the horror, night advanced. The captain, almost by force, dragged the lady abbess and her sister from the cabin, and scarce had he helped the first, half dead as she was, down the side of the ship, when those who were already in the boat, finding they must all perish, if more got in, pushed off instantly, and rowed towards the shore, in spite of the menaces of the captain, who stood on deck, supporting Isabella—the intreaties of the abbess, who was wild to return—or the cries of the passengers left behind.

The only faint hope which now remained to those on board, was, that the vessel might possibly hold together, till some assistance could be obtained from the shore ; which they still flattered themselves would come, in case the boat reached the land,—which it providently did, though with the utmost risk. Every one who remained in the vessel was resigned to his fate ; and surrounded as Isabella was by impending death, it afforded no small consolation to her to think that there was a possibility that her sister had escaped.

It was four hours after the arrival of the boat, before any one durst venture out ; when, the storm abating with the departure of the tide, and the day being near dawning, a large boat put off to the wreck. When those who went to assist got to it, they found all the people on board retired to different places beneath the deck, great part of which was broken away. Isabella had remained in the cabin ; one side of which was also washed off, and the room half filled with water, she was almost exhausted by the terrors she had sustained,—the bruises she had received,—and the extreme cold in which she had so long suffered. They led her with the utmost gentleness from this wretched place, while she, all pale and trembling, scarcely comprehended at first what they were doing ; yet life seemed to flush anew in her countenance, on hearing that her sister was preserved.

As soon as they had brought her on shore, she was sup-

ported by several women, who were waiting to receive her; and conducted to the house where the lady abbess was.—Frances, transported at the first sight of her sister, ran out to meet Isabella, who, the moment she approached, made an effort to spring forward to her, but sunk down, overpowered, into the arms of her attendants. Frances clasped her hand, and, in eager joy, would have uttered something, but could only faintly pronounce her name and fell at her feet in a swoon.

Isabella was immediately put into bed, and received every assistance that could be procured; but her strength and spirits were so far exhausted, by the terror and fatigue, which her mind and body had undergone, and by remaining so many hours in water, that she lived but till the evening of the following day.

Francis, though still sinking from the shock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her sister, her own sufferings. She never stirred from her bedside, and often accused herself as being the fatal cause of all that had befallen her, by suffering her attendance in this expedition. Isabella chid her for thinking so,—declaring it was the will of Heaven, to which she patiently submitted. “Though we came into the world together,” says she, “yet as we were not destined to perish together, a time must inevitably have come, when death would have dissolved our union. I rejoice that I am not the survivor. I die, where I have ever wished to live, in the arms of the most beloved of sisters. Pray for the repose of my soul; and lay me in the tomb which you have allotted to be your own—that one grave may in death hold our remains, who in life had but one heart.”

The loss of Isabella plunged the lady abbess into that deep distress, which minds formed like her's, with the noblest sentiments of tenderness, and benevolence, must, on such a trial, inevitably feel. She caused the body of her unfortunate sister to be transported in solemnity to their convent; where, after it had been exposed with accustomed rites, it was deposited, with every mark of respect, in a vault, on one side of the shrine of Saint Benedict,—bedewed with tears of the most heart-felt sorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the sisterhood.

When time and reflection had somewhat calmed her affliction, Frances failed not to transmit, by the hands of her confessor, (her uncle, the abbot, having been sometime dead) her intended offering to the *Virgin of Broadstairs*, accompanied by a donation of twelve masses, to be said for the repose of Isabella's soul. And soon after to perpetuate the memory of her sister, as well as to direct the mariners in their course, that they might escape the sad calamity herself had so fatally experienced, she caused a very ancient church, that stood on a rising ground just above the village of Reculver, and which was greatly fallen into decay, to be restored, and much enlarged, and at one end thereof erected *two towers with lofty spires* upon them,—the which she directed should be called “*THE SISTERS* ;”—and to this day it retains the name, and is a sea-mark of great utility.

It less than seven years the whole church was completed ; which she endowed very liberally, by a grant out of her own fortune ; and ordained, that there should be celebrated one solemn mass, *on the first day* of every month (the wreck having happened on the *first of May*) ; and that a perpetual litany should be sung for the eternal peace of the departed Isabella.

She lived to see this her will executed, as well as to bestow many other charitable donations, not only on the convent over which she presided, but on several other religious institutions ; and was, from her amiable character, and pious example, beloved and respected to the last hour of her life.

She survived Isabella eleven years, and died most sincerely and deservedly lamented, towards the end of the year 1512.

Her remains, pursuant to her own desire, were deposited by the side of those of her sister, with all that solemnity due to her high rank and office. A monument was erected near to the place where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a cross ; and beneath it a plate of brass, recording their unshaken friendship,

Faithful, congenial spirits !—in whatsoever world ye reside, peace be your lot !—as virtue was your portion here !—Long, long may this memorial of your love remain !—to guide the dubious vessel in its course, and make your names blest by the wanderers of the deep !

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A SPOILED CHILD.

The tooth-ache is a plague—and a stupid neighbour who comes to spend long afternoons with one, is a plague;—and so is a “managing” wife,—and a “highly accomplished” sister; and a friend with too “fine feelings”—but without doubt the plague of a yet greater magnitude, is, a SPOILED CHILD! To have, however, this plague of plagues in perfection, a person must neither belong to, nor have any control over, the little miss or master; as then, there would, at least, be this consolatory reflection—“*I did the mischief—I spoiled the child?*” No; the unhappy wight must be governess, or nurse, or eldest sister; or hold some official situation, by virtue of which, she is required to manage, without being allowed to master. Then there is no putting tears into type; or sighs into letterpress; or the daily and hourly sorrows of one who thus lives with spoiled children, into words!

Yet I do dearly love children of all descriptions, whether spoiled or unspoiled; trowsered, or petticoated—in a poem, a picture, and a cradle! So long as they remain in these, their silent spheres, no one can speak with more sincere delight than myself, of “infantine simplicity”—“engaging prattle”—“dawning intelligence”—“the morn of life”—“the spring time of existence”—etc.; but I am fain to confess, that too often when the buds of beauty come forth living realities—no longer the childhood of poetic fancy, but the childhood of cries, questions, and sugar candy,—my ardour abates, my admiration degenerates, and on the first opening I am prone to tear myself away from the sweet little cherubs! There are exceptions to this, as to every other rule, but as a general assertion, I like children as I do wind instruments, a good way off! In both cases,

’Tis distance lends enchantment to the *sound*!

I am not going to trouble the reader with any details of the various afflictions I have suffered through the agency of spoiled children, which have induced this otherwise unpardonable want of complacency towards the whole species. My

present office is merely to transcribe the auto-biography of an unfortunate urchin as noted down by himself; and one melancholy moral, at least, may be extracted from the record,—one, that over-fond parents and too kind friends would do well to consider; namely, that if a spoiled child is a plague to others, he is a misery to himself! “The child is father to the man;”—character, habits, dispositions, and tastes, may be formed in maturer life by commerce with the world, but they are founded in the nursery and the first stages of education. It is time however, my infant hero spoke for himself.

M. J. J.

“I am very unhappy, and yet to-day I am eight years old, and I have a pony, and a dog, and a watch, and a hunting whip of my own, and I have no brothers and sisters to plague me, and I have no need to try to please any body but myself, and yet I am not happy, and I never have been—never. I do not know the reason why, but I shall write down all the disagreeable things that ever happened to me; and perhaps some one else may find out the reason for me.

“The first disagreeable thing I remember, is, that when I was a very very little child, people shewed me pretty things they did not intend me to have; my mamma allowed me to rummage the contents of her desk and work-box, and to have the ornaments from the chimney-piece, and I thought other people should do so too, but they did not, and they always seemed glad when I was sent out of the room. When I cried in the nursery, or in the kitchen, the servants gave me sugared bread-and-butter; and when I cried again, because it made me sick, they slapped me for being cross. I was very sorry when I had finished cutting my teeth, for all the while they were coming I never did any thing wrong; I do remember squeezing the canary-bird to death, and kicking and scratch-every body I came near, and knocking down every thing I could reach, and crying from morning till night,—but my mamma said it was ‘all owing to my teeth;’ a great many people though said that a good deal was owing to my temper. By-and-by I grew tired of being a baby; quite tired of sugared bread-and-butter, my rattles, and my soft ball, and nurses’s ring of keys, and every thing in the nursery; and I was very glad when I began to go into the dining room after dinner,

and into the drawing-room when there was company. It did not matter how naughty I had been all day, the ladies there always called me pretty and good ; my neck was very white, and my hair hung down in curls, and my eyes felt very bright, and I was always very nicely dressed—I suppose it was looking pretty made me good—nobody ever called me good at any other time. Those ladies were very fond of me, they laughed at every word I said, not one of them ever scolded me when I was rude, every one tried to praise me more than another ; and when I was very noisy and rude indeed, the gentlemen said I had a noble spirit. After a time I grew older ; then my neck got tanned with the sun, my hair gave over curling, I began to cast my teeth, and look very pale and thin, and not at all pretty. The doctor said it was because I had eaten too many sweet things ; my mamma could not say it was ‘owing to my teeth’ now, so she laid the fault on my nurse’s carelessness. I was put into proper boy’s clothes, and for a little while I was glad, but I soon wished for my nankeen frock, and curling hair, and white neck again ; for when I went into the drawing-room the ladies did not take so much notice of me as they used to do ; no one called me pretty and good any more. I talked and jumped about more than ever, but instead of laughing at me, and saying I had ‘a noble spirit,’ I heard the ladies and gentlemen whisper to each other that I was a spoiled child. After this time I grew still more unhappy, I did not like the drawing-room because no one took any notice of me, and I hated the nursery, because nurse was always bidding me be good, and because I had nothing to do. Everybody talked to me about being good, and nobody taught me how to be so. I did try one day to be good because they told me I should be happy ; I did not cry to make my mamma’s head ache ; nor tease my papa with questions at dinner ; nor ravel nurse’s cotton balls ; nor get into any mischief : so having nothing to do, got sadly tired of being good before night, and I made up my mind to be naughty again the next morning. But I did not get any happier. I had every thing I cried for, and I was alway crying for something ; but the things never pleased me when I had them ; because nobody seemed glad when I was glad, or sorry when I was vexed, I felt in myself that nobody loved me. My cousin Charles came to

stop with me a month ; he was no older than I was, but he could read and do many things that I could not ; he was always happy though he had not half so many playthings, and he had many brothers and sisters, and he had not every thing he wanted. He did not stay a month with me, for every body loved him so much that I cried to have him sent away ; and I do not think he was sorry to go. Now by-and-by my papa and mamma talked to a great many people about me, and read over a great many books, and said it was time to break me of my tempers and make me a good boy. So my mamma bought a rod and a box of letters, and my papa forbade the servants to let me have my own way any more. But though I have learnt my letters, and been whipt very often, and am contradicted from morning till night, I have not grown good, and I am not happy, and I begin not to love even my papa and mamma. I wish I was a grown-up man, and a king, that I might do what I pleased with all the world—I would cut off every body's head who made children naughty, and then punished them for not being good."

THE CONFESSION.

BY JONH CLARE.

The mystery of this lingering pain,
 That I so long endure,
 Maiden thou canst best explain,
 And doubtless find a cure :—
 For when I think upon thy name,
 I cannot help but sigh,
 The very word burns round my heart,
 Thou know'st the reason why.

Whene'er I in thy presence come.
 I sigh before I speak,
 My heart chills in me at thy sight,
 And aches as it would break.
 My eyes will look on none but thee,
 I hear no voice but thine,
 There's none in crowds—save thee and me,
 Then say what all is mine.

I think thy talk is all to me,
 And turn to speak again,
 But see thy face another way,
 And feel my folly then ;
 As there were none besides us two,
 I oft unasked reply,
 And meet the laugh in others' looks,
 Who judge the reason why !

I mark another win thy smiles,
 Though I a portion share,
 In vain, I strive to choke the sigh,
 That instant rises there.
 I hear another speak thy name,
 And tremble at the tone,
 Lest they should in my hearing boast,
 Of favors thou hast shown.

I often think thou feel'st my pains,
 For when to thee I speak,
 I fancy sighs between thy lips,
 And blushes on thy cheek.
 Thy eye seems often meeting mine,
 As though it would reply :
 And oft I think thy bosom beats,
 To know the reason why.

When absence veils thee from my sight
 Then fancy paints in vain,
 And hope's inquiries never cease
 When we shall meet again.
 Sleep mocks me with thy angel face,
 And robs my nights of rest ;
 And when my dreams are not of thee,
 I waken more distress.

If with thee I'm both pleased and sad,
 If not I'm teased about thee,
 Joy, grief, and anguish all are mine,
 Or with thee or without thee.
 My spirit leaps to be with thee,
 Then I wish I ne'er had met thee :—
 My thoughts dwell oft on thee with glee,
 Then struggle to forget thee.

In no one place save thy esteem,
 My ills can find a cure,
 And if the like complaint be thine,
 The remedy is sure.
 So let us both confession make,
 And tell our pains together,
 'Then wintry cares that cloud us now,
 Will soon bring summer weather.

LINES ON THE LOST.

BY M. L. B.

Where are the loveliness and grace,—
 His own peculiarly,—
 Whose form,—seraphic as his face,—
 Whose soul,—were vow'd to me?
 Peace, throbbing heart!—too sad wert thou,
 To dream upon that beauty *now*!

Where are those speaking eyes,—whose ray
 Enter'd my very breast?
 Dark—tender—languid—pure as day;—
 Alas!—they rest,—they rest!
 Those eyes which seem'd of quenchless light,
 Sleep now in nothingness and night!

Where is that voice, whose living tone
 Like angel's harp could thrill
 My breast?—Most dear!—I'm sad—I'm lone,—
 Say—dost thou love me still?—
 There comes no sound:—that voice so dear,
 May never more greet mortal ear!—

Where are the learning—virtue—sense,—
 (Those stars which shone so bright
 In him)—the spring of eloquence?—
 Where *feeling's* vivid light?—
 In some far world, these *yet* must be,—
 Tho' never—never more—for *ME*!

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF, AND COMMUNICATED BY A FRIEND.

The million flit as gay
As if created only like the fly,
That spreads his motley wings in the eye of noon,
To sport their season, and be seen no more.
Cowper.

The years which I passed in the nursery and the school-room are unworthy of mention, because a young lady's life can only be said to begin when she is introduced into society. Mine did not commence until I was full seventeen; for I had left school a quarter of a year before I *came out* at the — Race Ball. If I live a hundred years, I shall never forget that night; it was the happiest of my life. For the first time, I had artificial flowers in my hair; and, though I have had handsomer dresses since, I don't believe I ever looked so well in them as I did that night in a plain book muslin over a white satin slip. The ball itself, too, was more delightful than any I have since attended; why, I never could make out, for none of my partners were very nice ones, and I did not perceive that any one admired me; to be sure, neither of these circumstances vexed me. Both frock and flowers have long since been worn out, but I keep them still, because they remind me how happy I was when they were new. When I first went into company, I was a little abashed at not being able to keep up a conversation with as much spirit as other young ladies, who, having had the advantage of finishing their education sooner, were acquainted with many things of which I was shamefully ignorant. By the end of my first winter I was, however, so much improved, that I could converse on any topic, in a manner that led no one to suspect I had been kept at school for more than seven years.

Though immediately on coming home I discontinued all my studies except music and dancing, I never worked half so hard whilst at Mrs. Le Grande's establishment. There was so much shopping to be done, so many calls to be made, and such continual alterations wanted in my dresses, in order to keep up with the fashion, and be at the same time economi-

cal, that until I got into the way of it, I was almost fagged to death. In the course of time the novelty of this way of life wore off, and I began to grow tired of going over and over again to the same places, meeting the same people, hearing the same things, and, above all, of wearing the same dresses. There was no satisfaction either in living in a crowd of acquaintances,—and, as Captain B. beautifully expressed it, as we were promenading one evening at a brilliant assembly, I sighed for “the intercourse of the heart.” He was an enchanting creature; drew, sung, danced, and made verses professionally well; always dressed three times a day, and had been slightly wounded at Waterloo. He introduced me to his sister; and, from that moment till he left to join his regiment abroad, she was my dearest, best, and most valued friend. After his departure a gradual shyness ensued, why, or how, I could never distinctly ascertain, but I do not think the fault was on my side. I was not much more fortunate in my next friendship. Matilda was a year younger than myself, but just my size; she was a sweet, natural, confiding creature, and for a long time we never had two opinions on any subject, or a thought that we did not share in common. We always dressed our heads alike, sat together at parties, wore each other’s hair in a locket, and corresponded, though we lived in the same street. We were *inseparables*, till she received an offer. I did not think it any thing to be proud of; but to be sure it was *her* first; and she was soon too much engrossed by wedding preparations to have any leisure for friendship. I was her bridesmaid, but we were never intimate afterwards. These disappointments gave me such an insight into the deceitfulness of the human heart, and the vanity of the world, that I am determined to depend for the future on myself, and seek for happiness in intellectual resources. About that time I set up an Album. It was so splendidly bound that many persons thought it a sufficient gratification to look at the *outside* only. It is a very bad plan, however, to have albums *bound* before they are *filled*; by the time mine had travelled to all my friends for contributions, the morocco and gilding were so tarnished that I had no pleasure in shewing the book. I was shockingly vexed, too, to see its white glossy pages so shamefully scrawled over the poetry did not signify much, because no one read it; but

every body observed the bad writing. I had, nevertheless, the pleasure of knowing that the book contained three *gems*; a sonnet, an elegy, and a serenade, all *original*; and the contribution of a young gentleman who was about to *publish*.

Amongst the important events of my life, I must not omit to mention a visit to London, and a journey to the Lakes. I name them together, because I scarcely know which was most delightful. I was enchanted with the Opera and Vauxhall, and so I was with the sublime solitudes of the North, and if shopping all morning, and driving to two or more parties every evening, was real enjoyment, a moonlight sail on Windermere, with French horns and a cold collation, was truly agreeable. Both visits were highly beneficial, though, of course, in a different way. In London I gained a valuable insight into fashionable dress and deportment; while my rural excursion greatly enlarged my mind, and gave me that taste for the beauties of nature which I hope ever to preserve.

Soon after my return from London (solely with a view to my own instruction and amusement) I began to keep a kind of biographical diary, in which I regularly noted down engagements, observations on dress, good resolutions, &c. &c. I have found it very useful, on a birth-day or other stated period, to review these memorandums of the most interesting occurrences of the past year. I recommend all young ladies to follow my example; and, to put them in the way of keeping such a diary, I subjoin a copy of the last page of my own.

“To-day I am twenty-one;—received a beautiful gold scent box from my uncle, but begin to think it childish to mention my birth-day. According to my annual custom I have looked over my diary of the past year, and shall, as usual, sum up the principal occurrences from April 1, 1823, to April 1, 1824.

“*New Dresses.* Three morning—two dinner—and four evening ones. *Conquests.* At the Y— Archery Meeting and at the Z— Institution for the Encouragement of the Arts. *Offers.* —. *Useful Occupations.* Kept up nine correspondences—learnt by heart all Moore’s Melodies, and part of the Corsair—read every *good* novel—japanned a pair of hand screens—worked three founces for a morning gown, and painted a trimming for a ball-frock, besides making a

card-purse, and a pair of head bracelets. *Acquisitions.* Set of mock pearl ornaments, scarcely to be known from *real* ones—several new acquaintances, who merit the name of *friends* all charming characters—the new set of quadrilles—many songs—and the art of making artificial flowers.—*Parties.* Number unknown—having neglected to set them down regularly; but reckoning *all* kinds, set, and friendly, certainly not fewer than four a week, besides company in the house. Every thing considered, I think I have no reason to be dissatisfied with the past year; if I have had much pleasure I have endeavoured to be industrious. Nevertheless, I mean to devote some attention to more serious pursuits; as I consider it the duty of every young woman, who is twenty-one, to *prepare* herself, at all events, for the important office of a wife, and mistress of an establishment. I am determined to learn all kinds of fancy confectionery; for nothing gives *eclat* to a party like an elegant super-table. I shall take to mob-caps in a morning, and whenever I go out have a little knitting, or work of that kind in my reticule. I shall also read, with great attention, Gregory's Advice to his Daughters, particularly that part which speaks of the duties of the married life,—and, now and then, I purpose to look into a *religious* novel." J.

THE LAST LEAF OF THE FOREST.

A FRAGMENT.

It was the end of autumn, and my foot rustled among the dead leaves that strewed the path. I cast my eyes up to an aged oak, that stretched its giant limbs in many a fantastic form high over my head. It was the lord of the forest. I looked at it again, and again; one leaf still remained on one sole hanging branch; it struggled in vain to get free. A fresher gust of wind came up the valley—the tiny footstalk gave way—it separated from the branch—and the last leaf of the forest fell at my feet. I gazed at it half sorrowfully; it was not like its companions that lay near; no, it was still fresh as the greenest leaf in spring. The brown tints of autumn had not yet mellowed its vivid coloring; it seemed as if cut off in its

prime ; different, far different, from those faded trophies of summer which lay around me. Unconsciously, I fell into a train of thought that was sad, even to mournfulness. I took the leaf in my hand, and exclaimed aloud, "Too true a simile, the last flower of the castle, and the last leaf of the forest, have both departed in vernal freshness, alike blooming, and lovely." I had now reached an open part of the forest, which commanded an extensive prospect over the valley ; a dim and indistinct object met my view ; it wound round a little wooded promontory, and again I plainly saw it. Too well I knew what the sad procession was ; the plumes of white feathers danced in the beams of the morning sun, as if in mockery of the sombre object that bore them. It was the hearse that conveyed the relics of Ellen, the last flower of the castle, to her long home. * * * *

The only remaining child of a numerous family was regarded by her doating parents with no ordinary affection ; but that fell disease, consumption, came — it breathed on Ellen's face—and the last blossom was gathered to her fathers. The sad procession arrived at the church. I joined the train of mourners — a few moments pause ensued — broken only by the sobs of the wretched father. The solemn and impressive service commenced—the corpse was lowered into the tomb—I was near it—the leaf fell from my hand—the earth rattled on the coffin—the last flower of the castle, and the last leaf of the forest, reposed in the same grave.

CO—E R—L, DEVON.

J. J.

STANZAS.

The dark weed looks over our desolate home,
Like a death-pall where honor is closed in the tomb ;
And it seems as it whispered in sighs to the air,
All the tale of the woes that have planted it there !

The chill drop that falls from its cold clammy wreath,
How deep hath it worn in the stone underneath !
So the one ceaseless thought which these ruins impart
With the chill of despair hath sunk deep in the heart !

THE MORNING WALK.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, AUTHOR OF "OUR VILLAGE."

'Tis a bright summer morn, and the sunlight proud,
 Gleams on the water, and sleeps on the cloud ;
 Fitfully glitters the wood-paths between,
 And casts a broad glow on the shadowy green.

And a lovely lady is walking there,
 Placid, and gentle, and smiling, and fair,
 With the grace of a queen in her gay palace bowers,
 And a foot that seems born to tread only on flowers.

And beside that fair lady so stately and mild,
 Mild, stately, and graceful,—a tottering child,
 With her dimpled hand on her dimpled knee,
 Stands, like a model of infancy.

And fair as they seem in the morn's dewy light,
 The beautiful child and the lady so bright,
 We feel as we view them a sympathy live,
 Truer, purer, and deeper than beauty can give.

For there harbours love, with its smiles and its tears,
 Its tender forbodings, its tenderer fears,
 And its hopes, the sweetest on earth that rest—
 The matchless love of a mother's breast.

'Tis that which lends life to her form's proud grace,
 Which awakens the charms of her sparkling face ;
 Her glance may be wandering around the wide land,
 But her thought's on the treasure she holds by the hand.

 A DIFFICULTY.

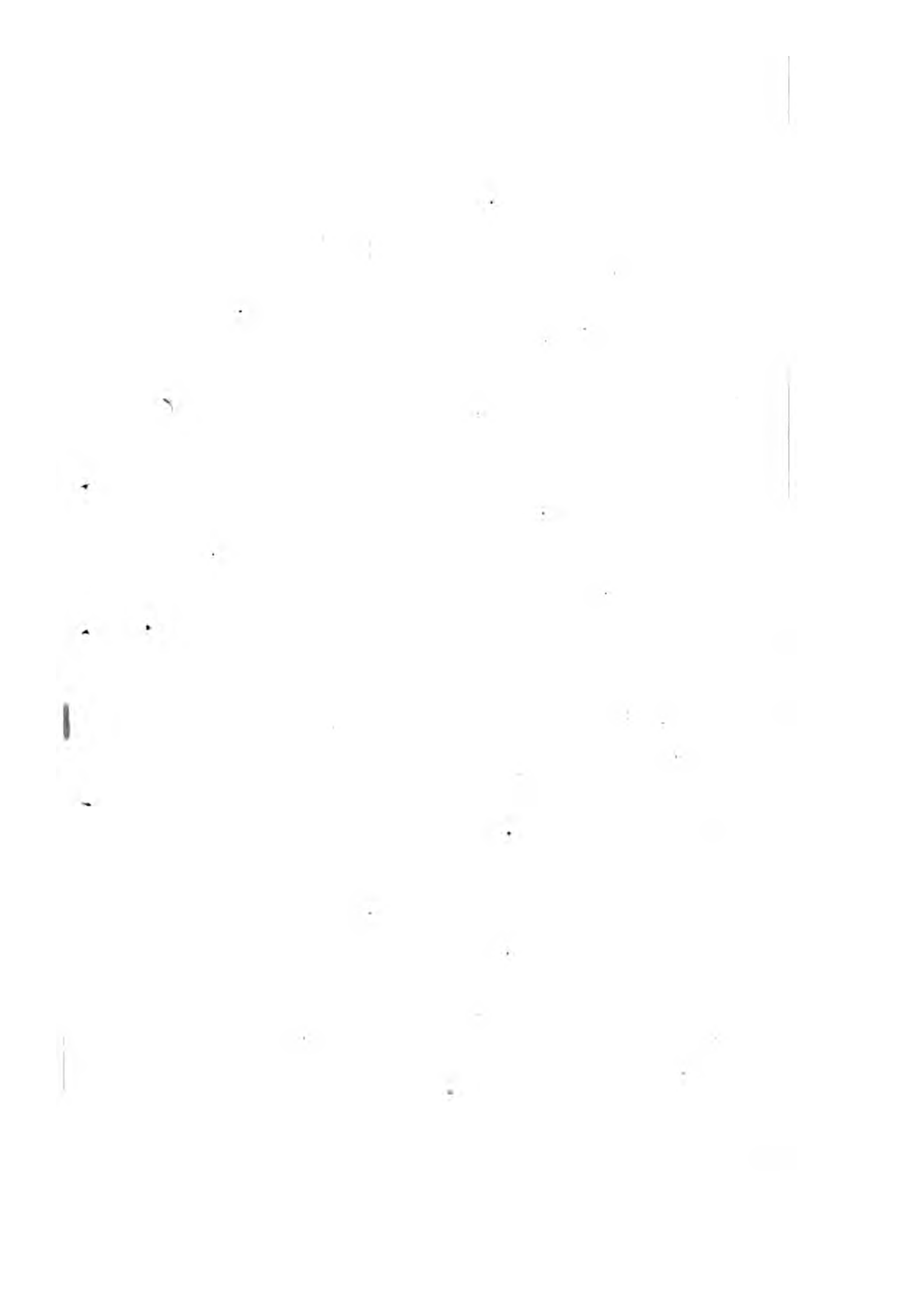
"You have only yourself to please," said a Benedict to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot think what a difficult task I find it."



Painted by Sir Tho^s Lawrence P.R.A.

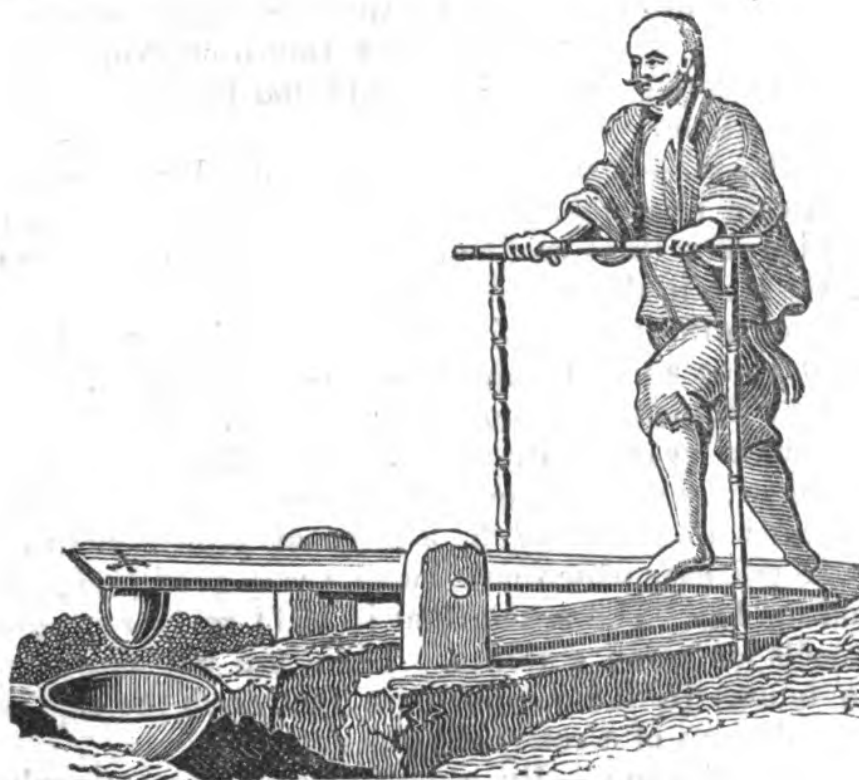
Engraved by Cha^s Rolls.

THE MORNING WALK.



CHIT - CHAT.

CHINESE RICE MILL.—The Chinese use a great quantity of rice, which they buise in a machine similar to the annexed representation.



The rice is put into a hollow stone fixed in the ground, and the grain in it is struck with a conical stone fixed to the end of a lever, which is worked by treading of the feet.

HANDEL.—During the latter part of Handel's life, about the year 1753, in the Lent season, a minor canon from the cathedral of Gloucester, offered his services to Handel to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the chorusses. Not satisfied with this department, he requested leave to sing a solo air, that his voice might be heard to more advantage. This request was also granted ; but he executed his solos so little to the satisfaction of his audience, that he was, to his great mortification, violently hissed. When the performance was over, by way of consolation, Handel made him the following speech : " I am very sorry, very sorry, for L. 34. 1.

you, indeed, my dear sir ; but go back to your church in de country ; God vill forgive you for your bad singing ; dese wicked people in London, dey will not forgive you."

A BUDGET OF NEWS.—Cérigo, the most eastern of the Ionian States, formerly had very little communication eilher with Corfu, the seat of government, or the other islands. Such was the infrequency of it, that the officer commanding the small party there, heard of the return of Napoleon, the battle of Waterloo, and the death of the Princess Charlotte, at the same time.

NEW ROSES.—A market gardener from Rouen announce his arrival in England with several thousand rose trees, comprising between three and four hundred varieties, which were never yet seen in this country.

CALICO PRINTING.—Calico Printing was begun in England in 1690, when a small print-ground was established at Richmond by a Frenchman, probably a refugee. The first large establishment was at Bromley Hall, in Essex ; and about 1768 the trade was begun in Lancashire, where it is now chiefly carried on. In 1795, a piece of printed calico sold for three guineas, which now, with a very good profit, could be sold for 18s. The article that in 1811 sold for one guinea, now sells for seven shillings. There are not above half a dozen houses in the manufacture that go to the expense of original designs of a costly character.

PRINCESS SALIHA.—By a letter from Constantinople, we are informed that the marriage the Princess Saliha, eldest daughter of the Sultan is shortly to take place. The announcement, which was published in a Turkish paper, is highly oriental, and rich in praises of " Her Highness, the noble and chaste Saliha Sultana, of Imperial dignity, daughter of his Highness the Emperor," &c. The intended husband Halil Pacha, a stout handsome Georgian, not many years ago a slave, is not mentioned, as that would be quite against Eastern etiquette ; neither is there a word said about the princess's beauty, which is by no means equal to her chastity and modesty. The officers of her highness's household are enumerated in the announcement, and her palace is named the abode of joy.

HAWKING.—The Duke of St. Alban's entertained the nobility and gentry of Brighton with a display of hawking,

on the 14th February, about four miles from that town, on the road leading to the Devil's Dyke. There were present a numerous assemblage of the *haut ton*, including the Earl of Errol, Sir Herbert Taylor, Countess of Winterton, Ladies Turnour, Lord A. Beauclerk. The amusement terminated about three o'clock, when most of the company repaired to St. Alban's House, where a splendid *dejeuner* was prepared for their reception, including every delicacy of the season, after which dancing commenced, and was kept up with the greatest animation until nearly eleven o'clock. Miss Corri, Madame Sala, and Miss Coveney were especially engaged by her grace.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS AT WOBURN ABBEY.— These entertainments have now terminated for the season. The following is a copy of one of the playbills on a recent occasion:—Woburn Abbey Theatre, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Abercorn. This evening, Friday, Jan. 24, 1834, his Majesty's servants, his Grace's guests and family, will have the honor of performing, with new scenery, machinery, dresses and decorations, the much-admired comedy of *Simpson and Co.* Peter Simpson, by the celebrated Mr. Charles Matthews, (of the Theatre Royal, San Clementi, Florence); Bromley, Lord C. J. F. Russell (his second appearance on the boards these five years); Foster, Lord Francis Russell: Servant, Mr. T. Oakden; Mrs. Simpson, her Grace the Duchess of Bedford (for this night only); Mrs. Bromley, Lady Georgiana Russell (positively her last appearance in that character); Mrs. Fitzwilliam, the Baroness de Clifford; Madame la Trappe, Mademoiselle Migneron. With a favorite song by Lady Rachell Russell (dressed in character) being her first appearance on any stage. Weippert's band will attend. Doors open at half-past eight, performance to begin at nine precisely. N. B. No money will be returned, as none will be taken. *Vivant Rex et Regina.*

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.— A special general meeting of the Royal Society of Musicians, was lately held to receive a communication from Sir G. Smart, relative to the contemplated Grand Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey; Sir George stated that he had the honor of submitting an outline of a Grand Musical Festival to his Majesty, who was pleased to enter warmly into the subject, and to promise it

his support. In the first instance the month of May was named as the period for holding the Festival; but, on his representing to his Majesty that it would ruin all benefit concerts, the King, with the kindest consideration, said that he would by no means fix it so early. The probable time is the last week in June and the first week in July; but the decision remains with his Majesty and the Royal and Noble personages under whose direction the festival will be.—A committee of about sixty musicians was appointed to assist Sir George Smart in making the orchestral arrangements, to whom Mr. Hawes was appointed secretary. An acting committee, consisting of Sir George Smart, Messrs. P. Meyer, Hawes, Potter, F. Cramer, Sherrington, and Parry, was also elected, to prepare plans, &c. &c. which are to be submitted to the general committee, and by it laid before his Majesty and the Royal and Noble directors.—It is computed that 5,000 persons can be accommodated with seats in the abbey; and that the orchestra will consist of at least 600 vocal and instrumental performers.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rue Saint Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain,
Feb. 20, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The three last days of the Carnival have this year been any thing but brilliant. The masks that appeared in carriages on the Boulevards, were principally the actors and actresses of the minor theatres; and, indeed, but few of the latter. The fact is that fashion is every thing to the Parisians, and this amusement has for some years past been gradually going out of fashion. There were, however, a few masks that would have done credit to former days, from the taste and splendor of their costumes, and others that presented a most laughable caricature of the fashions of fifty or sixty years since. A few but very few of the latter were children. These little people have not, indeed, this year taken any great part in the out-door amusements of the Carnival, but their

entertainment has been by no means neglected, for it has been quite the fashion to have fancy balls for children, and certainly, for any one fond of studying character, a *soirée* of this kind is excessively amusing. The dancers consist of children from three to twelve years of age. The mammas take care that they shall be uniformly dressed with the strictest attention to character, and often with extreme splendour. In the beginning of the evening the more advanced part of the company pique themselves upon shewing off their politeness. The boys display all their gallantry, and the girls exhibit as much as possible of that diffidence and reserve which it is *de rigueur* for *demoiselles* to shew; while the patronizing air with which they regard the noisy mirth of the juniors, who, being under no sort of restraint, give full scope to their natural vivacity, is really ludicrous. But as the evening advances, the seniors tire of their assumed characters; more than one beau transfers his attention from his partner to the refreshments, and the young lady, forgetful of all the prim maxims she has been studying, either scolds him outright, or consoles herself for his neglect by joining in the gambols of the little ones. At length supper is announced, and brings the hardest trial to the beaux, who are expected to stand and serve their partners. The first part of the injunction they are obliged to comply with, but as to the other it is frequently interrupted by their excursions to the sideboard, where they scramble together for the good things it contains.

Balls are at present quite the rage, particularly masqued balls. Those of the Opera and of the *Champ Elysées d'hiver* are the only public ones that can boast of good company. The male visitors of the *Theatre des Varietes* are, indeed, many of them of high rank, but the female part of the company are by no means select. The success of the opera balls has this year been unexampled. During several preceding seasons the directors have lost money by the speculation. The person in whose hands it now is, besides going to great expense for the embellishment of the *Salle*, and engaging some of the most celebrated dancers from the Opera house at Madrid, has also added a lottery to the ball. Each lady, as she enters, is presented with a ticket, for which no additional charge is made, and after the Spanish dances have been executed an estrade rises from one of the trap doors, surmounted

by a wheel of fortune. The numbers are then drawn by a boy whose eyes are banded, and two others, in the costume of demons, proclaim the prizes aloud. They consist of toys and trinkets of different value. It is said that the director has expended a handsome sum on this lottery, and certainly it has contributed to render the balls very popular.

Those of the *Champ Elysées d' hiver* are not so much frequented, but the company is still more select. The Parisians have adopted the English fashion of charity bazaars. One has been lately held for the purpose of raising a sum for those children whom the Cholera had rendered orphans. The queen was expected to be present, but it was said that she was ill, and had sent a donation. Her sister-in-law, Madame Adelaide, supplied her place. She was accompanied by the young princesses. It has been noticed that during some time past the queen has not appeared in public. She is certainly in bad health, and it is generally believed that uneasiness of mind on account of the extreme unpopularity of the family has no small share in her illness. All the female members of the royal family contributed to the objects exposed for sale. There were some drawings and several knickknacks furnished by the young princesses, and fancy work by the queen and Madame Adelaide. The fair shopkeepers were in general of the *Chaussée d' Antin*, that is to say, the wives of bankers and merchants. The Baroness Rothschild presided; her secretary and treasurer were both wealthy jewesses, and there were also several fair Israelites among the *dames de comptoir*. The sale lasted two days, and the receipts amounted to more than one thousand pounds. The lady shopkeepers played their parts extremely well, and evidently knew how to make the most of their commodities. The example has since been followed by some of the other arrondissements, and there seems little doubt that it will become the fashion. There is no doubt that these bazaars originate in charitable motives, but I confess that I think a subscription for these poor children might have answered the purpose as well, for the bazaars certainly injure trade, which is, at present, at a very low ebb. Nor are they, upon the whole, very favorable to either the delicacy or dignity of the female character, though it must be confessed that in this last particular they are not likely to have the mischievous consequences that may result from them

in England; for although the fair daughters of the *dames marchandes* assist their mammas, they do not take, by any means, an active part. It would be perfectly contrary to rule for a French young lady to make even an attempt to draw attention to herself or her goods, and even the most presuming coxcomb would not dare to address her otherwise than in terms of the most distant respect.

* * * * *

I was interrupted by a visit from one of the lady shopkeepers: I spoke of her exertions, which, to say the truth, were very great, for she is not rich, and I know that she has literally worked very hard to furnish articles for the bazaar, besides exerting herself to the utmost to sell them. "Oh!" cried she sportively, "we have none of us any merit. Don't you know that it is the fashion, and in France fashion is every thing. Towards the end of the last century a pretty *merveilleuse* took it into her head to turn her hôtel into a coffee house. Small tables were scattered over her drawing-room; on some were placed cards, dice, chess-boards, tric-trac, and other games. On others beer, wine, orgeat, and lemonade. The mistress of the house dressed *à la Anglaise*, that is to say, in a plain short gown, a muslin apron and handkerchief, and a little hat, appeared as the bar-maid. She was seated behind a long table in the form of a counter, which was well furnished with oranges, biscuits, newspapers, and pamphlets. The footmen were attired in the costume of the waiters of that day, that is to say, in white waistcoats and cotton night caps. The guests entered without ceremony, and acted exactly as they would have done in a real coffee-house. When the hour of supper came they descended to the eating room, and called for what they wanted. The next day the *soirée* was finely criticised, but the giver of it was young, pretty, and immensely rich. In less than a week all the first rate *élégantes* of Paris had followed her example; nineteen-twentieths of them, however, declared it was shocking! detestable! but yet they must do it because it was the fashion. So I really believe that the greater number of our *boutiquieres* would rather give their money than keep stalls, but they must do it because it is the fashion."

"But," cried I, "you are too severe. What has fashion

to do with the voluntary offering made by those who live by their talents, or their industry? Have not the most distinguished artists sent some of their paintings, and was not the *poupée* that attracted so much admiration, the joint production of the most celebrated milliner and dressmaker in Paris?"—"Granted," replied she, "and how many *robes* and *chapeaux* do you think they have made in consequence?" "Fie upon you," cried I laughing, "you ought to be indicted for a libel upon human nature. After all, if vanity and interest were for something in the affair, I believe no impartial person will deny that it had its origin in benevolence."

Adieu!

Believe me, always yours,

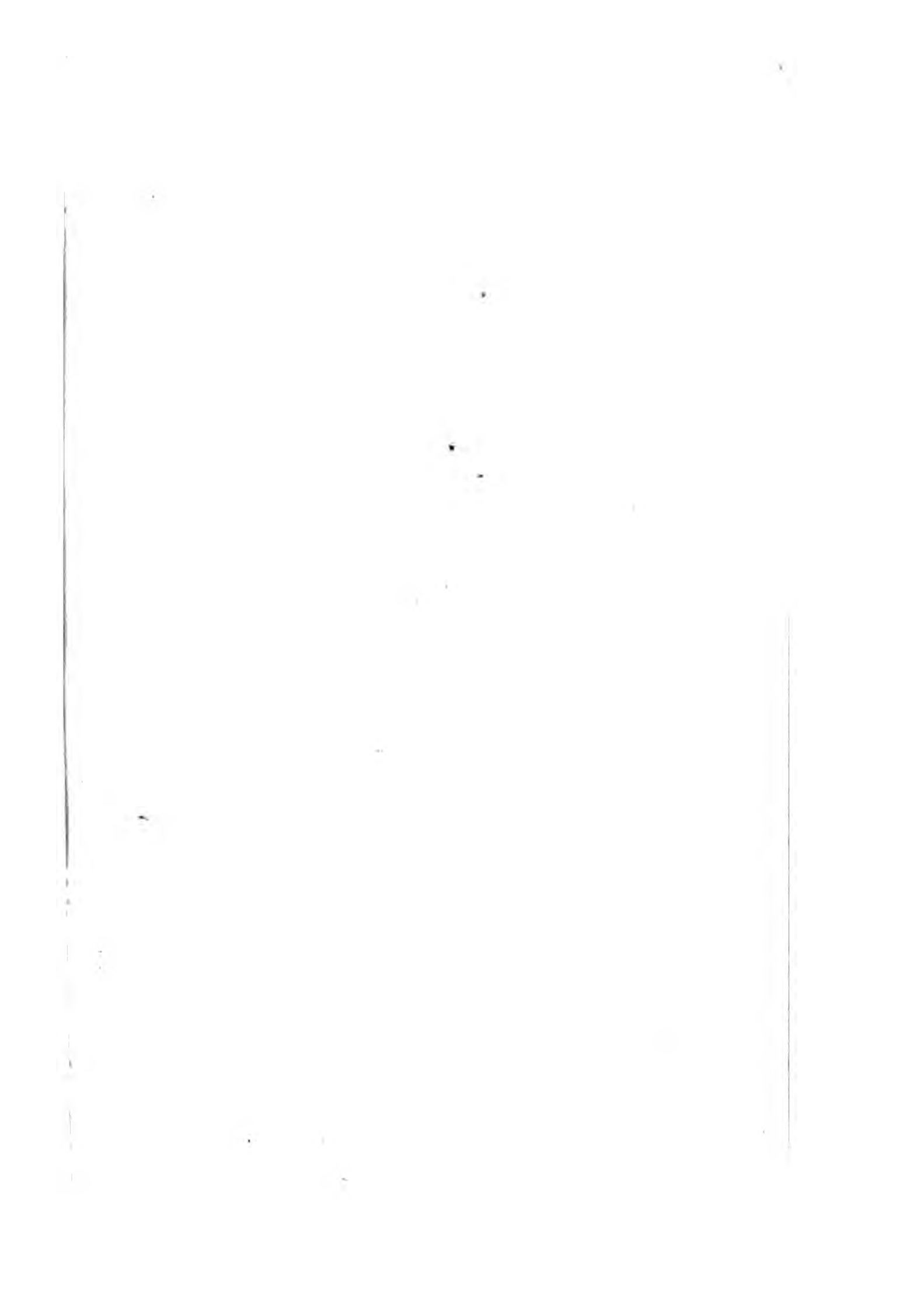
Hon. Mrs. Sutherland,
Fairlawn, &c. &c.

CHARLOTTE B——.

THE LADIES' TOILET.

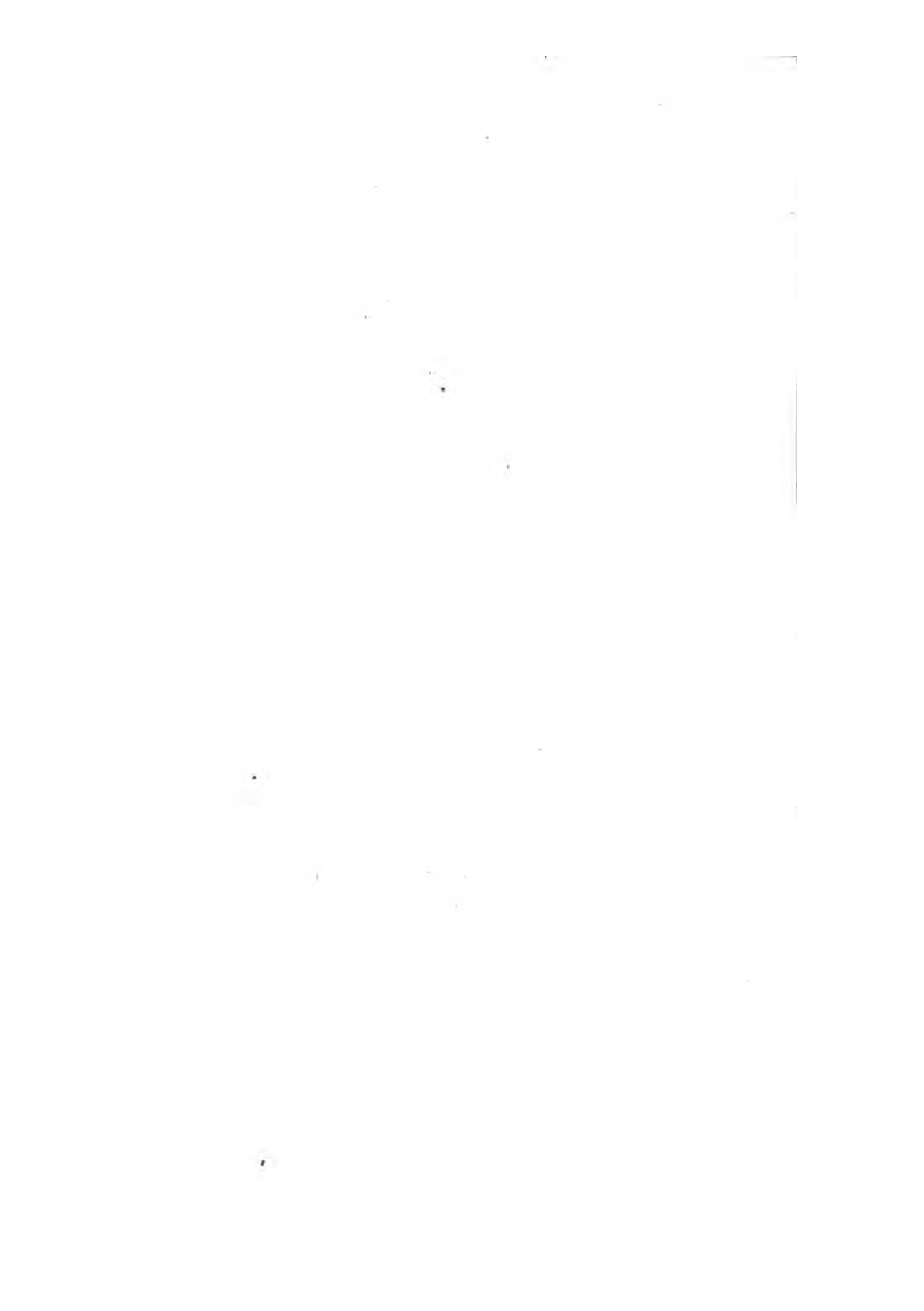
WALKING DRESS.—A pelisse of apple green satin; *corsage* fitting close to the shape. Amadis sleeves. A trimming of white fox fur descends in a straight band down the *corsage*, and passes from thence to the bottom of the skirt in the form of a broken cone. Pelerine of moderate size, very open on the bosom, bordered with white fox fur, and with the collar entirely of fur; the cuffs are also composed of it. Green satin bonnet to correspond, round and rather deep brim, bordered with a blond lace *ruche*, and trimmed on the inside with blond and ribbon in the cap style. The trimming of the crown is composed of ribbon which forms a point in the centre, and two full blown roses inserted, one on each side of the band on the top.

EVENING DRESS.—A velvet robe of a new color, bordering on lilac. The body cut low and square, is trimmed with blond lace, arranged in the lappel style. Bouffant sleeves. *Ceinture* of plain satin ribbon to correspond, tied in short bows and ends in front. The hair is dressed in loose curls at the sides, and in high light bows on the summit of the head. It is adorned with a bandeau of fancy jewellery, and a sprig of Provin's roses inserted in the bows.









CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

Comfort seems to be the principal consideration in walking dress at present, Mantles are almost universally adopted, with the addition of large fur tippets of the palatine form, or a boa, but the latter are certainly in a minority. Muffs, though fashionable, are not so generally adopted as usual at this time of year.

We have noticed a good many sewed Leghorn bonnets, lined with velvet, either black, or of a dark color, and trimmed with plain satin ribbons to correspond with the lining. These bonnets are usually of a close shape, but have nothing actually novel in their form. They are generally worn with black lace veils. When the materials are good, this is a gentle womanly style of bonnet, but it does not appear to be much in favor; velvet ones continue most in request, and will probably remain so till the end of the season.

Some new carriage mantles have appeared composed of satin with Terry velvet capes and trimmings; they are made of the usual extravagant width, and have in general a large mantelet cape of satin; the ends fall nearly to the bottom of the mantle, and, turning back on each side of the front with a row of black real lace, they form lappels of a new and very elegant kind; they are gathered at the bottom into a rich tassel. A bias band of Terry velvet goes down each side of the mantle, and a round cape and collar of the same material completes the trimming. This elegant mantle may be pronounced the only decided novelty of the month, though it has not been so generally adopted as those trimmed with fur; indeed there seems to be a perfect rage for the latter, and we notice that a considerable number of the new ones have broad bands of grey squirrel fur entirely round the mantle, and the cape or capes; but the collar is always composed entirely of fur, square, and very large.

We perceive that fancy materials which were not at all in favor in the beginning of the season for carriage hats and bonnets, are now coming very much into request. Some of the most novel bonnets are composed of satin with a velvet stripe, it is of the smallest size and wide spaces between. We see also some, both hats and bonnets, of rich plain silk figured

in a light pattern with velvet. Some of the new bonnets have the brims made excessively long, and deeper than any that have yet appeared. The crowns round and low. The trimming consists of a bouquet of flowers of one kind only, as roses, clove pinks, or sprigs of geranium, inserted in a very full knot of ribbon, nearly in the centre of the crown, and quite at the summit of it. Although hats are generally trimmed with feathers, yet a few have recently appeared adorned with an intermixture of ribbon and black blond lace; the ribbon is cut in ends of a very novel form, and bordered with narrow lace of a very light pattern: this ornament rises like a spray from a knot of ribbon placed near the top of the crown.

Fur trimmings begin to be a good deal adopted in dinner and evening dress. We have recently seen some robes for the former, that were just made for a lady of very high rank. The *corsage* high behind, but descending in the *demi cœur* form before, was trimmed round the top with a narrow rouleau of sable; a second rouleau encircled the *mancherons*, and descended also in the *demi cœur* style about half way to the waist; long sleeve of the *demi imbecille* form, the fulness confined at the lower part of the arm in three places by rouleaux of sable; the last is placed at the wrist. The evening dresses that we have seen trimmed with fur, were open robes with low bodies of the shawl form; the shawl part and the fronts of the robe were bordered with fur. The materials of the dresses just mentioned were Terry velvet, and *satin d' Afrique*. The dinner dresses were figured satin.

Caps have lost nothing of their vogue as dinner *coiffures*; they are even smaller and lighter than last month. The flowers and ribbons employed to trim them must be of the most delicate hues, as pale rose, azure blue, or flesh color: this last is in very great request. There is no alteration in evening head dresses. Fashionable colors are emerald and sea green, Clarence blue, geranium, ruby, violet, some shades of brown, and the colors cited above for cap trimming.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.—A green satin round dress; a low body, the front, crossed in full drapery, folds on the bosom. Long sleeves, very wide, and terminating in deep tight cuffs. Blond



Jos^h Robins



March 1834.

lace mantelet ; it is of the scarf kind, but with a very deep pelerine back ; the fronts are richly worked, and the back trimmed with very broad blond lace. The cap, also composed of blond, has a small round caul trimmed at the back with a *ruche*. The trimming of the front is very short at the ears, and turned up in the usual style. It is trimmed with an ornament of cut ribbon on one side and a bow on the other. The caul is ornamented with a band and bow of ribbon ; the ends of which form the *brides*, it is of rose-colored gauze corresponding with the strings of the mantelet.

BALL DRESS.—A robe of saffron-colored crape ; a pointed body, drapery front, the drapery retained on the shoulders by *coques* of brown gauze ribbon. The front of the *corsage* is traversed by a single row of knots of the same ribbon ; two rows descend *en tablier* from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. Bouffant sleeves trimmed with ribbon and blond lace. The hair is parted on the forehead, arranged in curls at the sides, and in braids on the crown of the head ; it is adorned with *epis* and bunches of red grapes. Earrings and necklace, fancy jewellery.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

At this moment nothing is talked of, or thought of, but balls and ball dresses. In vain does the amateur of new fashions search the promenades, or the morning exhibitions for novelties ; the first presents only ladies wrapped in mantles of a rich and elegant kind certainly, but such as both in form and material have been seen often in the course of the season. The same may be said of the *demi bibi chapeau* or *capote*, the only perceptible alteration in either, being a little increase or a little diminution of the brim, according to the fancy of the wearer. Do we go to the morning exhibitions, there we find high dresses, or pelisses with mantelet pelerines, trimmed with fur or black lace, and velvet or satin hats or bonnets, adorned in nine instances out of ten, with a single long curled ostrich feather, placed nearly upright. It is singular that this fashion, long as it has been in vogue, should be still so prevalent, not only in half but in evening dress. But let us turn to the *Salle de danse*, we shall there find novelty, richness, and elegance combined.

A great number of dresses are composed of figured gauze. Several of them are open at the side, but attached at regular distances by bouquets of flowers, knots of ribbon, or cameos. Some of the most elegant are of white gauze, figured in rich columns, open in the apron style, and closed at each side by knots of silver gauze ribbon. The arrangement of these knots is at once very novel and graceful; they are made with ends fringed with silver, which descend to the head of the next knot; by this means the form of the apron is distinctly marked, and the effect is singularly pretty. The *corsage* pointed in front is draped before and behind, the draperies of the back are retained by a knot corresponding with those just described, and the sleeves of the double sabot form are ornamented with similar knots.

Some dresses of a more simple but yet very elegant description, are of white crape or gauze, open on the left side, where the dress is looped back nearly at the knee, and at the bottom by small bouquets of artificial flowers; one of a much larger size, of that kind called *à la Jardinière*, is placed in the waist ribbon on the right side.

The head-dresses of the *danseuses* are invariably of hair, but fashion allows great variety in the style. That called the *demi Anglaise* is much in favor. The hair is curled in ringlets at the sides, but neither so low nor so thick as it is generally worn, and the hind hair is disposed in platted bands, which are arranged something in the form of a coronet, very far back on the summit of the head. Feathers or flowers, with in general, a mixture of jewelled ornaments, are employed to decorate the hair. Feathers are, upon the whole, more in favor than they have been during several years in ball dress.

The robes most in favor for *chaperons* are composed of satin figured in gold and silk. Several are made open and worn over a crape or white satin under-dress. Many of these robes are trimmed with black blond or real lace; the trimming is looped back down the fronts by knots of gold gauze ribbon. A gold cord and tassels is always employed with a dress of this kind instead of a *ceinture*.

Turbans are the head-dresses most in favor for matrons, those described in our last number are most in request. Fashionable colors are *bleu raymond*, beet red, violet, rose, light blue, and different shades of green.



THE FAREWELL.

You do not love me—yes, 'tis true ;
 Yet never can my heart forget
 The passion it has felt for you—
 The love it ever must regret !

I've loved thee—and in secret sigh'd,
 That I did love thee—for I felt
 My hopes of thee would be denied,
 Thy icy heart would never melt.

Yet little boots it now to say
 What I have felt—what I have known ;
 It will not chase my grief away,
 Or call back peace, for ever flown.

Oh ! fare thee well, but let no tear
 Bedim my eye while thus I speak ;
 Let no unbidden pang be near,
 No flush of hectic stain my cheek :

But let my soul be calm, when I
 Resign the maid I've loved too well ;
 And stifle what can never die—
 The love which in my heart must dwell.

Yes, fare thee well ! it is the last,
 Sad, broken-hearted, fond adieu,
 Of him from whom all bliss has past,
 Whose hopes were centred all in you !

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

A FRAGMENT.

It was quite dusk when I got ashore, and the evening being delightfully serene, I was glad, after so long a confinement, to stretch my legs, and determined to walk home to my lodgings at the west end of the town.

It is a doubt, whether any capital in Europe equals London in populousness,—but it is beyond a doubt, that none vie with it in convenience and cleanliness. I could wish those, who may be inclined to dispute my assertion, would consider the wonderful security in which above a million of people are crowded together, and the equally wonderful manner in which this million are supplied with every thing that necessity demands, or extravagance can call for. The good order preserved in our streets by day,—the matchless utility and beauty of their illumination by night,—and what is, perhaps, the most essential of all, the astonishing supply of water which is poured into every private house, however small, even to profusion !—the superflux of which clears all the drains and sewers, and assists greatly in preserving good air, health, and comfort !

Paris may be smelt five miles before you arrive at it—Madrid, ten—and all the great cities of France, and Spain, in proportion. As to those of Italy, the atmosphere which surrounds them, is so impregnated with *garlic*, that the nose cannot easily analyze the other compounds which are overpowered by it ;—yet in spite of all the advantages our metropolis may boast, those who are just arrived from the purer air of the country, will, every here and there, at a short turning, or alley-end, catch many an unsavory whiff, which they would always wish to get to the windward of.

On these occasions I have commonly recourse to my snuff-box ; but its contents were unfortunately exhausted, by being liberally offered to some of my companions in the Hoy,—so it occurred to me, to call at my old snuff-shop in Covent-

Garden, and get it replenished ; conceiving I might, at the same time, pick up a little intelligence, of what was stirring in town.

The shop was lighted up, as usual, and two candles standing on the counter,—but the door being bolted, I knocked twice before I gained admission ; when the master coming from above stairs, complimented me on my return home, and on the good looks I had brought back with me.

I thanked him for his civility, and my nose being become very impatient, I whipped my snuff-box from my pocket, and borrowed a hasty pinch from the jar he had taken down.

I thought as he was filling my box, that his features had more than their usual glow of good-nature,—and, at the same time, hearing a female voice above stairs, accompanied by a guitar,—“ I fear,” said I, “ that I have called you down from some convivial meeting—I hate to suspend any one’s pleasure, even for a moment—so there is your money, and now run up again to your friends.”

“ You by no means suspend my pleasure,” replied my tobacconist ; “ nay, you will increase it, by allowing me to tell you what hath occasioned it. It is in truth, a scene that might *interest your feelings*.

“ Two young men, who have for a great length of time lived with me under this roof, have endured the severe mortification of seeing a worthy father, whose talents and ingenuity might have entitled him to a better fate, by a series of misfortunes, thrown into confinement ; and by the rigour of an unrelenting creditor, detained there for the greater part of twenty years. Though their situation in life, denied them the power of rescuing him from his adversity, yet they have comforted him constantly by their daily visits, and supported both him and his second wife, by the labour of their hands ; ever pouring into his wounded bosom, the balm of filial affection. An act of grace hath at last set the distressed parent at liberty, and they have this evening been to fetch him home from the forlorn scene of captivity, which hath worn down his grey hairs. We have made a little supper on the occasion, and had not long finished it, when you knocked at the door. One of his daughters, whose voice you now hear, is come to welcome his return ; and as all the family have a musical turn, she has taken up a guitar to accompany herself.

Nothing can, at this moment, exceed the transport of the father, after experiencing for so many years, the severity of ill-fortune, to find himself, at last, housed in security under his children's roof."

"You paint the story," returned I, "as one who strongly sympathized in the general joy. You might well call it a scene to '*interest the feelings?*' on my soul it has played the deuce with mine,—insomuch, that I would almost give one eye to peep through a key-hole with the other, and obtain a glimpse of these happy people, without intruding on their delicious moments."

"Why that, sir," continued the landlord, "I could gratify you in,—as there can be no breach either of hospitality or honor, in exhibiting the merits of one's friends, when their actions may not only bear the view but claim the applause of the world. The little room where they are, has a glass folding-door, with a curtain drawn only across the lower half of it,—if you will give yourself the trouble to step up with me, on the second stairs, you may, unperceived, look over it and indulge your curiosity."

I would not have missed the sight for all I shall ever be worth on this side the grave!—It shewed me so lovely a family picture, as bid defiance to all the efforts of art; even the pencil of a Raphael, a Titian, or a Guido, would have failed in the attempt—for it was drawn, and colored, by a greater hand;—by thy inimitable hand, O Nature!—who shalt ever, to the last page I write, remain the object of my adoration!—

I wished a thousand times, my dear Jenny, that thy benevolent heart could have enjoyed it with me!—but I will give you some idea, how the canvass was disposed, and your sensibility will paint the rest.

Imagine the whole family grouped round the table on which they had supped,—in full view before me conceive the portrait of the father, whose features wore the traces of age and infirmity, possibly somewhat strengthened by the sorrows of life, but whose countenance was, at the same time, brightened by so placid an eye, as indicated a mind superior to them all!—On either side of him, sat his good sons,—and next to them, his wife, the faithful partner of his afflictions.—Opposite to her, appeared the vacant chair from whence I

had so abruptly summoned my conductor, who now stood by me,—while the daughter whose voice I had heard from below, and the friendly mistress of the house, who had prepared them this little entertainment, filled up the remainder of this happy circle.

The daughter was still singing to her guitar—they were soothing, plaintive notes;—but my mind was too occupied to attend to sounds—it was watching the characters which composed this singular picture, and marking attentively the expressions of cordiality and love, which, during the song, were shot from eye to eye. Often did the good old man cast looks of transport on each of his family, one after the other,—then fix his attention on his child, whose voice was welcoming his return,—while, at intervals, his hands and eyes were uplifted, in silent gratitude, to that Providence who had, after trials so severe, at last brought him home in peace.

As soon as the song was ended, he beckoned his daughter to approach him; when, taking her by the arm, he gently pulled her down to his cheek, and hid his face in her neck.—The mistress of the house now pushed nearer to him, a glass of wine, which had been poured out and had long stood before him, unregarded, on the table; he placidly drank it off; and surveying all around him, with a look of measureless contentment, stretched out his hands on his two sons, who were beside him, which were instantly pressed in theirs with the utmost fervor; while in their features were pictured all those delicate emotions of the heart, which Nature has alone entrusted to the human countenance to express, and which the efforts of language are far too feeble to convey.

Believe me, my dear Jenny, there was not a dry eye in all the room; nay, and I might add, on the stairs neither—for I more than once observed my honest tobacconist pass his hand before his face.

There are tears of *pleasure* as well as tears of *distress*!—the latter are excited by *our own* sufferings,—the former are the involuntary tribute which *sensibility* pays to *virtue*!

“I lament,” said I, turning round to my companion, that this PICTURE you have shewn me, which glows with so many lovely tints that affection hath spread over it, should be concealed in your little apartment, it ought to be exhibited

to the public; the view of it might serve to confirm the good and shame the unfeeling!" Nor could I quit the scene I had been contemplating without breathing this benediction over it:—

Heaven prosper you, children of virtue!—nay, and it will prosper you,—for you have given the world a noble example of filial piety!—and if lost in its dissipations, it should overlook the unurged claims you have on it, yet have you treasured up in your bosoms those enviable feelings of conscious rectitude, which it never can take from you, and which, without hearts like yours, it hath not in its power to bestow!

I walked home with so light and heedless a foot, by having my mind totally occupied with all I had just been spectator of, that I ran against half a dozen posts, and at least treble as many passengers.

I pity, from my soul, the gloomy temperament of the satarist, whose delight is to view only the unfavorable side of life. The imperfections of humanity may never leave his spleen destitute of a subject; yet I am inclined to believe, for the honor of Providence and Nature, that there ever has been a proportionate degree of benevolence in the world. Those virtues that most *adorn* and *endear* society are confined to a limited circle. Could we steal in on the privacies of domestic life, I am confident we should see many more actions and characters to admire and respect, than we are in general inclined to suppose.*

THE CONTRAST.

In almost every young Scotsman there is an enthusiastic ambition to be distinguished, or, perhaps, a discontent of home, which prompts him to forsake the country he loves, and to seek his fortune in a foreign land. Like my companions, I early imbibed this desire to go abroad, but, unlike many of them, this inclination remained as I grew up; and while I saw others gradually settling into advocates and phy-

* This little sketch is drawn from real life, and the subjects of it were the family of Mr. Plenius, known some years ago as the inventor of the Lyrichord.

sicians, the desire to try my fortune abroad remained unaltered. As my parents had several other children, they did not discourage this inclination. My mother, it is true, did not seem to relish it much, but my father was not rich, and he justly thought that one of his family might be spared with advantage to the rest. Thus, sanctioned by them, and encouraged by all my friends, it was early resolved that I should push my fortune in India.

I have said that my father was not rich, and a poor man has seldom much influence at the India House. Year followed year without an appointment being obtained, and when I entered my twentieth year, my friends began to hint about there being many eligible situations at home. At this crisis my father received notice that I would be sent out as a cadet, and that my presence was instantly required, as the last India ship was to sail in about a fortnight. For years did I tease the gods for a cadetship. I had now obtained one, but, alas! I was far from being contented: I perceived how dear were my home and friends to me, now that I was about to lose them, and I almost wished to be allowed to remain where I was. But the die was cast; I had put my hand to the plough, and to look back now was in vain. So suddenly was I called up, that I had only two days to remain at home, and these were passed in such a perpetual bustle, that the whole almost appeared to me a dream. Still I felt a pang as I left each house, and said "farewell" to its inmates—a pang which every one must feel when leaving a friend he is never again to see. To me those friends were for ever to be as dead, and I felt as if I were losing them all at one blow.

It was now the evening before I sailed, but there was one thing which yet remained to be done; it was to bid a last farewell to Mary. Oh God! how my heart burst within me when I thought that I was to see her no more, that the star which had illumined my life was for ever to be withdrawn from my eyes! Oh! how I loved that girl! Never was there a lovelier creature in this world, and never was there a better. Her blue eyes beamed with the tenderness of an innocent heart; when she looked at me, I saw she was all my own; for who would look at that countenance, and believe that it harboured deceit? I felt that she was dearer to me than the whole world; and yet I was about to leave her for ever.

What a strange inconsistent being is man! To think of taking her along with me was vain. At that time a voyage to India was nearly as formidable as a voyage to the Pole; and, besides, Mary's delicate frame would have wasted and withered away beneath a tropical sun.

Mary resided at her father's house, which was situated a short distance from town. Thither I accordingly repaired, and soon found myself sitting in the old-fashioned parlour where I usually met her. There stood her harp, over which I had often hung enraptured, drinking in love and sweet music, till I was almost intoxicated with delight; it was now mute,—to me it would be silent for ever; there lay a landscape I had asked her to paint, but which I was never to see completed. Alas! thought I, in this very spot others will listen delighted as she sings, and gaze at her as she works, perhaps, at this little picture, while I, poor I, forgotten by all, am burning away my life beneath the influence of a tropical sun. At this moment, casting my eyes upon a large mirror, I could not help smiling at my woe-begone visage; so, rallying a little, I awaited the arrival of Mary.

It was only that forenoon that poor Mary had been told of my intended departure, and she now entered the room with a cast-down, dejected air. She approached me with something between a tear and a smile; but when our eyes met, when I said I had come to bid her farewell, the big tear started to her beautiful eyes, and throwing herself into my arms, she wept aloud in an agony of grief. I am now an old man, and many a sorrow have I felt; but these two hours were the bitterest I ever knew, and yet, strange as it may seem, there is a sort of pleasure in melancholy. Sad as I was, my heart was filled with a soothing sweetness, like that which fills the soul when we listen to some old melody we love;—there is surely some mysterious connexion between music and melancholy, for the nature of their effects on the feelings is the same. It was long before I could think of leaving her. Often I tried to say farewell, but as the sound trembled on my tongue, an entreating look from Mary again drove away the half-formed words, and so I sat still, while we talked of the pleasant hours we had passed together, hours which absence was so soon to render sacred. But at last I had to depart,—and, as the wretch on the scaffold, through very

desperation, flings off the fatal handkerchief, so straining my Mary to my beating heart, I kissed her with a deep, a last kiss, and then rushed to the door. The interview was over ; I saw her no more. About an hour after, I received a small packet ; it contained a lock of dark brown hair, with these words—“ Keep it for the sake of Mary.” Poor Mary ! she had been weeping when she wrote it, for the paper was still wet with her tears.

When I returned home, I found my parents setting with the rest of my family, all anxiously waiting for me. I felt that I had been unkind in spending so much of the night away from my own family. What little time I had should surely have been devoted to my poor father and mother. Others I might see again, but long before I returned their heads would be laid beneath the green turf. I dare say all our reflections were sad enough. My father tried to rally our spirits, and smilingly talked of the time when I should return to the support and joy of his old age. But the attempt was vain ; it was but a mockery of cheerfulness, and we were sadder than before. At length we had to separate. I bade them all an affectionate good-night, and promised to see them before I departed in the morning. But that promise was meant to spare us the pain of parting. When all was quiet I silently quitted my chamber, and glided along the passage. As I passed my parent's room, I perceived that there was still a light in it. I was tempted to look through the keyhole. I saw my mother on her knees, and, doubtless, she was praying for me. Oh ! how I longed to fly to her arms, to indulge in the satisfaction of at least bidding her adieu ! but restraining my feelings, I took a last look, and then went on. I could not leave the house without visiting our little parlour—that room where we had all spent so many a happy hour. Never, never on earth was that happy circle to be again re-united. As I looked round, the tears sprung to my eyes, and, overcome by my feelings, I laid my head on the table and wept. But the clock struck two—it was the hour of my departure, and, dashing away the tears, I quickly stole out of the house. When I gained the outside, I took a last, long look,—the light was still burning in my room ; in my heart I invoked a blessing on her, and on them all,—and thus, sorrowfully and in silence, I quitted my once happy home.

After sojourning nearly forty years in the East, I found I had amassed a fortune exceeding even the sanguine anticipations of youth. Still I hesitated whether to return to Britain. I had been so long in India that it now appeared to me my home, and friends had grown up around me from whom I felt unwilling to part. I felt that, in returning to Scotland, I was going, as it were, to a strange land; my parents, and brothers, and sisters were dead, and after so long an absence, the few friends of my youth who still remained would in all probability have forgotten me. But in spite of all this, I felt a something within me which prompted me to revisit the scenes of my youth, and though nearly sixty, I confess I had a desire to see once more my first, my only love, my dear Mary. To say I loved her would be nonsense; love will seldom survive a separation of forty years; but I still thought of her with tenderness, and in revisiting my native country, she was the only one whom I felt happy at the thought of seeing,—the only one who, I expected, would be happy again to see me. Like me, she could never again love,—like me, she was still unmarried. At length I returned to Scotland.

The feelings of youth had long been calmed by age, and I reached my native place without those agitating, but delightful emotions, which many will imagine the sight of whom was so calculated to produce. I thought, with a melancholy smile, of the grief I had felt when I left it. Ay, all are gone, said I; in my father's house I am a solitary stranger; for what end was I to toil away my life in a foreign land? that I might return rich and happy to my friends: rich I am, but where are the friends with whom I was to have spent the evening of my days? Alas! they are gone, and my life has been passed in vain.

In the same spirit did I wander along the streets of my native town. I felt myself an isolated lonely being. Every one seemed happy except myself; every one had his pursuits, every one had his companions and friends. I alone had none; a new generation had sprung up, and those whom I had formerly known as young men, were now strangely metamorphosed into grave-looking gentlemen, with grown-up families, and many of them with grand-children. Such as they were, however, I was glad to meet with them, though I often could not help wondering that they looked so old. The town itself, too, seemed no longer the same I had left behind

me. Magnificent buildings had succeeded to old-fashioned habitations, and the fields over which I used to shoot were now loaded with dwellings like palaces. It was a proof of the prosperity of the place, and yet I was half angry at the alteration. Had I been a magician, I should have restored the town to the state I remembered it to have been in when I left it forty years before.

On reaching home, I found that Mary Lindesay was in the country; but when she returned, my first care was to visit her. I have said that she was still unmarried, and though I had long ceased to love, yet I felt my heart beat as I approached the well-remembered house. I pictured to myself the transport with which she would throw herself into my arms, and fondly believed that the joy of our meeting would repay us for the misery of parting. My heart began to beat more quickly as I gently knocked at the door; and when the servant appeared, I could hardly ask him if Miss Lindesay was within. "Miss Lindesay—Miss Lindesay," said he, slowly repeating the name, as if uncertain whom I meant; "O yes, sir," and then shewing the way, I soon found myself alone, and seated once more in the old-fashioned parlour. It was the only thing I had yet seen which was still the same as I had left it. Looking about me, I soon discovered old friends in the pictures which were hanging round the room. There was but one new one,—it was the landscape I had asked her to paint, and there it was hanging, half finished, exactly as I had last seen it. At the other side of the room was the portrait of a youthful and beautiful face, which I at once recognised to be Mary's. I could scarcely help thinking that all that had past for the last forty years was nothing but a troubled dream. so completely did the scene carry me back to the days of my youth.

In a short time the door opened, and my heart again beat quick,—but it was a false alarm, only the servant sent to say that Mrs. Lindesay would be down presently. Good God! thought I, is the old mother living yet! she must be a very aged woman by this time: let me see, when I left this in the year 17—she was at least—but here my calculations were cut short, for the door again opened, and the old woman herself entered the room. The old lady's face flushed as she approached, and she seemed embarrassed. I was astonished to perceive that she looked as young as when I saw her last,

but making a respectful bow, I congratulated her upon her good looks, and then eagerly inquired after Mary. The old lady smiled. "Indeed, William," said she, and I started at the voice, "indeed we have both paid the tax for growing old: in the aged woman who speaks to you, you see your once loved Mary." At that moment, casting my eyes in the direction of the mirror, I saw the reflection of a withered old man. I remember what I had been when I looked there last, and I now saw that I was as much altered as even poor Mary, or, as she now termed herself, Mrs. Mary Lindesay. And yet, so gently and gradually had time laid his hand upon me, that till that moment I never thought myself half such an antique as in reality I was.

Here, then, was an end to all my dreams. The hope of returning to Mary was what cheered me when I left home,—it was that which sustained me while in India. I foolishly believed that I was to find her the same fond, blushing girl, that I had left her; and never reflecting that time would rob the face of its youth, and the deepest love of its romance, I expected that when I returned there would be many a year of happiness and love in store for us. These delightful visions were baseless. I came home an old man, and found Mary—an old woman. A short time, however, blunted the edge of my disappointment. Reconciled to old age, I may say that I am happy. Mary and I have for several years been man and wife; we have retired to a sweet spot, away from the bustle of town, and if we do not feel the raptures of a youthful love, we at least experience the happiness which springs from a well-founded friendship.

A SIMILE.

The little spot of azure dye,
That smiles from out a stormy sky,
Shows the heart's home by sorrow bounded,
By the world's dark cares surrounded.

The lowly star that glistens there,
'Mid the tempest pure and fair,
Shows of love the lingering blossom,
That home holds for the wanderer's bosom.

SIGMA.

OLD FRIENDS.

BY MRS. ANN ROLFE,

AUTHOR OF THE "WILL, OR TWENTY-ONE YEARS," ETC.

Old friends!—I think upon them in passion's stirring hour,
When thoughts are crowding round me with all their strength
and power;

When memory brings before me each treasured joy and woe,
And all the fond delusions the 'blithsome heart must know.

Old friends!—I think upon them when the balmy summer
breeze

Sweeps lightly o'er the roses, and sighs among the leaves;
When melody and song, and bright visions fill the air
As if the spirits of the brave had found a heaven there.

Old friends!—I think upon them when streams are murmur-
ing by,

And th' witching spells of beauty throws a charm o'er earth
and sky;

When the jocund sound of gladness falls sweetly on the ear.
And joyous steps of young and old bid sorrow disappear.

Old friends!—I think upon them when all things 'gin to
fade,

When dewy flowers are drooping—and silent is the shade;
When rest is on the earth, and creation seems to say,
Oh man behold—thy chequered life is but a summer's day.

Old friends!—I think upon them when the young moon
sheds her light

So faintly that her beams break not the shadows of the night;
When the stars are gazing on us from their blue seats above,
And the celestial harmony announces—God is love.

Old friends!—I think upon them 'midst the changeful hue
of things,

Where the rays of fading glory no cheering prospect brings;
When the storm is on the ocean, and the whirlwind on the
shore,

And the fearful strife of elements stir up the torrent's roar.

Old friends!—I think upon them when the midnight hour
doth come,
When thoughts and feelings mingling, in fantastic numbers
run ;
When darkness and sepulchral woe sit brooding on the air,
And the shapes of death around us call forth reflection's
pray'r.

Old friends!—I think upon them when th' shades of the
lov'd dead,
In blissfulness and beauty seem to hover near my bed ;
When my creative fancy in its wanderings seem to see
Their sunny brows, their eyes of light, their immortality.

Old friends!—I think upon them when the dawn begins to
rise,
And Sol, in his proud chariot, speeds up the eastern skies ;
When mountain, wood, and water, too, can boast a busy
throng,
And nature, roused from sleep, embraces every child of song.

But ah, old friends must lose in death those charms that
hearts subdue,
Till the blest Son of Righteousness their graces shall renew ;
For then the living and the dead a change divine shall know,
The only thing that's worth our cares, or worth a thought
below.

TO AN ABSENT LADY.

How well I remember a lone hour of sadness,
And long will this bosom that sadness retain ;
It was parting from thee ; and the thought had been madness,
Had I not fondly hoped I might see thee again.
Those doom'd to the rack on this fond hope relying,
Can smile on the torments inflicted in vain ;
Can part from the friends who around me are sighing,
And hope they may meet them in heaven again.
Let that be my hope when from this world departing,
'Twill soothe my last moments and lull every pain ;
But as this is the world we're allow'd to make love in,
I would much rather meet thee in this world again.

THE POOR MAN'S WIFE;

OR, WEDDED LIFE IN THE LOWER RANKS.

BY MISS M. LEATHES BEEVOR.

“Of all the evils of poverty, its idleness and, too often, desperate wickedness, are not to be accounted the least.”

Wretched, squalid, famished, ragged, dirty, often diseased, and always desperately degraded, there is, perhaps, scarcely to be met with under the sun, a creature so truly miserable, and entirely pitiable, as she, who bears the unenviable appellation, and the intolerable burthen of being the *Poor's Man's Wife!* The poor MAN? Alas; *No!*—the ruffian,—the savage—the heathen—the BRUTE; ay, the BRUTE; and in support of the justice of our term, we fearlessly appeal to the million police reports of our thousand newspapers. Indeed, when we gaze on the hideous picture of the male portion of the uneducated classes of *any* civilized country, as daily exhibited by its public journals, we cannot fail to be lost in horror and astonishment, at the monstrous phenomena of fiendish depravity thus presented to our consideration, and shudderingly to ask ourselves, is this actually *human nature?* unsophisticated, or, in other words, uninstructed human nature? Gracious Heaven! what a spectacle!! But, that *females* should be found ready to consort with, to become the *wives* of such men, is, to the speculative observer, a still more astonishing phenomenon! Let us not be misunderstood: we do not speak of the honest, industrious, sober, *moral*, and *religious* poor man, whose bread, if laboriously earned, is eaten in peace and shared, though, perhaps, with sighs at its scantiness, with his family; *he* seldom figures in police reports, except misfortune, not crime, brings him before a magistrate; no—we speak of the reckless ruffian, whose unhallowed deeds harrow the spirits of those who peruse them; and, of him, one picture, unhappily, represents a *species*.

He marries early, very early, in life, upon NOTHING; an imprudence seldom committed by young men (and women) in the superior and respectable classes of society; one being obliged to wait, ere he enters the nuptial state, until com-

fortably settled in a secure business: another, till he gets a living; a third, until promotion in army or navy, allows him to think of maintaining a wife and family, &c. &c. &c. in short, few, save the thoughtless and improvident *pauper*, dream of plunging themselves into certain wretchedness at the outset of life, by an imprudent marriage; few, but have greater judgment and self-command. However, tell the poor man this, and advise him to follow the example of his superiors and *not* marry, until he has something to marry upon, and you are met by a half curse for your pains, and a wish—"that you'd not interfere with the *liberty* of the poor man, whose *only comfort* is his wife."—*His wife a comfort* forsooth!—Alas! alas!—after the novelty of possessing such a companion is over, she is to him only an *incumbrance*, for whom, henceforth, such treatment as he gives poor harmless *baudrons* is sufficiently good, viz. harsh words, blows, kicks, and starvation! He cannot support her; she, probably, is barely able to support herself; certainly not him; certainly, not—the miserable offspring of such a union; in fact, every infant brings with it, an accession of care, trouble, penury, and wretchedness; but whilst the poor mother sighs and weeps, with all a mother's yearning, over her miserable babes, the brute-husband, the ruffian-father, curses both her and them. He is generally from home all day and more than half the night; since he continues in existence, food he must by some means obtain, though how, and where, his wife cannot guess, and *dare* not presume to ask; however, *she* sees and tastes none of it. Indeed the most fashionable couple in the *haut-ton* cannot live more separate from, and independent of, each other, than does the poor man's wife and her husband; but bitterness, weariness, anguish, and tears, are her daily wedded portion, and despair aggravates her misery, for towards what quarter can she look in *hope*? Go to her wretched hut, or rather, if she resides in a town, her miserable tenement of one, or, at most, a couple of rooms; converse awhile with her, and you will find her fluent lips conversant with the names of her Creator and Saviour, and she will also *talk* of heaven; but this is a profanation, a mere mockery of sacred things; she being, unhappily, utterly ignorant of the principles and spirit of true religion: she, poor creature, imagines that of Paradise she is secure, *because* her earthly

lot is a purgatory! and, with professions on her lips, of *trust* in Providence, feels, in the bitterness of her heart, far more inclined "to curse God and die."

In truth, what ground has *she* for trust, who having married a totally irreligious man, is unavoidably engaged by *his conduct*, in a course of life utterly incompatible, with the fundamental precepts of Christianity? In constant discord, ill-feeling, envy, and malice, at the prosperity of the more fortunate, or the more prudent, in murmuring, and discontent, &c. No! the wretched wife of this kind of poor man, feels herself little less an outcast and reprobate than himself, but to obtain relief from the affluent, refined, and *virtuous*, she dissimulates, calls in hypocrisy to aid, and ten to one over-acting her part, disgusts, by what is instantly discerned, in its exaggeration, to be not the result of natural feeling, and is therefore pronounced—*cant*. But many causes may operate to exacerbate her already deeply wounded spirit; some of her neighbours, not more deserving than herself, nay, even less so, may be in better circumstances; some may, to her certain knowledge, pursue methods of providing for themselves and families, from which her less polluted heart may, shuddering, recoil; and yet escape undetected and preserve fair characters to the world: her husband may obtain work and lose it again, by bad conduct; or on account of his indifferent reputation, it may be equally refused to him and to herself: perhaps, however, both are so fortunate as to procure an engagement of some kind, which *might* partially ameliorate their condition, were its profits prudently applied; but no! "a short life and a merry one," is the maxim of the unfortunate man, whose *habits* of intoxication are not now to be shaken off; and who if he has, at times, bartered portions of his scanty wardrobe for liquor, and expended the money on *ardent spirits*, which ought to have furnished himself at least, if insufficient for his family, with a wholesome meal, is now little likely to apply the produce of his labor to a better purpose.

From the Saturday to the Monday night, then, he revels in swinish enjoyment, his wife seeing little or nothing of him, happily for her, since, in this state his instinctive return home, like a beast to his lair, is generally pregnant with terror and mischief, to the whole family: and thus, his wages being spent, a sort of animal instinct, impels him to go forth, after

the last brutal carouse which they afforded, and earn such another ; but old scores, also, lie heavy against him at the publican's, or spirit-shop, he is continually running up new ones, and how, when his creditors grow clamorous, are they to be paid ? Suddenly he recollects that despised and maltreated *thing*, his *wife*, and, forthwith, hastening to her, without remorse furiously demands (with hoarse voice and inflamed countenance) her hard-earned pittance ; *demand*s, for long has he forgotten the gentle language of request and entreaty. Perhaps it is given, but in terror ; when, sulkily, and without a thank, received, the ruffian retires, most likely *not* to use it in payment of a long standing debt, but towards its accumulation, by running up a fresh score, on the *credit* ! he obtains for possessing a little ready money. Perhaps his wretched wife ventures to confess that she has expended her earnings on food and clothing for herself and children :—

“ His answer is,—a curse, and blow.”

Perhaps she even ventures to remind him of their long arrears for rent, and of that, which daily accumulating, is likely to remain a heavy burthen of debt upon their consciences. But *he* has *no* conscience ; and railing at government, because state necessities (of which it never enters his stupified brain to dream) *obliges* it to impose rents, and taxes, &c. on all men, rich and poor, in due proportion, his poor wife's well-intended sum in reserve is forced from her, should she resist his unjust demand, by barbarous violence !

The unfortunate woman strives, we will suppose, to work, if work be granted her ; but how heartlessly at last, when, by sad experience, she has been taught to foresee *how* her little earnings are to be appropriated ; and when, let her go where and do what she will, the cries of her famishing children resound in her ears. During her unavoidable absence, when “ out at work,” she locks the door of her room upon them, where they may play, or quarrel ; where they may scream with hunger, or rage together, like little savages, as they list ; probably then, some day upon her return, the more than usual noise, or the little less than supernatural stillness alarms her, and upon unlocking the door of the apartment where she left her children, and entering, she is

overwhelmed with affliction to discover one of them *dead*, by some dreadful accident, of fire, water, or poison! The "natural tears" of a mother, whose heart even yet is not rendered quite callous by misfortune, are shed,—and she informs her husband, on his late return "from work!" of this horrible catastrophe; perhaps he is too stupidly inebriated to understand her words, her tears, and her lamentations; but, perhaps, instantly sobered, not *humanized*, by the shock, he protests it is a very fortunate occurrence, there is one mouth less to feed, one body less to clothe and care for, and that he wishes (with an oath,—indeed he seldom speaks without one) he heartily does, that he could as easily get rid of a few more! The hapless wife, anguished and confounded, perceives that to hope for ordinary sympathy from her graceless partner is vain; she must mourn by herself; *no* sorrow must be confided to *him*; he rejoices where he should lament, and nothing may move him to grief but some calamity immediately touching *himself*. The account of this sad accident, with the name and residence of the parents of the deceased child, we will assume, attract, through the newspapers, the attention of some charitable Christian; most likely of one of the unhappy mother's own sex, who makes it her peculiar province "to go about, doing good;" she resolves, upon reading of "extreme distress,"—"honest, industrious woman," and "six small children, still remaining, the eldest of whom is but nine years of age," to visit the family, and, if she really "*finds them deserving*," to get some of the younger children into an Infant School, and put the elder ones to some employment, which shall, at least, "keep them out of harm's way." Ten to one, it is, that this good intention is frustrated by the state of dirt, idleness, and depravity, in which the kind visitor finds this miserable family immersed; ten to one, her commiseration is changed into anger and disgust; and ten to one, should not *cant* effect this mischief, but that it is brought to pass by the sullen, morose, unthankful demeanour of the harassed wife, her unrepressed malignity towards the higher classes, or her excessive discontent and insolence. Grant, however, that our good Samaritan be not deterred by the sight and experience of human abasement, and human viciousness, from bestowing temporary and promising permanent relief,—how is her kindness, in nine cases out of ten,

appreciated, by one, at least, of the foolish and wicked beings she would reserve from destruction? "Don't tell me," cries the brute-husband, "of Infant Schools! methodistical places! No child of mine shall set foot in e'er a one of them! I'll see it — first!—Neither shall girl or boy of mine wear charity school *livery*, which is *disgraceful*, so don't think of it! I can tell your fine folks, and be — to them, who *trample upon and oppress the poor*, and take away the very *liberty* of babes, by *sending 'em to school*,—that the poor are as proud as the rich, and sometimes a little prouder, and *my children* are not born to be *slaves*, or to be *beholden* to any body."*

The wife remonstrates, entreats, and finally begs, "if only to get rid of the children, and keep them safe, whilst nobody is at home to look after them, that they may be allowed to accept the lady's kindness." Hereupon, her husband becomes furious, swears that he wishes from his soul there was not such a thing as a *lady* in the land, launches forth into a terrible tirade against all gentry and nobility; not even excepting the respectable and superior classes of tradespeople, calls down the most horrid imprecations on their heads, more than half gives his terrified wife to understand, that he is engaged in a deep conspiracy against their lives and properties; and advises her to *send the children into the streets*, whilst she goes out to work, where *they'll naturally learn to pick up a livelihood for themselves*; and as to the "kindness," which she attributes to the "lady," he succeeds, at last, in persuading her that it is "hypocritical," and in putting her on her *guard* against it! The result is, that next time the unfortunate wife's new friend calls, or sends, her conduct is so intolerably insolent or sullen, that, immediately pronounced

* It will scarcely be credited, that at a soup charity, in a large provincial city, such was the miserable insatiation of the poor ignorant creatures who applied for relief to it, that a woman, almost starving, had no sooner received her basin than she threw it, scalding hot as it was, into the face of one of the lady patronesses, insolently bidding her "*keep her Hog's-wash to herself!*" — It is this description of people, who, in the midst of a raging pestilence, peculiarly fatal to their own class, call their medical attendants, "*poisoners,*" &c. &c. and resist *all* efforts made to ameliorate their condition; but *these*, indeed, are the resisters of *all* order and coercion! No country does so much for the poor as England, and in no country are the poor so desperately ungrateful!

“an object undeserving of relief,” it is withdrawn; and this confirms, as she thinks, her husband’s opinion, “that all the rich are hollow, and treacherous, in their dealings with the poor;” so, believing that, for once in his life, he has told her the real truth; she rejoices that she has got rid of the “fair-spoken” deceiver, who came as a spy, and “has not *demeaned* herself and the children, by being anyways *obligated* to such as she!”—Yes,—with most angry feelings, she thinks her husband *was* right; and *he* must know, because, when out of work and, sometimes too, when in employ, he attends the Rotunda meetings, and all kinds of unions and combinations; or, as the simple wife, in her supreme ignorance, generally, and emphatically, terms them, rebellion, confederacies, and conspiracies!

Shall we proceed?—We might depict debt, distress for rent, long-wearing sickness, the death of some one, or more, of the juveniles, and the growing depravity of the survivors. We might pourtray the husband a gambler, as well as a drunkard; a burglar, or highwayman; a rick-burner, rioter, and cool, deliberate MURDERER; expiating his several offences on board the hulks, at Sidney Cove, or on the gallows: but to this latter place, one step in crime more black and hideous, if possible, than the mere murder of a *stranger* for his property, may finally lead him; and we may remark, that the end of such a man as we have described (alas! how *very* many does the picture suit!) is generally violent and dreadful! We might paint the forlorn wife, as her children grew up and “got off her hand,” that is, into most of the jails and penitentiaries of the kingdom: and as work failed, and reflection forced itself upon her, seduced by mere aggravated misery and desperation, to follow in drinking and other vicious propensities, her husband’s dreadful example: we might pourtray her reaching the winter of life, crippled, ragged, and starved; “a youth of misery,—an old age of *gin*;” yet, in truth, the miserable partner of a brutal poor man, seldom attains the “fullness of years;” *his own hand*, usually in a fit of drunken recklessness,—mad fury, (consequent upon years of inflamed and unsubdued passions) or silent, sullen, malicious vengeance, deals the mercifully cruel blow, or mingles the deadly potion, which terminates the mortal sorrows of his victim! And the last act of this

oft repeated tragedy of domestic life in the lower ranks, is consequently concluded by the sabbath-breaker, drunkard, blasphemer, rebel, murderer, and incorrigible reprobate, on the new drop!

There may be a slight variation; we do not say that such is always the end of such a woman, or of such a man; the degraded wife may, worn with misery, and driven by his brutal conduct to desperate vengeance, terminate the existence of her husband: the neglected children of these culpable parents may rise up against and destroy the authors of their being, or one or both may perish by (not untimely) accident; or may even lay suicidal hands upon themselves; but we do assert, that the ends of such degraded portions of humanity are generally violent, "and without hope." And we do also assert, that daily experience, and the columns of our thousand newspapers, present us with pictures as dreary and hideous as this, which we cannot allow to be an exaggerated sketch; pictures, be it observed, which, beyond our own, gain in strength and boldness of detail, as they lose in minuteness and finish; pictures, which, accurately to represent realities, *cannot be too highly colored!*

Such is wedded life, in the lower ranks; such the (*wicked*) poor man,—and such his wife!—Incredible, then, is the folly and stupidity of the woman, youthful or elderly, who brings upon herself that interminable weight of woe and wretchedness, with which she has ample opportunities of becoming acquainted by *report*, or by actual observation; perhaps in her own family: unhappily, such is its prevalence, never far from her own door.

Let us not be misunderstood; it is not against *marriage* in the inferior ranks of life, that we are entering our humble protest, but against those unions which are based on *imprudence* and *irreligion*.

ON A PROUD AND SCORNFUL LADY.

A great way off Matilda strikes the men:
 When she draws near,
 And one sees clear,
 A great way off one wishes her again.

MORSELS OF MELODY.

I.—OH! WHEN I VAINLY ASK MY PRIDE.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, ESQ.

Oh! when I vainly ask my pride
 To struggle with my will,
 And cast all ties of heart aside,
 That bind it to thee still.
 Some long lost image comes again
 To cheat me into tears.
 Like echo of some happy strain,
 I lov'd in other years.

Oh! why should mem'ry thus live on,
 When hope has left the shrine,
 And bring once more glad moments gone,
 When thou and joy wert mine.
 This foolish heart howe'er o'er-cast,
 Clings to its former truth,
 And lingers on the buried past
 With all the glow of youth.

These words have been arranged to a very touching and pathetic air of Mayseders, by Mr. Irvine; and have been sung with some applause at various provincial concerts. It is published by George and Manby, Fleet Street.

II.—I HAVE LOVED THEE!

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON:

I have loved thee! fondly loved thee,
 Loved as few have done before;
 Firm unchanging, thou hast prov'd me,
 What can mortal covet more?
 Murmur not of love's decaying,
 Like the bubbles on the stream,
 That in liquid gems are playing
 'Neath gay summer's golden beam.

Scarce we prize the lamps that only
 Light our steps in festive bow'rs,
 But the taper burning lonely,
 Cheers our heart at evening hours.

So the love by passion lighted,
 In youth's bright and thoughtless lay,
 By the virtuous heart is slighted
 For affection's purer ray.

This ballad has been arranged to very delightful and appropriate music, by Mr. R. Beale, to whom it does credit as a composer. It is published by J. Hedgley, Ebury Street, Pimlico.

III.—'TIS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN TO CRY.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, ESQ.

They say I'm always laughing,
 A true light-hearted Scot;
 The rosy wine cup quaffing,
 And wherefore should I not?
 My brow is seldom low'ing,
 Shall I tell you the reason why?
 I have held it a rule, from the time I left school,
 'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

The poet beauty's glances
 May still in song enshrine;
 Beauty the soul entrances,
 But so doth rosy wine.
 Then as the wine cup circles,
 We'll laugh and drain it dry;
 For I've held it a rule, from the time I left school,
 'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

This song is set to music in a spirited and pleasing style, by Mr. W. J. Read, and published by Duff and Co., Oxford Street.

IV.—THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

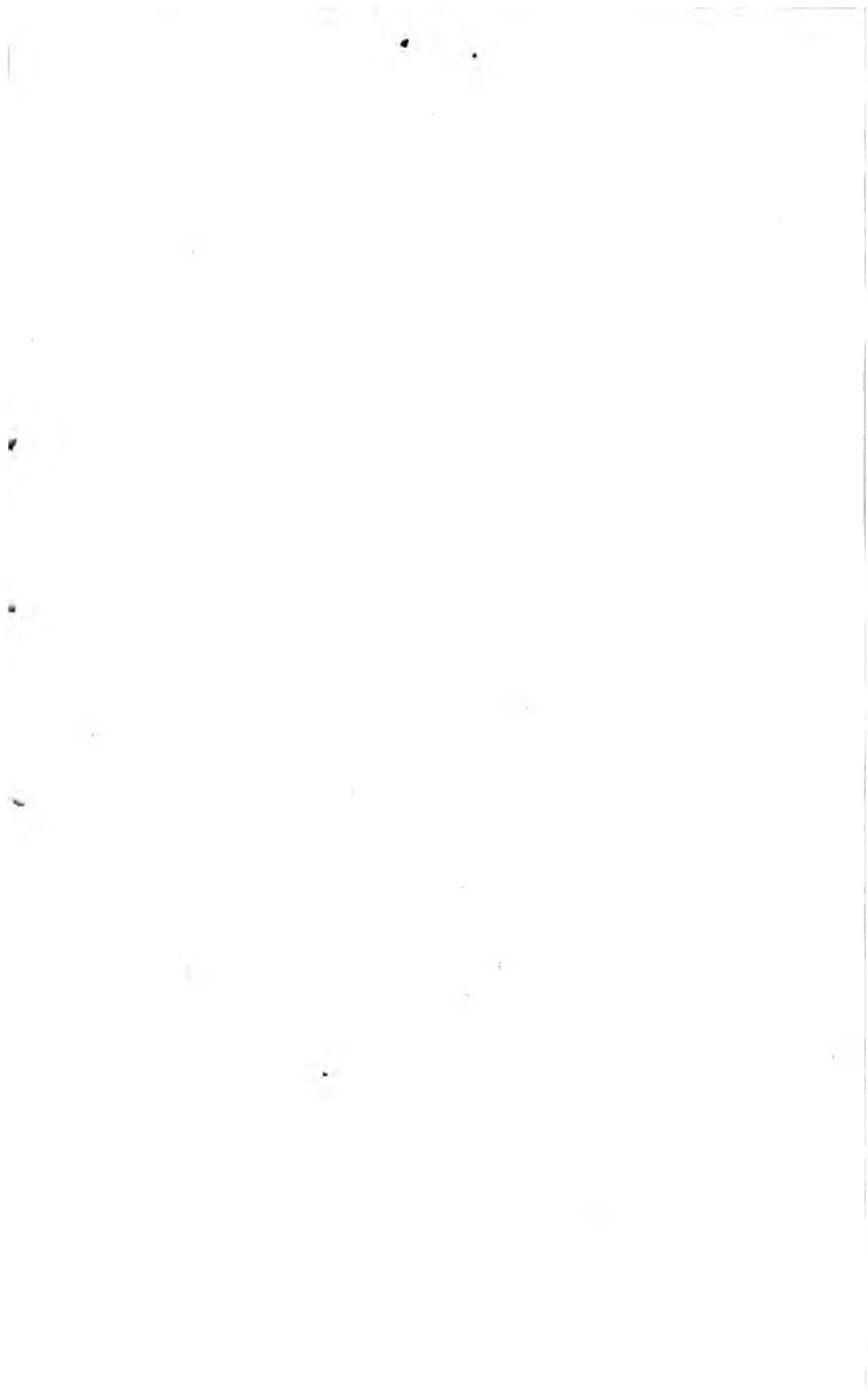
The young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love;
 How sweet to rove, through Morna's grove,
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love;
 Then awake,—the heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear;
 And the best of all ways, to lengthen our days,
 Is to steal a few hours from night, my dear.



A. M. Huffam.

J. Rogers

THE YOUNG MAY MOON



Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I whose star, more glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love !
 Then awake till rise of sun, my dear,
 The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear !
 Or in watching the flight of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

This "Irish Melody" is introduced as an accompaniment to Mr. Huffam's original and charming illustration of "The eye from that casement peeping, Love."

CHIT - CHAT.

DOVER.—The plan and elevation of the proposed New Crescent, to complete the sea front of the town of Dover, presents a *coup d'œil* of splendid buildings. This beautiful addition to the town is to commence at a short distance from the Esplanade, and will extend over the ground formerly the rope-walk, nearly to the baths, which are to be rebuilt farther back, and nearly parallel with the Crescent and Marine Parade. The promenade will then equal, if not surpass, those at any watering place in the kingdom.

THE PANTHEON BAZAAR AND SALOON OF ARTS. — The utmost activity prevails amongst all parties in forwarding the completion of this extensive building ; which stands where the Pantheon Theatre formerly stood. The very chaste and elegant new portico and facade is completed. The great room bids fair to surpass, in extent and beauty every thing of the kind hitherto known in England ; Crockford's large room not excepted. The pilasters, spaces between the arches, &c. &c. are to be ornamented in arabesque, from designs by artists of eminence, somewhat in imitation of the Italian style of decoration, *al fresco*, birds and flowers being the chief subjects. These, we understand, are now being executed in oil paneling, in readiness to be affixed on the removal of the internal scaffolding. We should have preferred, however, seeing the effect tried in the true *fresco* style, which is now being revived in France and Germany, and for the introduction of

which, on a large scale, into public buildings in England, the present would have offered a favorable opportunity. The arrangements, respecting the department of the fine arts, have been finally made. Mr. Ayton, the father of Miss Fanny Ayton, we have heard, is appointed to superintend the Gallery of Paintings; and M. Turnerelli, the brother to the celebrated modeller, is to conduct the sculpture and *virtù* department. The arrangements, as respects the fine arts, appear to be popular with the English artists. Several members of the academy, and others of eminence, including Westall, Stothard, Martin, Daniel, &c. &c. having promoted their support; but we still think that a *public* and *gratuitous* exhibition of pictures, &c. connected as it will be with a Bazaar, will be found not to answer the sanguine expectations of the projectors: seeing that the public exposure of works of art, in this country at least, is always found to impair their estimated value in the eyes of those who alone are able to afford a remunerating price to the artist. The attempt, however, is novel, and undertaken withal, in a spirit of such liberal enterprise, we cordially wish it success.

A WORD OR TWO FROM PARIS. — The gardens of the Tuileries are beginning to assume a shade of green; and between races and riding parties, the Bois is just now greatly in vogue. The Longchamps fashions are already visible, nor is it possible to imagine a gayer spectacle than the favorite drive on a Sunday. The equipages of Princess Bagration, and Count Demidoff, are always the most remarkable, but the English are of course, better appointed. Although the Duke of Orleans gives higher prices than any man in Paris, he is said not to have a good horse in his possession: his Royal Highness's daily appearance in the Bois does not fail to produce a great sensation among the fair equestrians. The *dejeuners* of Madame Appony will commence shortly. *En attendant*, there are the weekly parties of the Duchesses d'Albufera, and Duras, of Madame Shickler, Madame Boscary, and many others. The opera of Don Juan, by the way, is just now attracting the whole fashionable world to the French opera; which has been giving, as usual, the *pas* to the Italian, in point of selection of company during the winter season.—*Court Journal*.



CATACOMBS OF PARIS.—These vaults for the dead spread to a great extent under the city. The walls are lined with the remains of “poor mortality,” which, at various periods, have been removed from the numerous churches in Paris. Innumerable inscriptions are written and cut upon several parts of the walls. One of them may be thus translated:—

“ You seek where you shall be after death,
Where were you before your birth ?”

Another says:—

“ Blind mortals here your masters view,
'Mid seas of beings once like you,
We swim whole gloomy silent years ;
We whose light beings sadly fade,
Like fittings of a passing shade,
Which form'd, is seen, then disappears.”

HINTS UPON STAYS.—Dr. Ryan, in one of his late lectures, says:—“ Strong stiff stays are injurious. Tight lacing prevents the growth of the chest ; impedes the breathing and action of the heart, causes palpitation, and renders the compressed parts a load on the lower parts of the spine, which bends to one side. Want of proper exercise, and tight lacing, are the causes of spinal curvatures in girls ; and hence we can scarcely see a young lady with a straight back. Active pleasant girls, on the contrary, are models of symmetry and beauty, because they are not subjected to the causes just described.”

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—A grand ball was given at Dublin Castle, on St. Patrick's Day, to between 4 and 500 persons. At half-past nine the company began to arrive, and in an hour afterwards his Excellency and the Marchioness entered St. Patrick's Hall. The Marquess wore the Windsor uniform, decorated with the star and collar of the garter, and seemed to be in excellent health and spirits. The Marchioness was plainly attired. Immediately after their Excellencies entered, the ball was opened with a country dance by the Duchess of Leinster and Captain Lindsay. Quadrilles and waltzing were then introduced, and kept up with much spirit until supper was announced. After supper dancing recommenced, and at a late hour the guests retired. Amongst the persons present were the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, the Marquess and Marchioness of Downshire, the Earl of Hillsborough and Lady Charlotte Hill, Lord and Lady Killeen, Sir P. and Lady Pellew, &c.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

*Rue Saint Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain,
March 20, 1834.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It seems as if the good Parisians were determined that the whole of Lent should be a carnival, so numerous have the public and private balls been. In fact, the Parisians have always a mania of one kind or other, and the dancing mania has, at present, superseded, in some degree, the political one. Or rather, I should say, the one reigns in the morning and the other at night. An ordonnance of the prefect of police has lately been issued, which, I believe, if it had been actually carried into effect, would have caused a revolution. It was for closing the theatres at eleven o'clock. The Parisians were already discontented at the public balls being previously prohibited by an order of the prefect, during the remainder of the Lent, but they consoled themselves by having a greater number of private ones. The public indignation burst out, and the ordonnance became the subject of innumerable paragraphs, epigrams, and caricatures. Not one of the theatres has paid the least attention to it, and all

that the prefect has gained is to see himself, and his authority, turned into the most complete ridicule by one party, while another has signalized it as an act of the most atrocious tyranny. compared it to the curfew, and asserted that the motive assigned, that of care for the public safety, was at once a gross falsehood, and an outrageous insult to the Parisians; since it represented Paris, their *bonne ville*, as being but a cut-throat sort of place after midnight. And, by the bye, such is really the fact, however displeased they may be with the good prefect for publicly announcing it. There are not, as in London, regular guardians of the night, always upon the watch, but troops of municipal guards, headed by town sergeants, who patrol the streets every half hour, and in these intervals there is no doubt that many robberies and murders are committed. A singular attempt of the latter kind was recently made upon a friend of papa's. He had passed the evening in the Faubourg St. Germain, and was returning about one in the morning to his own house in the *Chaussée d' Antin*. In traversing the *rue du bae* he perceived a gentleman behind him, who appeared to follow him closely, but as there was nothing suspicious in the appearance of the stranger. Monsieur de B— felt no alarm; just as he came to the Pont Royal, and at the very moment that he was close to the river, the stranger sprang upon him, and aimed a blow, with a poignard, right at his heart. M. B— was unarmed, he succeeded, however, in parrying the blow with his cane, and kept his antagonist for a moment at bay, crying, at the same time, loudly for assistance, and retreating towards the *rue du bae*. The other continued to press upon him, but a blow upon the elbow made him drop the poignard, and before he could seize it his intended victim got possession of it, and the villain took to flight. In stooping to recover it, his hat fell off, M. B— distinctly saw his face, and heard him as he fled utter a horrible execration. Poignard in hand, B— pursued, but soon lost sight of him. A considerable time passed, B— had nearly forgotten the adventure, when one evening he went to pay a visit to some friends of his, who had recently arrived from one of the Provinces. I should tell you, that, wherever he goes, he is always accompanied by a little dog, whom he has had many years, and is very fond of. The animal, from his age and habits, is rather annoying to

strangers, so that his master usually leaves him in the antichamber till he comes out. He found with his friends an officer in a foreign uniform, of gentleman-like appearance and manners; but though his features were handsome, there was something very sinister in his countenance. B—— felt that it made a disagreeable impression upon him, and had a confused idea of having somewhere seen it before, though he could not tell where. He was introduced to him as Captain De V——. It was soon evident to him that the captain was very high in the favor of his country friends, and particularly that of their blooming daughter, to whom he paid most assiduous attention. The evening passed,—the door of the antichamber opened opposite to where the stranger was sitting, and to the astonishment of every body, *Noirod*, the little spaniel, rushed upon Captain De V—— and bit him severely in the leg. The captain swore a tremendous oath, and his countenance, at the same time, assumed a demoniac expression. B—— instantly recognized both the voice and the countenance; he was convinced that the assassin was before him. While he stood in consternation, his host had succeeded in drawing away the dog, and the captain departed in the most abrupt manner. B—— then inquired into the particulars of their acquaintance with him. He found that it commenced by their lodging some time before in the same hotel, that the captain represented himself as a man of family and fortune, and soon proposed for their eldest daughter, who was very favorably inclined towards him. B—— related his adventure, but none of the party gave the slightest credit to his declaration that the captain was the assassin. However the opinion of some of them, at least, underwent a change, when he wrote the next day that letters had arrived which recalled him instantly to Sicily, and he could not fix a time for his return.

Great preparations are making for the promenade of Long-champs. There is every reason to believe that it will this year recover, in some degree, its ancient vogue. For some seasons past it has been little followed, much to the joy of economical husbands, who always found it a dreadful tax upon their generosity. A married couple of my acquaintance who had made a love match about three years ago, separated last year, because the husband refused to purchase a new

carriage for Longchamps. Their marriage took place almost immediately after the promenade was over. The following year the lady's equipage and dress were among the most admired at Longchamps, but she remarked that the English equipages were far superior to the French, and an English one she was determined to have. It happened, however, that her husband, independent of the expense which he did not like, had a down right abhorrence of England and every thing English; he therefore put a flat negative on her request or rather command. She condescended to intreat, to weep even, but in vain. She then had recourse to a violent attack of the nerves, and her physician, one of the most fashionable in Paris, declared that unless something was done to calm the agitation of her mind, he would not answer for the consequences. The husband was invulnerable. Madame declared that it was impossible for a woman of any sensibility to exist with a being so devoid of all human feeling, and left her home in a pet! Eight days afterwards a formal separation took place. I have no doubt that she deeply regrets it, but that will not prevent her from exhibiting herself and her English equipage at Longchamps.

Mamma and I have just been with some French ladies to purchase summer silks for the famous promenade, but if the weather continues as it now is, we shall be obliged to wrap ourselves in our cashmeres. However the weather will not prevent the exhibition of new bonnets. Mine is a *poux de soie* trimmed with early flowers, and mamma's a Leghorn with white feathers and rich white figured ribbons. While we were ordering our *chapeaux* at Herbaut's, one of the most lovely young creatures I think I ever beheld, entered, leaning on the arm of a handsome young officer. One of our party, perceiving how much I admired her, whispered to me that she was newly married, and that her marriage would furnish a romance of quite a new kind, and truly it is the first match that I ever heard of brought about in a similar manner.

The fair bride, who is a Spaniard, lived at Madrid, under the care of a surly old guardian, a widower, whose wife had been distantly related to the family of a French officer, who came to Madrid on family affairs, which led him frequently to the house of Donna Olivia's guardian. The young lady was sometimes present at their conferences; she soon per-

ceived that the Frenchman was struck with her beauty, but so narrowly were they watched by the guardian, that no opportunity presented itself of exchanging even a look.— Woman's wit, they say, is never at a loss. In Spain gentlemen smoke almost continually, even in the presence of ladies. The officer, however, whether from respect to Donna Olivia, or from dislike to the practice, did not smoke, though he was repeatedly invited by the guardian to do so. Donna Olivia was in the habit of arranging her guardian's *cigarritos*, and the idea entered her head that she could, in this way, discover her passion to the officer. Accordingly after she had presented her argus, as usual, with his *cigarrito*, she wrapped another in a billet, which she had prepared, and offered it, with downcast eyes, to the Frenchman. I cannot give you the detail of the lovers' proceedings; suffice it to say, that the correspondence, opened in this singular manner, has led to a marriage. The first, I believe, that ever was brought about by smoking.

Adieu! Dear Maria,
Ever yours,

EMILY B——.

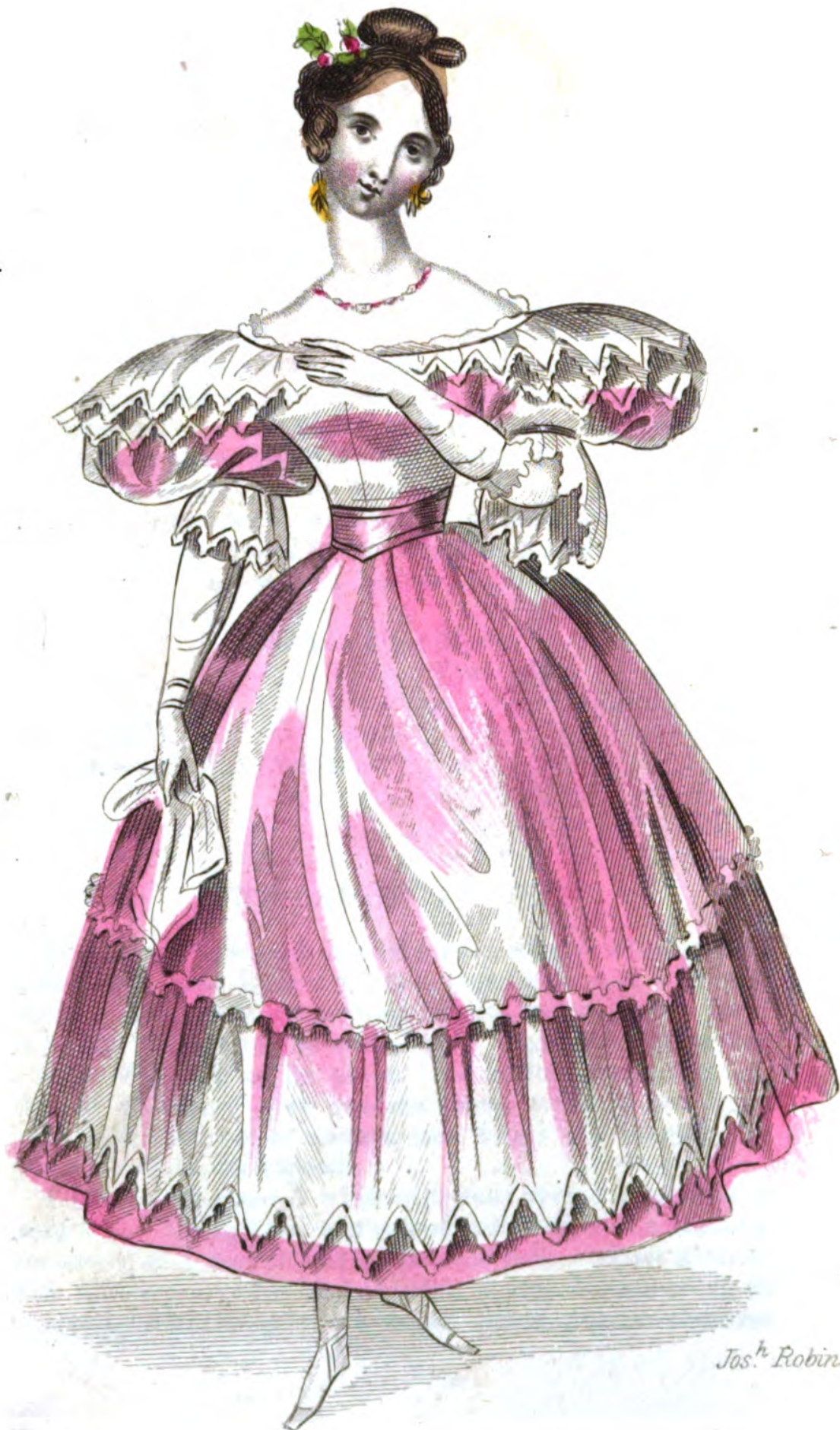
Miss Melmoth,
Melmoth Hall, &c. &c.

THE LADIES' TOILET.

WALKING DRESS.—A printed muslin robe, a white ground with a dark blue sprig; a plain high body with a pointed *oienture*, and a *pelerine* rounded behind, and forming a heart in front. Sleeves of the usual form. There is no collar but a lace frill supplies its place. Grenadine gauze cravat, Bonnet of French grey *gros des Indes*, a round and open brim with a crown of quite a new form: the trimming is gauze ribbon to correspond.

EVENING DRESS.—A white *tulle* robe over a rose-colored satin slip. *Corsage* low and square, trimmed with a mantilla consisting of a double fall of pointed *tulle*. Beret sleeves, with *Maintenon* ruffles also of *tulle*. A deep flounce of which headed by a trimming of white cut gauze ribbons encircles

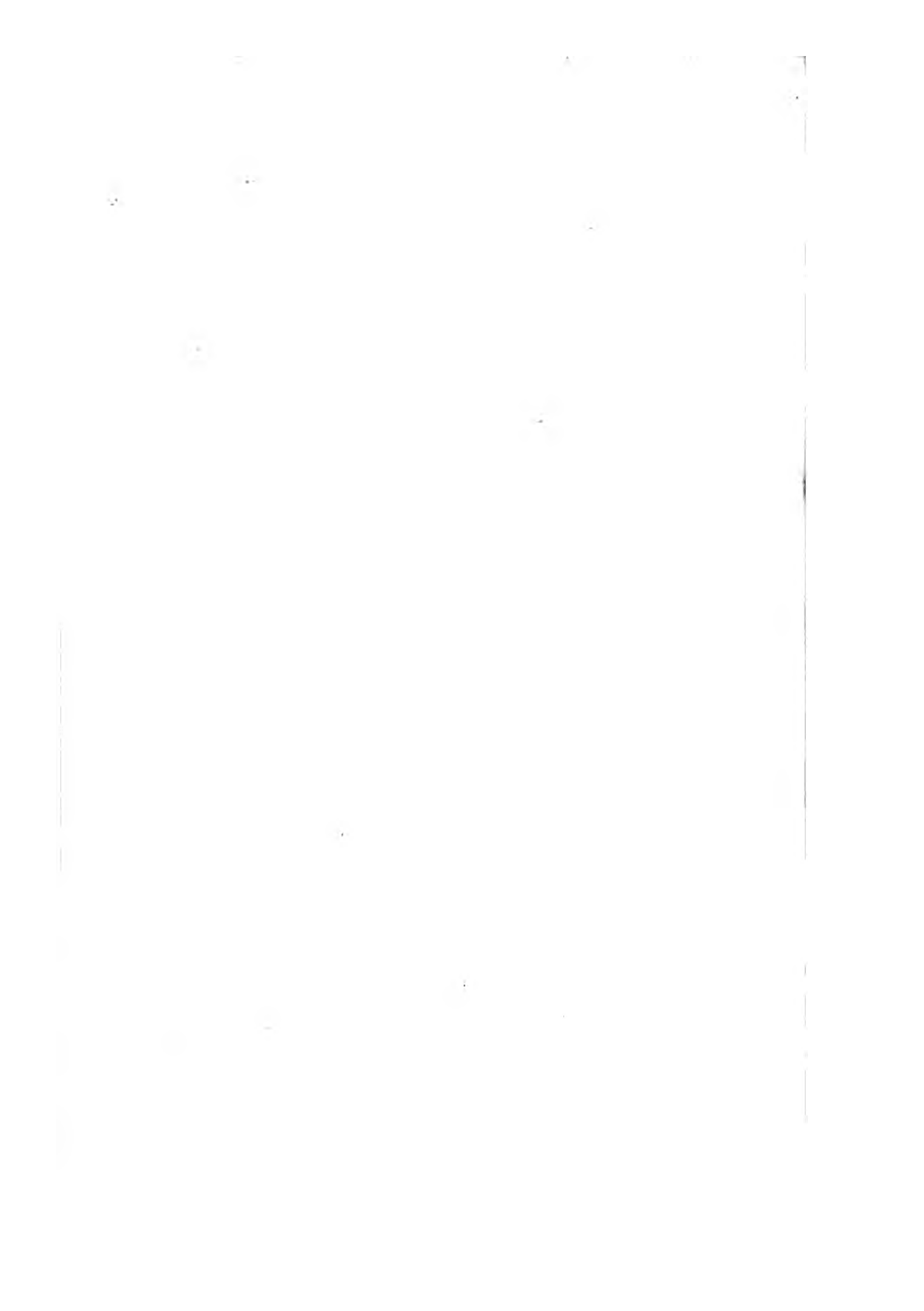
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Jos.^h Robins.



April. 1834.



the border. The hair is dressed in a single round bow on the summit of the head, and light loose curls at the sides. A sprig of red roses is placed on the left side, close to the base of the bow. Necklace of enamelled gold. Gold earrings.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

The uncommon beauty of the weather has occasioned some little change in out-door dress, but it is rather alteration than novelty, for no spring fashions have yet appeared, nor could any be expected; but muffs and furred mantles are in a great degree laid aside. Satin robes with mantelets to correspond, such as were very prevalent in the autumn, are much in favor. The mantelets are generally trimmed with black real lace, but we still see several bordered with sable or Kolinsky furs. Velvet continues the favorite material for carriage hats and bonnets. We observe that they are now made of one color only, and the ribbons correspond, but the feathers, which, generally speaking, are employed for trimming hats, may be either of the same color, or else black or white. Flowers are mostly employed for bonnets. The bouquet is generally placed on one side, it should be of a compact form, and composed of not more than two sorts of flowers. Veils are more in favor than we ever remember them; those for morning bonnets are always black, either blond or real lace, but the former are preferred. Those of white blond are the only ones admitted into evening dress.

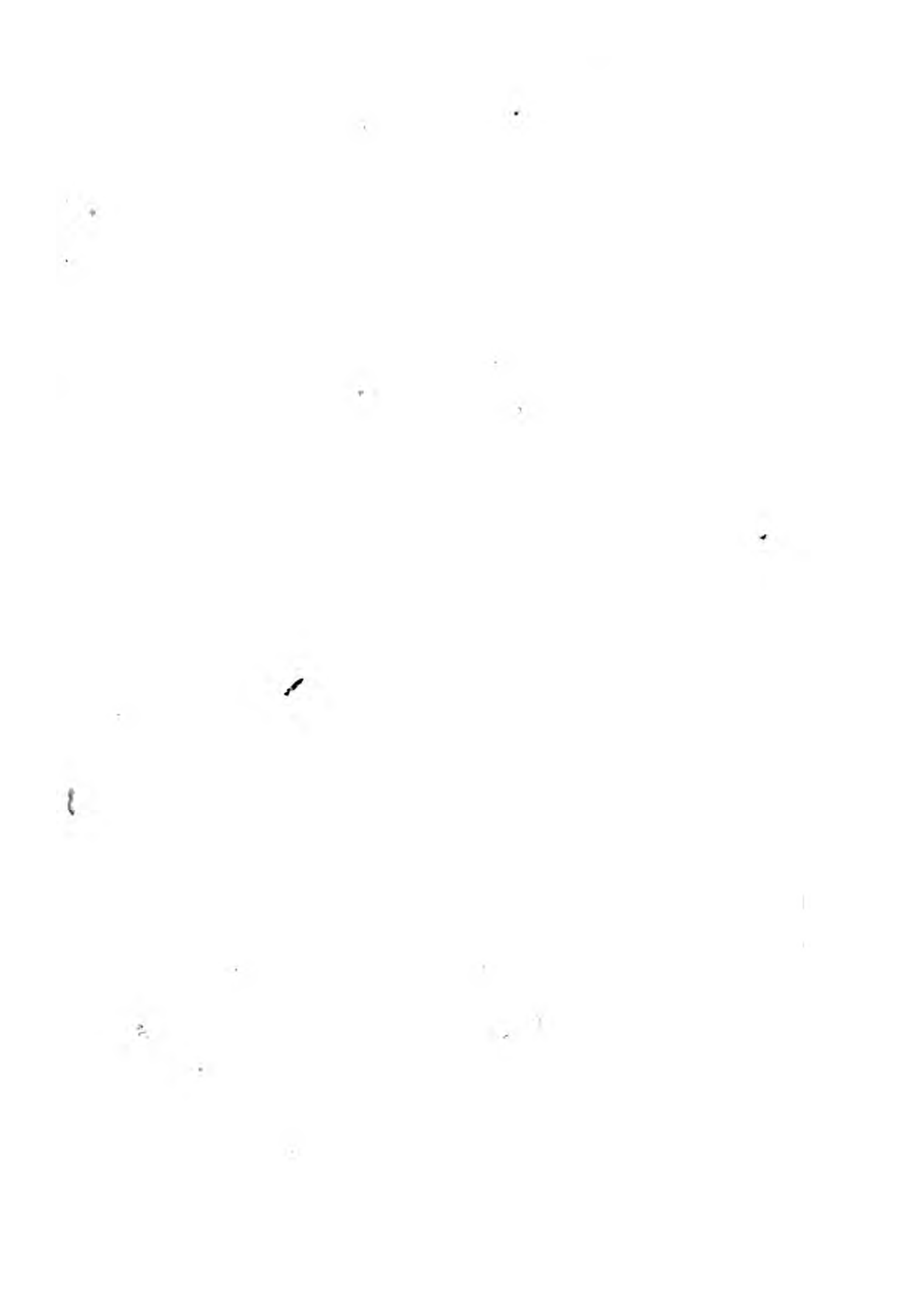
The mania for heavy materials of antique patterns in full dress, seems to have a little subsided. We see several evening dresses of *voleurs épingle* of one color only; *giroflée* and various shades of green seem most in favor. These dresses are all made with very low bodies, draped before in the Grecian manner, and very short sleeves of the beret form; they are surmounted and indeed covered by two rows of white blond lace, which come from the arm-holes and form a mantilla round the back of the bust. The skirt of a more moderate width than they have lately been made, is trimmed with a full rouleau of satin placed at the top of the hem. A rich and deep blond lace flounce falls over the satin rouleau: this trimming has an original and very pretty effect. A very splendid material has recently been introduced for ball-dress,

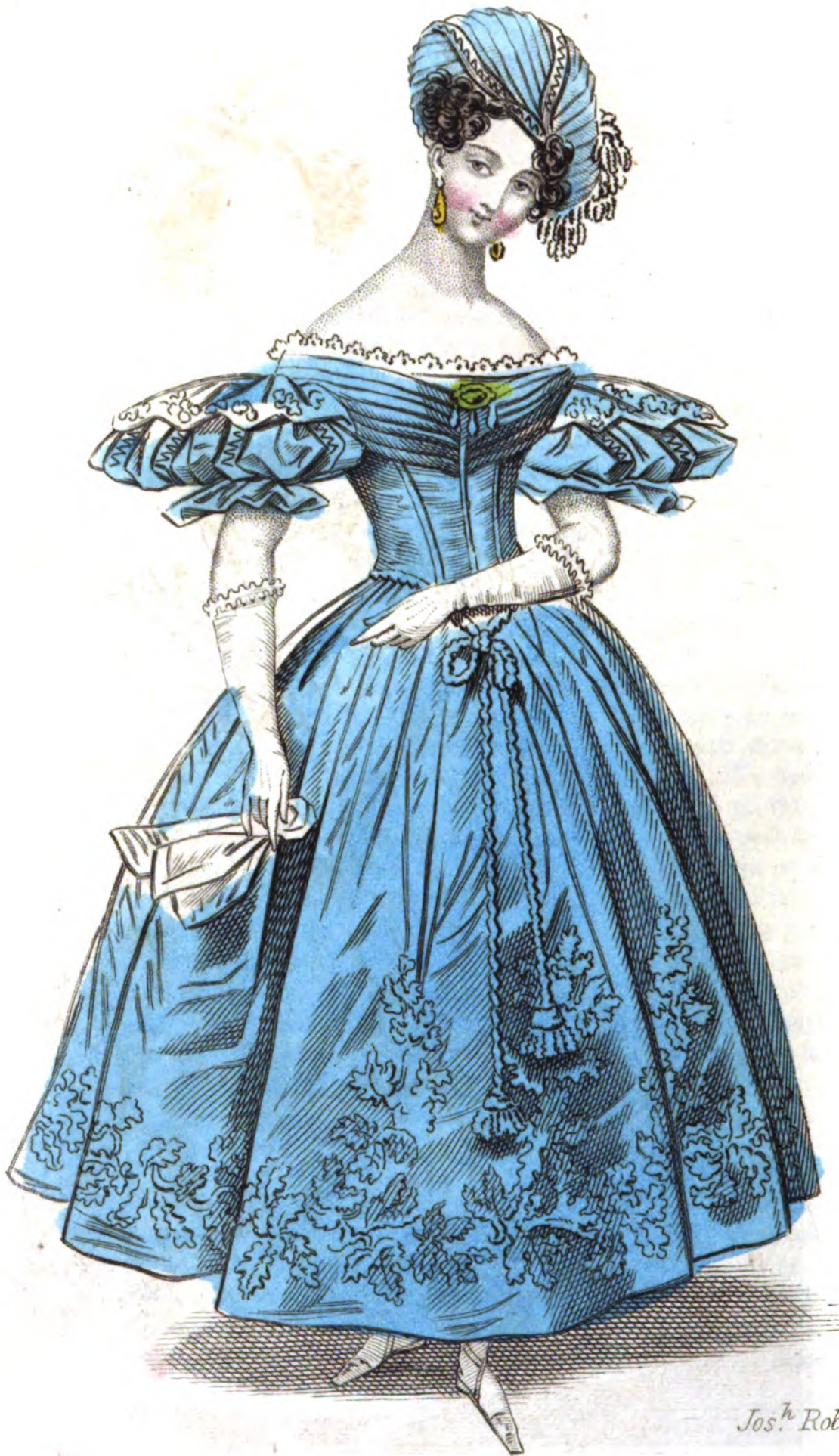
it is a rich grenadine gauze with a narrow serpentine stripe of either gold or silver. These dresses are of various colors, but white and rose predominate. They are usually made without any trimming on the skirt, but with a profusion of blond on the body, which is always cut low. The sleeves very short and full, are quite covered by a double and sometimes triple row of blond. Plain gauzes and crapes are much in favor in ball-dress. They are very much trimmed with ribbons and flowers, and sometimes with an intermixture of both. A good many of these dresses are made open over a satin skirt, which always corresponds in color with the robe. Some are looped back at regular distances from the waist to the bottom of the skirt, by knots of gauze ribbon or sprigs of flowers. Others are trimmed on each side with *ruches* of ribbon intermixed with bows. The *corsages* are always cut low, and the majority, but not all, pointed at the bottom. A blond lace mantilla, or a standing blond lace tucker, usually trims the bust.

Fancy coiffures are very much in favor in evening dress, particularly those that were fashionable some sixty or seventy years ago, such as an intermixture of gauze with flowers or fruit; or fruit mingled with ears of corn only. We refer to our last number for an excessively pretty *coiffure* of this last kind. Another head-dress that is coming very much into fashion, is composed of a mixture of gauze with gold or silver wheat: the gauze, always of two colors, is arranged in puffs, which proceed from the back of the head, and rise in a voluminous but light form on the summit of it. Head-dresses of hair, adorned with flowers, or jewellery, are also fashionable, but they are principally confined to ball-dress. Fancy *coiffures* are adopted both for balls and *soirées*. Fashionable colors are the same as last month.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

BALL DRESS.—A white gauze robe over a white *gross de Naples* slip; the robe is open, *en tablier*, and ornamented down the sides with knots of white gauze ribbon. The front of the slip is painted in a running pattern of garden and field flowers intermingled in various colors. Pointed body, low and square at the top, and draped *à la Grecque*. Bouffiant





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sleeves trimmed with blond lace ruffles and puffings of ribbon. The head-dress is of hair, ornamented with pearls, and white ostrich feathers.

EVENING DRESSES.— A robe of blue *poux de soie*, body pointed, square at top, and draped before, *à la Sevigné*. Double bouffant sleeves, very short, and embroidered in a very novel style; a rich blue cordeliere encircles the waist, and falls low upon the skirt, which is embroidered round the border in a wreath of foilage; sprigs of which also ascend as high as the knee before. Turban of blue crape, ornamented with embroidery.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

Mantles still continue to be generally adopted in promenade dress. We observe, however, that, during the last week, their number has very much diminished. Several of the *élégantes* having appeared in velvet high dresses, with mantelets of the same material, trimmed with black real lace. We have seen, also, some velvet dresses, trimmed with fur, disposed in spots; the velvet is cut out from distance to distance in round spots, about the size of a wafer, each is filled with fur, fastened so firmly that it appears as if it was interwoven with the velvet. These dresses have an extremely rich and novel effect. Some have the entire of the robe strewed with spots in this manner; others have it ornamented down the front, in either a single or double row *en tablier*.

Hats are at present more in favor for the promenade than bonnets; they are ornamented, in general, with ostrich feathers, but several have lately been seen trimmed with marabouts, though we must observe that the latter are more frequently employed for trimming evening dress hats. The flowers most in favor for bonnets are Provins roses or variegated pinks. The latter are in particular request.

Morning dresses are now almost always made of plain silk, either *gros de Naples* or *gros des Indes*, but the latter is preferred. The form is that of a loose wrapping gown, always lined with sarsenet of a different color. These dresses are made with square collars and Turkish sleeves, and are worn over high dresses of jaconet or cambric muslin, which are frequently embroidered down the front.

Caps are now indispensable in morning dress. Several are of a small close shape like a child's cap; they are composed of very fine clear India muslin, beautifully worked in compartments, and are bordered, *en ruche*, with English lace. Others are of black blond or real lace, the trimming turned up in front, and intermingled with light knots of ribbon.

Half pelisse dresses are those most in favor for dinner or evening parties, balls and grand *soirées* excepted. Several are composed of very rich silk, others of crape over satin. The body, cut low, is trimmed with a small lappel, which is frequently bordered with blond lace. Sometimes the blond lace is continued down each side of the front *en tablier*, and the centre is marked by a row of knots of ribbon. Another style of trimming is an embroidery in the form of a broken cone of silk to correspond with the lining.

A great many ball as well as evening dresses are of rich silk, such as *satin-ottoman*, *satin-pompadour*, and *satin-moyen-age*. The skirts of these dresses have no trimming, the bodies are adorned with blond lace, sometimes intermixed with knots of silver gauze ribbon. Gauze and *tulle* robes are, however, more in favor for balls, and they are always ornamented with flowers, that is to say, down the front of the dress, for there is seldom any trimming round the border. On some of these robes the flowers are disposed in the apron style, on others they are arranged in a bias wreath, which forms a drapery on one side of the skirt. *Corsages* are cut lower than they were two months back; they continue to be pointed, but slightly so, before, and, in general, not at all behind. Double sabot sleeves are almost universally adopted.

The hair begins to be dressed much lower on the summit of the head, but there is no decided fashion for the arrangement of the front hair. Some ladies wear it parted on the forehead, and disposed in soft braids, the ends of which fall in loose curls at the sides of the face. Others have it arranged in a platted braid, which is doubled at each side. Gold and jewelled pins, diadems, and arrows, are all in equal favor for the decoration of head-dresses of hair. Feathers are frequently employed with ornaments of the above description, but jewellery is never intermingled with flowers.—Fashionable colours are the same as last month, with the addition of some new shades of rose.



THE LOVERS OF LEGANEZ.

A SPANISH TALE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Not many leagues from Leganez was situated the country seat of Don Manoel de Uzeda. He had scarcely passed his fiftieth year, and still exhibited in his speech and manners the elegance and air of a gay and accomplished cavalier; one who had seen the world, and knew the enjoyment of its most refined pleasures.

He had tasted them without satiety, and, indeed, with so much moderation, that although half a century had passed over his head, and tended somewhat to abate the ardour of his pursuit, pleasures still found him in the motley train of her devoted worshippers. At court—at the theatre—the Prado—or, in fine, wherever nobility, fashion, and beauty, were congregated, Don Manoel was invariably recognised.

With an ample and unimpaired fortune, and a disposition so gaily inclined, it may be naturally supposed that he rarely visited his country seat at Leganez.

True, Madrid was the only atmosphere which he considered worth inhaling, or capable of supporting his existence.

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But his country seat was a *sanctum*, the repository of his heart's jewel, his beloved daughter, Luisa.

She was his only child, and had just attained her fifteenth year, yet so precocious in wit, beauty, and the enchanting fulness and symmetry of her person, that she appeared already to have arrived at womanhood.

Dance and song were personified in her light and airy step, and the silver tones of her dulcet voice,

Don Manoel loved his daughter, and admired her accomplishments, but was persuaded, from the experience of his youth, that the pure air of Leganez was more conducive to her benefit and pleasure than that of the capital,

He therefore consigned his treasure to this elegant retreat, till he could provide her with a rich and noble partner, who might, if he choose, chaperon her in the gay circles of the great world. But he was resolved never to run the risk of losing Luisa by leading her into the giddy whirlpool of fashion, coquetry, and intrigue.

Meanwhile, Donna Luisa felt no sorrow in the deprivation of enjoyments she had never tasted, and, in the walled garden, where she daily rambled with her guitar, singing in concert with the feathery choir that warbled in the orange trees and the gurgling fountains, seemed as joyous and light-hearted as a canary (that hath never known the freedom of the leafy grove), attuning its little throat in its gay prison of golden wires.

Donna Rodriga de Cantillana, (a decayed gentlewoman, and a distant relative of the family,) and a little bright-eyed Arragonese wench, by name Francisca, were the only companions of her lone retreat. The one served her in the capacity of duenna, the other as tire-woman.

Don Manoel reposed the utmost confidence in the care and discretion of Donna Rodriga.

From the tenderest infancy of Luisa she had creditably, if not affectionately, supplied the place of her mother, who died ere her young heart's affections had learned to recognize her maternal love and solicitude.

What was passing strange in the character of a Spanish female, (more especially those of the middling class,) the duenna's was free, even from the very suspicion of a single intrigue; to be sure, Nature had not been very bountiful to

her in the disposition of her features or her form, for she was very plain, (to say the best of her,) and, over and above a high shoulder, was triflingly warped in the back, yet she was by no means crooked in her temper, displaying on all occasions an amiable equanimity.

Such was the *gouvernante* of Donna Luisa, and happy was the maiden under her gentle sway.

No wonder then that the little Arragonese, Francisca, dilated her large black eyes, when Donna Luisa, pouting her rosy lips, confidentially complained that Donna Rodriga de Cantillana had become teasingly curious of late, following and prying after her with "all her eyes," as she said, of which organs, however, the impertinent *dueña* possessed only two.

"Ha! signora," cried Francisca, with an insinuating look of sympathy, "wherefore should Cantillana plague you so? What *can* she suspect?" "By the virgin!" ejaculated she, with a lack-a-daisical sigh, "there's no fear of one's being blessed with any lovers in this horrid, out-of-the-way place!"

"Heigho!" cried Donna Luisa, blushing a little, "does the old woman imagine we can pick beaux from the bushes, as we do our *bouquets*?" "Heaven send we could!" continued Francisca glibly; at the same time shrewdly watching the changing countenance of her young and less experienced mistress, "Ha! signora, there is—yes—I see it! something has happened!"

"Hush!" cried the confused Luisa, "don't talk so loud, Francisca; Rodriga may over hear you. Let's to the bower," and the self-convicted maiden put her trembling arm within Francisca's, and hurried her away with the utmost trepidation.

"Oh! I was so disturbed the other night," began Luisa, as soon as they had seated themselves on the mossy bank of the bower. "With the tink-a-ting of a guitar?" said Francisca, inquiringly. "Didst thou hear it, Francisca?"—"How could I avoid it, signora, it was just below my window; I declare, I could not get a wink the whole night."—"What I fear is, that Cantillana overheard it too—that is, I don't fear—but I ———." "Oh, I perfectly understand you, signora," replied Francisca, smiling, "really these *duennas* are as wakeful and watchful as tabbies, and gallants

and guitars are their bane. Did you see anything, signora? Did you peep through the lattice?" "Yes, yes, I only just peeped!" "And what did you see?" "A shadow—a mere shadow, Francisca!" "Indeed! then, signora, I must reckon myself more fortunate, for I saw the substance," "What was it?" "It—it was a man, to be sure—a tall, handsome cavalier, a beautiful figure; and such a voice!" "I heard *that!*" said Luisa, sighing. "And there was a dapper, compact, impudent, sweet little fellow, with *such* a look—and *such* an air. The moment I set my eyes on him I marked him for my own." "Oh! shocking, Francisca," exclaimed Luisa, "how can you talk so lightly?" "Ah! signora," cried Francisca, with an arch look, "I verily believe, if our thoughts were compared, there would be found little difference in their true meaning!" And, doubtless, Francisca was right, for although Donna Luisa had only a peep, love had taken advantage of the favorable opportunity, and wounded her beyond any cure—matrimony, of course, excepted.

For several nights the serenading was repeated, but Donna Luisa no longer complained of her rest being disturbed, although between love and music, she was unable to close her eyes.

As for the Arragonese, she was love-mad, fluttering about like a wild thing, and prating eternally of the dear little man, her mistress's lover's valet.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ADIEU.

BY JAMES STRINGER.

Farewell! farewell! the strife is vain,
 To struggle with our adverse fate:
 Farewell! if e'er we meet again,
 May we be less disconsolate.

To dwell with thee were happiness—
 To part—and thus—is fraught with woe;
 Words can but feebly, love, express
 With what reluctance now I go.

SPRING.

BY MRS. ANN ROLFE,

AUTHOR OF THE "WILL, OR TWENTY-ONE YEARS," ETC.

The loveliness of leaves and flowers,
 The roseate tints of Flora's bowers,
 Where the young butterfly reposes,
 Or sports, and frisks away, 'midst roses,
 Its short liv'd hour.

The balm and sweets of landscapes fair,
 The symphonies that fill the air,
 The earth that teems with future stores,
 The merry hills and genial shores,
 Without a care.

The sunny skies where seraphs meet,
 Where Jove himself hath fixed his seat,
 Above, below, in space profound,
 Through all creations's mystic round,
 Divine, complete.

All, all resume their wonted powers,
 Their garlands fair—their fertile showers,
 Their jubilees—their songs of love,
 Their festive scenes in wood and grove,
 And myrtle bowers.

They shout with joy—with joy to see
 Their own bright mirthful harmony,
 Their paradise of blooms and hues,
 Their fairy seats of flowers and dews,
 Fresh, gay, and free.

Up Spring, 'tis thou, voluptuous queen,
 That brings the zephyr—decks the green,
 That gives a radiance to the skies,
 A glory dazzling to the eyes,
 And joys serene.

Grieve not at trifles, for like spring,
 Both smiles and tears are on the wing,
 And happy they whose wisdom, sense,
 Look for that noble recompense
 That virtues bring.

THE SPOILT CHILD.

“Mamma! exclaimed a little girl of seven years old, as she pulled her mother’s gown to arrest her attention—“mamma! will you give me a little wine?”—“Wine?” my sweet Sophy,” returned her mother, “you know Dr. Hartley particularly requested I would not give you any.”—“Never mind him, mamma; you know I am poorly, and must have what I like.”—“Well, well, an orange will quench your thirst as well, and wine will make you more feverish, my love.”—“Me won’t have nasty oranges, and me will have wine,” repeated the child in a quick pettish tone. “Little girls should not always have what they want!” I exclaimed, while, disgusted with her pettishness, I continued, “good children should take what is given them, and never ask for any thing else; particularly for what they know is improper.” Sophia turned hastily round, and for a moment rested her quick eye upon me with silent surprise, as if to inquire by what authority I disputed her wishes; but when she found I was not inclined to feel intimidated by her glances, but was rather endeavoring to arrest the attention of her indulgent parent, she immediately interrupted the conversation by violently shaking her mother’s knee as she passionately exclaimed, “mamma, mamma! me will have wine.”—“My dearest Sophy, you will make yourself ill by exertions so unequal to your strength; I am quite ashamed of you to-day;” and as she said so she poured out a glass of Madeira; then conscious of her folly, she turned to me, and, in an apologizing tone, continued, “Sophia is so very nervous now she is ill, that I think the wine will be of less danger than the probability there is of throwing her into convulsions, or of harassing her spirits by refusing her requests; poor child! it is cruel to contradict her now.”—“But, my dear madam,” I ventured to say, “have you

considered the consequences of such blind indulgence? it is not the effect of the wine, which may prove most dangerous, it is your ready acquiescence to her improper requests which will render her temper more uncontrollable, by the expectation of ever securing the same indulgence by pursuing such censurable means of obtaining it."—"Oh, no! she is not always so naughty; and she should be indulged a little now she is poorly," said the fond mother in a confused tone; but in a more pettish accent, she continued, "I do not know why Susan should let the child come to the dessert; she might have guessed the consequences, knowing how she likes wine." "Susan's cross, mamma, and she won't let me do as I like: I hate her, and I won't speak to her again."—"Oh, fie, Sophia, she is a good, obliging girl, and was very kind to you when you were ill."—"But I'm sure she was not; she made me take nasty physic, and she would have kept me in the nursery to-day, if I had not cried and screamed until you sent for me."—"Nonsense, nonsense!" exclaimed the weak mother, ashamed at the evidence of her child, and appearing confused by the manifest proofs of her false affection.

I had witnessed sufficient to be completely disgusted; for I am one of those sober beings who would have every child act as one without falling into the pettishness of a wayward baby, who cries and knows no better; and whilst each is rewarded for its infantile virtues, I should still expect and wish to see it evincing the modest retiring graces of youth. The conduct of Sophia and her mother were so very uncongenial to my taste, that I took the first opportunity of retiring to my apartment. When in solitude I reflected upon what I had witnessed; the anger I had previously allowed myself to feel against the little girl, was exchanged into pity for her and a species of contempt towards her mother; for it was, indeed, evident that the latter, in having abused a valuable blessing, was far the most culpable. Sophia is one of those children that possess strong talents, quick feelings, and fine abilities; qualities, which, with proper attention, might have been so improved as to have rendered her a valuable and useful member of society; but now, with a mind uncultivated, these exquisite endowments have sunk into a mere nothing: her feelings, uncorrected, have risen into a violent and untamed temper, and her superior abilities are completely

buried in pride and vanity. How much is laid to the unnatural mother's account! unnatural in her very indulgent fondness; for whilst she is busied in satisfying the temporal wants of her child, its eternal interests are overlooked. I would that, from this slight and imperfect sketch, the parent who chances to glance an eye over it contents would be brought not only to confess the irreparable injury a child receives by false indulgence, but to act up to its avowal; for sense, prudence, religion, all declaim against such fondness. Can the child when she arrives at maturity, when she finds herself hurried forward by the vehemence of her passions from one wrong step to another,—can she respect the mother who took no pains to irradicate the evil? will she not rather blame the misjudging weakness which made no exertion to render her amiable? and will she not likewise in every trial, return for her deluded mother's caresses bitter taunts and reproaches! Oh! ye miserably disappointed parents, weep not, curse not the unpropitious stars; remember that having sown no seed you are not licensed to look forward to any harvest; the ensuing hours of sorrow are the just retribution of a false indulgence; and years of misery must be the sad, yet expected, return of your blind infatuation. God, in his infinite mercy, has placed us here to prepare ourselves for a better world; he gives us hopes of eternal happiness; and to render our abode on earth more palatable, he calls forth our tenderest sympathy and affection by blessing us with the sweetest ties of nature in parents, children, and partners for life. Shall we then ungratefully convert the blessing into a curse, and instead of rearing our offspring in the paths of goodness and piety, indulge their wayward humours, and allow their evil passions to take the lead? It is not the temporal consequences alone which are to be feared, for on the last awful day of judgment, when each shall be summoned to render up his long account, what shall the deluded parent say in extenuation of his guilt, when God shall ask of him the talents committed to his care? Will false sensibility, or a child's tears and entreaties be accepted as a sufficient palliation for the eternal ruin of a soul? Let those who feel themselves hurried forward by this dangerous species of affection, reflect, ere they nurse the germ of passion into maturity, that the consequences may be fatal both to their

charge and themselves here and hereafter ; for surely a parent is not displaying affection when he thus risks the eternal welfare of his child.—Let the words of Solomon then be impressed in the memory of every guardian of youth, “ He that spareth the rod, hateth his son ; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes.”—And again, “ Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.”

THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS.

IN ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE BY R. WESTALL, R. A.

BY MISS M. LEAIES BEEVOR.

Here hath the young sweet *Spirit of the Wild*,
Planted her woodland throne,
Haunting, in guise, a lovely, lowly CHILD,
The field and forest lone.

Her guileless and most quiet court are sheep,
Their canine guardian, and
Those blessed nat'ral things, round all which keep
Incessant social stand :

Yea, air, with its wing'd denizens, the green
Companionable earth,
And singing waters, bless their shepherd queen,
With friendship and meek mirth.

All things have life and motion, sound and sense,
And sympathy, to her ;
All, with young passion, holy, yet intense,
Her stainless bosom stir ;

As measureless, for all things, is her love,
As warm and innocent ;
But, to star, flow'r, lamb, dog, and plaining dove,
Especially 'tis lent.

Deem not, the pow'rs to her rapt spirit giv'n,
 Unbreath'd, quite dormant lie ;
 Thron'd here, that " little one," with earth and heav'n
 Holds mystic colloquy :

Voice, amid the great world's din, unheard
 Sigh, to the lonely child ;
 Whose soul, by nature's *beautiful* is stirr'd,
 As by her dark and wild !

Peace ! and stand off !—e'en now her fawn-like eye
 Is fix'd in thought ;—her ear
 Luxuriates in the wind's sad melody,
 Dirge of the dying year !

Arouse her not ! tho' waking, many dreams
 On her young spirit press ;
 MIND, hath a wider range, than folly deems,
 In the still wilderness.

Holy and blessed child ! companion meet
 For angel-wand'ers here ;
 The ' SHEPHERD good ' himself, her ready feet
 Guides to his " one fold " sphere.

That GOD who writes his oracles in suns,
 Winds, waters, fruits, and flow'rs ;
 Whose will and word, he aye may read who runs,
 Impress'd on earthly bow'rs ;

That GOD who hearkeneth to unfeign'd prayer
 When yon sweet shepherdess
 Low on the turf, amid her bleating care,
 Craves Him to save and bless !

O beautiful ! O saintly child ! her face
 Pourtrays mind's spotless page :
 Be her's sweet dreams,—long summer days of grace,
 Unscath'd by sin and age !

Great Marlow, Bucks.

EVENING'S SEASONINGS.

BY J. R. PRIOR.

How like a happy dream the musing glance
 Of quiet nature in the smiling sun ;
 And raindrops, falling through the wind, askance
 In many a bright and pearly trickling run,
 Ere summer quickens her romantic pace ;
 Giving the hedges tender buds, the ground
 Freshness of hue and warming up the cheeks
 Of infant flowers among the wooly race.
 That skip the pastures. With a plaintive sound,
 Delicious music in the season breaks
 'Mid clustering trees and blossoms, blushing round :
 The waters wear a lustre to the eye,
 Cheering like friendships meeting face to face ;
 And the deep clouds, so warlike in the sky,
 Shield "Glory's Hero" down the western space.

THE SPANISH LOVER'S SONG TO HIS LADY.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYED SUSAN," A DRAMA, ETC.

May I not tell, oh ! gently tell,
 Feelings so kind, so pure, so true ?
 What means the silent, fearful spell,
 That prompts, yet checks me, when I sue ?

Oh read, then read, my burning cheek,
 Are mine eyes dumb ? how unlike thine !
 Of love, of hope, of heaven they speak —
 Does nothing answer them in mine ?

The cork-tree waveth silently,
 In the soft sighing breeze of night,
 Fair Seville's towers pensively
 Shadow the placid moon's pale light.

My soul is full of love and thee,
 Even nature hallows the firm spell,—
 And will not nature plead for me,
 When to my heart it speaks so well ?

THE FRATRICIDE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR.

A gothic chamber, with a table spread for breakfast, at which is seated the Baron Arnheim ;—enter Ernest Arnheim, and with an inclination of his head to the Baron, seats himself.

ARNHEIM.—Kinsman, good morrow ! Why, how now ?
thou'rt pale—

Dispirited ;—thy languid eye bewrays
Unslumb'ring hours !—Didst rest ?

ERNEST.— Ay uncle, well ;
Yet in my chamber,—pardon me,—I would
That ere this night, some few things be reform'd.

ARN.—How sayest thou ?

ERN.— Submissively I ask,
When did that crazy sanctum last receive
A visitor, save me ?—I'm *pale* :—why yes,
'Twas *very* cold ; its melancholy walls
Admit of agues, and catarrhs, a host ;
And I, (heard'st *thou* night's elemental war ?)
Felt the fierce tempest curdle life's warm stream,
And freeze the fountains of intelligence !
How dreadfully it rav'd !—how muttered,—moan'd,—
And sobb'd,—methought as for the *murder'd* dead !

ARN.—Poor silly one !—and so, the stormy strife,
The rocking of thy couch, th' eternal groan
Of old dry timbers, in that oldest room
Of Arnheim's ancient fortalice,—destroy'd
Thy dainty slumbers ;—eh ?

ERN.— O ! pardon me,
I said not that my slumbers were destroy'd,
Though true it is, 'twas *very, very* long
Ere these poor weary and desiring eyes
Were held in pleasant durance of repose :
O yes ! (*sighs*) I *slept*—

ARN.— And dreamt, as it should seem
Of love's deliciousness ?

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ERN.— Ah, no!—of DEATH!—
 Certes, a twilight memory, glimmereth
 Uncertainly, perhaps *fallaciously*,
 O'er my dull senses, whereby I discern
 Some traces of — Oh heav'n!—that fearful dream!

ARN.—A dream!—

ERN.— I *said* a dream; methinks, at least,
 It could but be a dream:—and how deem'st thou,
 In general, of dreams?

ARN.— Phsaw, foolish one!
 As wise men ever deem of fantasies,
 They're nothing worth!

ERN. Nay, Baron, *were* it wise
 All dreams t'account but fantasies?—I know,
 It matters not, a youth who piously
 Holds that, by visions, still high heav'n maintains,
 As in the lang-syne day, mute intercourse
 For warning, or encouragement, with MAN.
 He had a DREAM;—but none who heard it scoff'd,
 So well they knew it *was* from PROVIDENCE!

ARN.—Ay, Ernest?

ERN.—Ay, indeed!

ARN. Well, well, some day
 I'll hear it, but not now; albeit thy tongue
 Yearns to detail—

ERN.—(*solemnly*)—It *must* be now; “some day,”
 Thou know'st may never dawn for me!

ARN.—(*aside*) Hah, dog?—
 How hast thou fathom'd mine unbreath'd intent?
 (*Aloud*) Nephew, methinks thine intellects run wild
 On dark strange fooleries; — fye, fye, give o'er
 These puerile superstitions.

ERN.— Know,—the dream,
 Was sir—in this wise:—

ARN.— Foolish boy! have done!

ERN.— Upon a time, laid in an ancient tower,
 My noble friend,—a dank, grey, loathsome lair,
 Whose crack'd walls dripp'd, whose mould'ring furniture
 Was saturated with unwholesome dews;—

ARN.— (*with a bitter smile*)— Like thine abode of last
 night?

ERN.— *Very like ;*
 There owls, and bats, and horrid crawling things,
 Had habitation ; there the elements
 Held warring conclave ; there th' unnatural
 Delinquencies of this world, forc'd perchance
 The denizens of others to abide.

ARN.—Hold sir ! what tale is this ?

ERN.— There laid my friend
 Wakeful, as needs must be, he, who storm-lull'd
 To slumber, is immers'd i' the welkin's tears
 Heavy and cold ;—eh, uncle ? eh ?—

ARN.— A ——— Well ?

ERN.—The tower was property, I've heard him say,
 Of a near relative ; and deadly sick
 Grew his young heart, and sunk dismay'd his soul,
 When mem'ry urg'd,—his uncle's menials slept.—

ARN.—His *uncle's* !

ERN.— Yes!—so it was :—his *uncle's* !
 When mem'ry urg'd, his uncle's *menials* slept,
 Couch'd warm and dry, in dormitories sound.

ARN.—(*aside*) So—crafty one ! so—but I'll simulate.
 (*Aloud*) Upon my soul I pity him ; *I do* ;
 'Twas hard ;—

ERN.—Ay, was it not ?—a *brother's* child,
 From his dead father's representative ?

ARN.—What,—was his father dead ?

ERN.— Most mis'rably,
 Just ere his son saw day ; but *how* he died,
 (Here lies the marvel of the dream) that night
 Was to my friend reveal'd.

ARN.—No!—he *had* heard ?

ERN.—*Never* until that night :—a spirit then—
 Heavens ! why pales thy visage, when I say,
 A *spirit* spake ?

ARN.— The strongest intellects,
 Own points of weakness, nay, fatuity ;
 The sternest reason may not ever stem
 The lavish tides of superstition, roll'd
 Whelmingly o'er *mind's* tender infancy,
 And I confess ———

ERN.— Why uncle,—so will I,—

Strong credence in the supernatural :
 My friend, too, never lied ; I could not doubt,
 Therefore, his strangest story's accuracy .
 In brief, as thus he laid unslumbering,
 The raving blasts which rock'd that ghostly tower,
 Dropp'd into sudden calm, and their sad song
 Faintly, as cow'd, ayont the mountains rose ;
 With dread, quail'd the chill'd youth ; each audible beat
 Of his ic'd heart, knell'd heavily, and knock'd
 His shudd'ring breast, from whence heav'd, forc'd, his breath ;
 He knew, he felt he was not now *alone* ;
 And dimly, through the intense of blackness, mark'd
 A form, faint, cloudy, semi-luminous, besprent
 With crimson spots, whose rais'd arms seem'd to give,
 As o'er him stretch'd, *paternal* benison :
 His lips intuitively cried :—" MY FATHER !"

ARN.— (*confused*)—Armour?—How sayest thou?—Was
 he clad in mail ?

ERN.—I heeded not ; that is, I did not speak
 Touching th' accoutrements of this, my friend's
 Sepulchral visitor :—" FATHER !" he cried,
 When something, *not a voice*, straight made reply ;
 Something, which rather spake i' the breezy calm,
 Unto his *heart* than *ear* ; there was no *sound*.

ARN.—And yet, and yet, he *heard*? Speak Ernest,—
what ?

ERN.—I tell thee, he *heord* NOT ; his bodily ear
 Perceiv'd no *voice*, e'en as his bodily eye
 Beheld no def'nite lineaments of *man* ;
 But on his soul an impress was receiv'd
 That such and such things *were*,—as utterance
 To them, by living lips, had been vouchsaf'd

ARN.— (*aside*)—Death and destruction ! now then must
 I see,

By revelation supernatural,
 Crimes, long interr'd methought with buried years,
 Set in array against me !—Horrible !
 The dead man witnesseth ;—the living—*dies* !

ERN.—Did'st speak ?

ARN.—I was but marv'ling ; proceed.

ERN.—Thus ran in *human* words, the spectre's speech ;—

“ My son ! mine only son ! my child,—unseen
Of thy poor sire, whose thread of being snapp’d
Ere thine was well begun,—know that this tower,
This fortalice, this wealthy barony,—”

ARN.—Hah !—Barony ?—Ar’t sure ’twas *Barony* ?

ERN.—What matters it ? I’ve term’d the spirit’s child
Noble ;—he *was* of high descent ; th’ estate
Which rapine from him held,—an earldoom were
Perchance :—but wherefore ask ? Can’st *thou* have known
Aught of this tragedy ?—the actors ?—scene ?

Or, —————

ARN.—(*hesitating*)—Nay,—I think not,—and yet,—
somewhere I have heard,

A something similar—and then ?

ERN.— Then sir,

The spectre-parent told his harrow’d child,
How his dear, only brother, envied him ;
How treach’rously his property obtain’d ;
How the unnatural, by stratagem,
Lur’d to that chamber in the old grim tower,
When cries were vain and succour was afar,
His unsuspecting victim, and there drove
(The cruel fiend) a dagger to its hilt,
In his most loving heart !

ARN.—(*furiously*)—Hold, Ernest, hold !

ERN.—Too piteous is the tale to one like *thee*,
Susceptible of sweet humanities.
Suffice, the father of my friend expired,
And, thereupon, the daring fratricide
Incontinently seized his proud possessions.

ARN.—What of his lady ?

ERN.— Hapless one,—she died
I’ the hour that gave her babe to light ! Deep grief
For her lord’s sudden dissolution, (all
Unfathomable unto her its cause,)
Render’d that dread hour premature.

ARN.—(*discomposed*)— Her son ?

ERN.—*Lives*, to avenge both parents’ wrongs : for know,
Meanwhile, Sir Baron, that the boy was rear’d
Far from his patrimonial towers ; and know
Few, may in strength and intellect, compete
Now, with the orphan.

ARN.— And the man,—how fares
That guilty one?

ERN.— Oft had the youth beheld
His fiendish kinsman ; oft rever'd and lov'd
Him, who *seem'd* honor's and affection's self,
But never, till that most mysterious night
Had slept within ——— What troubles thee?

ARN.— Boy!—Boy!
Wherefore this tale to *me*?—Why burns thine eye
As my breast's sanctum it would penetrate?
—Am I the FRATRICIDE?—

ERN.— Who mention'd *thee*?
The vision of a *friend* did I narrate,
Which, whether dream or waking intercourse
Supernal, still he doubts ; yet, on his oath,
Its *truth*, before high Heav'n, would attest!
Why anxious art *thou*?—pale and trembling?—Grant
This spiritual communing resembleth,
As truly, much it doth, mine own,—oh! why
Art *thou* affected thus?—Who mention'd *THEE*?—

(*In an altered tone, and with a slow distinct enunciation, whilst his eyes are fixed searchingly on the countenance of the half-paralysed Baron.*)

Sirrah!—*I* know it,—and *thou* know'st it too,—
Thy conscience, from its sleep of years arous'd,
Hath witnessed against thee :—ay, hath spoke
As spirits speak, with *toneless* eloquence!
Thou guiltiest one!—thou Cain!—thou blackest curse
Of this delightful earth, by *thee* imbrued,—
Faugh!—'tis *too* horrible!—with BROTHER's blood!

(*Arnheim, choking with passion and uttering unintelligible execrations, rises and rushes upon Ernest, who keeps him at bay with a drawn dagger.*)

Off, villain! off!—Thus, thus, am I prepared,
Forewarn'd by my poor sire, for thine attempt
Bloody and desperate ; for fraud, or force ;
Why thou didst lure me hither, why entrap
Me to thy tower,—*Thou* knowest :—*so do I*!
(*Calling*)—Ho there!—who waits?—

(*Officers of justice rush in and secure ARNHEIM.*)

ERN.— Now my caged lionet, learn,
 The pale, the spiritless, the heavy-ey'd,
 Rode many a mile, ere slumber fled *thy* couch :
 Learn *traitor*,—FRATRICIDE!—*thy brother's* child
 Wins well of thee, his patrimonial rights.
 (*To the officers*)—Bear him off, gentlemen! My loathing eyes
 Are darken'd by the vision of that fiend,
 The brother of my sire;—his MURDERER!—
 (*Officers exeunt with ARNHEIM.*)

THE FIACRE.

A SKETCH.

You would imagine that a fiacre *dragged on* but a miserable existence. No such thing I promise you! He emulates the great and the rich, and reckons the peer and the *élégant* among his every day associates.

At day-break he rises and crawls out of his stable door to see what sort of a morning it is. "The deuce take it," says he, yawning, "it is delightful weather!"—or else "Thank God, we shall have a pelting day!" Are not these the lofty and patriotic sentiments of a rich speculator on perusing the public journals? Peace is proclaimed—alas! his countenance falls, and disappointment rankles in his breast. A rupture is talked of—war is declared—and see! his eyes sparkle with selfish joy; for in the impending disasters of his country, he beholds only visions of personal profit and aggrandisement.

With imprecations, the fiacre drives up his horses; with taunts and curses he harnesses them to the carriage; and then, with furious and loud cracks of his whip, impells them to the stand. Thus, too frequently, does man "dressed in a little brief authority," exert it but to gall and fret those who are subject to his influence; thus when crosses and disappointments have maddened him, he vents his rage upon the luckless wretches whom fate has compelled to truckle to his iron yoke.

A person is perceived at a distance, who seems to be looking for a coach. Six of them gallop up to him at full speed.

He chooses the best, but he takes it by the hour, and now the fiacre drawls from street to street at a snail's pace. So men are swift and supple as the greyhound in their endeavours to obtain an appointment, and slow and supine as the tortoise when securely installed in office.

The gentleman who has hired the fiacre calls to pay a visit to a friend. On his return he finds the horses unbridled, and the driver in the alehouse ; the picture of a government office when its principal is not expected for the day.

The fiacre now rolls on ; a waggon heavily laden, passing too near to him, he is threatened with destruction. His dexterity, however, aided by the unmerciful use of the whip, extricates him at length from his peril, and, at the same instant, he himself overturns a light cabriolet, about the fate of which he gives himself no sort of concern. Is it not thus that the sordid and brutal worlding, ever ready to denounce and vituperate, when his own rights are in the smallest degree infringed upon, thrusts, in his turn, the weaker to the wall, without thought or feeling ?

Nobody in the world enjoys more freedom in the selection of his associates in life, or at least for the day, than the fiacre.

At nine in the morning, for instance, he can choose, in Paris between a lovely female memorialist, animated with the pure and laudable desire of freeing her lover from the conscription, or of obtaining an appointment for her husband ; a curious foreigner rising betimes to make a day's tour to the lions of Paris ; a candidate for a vacant seat in the Academy, who has one hundred and thirty visits to pay, and to talk of the books which he has—not written, but which he intends to write ; and a Jew-broker, who coaches it about to exchange money for paper.

At noon, there is another series of fares ; the old theatrical amateurs proceed to the rehearsals ; a couple of young *Exquisites* repair to bagatelle, to bluster about an affair of honor that will end in smoke ; or a quartetto of gourmands make a party to *La Rappee* to feast on fresh-water fish and kidneys stewed in champagne.

At three, the ladies repair to the gardens of the Thuilleries to see the sun rise, and thence drive to the Palace-Royal, to collect the scandal of the day from the mantuamakers.

At five o'clock the dinners commence. Lucky the fiacre that chances to be in the Faubourg St. Germain at that hour; he is sure of a fare to the Chaussée d' Antoine.

At seven, the theatres present their multifarious attractions, and the fiacre chooses both his route and his company. An *Elégant, beau comme le jour*, dressed in a Spanish mantle, with an opera hat under his arm, and his hair evidently but just released from the papillotes that have held it in durance vile the whole of the day, drops, as from the clouds, into the middle of the street. The *canaille* gape and stare and wonder what duke it is, for they did not see him emerge from the neighbouring court, wherein he occupies a miserable chamber, *au cinquième*. He calls a coach with an air—*Jarvie* is engaged—he knows his customer; a hollow, heartless villain; and what is far worse in his eyes, a man without a single sous. No, no, a *Chevalier d' Industrie* is no companion for a fiacre—let him trudge it a-foot if he will go to the opera, and sponge upon the inexperienced and the vain.

The fiacre waits not long for a fare; a rosy-cheeked *soubrette* beckons him to a door, and in a few minutes he rolls away the Académie Royal de Musique with talent and beauty in his charge.

At eleven the plays are over. Then the *soirées* commence, and dancing is kept up till one, while *roulette* and *rouge-et-noir* engage the votaries of the fickle goddess till the morning; when the fiacre is called to carry home the ill-gotten booty.

It is evident, therefore, that nothing important can occur in the metropolis of a powerful kingdom, in which the fiacre does not take a conspicuous part;—add to this, that now-a-days, the fiacres rival in splendor the equipages of the wealthiest of the nobility, dash into the court-yards in the same style, and almost drive into the saloons;—while the masters of these equipages and the fiacres seem occasionally to revive ancient intimacies.

S.

TO A LADY.

Why place that jewel on thy brow,
 Thou canst not look more fair,
 Surely those eyes which beam below
 Are brighter and more rare.

AFFECTION PUT TO THE TEST.

It was during a late severe season, a winter remarkable for its long and inclement frost, experienced with equal rigour throughout Italy, France, and Germany, where the largest rivers were rapidly congealed, and people were seen to fall dead with cold, that in the French town of Metz, a poor sentinel was sent upon guard on one of the bitterest nights, when a fierce north wind added to the usual cold. His watch was in the most exposed situation of the place, and he had scarcely recovered from severe indisposition: but he was a soldier, and declared his readiness to take his round. It chanced that he had pledged his affections to a young woman of the same city, who no sooner heard of his being on duty, than she began to lament bitterly, declaring it to be impossible for him to survive the insufferable severity of such a night, after the illness under which he still lingered. Tormented with anxiety, she was unable to close her eyes, or even to retire to rest; and as the night advanced, the cold becoming more intense, her fancy depicted him struggling against the fearful elements, and his own weakness; and at length, no longer able to support himself, overpowered with slumber, and sinking to eternal rest upon the ground. Maddened at the idea, and heedless of consequences, she hastily clothed herself as warmly as she could, ran out of the house, situated not far from the place of watch, and with the utmost courage arrived alone at the spot. And there she indeed found her poor soldier nearly as exhausted as she had imagined, being with difficulty able to keep his feet, owing to the intenseness of the frost. She earnestly conjured him to hasten, though only for a little while, to revive himself at her house; when having taken some refreshment, he might return; but aware of the consequences of such a step, this he kindly, though resolutely, refused to do. "But only for a few minutes," she continued, "while you melt the horrid frost, which has almost congealed you alive." "Not an instant," returned the soldier, "it were certain death even to stir from the spot." "Surely not!" cried the affectionate girl, "it will never be known; and if you stay, your death will be more certain; you have at least a chance, and it is your duty, if

possible, to preserve your life. Besides, should your absence happen to be discovered, heaven will take pity upon us, and provide in some way for your preservation." "Yes," said the soldier, "but that is not the question; for suppose I could do it with impunity, is it noble or honorable thus vilely to abandon my post, without any one upon guard?" "But there will be some one: if you consent to go, I will remain here until you return. I am not the least afraid; so be quick and give me your arms." This request she enforced with so much eloquence and tenderness, and so many tears, that the poor soldier, against his better judgment, was fain to yield, more especially as he felt himself becoming fainter and fainter, and unable much longer to resist the cold. Intending to return within a few minutes, he left the kind-hearted girl in his place, wrapping her in his cloak, and giving her his arms and cap, together with the watch-word; and such was her delight at the idea of having saved the life of her beloved, that she was for a time insensible to the intense severity of the weather. But just as she was flattering herself with the hope of his return, an officer made his appearance, who, as she forgot in her confusion to give the sign, suspected that the soldier had either fallen asleep or fled. What was his surprise, on rushing to the spot, to find a young girl overpowered with alarm, and unable to give any account of herself, from her extreme agitation and tears.

Being instantly conducted to the guard-house, and restored to some degree of confidence, the poor girl confessed the whole truth; soliciting, with the anguish of doubt and distraction, a pardon for her betrothed husband. He was instantly summoned from her house, but was found in such a state of weakness from the sufferings he had undergone, as to leave little prospect of his surviving them. It was with much difficulty, with the assistance of medical advice, that he was restored sufficiently to give an intelligible account of himself, after which he was placed in close custody, to await the period of his trial.

"Far happier had it been for me," he exclaimed, on being restored to consciousness, "far happier to have died at my post, than to be thus reserved for a cruel and ignominious death." And the day of his trial coming on, such was the politic severity of martial law, as he had well foreseen, that he was condemned to be executed within a few days after

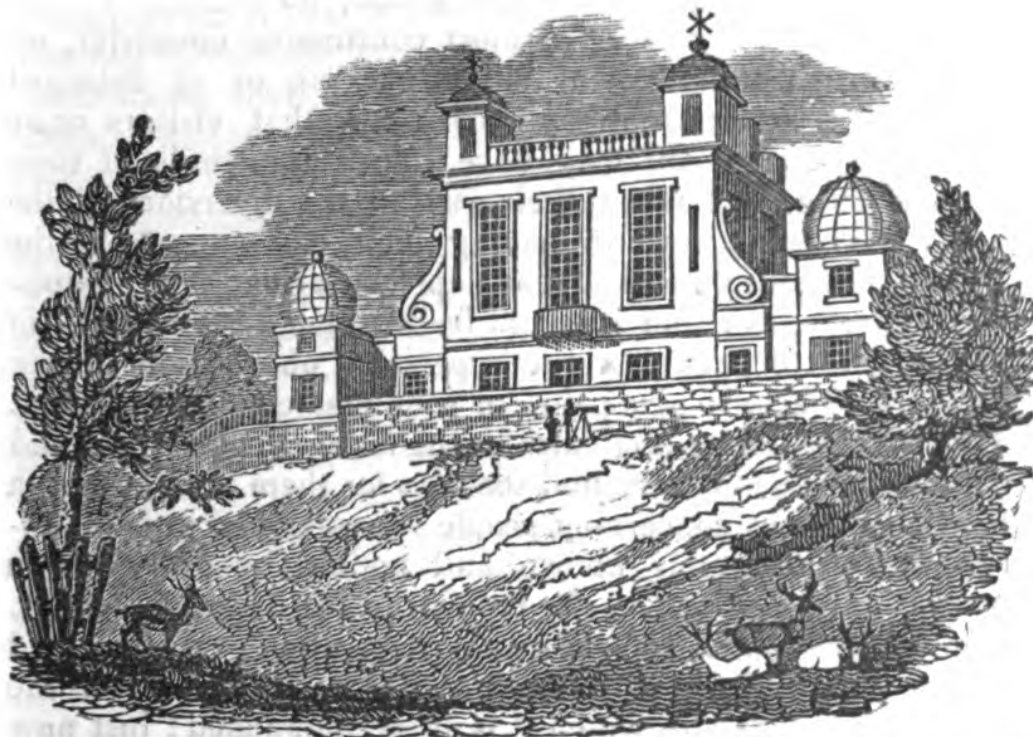
his sentence. Great as was his affliction on hearing these tidings, it was little in comparison with the remorse and terror that distracted the breast of his beloved girl, who, in addition to the grief of losing him, in so public and ignominious a manner, accused herself as the cause of the whole calamity. He, to whom she had been so long and tenderly attached, was now to fall as it were by the hand of his betrothed bride! Such was the strangeness and suddenness of the event, that her feelings being wrought up to the highest pitch of excitation and terror, her very despair seemed to give her strength; and, casting all fear of consequences aside, she made a vow to save him, or to perish in the attempt. Bitterly weeping, and with dishevelled hair, she ran wildly through the city, beseeching pity and compassion from all her friends and acquaintance, and soliciting every body of rank and influence, to unite in petitioning for a pardon for her lover; or that her life, she being the sole author of the fault, might be accepted in the place of his.

The circumstance being made known, such was the tenderness and compassion excited in her behalf, and such the admiration of her conduct, at once so affectionate and spirited, that persons of the highest rank became interested for her, and used the most laudable efforts to obtain a free pardon for the poor soldier. The ladies of the place also exerting their influence; the governor, no longer proof against this torrent of public feeling, made a merit of granting him forgiveness, on the condition of his being immediately united to the heroic and noble-hearted girl, and accepting with her a small donation, an example which was speedily followed by people of every rank; so that the young bride had the additional pleasure of presenting her beloved with a handsome dower, which satisfied their moderate wishes, and crowned their humble happiness.

MARRIAGE PRESENTS.

In the Swedish province of Dalecalia, it is customary for young females, on their wedding-day, to present each of the guests with a pair of stockings or gloves of their own knitting. This custom is held so sacred that weddings are frequently deferred because the requisite quantity of stockings and gloves is not finished.

CHIT-CHAT.



GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.—This well-known place was erected in the reign of Charles the Second, on a spot chosen by Sir C. Wren. The materials used in its erection was an old tower which stood in the park, and which had been used as a place of confinement for the Earl of Leicester, when he incurred the displeasure of Elizabeth, by his marriage with the Countess of Essex. Mary of York, daughter of Edward IV. also died there: and in the “Art of English Poesy,” mention is made of a “fayre lady whom Henry VIII. loved, being lodged in it.”

FASHIONABLE INQUISITORS—Among the numerous peculiarities which tend to make the society of the London world less easy and less attractive than the *beau monde* of any other country, is the ungracious system that prevails, of rendering persons present the subject of conversation. So limited are the colloquial faculties of the English of the fashionable circles, that as each successive person enters the room, all eyes are fixed upon him; and the murmur of conversation for a moment interrupted by his arrival, is resumed more actively than ever by a general whisper of his name, accompanied by comments on his figure and address, with anecdotes of his

birth, parentage, and education! Provided these impertinencies be not uttered in too loud a tone, no offence is given or taken. In the coteries of most continental countries, on the contrary, conversation, either general, or in detached groups, is so uninterruptedly carried on, that visitors come and go unnoticed, till they have joined the circle of their acquaintance, and taken their part in the diversions of the hour. While engaged in paying their compliments to the lady of the house, no curious or depreciating eye is fixed upon their movements; and it would be considered the height of ill-breeding to hazard a single personal observation during their stay, likely to give pain, or even create embarrassment. This in some degree originates in the more circumscribed and definite nature of continental society; for there is no occasion to ask questions concerning people whose history and qualifications are accurately known and noticed by every person present. In England, a shy man, whether native or foreign, is often driven from society by the inquisition pursued; and by the coarse habit of quizzing. How different from the playful *persiflage* with which it is often confounded! just now so much in vogue. *From the French.—Court Journal.*

SPANISH DANCERS.—A company of Spanish Dancers will shortly make their appearance at the King's Theatre. Previously to their arrival in England, they were performing for a few nights at Brussels with extraordinary success. On one of those nights the King and Queen were present, and their Majesties were greatly delighted by a *Bolero* and a *Zappatando*, which the dancers performed to castagnet and tambourine accompaniments. At the Brussels Theatre it would be a breach of etiquette for the audience to express either approbation or disapprobation in the presence of Royalty. However, on the occasion above mentioned, King Leopold was himself the first to break through the rule, by loudly cheering the Spanish Dancers.

PAINTED VELVET.—Madame de Fleury has just completed a set of furniture, on silk velvet, for the embellishment of Cleveland House; which for brilliancy of coloring, and elegance of design, almost surpasses our belief of what velvet painting could be brought to. This lady has certainly brought this style of painting to its climax of perfection; and the patronage of her Majesty, with which she has been

honored, could not have been more deservedly bestowed. We understand that Madame de Fleury was for several years attached to the late Royal Family of France, and that her unshrinking fidelity involved her in many perilous situations; these circumstances add importance to her talent—talent exerted in support of her own honorable independence.

FASHIONABLE MOBS.—The French Marchioness who bade her son beware of the Inquisition at Madrid, the Plague in Turkey, Ridicule in Paris, and the Mob in London, must certainly have referred to the mania of the English for crowding their parties with twice as many people as their apartments will hold. In computing the number of guests to be invited, an English hostess calculates largely upon the capabilities of her staircase, which forms as it were part of the suite of rooms thrown open. In the generality of foreign palaces and hotels, the apartments being inhabited by separate families on separate stories, with the stairs in common, the definitive size of the rooms is taken into consideration,—the invitations are issued accordingly; and the *soirées*, although often oppressive from imperfect ventilation, do not expose you to the pushing, and shoving, and horrible compression of a London party; nor are two hours of the evening lost in ascending a crowded staircase, with as much pain and labour as the wheel of a tread-mill! The mobs of the ball-room are, in fact, infinitely more alarming than the mobs of the hustings or Palace-yard. *From the French.*

SALE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE LATE MRS. BURNS.—The effects of the late Mrs. Burns, the widow of the poet, have been sold by auction, and realised a very considerable sum. The rusty iron top of a shower bath, which Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, sent to the poet when afflicted with rheumatism, fetched £1. 3s. and a low wooden kitchen chair, on which Mrs. Burns sat when nursing her children, was sold for £3. 7s. The crystal and china also brought, in most cases, very high prices. The poet's eight-day clock, made by a Mauchline artist, of the name of Brown, which stood originally in the house of Mossgiel, and accompanied him in his removals to Ellisland and Dumfries, attracted great attention from the circumstance that it had frequently been wound up by his own hand, it was finally disposed of for £35.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rue Saint Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain,

April 20, 1834.

DEAR MELMOTH,

Do not alarm yourself on our account, all danger is, I hope and trust, over for the present ; but I do not believe we are likely long to remain quiet. The lower orders are reduced to desperation, partly from heavy taxation, which they have no means to pay, and partly from the despotic measures of the government: a despotism of which the annals of the ancient monarchy presents no similar example, during its whole fourteen hundred years existence.

Every thing has been done by the government to make it appear that the late disturbances in Paris were of the most serious character, but the general belief is that they were entirely occasioned by the police, who artfully laid a trap, into which a few of the most ignorant and enthusiastic of the republican party fell, thus affording an excuse for that excess of severity which Louis Phillippe considers the only safeguard of his throne. Whether it will prove so remains to be seen : what is certain is, that he cannot be more abhorred than he is by the people.

You can have no idea of the wholesale slaughter that was made not only of the rioters, but of all who were unfortunate enough to be near the scene of action. We have lost a young friend, who met his death in endeavouring to save the life of a young republican. He heard that the struggle was about to begin, and knowing that his friend Alphonse de Mericour would be engaged in it, he hastened to the scene of action unarmed. He saw De Mericour, but the crowd was too great to permit his reaching him. He attempted, however, to make his way, calling, at the same time, loudly to his friend, in the name of his aged mother, to quit the spot. At that moment the police began to sabre the people, and poor Eugene was one of the first that fell. Next month he was to have married a most amiable young person, to whom he has been attached for seven years :

want of fortune on his side has hitherto prevented the marriage from taking place, but about six months ago a rich relation, from whom he never had any expectations, died, and left him a handsome property. He immediately proposed for his beloved, but out of respect to the memory of his benefactor, the nuptials were deferred for six months. The news of his death had such an effect upon the poor girl that her life is despaired of. De Mericour is taken, and it is supposed will be among the number of those guillotined. He is an only child. His father was a colonel in the republican army. He was a brave and skilful officer, from principle a decided republican, and of the roughest manners. He threw up his commission when Bonaparte was proclaimed emperor, and retiring to his native village, turned his sword into a ploughshare. He married soon after a lady, who, like himself, was rather advanced in life, and whose political principles coincided with his own. He died while his son was yet an infant, but unfortunately Madame de Mericour brought him up with the most enthusiastic ardour for liberty. Poor woman! How little did she know of her own heart when she used exultingly to declare, that she should glory in seeing him shed his blood for his country. She no sooner found that he was engaged in the insurrection, than she fell into fits, out of which she only recovered to hear that he was a prisoner. Her reason gave way to the shock, and she is never expected to recover it.

The gaities of the capital are at present completely suspended. In fact even the better classes are struck with consternation, not on account of what has taken place, for the insurgents were too contemptible, in every sense, to be objects of terror, but from the certainty that the measures of the government must soon end either in a despotism of the worst kind, or in a state of anarchy. It is fortunate for Louis Phillippe that young Napoleon is no more, and that Henry V. is still too young, personally to assert his rights. A chivalrous leader, in whom the people could place confidence, would soon unite them under his banner. One thing that tends very much to exasperate the populace is, that the king is sending all the money he can rise out

of France. It is certain that although his civil list is one third more than that granted to Charles X. he does not expend one third of the money that his predecessor did for his establishment; to say nothing of the sums bestowed in charity, and in rewarding talent. It is well known that distress was a principal cause of the disturbances at Lyons, for the silk trade has been bad ever since the July revolution, and no sort of impetus has ever been given to it by the court. Four years before trade was getting low, and the operatives caused a petition to be presented to Charles X. He immediately came to their assistance, not only by making large purchases, but by causing it to be understood that he expected the court to assist the workmen. But you will say they might also have appealed to Louis Phillippe. True, they might have done so, and perhaps they did; but his character, as a miser, is too firmly established for any hope to be entertained of assistance from him.

Although every thing is quiet at present, society has not at all recovered its tone. The theatres are deserted and there are neither public nor private parties, except among the English, who really remind me of the Irishman's saying, when they told him that the house was on fire: "Never mind, I am only a lodger." So our dear country-folks have gone on eating, drinking, and amusing themselves, without seeming to care how the matter terminated. "You English are, after all, the only true philosophers," said Chateaubriand to me the other day, "for you let nothing interfere with your comforts." He is, or rather I should say he was, just before the late riots, the lion of the day. He has written his memoirs, which, report says, are purchased, at a high price, by an English bookseller, but not to be published till after his death. He has, however, been prevailed upon to read some passages from them, at the *soirées* of Madame Recamier. This lady, once so celebrated for beauty, is now living at the *Abbaye aux bois*, where she receives a circle of friends, among whom are people of the most opposite political and religious principles, but so admirable is her tact, and so great is the respect as well as affection that she inspires, that no angry feelings are ever suffered to appear. I do not know that I ever met with a

woman who possessed, in so eminent a degree, the art of making people pleased with themselves. It is an art, by the bye, which is almost peculiar to women, and, above all, Frenchwomen. Men rarely possess it. Chateaubriand, with all his talents, has less of it than any one I ever saw. His manners are grave, I had almost said rough; it is only to those that he likes that he ever makes himself agreeable, and not always to them. But let his feelings be once touched, and a change comes over his countenance that must be witnessed to be conceived. He becomes, at once, animated, and even enthusiastic. It was in this mood he spoke to me of England. And you may suppose that the praises which such a man lavished upon my country, were not listened to unmoved. He understands and appreciates all that is valuable both in our national character and institutions, without being blind to its faults. "Why," said I to him, "since you express so high a veneration for our constitution, why do you not wish it to become that of your country?"—"Because," replied he, "our national character is totally opposite. An Englishman respects the laws, his first care is to avoid doing anything contrary to them. Is he aggrieved, he appeals to the law. Does any ministerial measure meet with popular disapprobation, petitions pour into your parliament. Is that the case with us? To what do we appeal?—to paving stones and barricades. My good friend, we have a constitution of our own; a constitution, the infringement of which drew down upon France the miseries of her first revolution, Had Louis the eighteenth revived that in its purity, instead of giving us the nondescript thing which he called the charter, France would now be free, flourishing, and happy; instead of being as she, is reduced to the lowest depths of misery and slavery." But I must say adieu! for I have already trespassed on your patience.

Believe me, truly yours,

CHARLES B——.

G. Melmoth, Esq.

Melmoth Hall, &c. &c.

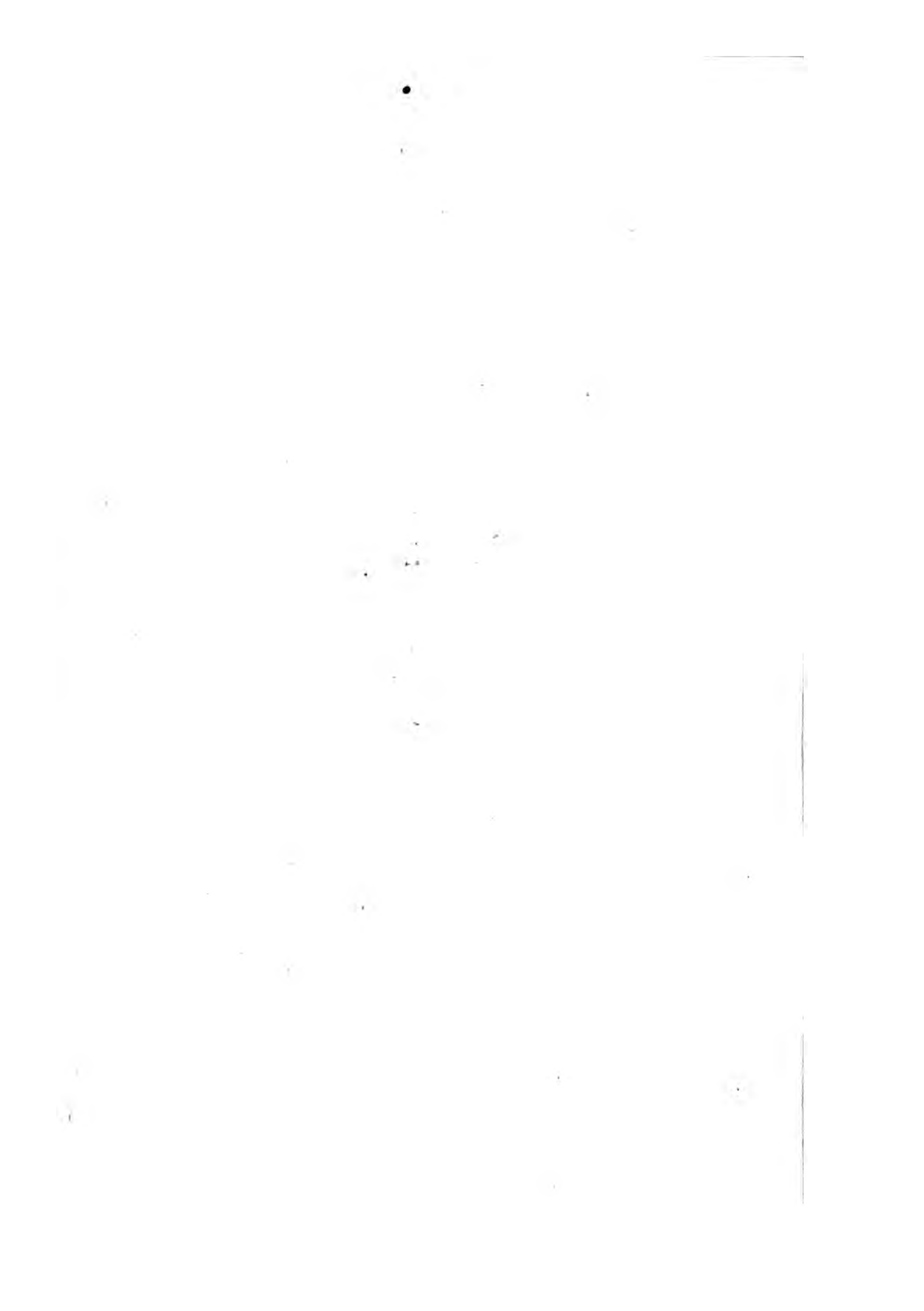
THE LADIES' TOILET.

LONDON MORNING DRESS.—The robe is of a new twilled material, called *levantine de lain*, the ground is water colour striped in an Indian pattern of red, with a chain between the stripes. A high body, trimmed round the shoulders *en pelerine*, with the same material. A knot of rose-coloured taffetas ribbon is placed in the centre of the trimming, and another encircles the collar of the dress, forming a neck knot. The hair is parted on the forehead, curled at the sides, and arranged in bows and braids behind.

LONDON WALKING DRESS.—A violet *gros de Naples* robe, a high and plain body, with sleeves of the *demi imbecille* form. Mantelet of clear muslin, lined with sarsnet to correspond: the body part is rounded behind, and forms a heart in front; the ends are of the scarf form, and very long; they are bordered with a single row of English lace. The body part is trimmed with a double fall. *Poux de soie* bonnet, of a fancy colour inclining to red; wide and open brim, trimmed on the inside with gauze ribbons to correspond, and blond net. A willow plume adorns the crown.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

The summer fashions are much more backward than we expected they would have been. There are, indeed, a great variety of new materials, but as yet we have seen but few of them made up. The principal change is in hats and bonnets; which are now quite of a summer description; *poux de soie*, rice straw, and fancy straw are employed for both. The brims of hats are of a moderate size; the crowns rather high than otherwise. The majority are trimmed with flowers. Some have a sprig of acacia, lilac, or snowballs placed a little on one side of the crown near the bottom, it is attached by a knot of ribbon, the ends of which fall upon the brim. The flowers rise considerably above the crown. Several hats are trimmed with feathers. Some that have just been made for three sisters of high rank, struck us as remarkably elegant: they are of white *poux de soie* trimmed with white gauze ribbons, figured in

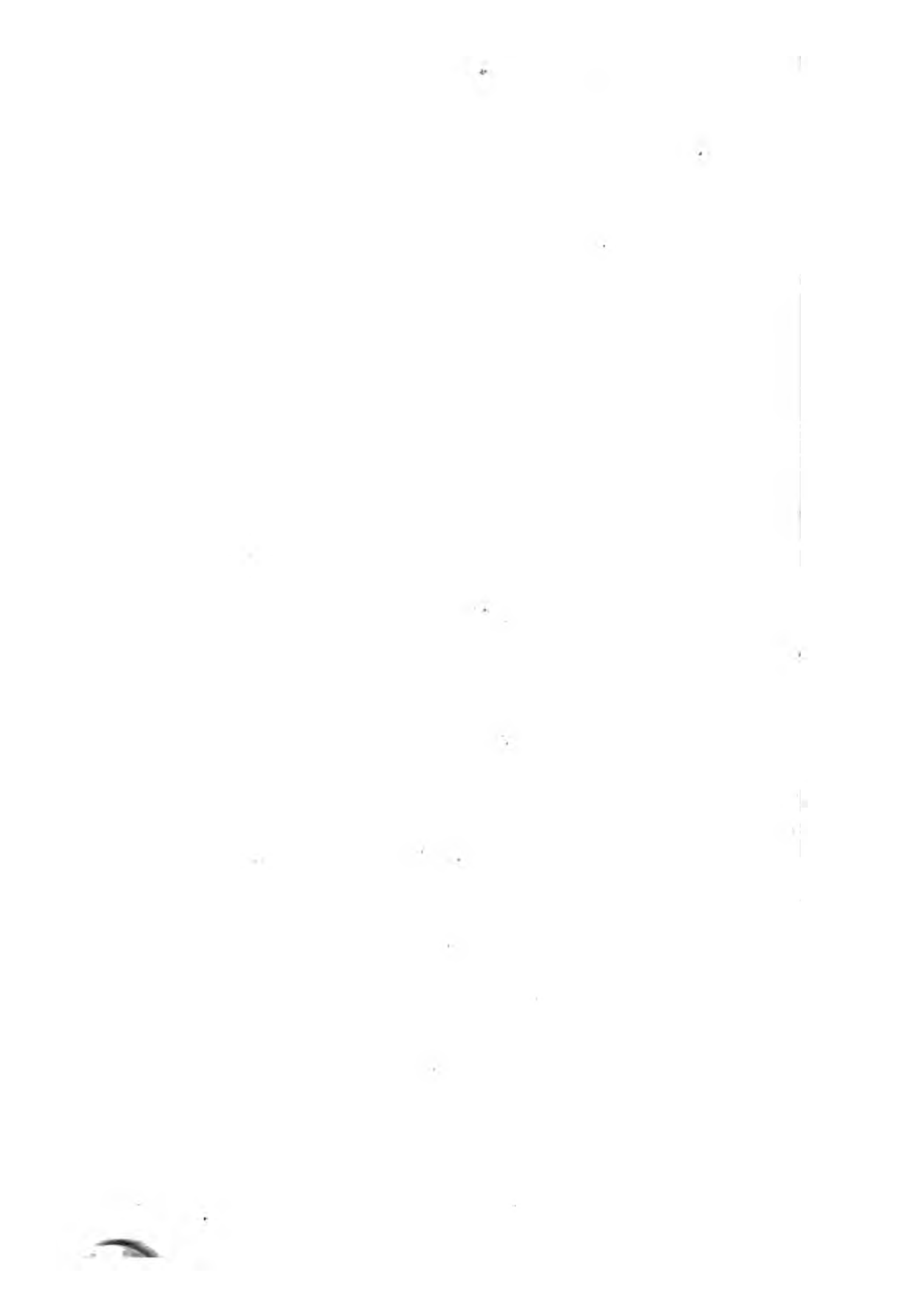




Jos^h Robins.



May. 1834.



rose color, and a single, long white ostrich feather tipped with rose color ; it was attached on the right side by a knot of ribbon in such a manner as to droop on the opposite side of the brim.

The most novel spring bonnets are those of the drawn kind. One of the prettiest is composed of white *poux de soie* quadrilled with blue, the drawings have very little fulness. The brim is somewhat larger and closer than the other bonnets of the season. Two small bouquets of Chinese pinks were placed on one side, and divided by two puffs of ribbon put close to each other, it corresponds with the silk of the bonnet. The interior of the brim is trimmed with a blond lace *ruche*, brought over the forehead and terminating at the sides under knots of ribbon. This is a remarkably elegant half dress bonnet.

A few summer pelisses have appeared in carriage dress, they are composed of *gros de Naples* of light colors ; as green, blue, and dust color. The bodies are made up to the throat but without collars, and are nearly covered by a pelerine forming a heart before, but square behind. Some of these pelisses are trimmed with silk plush, others have no trimming but all are open before. The most elegant of the new summer materials are the foulards. We must observe that the patterns differ decidedly from those of last season, although some are equally large and glaring. Others are of a peculiarly delicate kind, they are flowered in small running patterns with a mixture of foliage in various shades of green. These are for dinner or evening dresses. The *gros de France* and the *diamantines*, both of which are rich plain silks, are destined for half dress or morning dress. It is expected that printed muslins will be very generally adopted in the latter, and a great variety of new patterns have already appeared. Some are excessively large and shewy, they consist of bouquets, in which pinks, roses, jonquils, poppies, &c. &c. are mingled in a manner the most tasteless and glaring. Others, and they are very pretty, are printed in a single flower with its buds and foliage, and several are of running patterns.

No actual change has yet taken place in the form of dresses, and it is said that very little is contemplated, the antique style being likely to remain in favor. The few new

dresses that have appeared have pointed bodies, and skirts of the usual extravagant width.

Caps are very much in favor both for dinner and evening dress; they are generally composed of blond laces: the most novel descend low at the ears, and sit close to the sides of the face. The trimming is very narrow at that part, it turns back in the usual manner, increasing in width as it approaches the forehead. The blond lace that forms the trimming must be as transparent as possible, and its pattern of the lightest kind. A single row of trimming is the most fashionable. In some instances it is put square over the forehead. In others the trimming rises rather high on one side and is very low on the other. These caps are always trimmed with flowers; roses are most in request: a sprig of roses placed behind the trimming of the front surmounts it; a band of gauze ribbon is placed under the trimming, on one side of which is a flower, on the other a knot of ribbon. The new spring colors are the lighter shades of green and rose color, pale blue, straw color, some light shades of brown, lilac, and some fancy colors.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.—The robe is composed of a new spring silk, figured in dark grey upon a light grey ground. The *corsage* is plain, and half high. Maintenon sleeves, of more than the usual size at top, and sitting close to the lower part of the arm they terminate in manchettes of the antique kind, in application of Brussels lace. *Pelerine-mantelet*, also in application of Brussels lace upon fine Indian muslin; it is made with a very deep square collar and *mancherons*, The back and front are longer than the waist, and pass under the *ceinture*, which is of rich grey taffetas ribbon; it forms a bow behind and ties in a knot with long ends in front. The neck knot corresponds. Head-dress, a rice straw hat, a round and deep brim, with a crown shaped like a gentleman's hat; the interior of the brim is trimmed in a very novel style with figured gauze ribbon. A bouquet of light green marabouts decorates the crown.

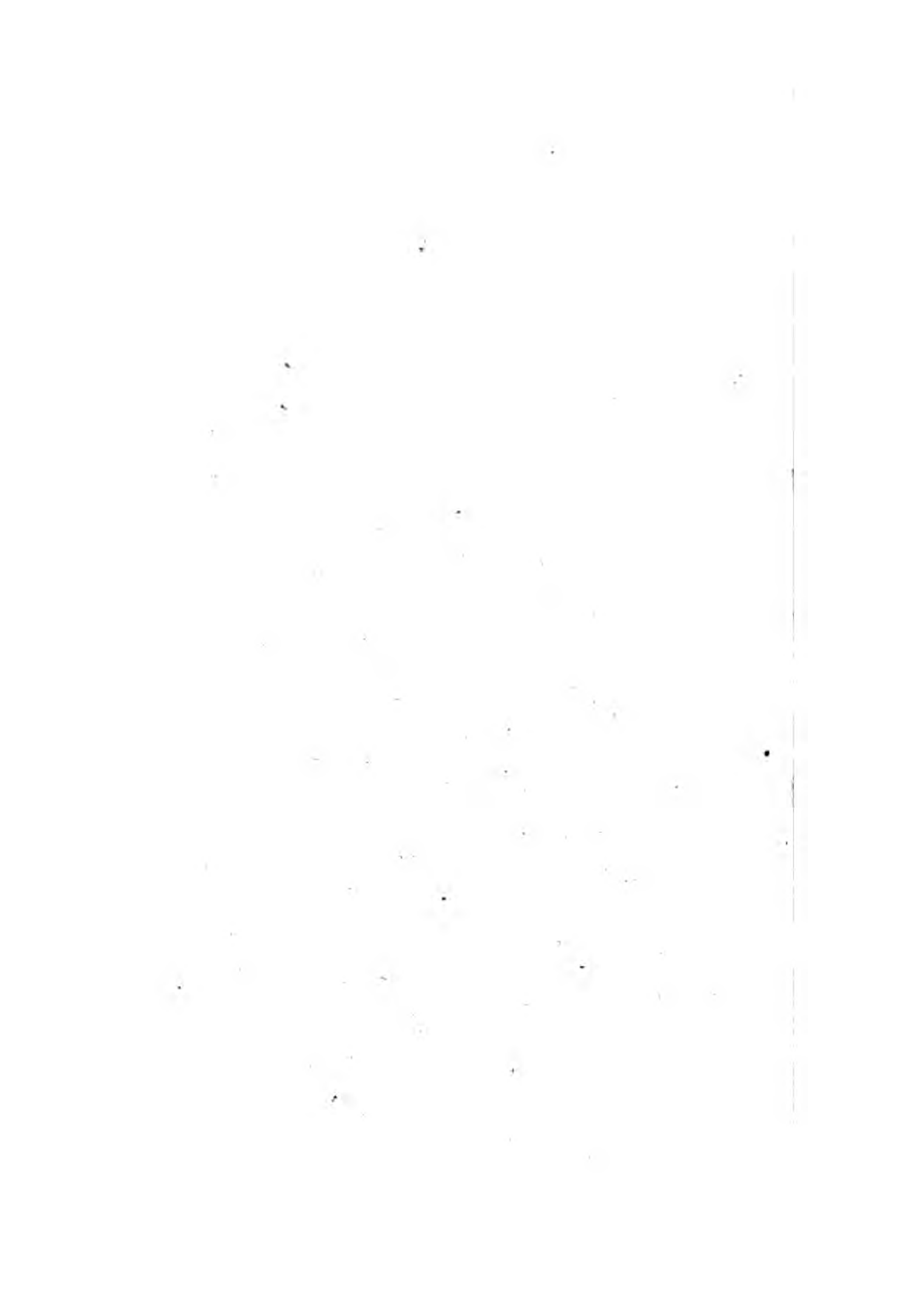
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Jos.^h Robins.



May. 1834.



CARRIAGE DRESS. — The robe is composed of taffetas plaided in two shades of violet. The *corsage* fastens behind, is draped round the top, and has the centre of the front masked by a rouleau. The sleeves of the usual size at top, are of an easy fullness from the elbow nearly to the wrist, where they are quite tight. *Chemisette à la vierge* of plaited *tulle*, bordered with blond lace, Rice straw hat, a wide short brim and cottage crown. It is encircled by a band of figured gauze ribbon tied in a bow on one side. A single long ostrich feather is placed in the band on the opposite side. The interior of the brim is trimmed with a half wreath of the flowers of the double blossomed peach and blond lace lappets; a French cachemire shawl should be added.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

The promenade of Longchamps from which so many new fashions were expected, has given us very few. The weather was fine, but by far too cold for the exhibition of summer dresses. There were, indeed, a few muslin robes, but as they were worn under pelisses, all that could be seen of them was a little of the superb embroidery of the border. The pelisses were of *gros de France*, *gros de Naples*, and in some instances of foulards; the latter of new patterns. The *gros de France* is a plain silk, remarkable only for its richness. The pelisses were all made with pelerines of the same material, some pointed, others forming a heart, but all smaller than those of last year. The sleeves also were mostly larger at the lower part. Some were made with bouffans of moderate size. Others were very large at top, and moderately so about half way to the wrist, were they were confined by a deep tight cuff.

Although some distinguished *élégantes* appeared in velvet and satin hats and bonnets, yet the majority of headdresses were of a light description. *Paille d'Italie*, *paille de riz*, and *poux de soie* were the materials of both hats and bonnets. The shapes of the first are decidedly becoming, the brim is of moderate size, it descends very low at the sides, where it sits close to the face, and being extremely *évasé* on the forehead, the blond and other ornaments that trim the inte-

rior of the brim have a very elegant effect. A long light sprig of flowers, or else a small bouquet, adorns the crown. Such is the general style of the hats that appeared at Long-champs. There is more variety in bonnets. We shall describe some that appear to us particularly deserving of the attention of our fair readers :

One of rice straw was ornamented with some light sprigs of flowers of different colors ; they were interlaced in a knot of ribbon formed of two bows and ends, it was of that very rich kind called *pompadour*. A white ground with large bouquets of colored flowers of all kinds ; it traversed the crown obliquely, and descending upon the brim at the ears, it formed the *brides*. A bouquet of flowers of different kinds was placed partly upon the brim, and partly upon the crown.

Some of the most admired bonnets were composed of *satin de Alger* and of *gros de été*, glazed with different shades of green. Some were trimmed with a bouquet of flowers, half green and half white. Others with a sprig of white lilac, or with a knot of *ruban blonde*, with the centre green and the edges white, and in open work. The pattern was perfectly similar to that of festooned blonde. All had the interior of the brim trimmed with blond *ruches*, in order to do away with the unbecoming effect which green next the face must have on any but the fairest complexions.

Several new materials have appeared for evening dress. Some of them are silks of an excessively rich kind, as the *gros de Chine*, *foulard d' Orient*, and *gros de Pompadour* ; others are of a half transparent kind, a mixture of the finest cashmere wool and silk. These are called *mousselines de Pekin*, and *mousselines d' Orient*.

Corsages draped and pointed continue to be the mode, they are cut low round the bust: the sleeves are double, and sometimes triple sabots. We must observe, however, that long sleeves though not very generally adopted are nevertheless fashionable in evening dress. The colors most in favor are *noisette*, red-lilac, all the lighter shades of green, azure blue, primrose, and violet.



LOVE AND LOYALTY.

A TALE OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

When nations are involved in the calamities attendant on civil wars, the energies of the human mind are generally displayed to an advantage, which, in seasons of peace, or even in times of common hostilities, are totally unknown. Exertion and heroic enterprize keep place with the occasions which call the spirits of the brave into exercise; and the lapse of ages, instead of diminishing the interest which they excite, augments their importance, by adding veneration to their lustre.

But it is melancholy to reflect, that, while some few memorials of this description are preserved, many a daring exploit, never reaching the ear of the historian, disappears with the moment that gave it birth. "One Cæsar lives, a thousand are forgot." The following affecting incident, which chance has rescued from the wreck of time, is an exemplification of this theory.

At that awful period when this nation was convulsed with civil discord, and Cromwell and his partisans were contending against the scattered forces of the king, William Mortimer, a young and zealous royalist, used every exertion to forward the success of his lawful monarch. He left his family, then living in retirement near Chepstow, to join the standard of

Charles, who was marching with an army from Scotland into the southern part of the country, expecting to be reinforced by his friends, and all those who were discontented with the wild enthusiasm of Cromwell and his followers. These expectations were, in a great measure, disappointed.

The royalists, in general, were not aware of their king's approach, and the Scotch, on whose assistance he had confidently relied, were deterred from uniting with them unless they previously subscribed to the covenant. In this posture of affairs, Charles encamped at Worcester, and was compelled to hazard that fatal battle, the result of which is so well known. Mortimer was one of the few who, escaping from the field, accompanied the king in his flight; and although history is silent upon the subject, it has been handed down by tradition, that Charles, dismissing all his faithful attendants, for fear of hazarding a discovery, and accompanied only by William Mortimer, who was well acquainted with the localities of the country, resolved, if possible, to escape to Wales. The attempt, however, was frustrated by means of the various passes of the Severn being so well guarded by soldiers, who were every-where eager for his apprehension, not so much in obedience to the commands of their generals, as on account of the immense reward that was offered for his person.

Not dismayed at this unexpected failure, they travelled by night (hiding themselves in marshes and among the river reeds in the day time), and, with much peril and exertion, contrived to reach Monmouth. Here they soon perceived that it was impossible for them to remain long without being discovered; and Mortimer, having arranged his plans accordingly, seized a little boat on the banks of the Wye, and, covering the king with bark of trees, suffered the vessel, during the night, to be carried down the current till it reached the romantic rocks above mentioned. Here they landed, and, letting the boat drift with the stream, to elude pursuit, secreted themselves in the natural recesses of the cliffs. Mortimer had sufficient confidence in the faith of a young lady, to whom he was betrothed, to confide to her the secret of the king; and as he was afraid to make his appearance near a place where he was so well known, this loyal and affectionate girl, at the hazard of her own life and honor, brought them, at the dead of night, their provisions. One fatal night she was

traced to the spot by a militia-man, who was eager for the destruction of his sovereign, and on her return was seized and confined by this ruthless traitor,

In the meanwhile, Mortimer, fearful a discovery might take place from these midnight interviews, in a neighbourhood where he was so well known, and anxious for the further safety of his royal master, whose danger was increased by delay, ventured to descend from their secret cave to the residence of a peasant, who was under the greatest obligations to him and informed him that a friend of his, a cavalier, who had escaped from the battle of Worcester, was anxious to get out of the country. The old man was sworn to secrecy, and the king was immediately confided to his care. Mortimer then retired to his hiding place, with the intention of passing there the remainder of the night, but his pursuers with their hot-bloodhounds were then hunting about the spot; he saw the light of their torches glaring among the dark and rugged caverns, and heard the cliffs re-echo the howling of the wolf-dogs, as they forded the river, and climbed the precipices, in the eager pursuit of their prey. He attempted to retreat but in vain, the monsters of death were already fast approaching, and after a short but desperate struggle, he sunk down, bleeding and exhausted, under their greedy fangs. The pursuers called off their dogs in order to save his life, that they might extort from him a confession of the king's retreat: they succeeded in muzzling the ferocious animals; but when they lifted their victim from the blood-stained sward where he had fallen, they found him stiff and cold in the arms of death; they passed their torches before his face, but his eyes were for ever closed. Even the barbarians themselves, when they looked upon his well-proportioned limbs, and saw his fine and manly countenance, beautiful in death, cursed the cause that had betrayed them to the commission of a crime, at which even their depraved hearts now shuddered.

As they had gained nothing by their cruelty, and he, from whom they might have endeavoured, by threats and torture, to have extracted a full development of the king's intention, and his present hiding-place, was now dead, they released their unhappy captive the next morning, without making her acquainted with the bitterness of her destiny. She hastened towards the spot of her lover's retreat, anxious for his safety,

and yet scarce daring to proceed. It was in the month of October; the morning was chill and cold, and although the red sun was glimmering on the distant waters of the Severn, it spake no comfort to her soul; the dew drops were laying thick upon the lank blades of grass, and a grey mist was rising from the earth, which partly obscured the distant objects. She ventured onward, trembling with the most intense anxiety, and invoking heaven for the safety of her lover,—for then she thought not of the king—when, suddenly turning her eyes to the ground, she witnessed the object of all her solicitude, lying on a cold bed of turf before her. He who had so often hailed the sound of her footsteps, was now heedless of her approach; his cheek, which had once glowed with her pure kisses, felt not now her pale and delicate lips as they fed greedily upon the death-damps of his face. She passed her white fingers over his brow, and when she saw them smeared with the unnatural stain of living gore, she laughed in the delirium of her despair till the sound of the mountain echoes, mocking her tone of misery, awoke her to the burning realising sense of her soul's agony. Now, unrestrained, she called upon his name in language the most affecting. She whispered in his deaf, unheeding ear, the voice of love and truth—she pressed his lifeless hand and placed it in her bosom, and when she felt its icy chilliness freezing at her heart, she wept that he was cold.

A fisherman who had witnessed the scene, and hurried from his boat to assist her, was, at this moment, approaching the spot; she looked wildly round and beckoned him away, but when she saw him still advancing towards her, she uttered a piercing shriek, and in a few minutes was on the lofty summit of the adjoining precipice. She waved her white arm for a few minutes, as in triumph, and then sinking upon her knees at the utmost verge of the o'erhanging brow, she crossed her hands over her face, and, instantly bending forward, sunk gently into the dell below. Such was the ærial delicacy of her form, that not a limb was bruised, and nothing but the absence of breathing indicated the calm triumph of death. The unfortunate lovers were buried in one grave, and nothing is left us of their memory but the imperishable cliff; which rises, like the genius of history, over the spot to consecrate their eternal fame.

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MADAM VESTRIS,

J. Rogers. Sc.

MADAME VESTRIS.

This celebrated actress is a daughter of the well-known engraver Bartolozzi, and was born in Marylebone, in January, 1797. She received an excellent education, and at the age of fourteen was proficient in the French and Italian languages, as well as in music and singing. Her parents introduced her into all the follies and gaieties of life, in the course of which she became unfortunately acquainted with the "God of Dance," (as the French termed him) M. Armand Vestris; to whom she was married on the 28th of January, 1813. On the 20th of July, 1815, she made her first appearance at the King's Theatre, for her husband's benefit; as Proserpine in the Opera of *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, in which she acquitted herself with wonderful applause for a debutante in so difficult a part. She repeated the character on the following Saturday, before the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and, from this period, determined on making the stage her profession. We need not follow Madame Vestris through her theatrical career: that she is a wonderful woman must be admitted, when it is recollected that whether the character is English, Italian, or French, she is equally correct in all, and elicits equal applause in either country. Her character has been thus drawn and her name handed down to posterity by Lord Byron, in the following lines:

" Then there was Madame Vestris, whom to call
 Pretty, were but to give a feeble notion
 Of many charms, in her as natural
 As sweetness to the flower."

 A RUSSIAN COMPLIMENT.

A Russian gentleman, who had been some time at Paris, seeing so many ladies at the different balls dressed in black, bowed very politely to one of them, and said, it reminded him of being on the banks of the Volga during Spring, when the crows and magpies were all hopping about.

SIR HENRY AND LADY GERTRUDE.

A TALE OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

The course of true love never did run smooth.—*Shakspeare.*

ABOUT nine in the evening of December 10th, in 1688, a light boat shot across the Thames towards a house in Privy Gardens, from whence one faint ray of light alone proceeded, which after a time descending, was at length visible in a little Gazeloo in the garden, where it remained stationary, as a star to guide the adventurer, against whom a heavy sleet and a keen wind were directed.

The young boatman, throwing back his wet cloak from a graceful and agile form, stepped cautiously forward, eager to see one to whom he had been fondly attached from very infancy—and who that beheld the Lady Gertrude, (youngest daughter of the Earl of Danby, as she stood in all the bloom of eighteen, shading the light with her taper fingers, and throwing forward her finely-formed head, from whence descended innumerable ringlets, could wonder that she was beloved even with romantic ardour?

“Gertrude, my *own* Gertrude, I can never thank you enough for this kindness—but are we safe?”

“My aunt is aged and already retired to rest—my father is gone to the Prince of Orange, at Exeter—my brother was already there.”

“Of course—my Lord Dunblane’s face has been long better known at the Hague than in his own court.”

“It is our grief, our *bitter* grief, Henry, that on these matters our parents differ so widely; but do not allow the few stolen moments we may now devote to each other, to be sullied by political dissensions.”

“And are not these dissensions the cause of our sorrow, our disunion? what else has rendered our meeting clandestine, our love a sin? Time was, when Lord Danby had no dearer friend than Sir Hugh Paulett; and who, in all his troubles, stood by him more faithfully? But all is changed now, all forgotten; and *we* are the victims of party feud, of disloyalty, and—”

“ Of patriotism and honour, say rather. The king who seeks to ruin his country can be no longer king, and I am certain that—”

“ Dear Lady Gertrude, I too have my *certainties*; loyalty and devotion to his sovereign are the duties of a *gentleman*, and must be those of a Paulett. Yet I approve not the king's conduct, I lament it sincerely; but I have within these ten minutes seen a sight that would move even your father, with all his prejudices, to pity, and I should think, forgiveness. Gertrude! the queen is now standing within a little distance—alone, exposed to the wind and rain, holding the young prince in her arms. She has come evidently in haste, for she wears only a light cloak, and has no clothing fitted for the season.”

“ Good Heaven! this is indeed a change; can we assist her? shall we go to her?”

“ Oh! no, no, she is doubtless waiting for some particular purpose, and indeed I thought a coach approached her. Ah! how severe must be the mental sufferings which could render her so lost to those which were without. The contemplation of them would obliterate all memory of her errors, were they ten times greater than what her enemies allege they are.”

“ When I was in Devonshire last year, I witnessed such sufferings, I heard of such horrors, Henry, as will not be easily forgotten. I pity the queen, but I neither forget Mrs. Grant's death nor Lady Lisle's. The sins of those legal murders were enough to bring down vengeance on the land; and from this very place did I not behold seven venerable bishops go forth as prisoners, and—”

“ True! but they are now free; the king—but we will not speak of him—we will not quarrel.”

“ Yet you will abide by him?”

“ I will never forsake my father; he has only *me*, and I have only *him*, since my dear mother is no more. I mean as to relationship; you—*you*, Gertrude, must know that you are more to me than the whole world beside; but would *you* that I should abandon him?”

“ Not for an empire, Henry. I love him, *dearly* love him, and if he would hear reason—”

“ Reason!—both sides talk of reason, yet both forget its

dictates, and both place their ban on that passion which they encouraged, till it became one with our very being. Gertrude! you will not (at least) be given to another? To ask your promise on this point, I have thus ventured to subject you to false surmises, and perhaps reproach."

"You have my promise, Henry, but I wonder that you required it—come honour or disgrace, come life or death, I am *yours only*. But be silent, wait patiently for happier times."

As the lovely girl spoke, she looked herself the very virtue she recommended, for silent tears ran down her cheeks, even as she faintly smiled the hope she could not give in words. Alas! patience is rarely man's attribute, especially in youth; and the doting lover, the dutiful son, found in the commotion of his eager spirit, power to endure, contrive, achieve, but not to *wait*. Rash wishes and projects, stormy grief, and melting tenderness, not less sorrowful, succeeded, and it was with difficulty that Gertrude's gentle firmness and modest endearments could allay the anguish which she so deeply shared.

They parted: as the last faint splashing of his oar was heard, it fell on her ear like the knell of death, for it seemed to prophecy his eternal departure; his looks and his words past in review before her, and forgetful of all external circumstances, she continued exposed to the midnight breeze, until some sounds from within the mansion reminded her of the necessity for flight, and by the least frequented stairs she repaired to her own apartment.

Every day was now ripe with affairs of the utmost importance, and no one listened to the recital with more anxiety than the young Lady Gertrude, although she no longer appeared to engage in the party to which her father was so entirely devoted. When she heard that the king had fled, she enquired with a blush who had accompanied him; when he returned, and was received with acclamations, her heart palpitated with joy, in the idea that he was accompanied by her lover; but neither then nor upon his final departure did she learn how Sir Hugh and his son were situated.

Great changes succeeded—a new king and a fair queen were established on the throne, and nothing could exceed

the peculiar regard displayed by the latter for the lovely daughter of her staunchest friend. In every drawing-room, and in every gala, the Lady Gertrude shone conspicuous in beauty as in favour; but her cheek grew pale, her fair round arm became attenuated—she was evidently abstracted and dejected, she smiled without pleasure, and suppressed her sorrow though she could not subdue it.

The Earl of Danby, busy as he was in the world, yet loved his children fondly, more especially his youngest hope. He tried to engage her in conversation, but to this she was evidently unequal—he then hoped that one so young might be amused by the homage paid to her charms, and the distinctions showered on her family. To the first she was indifferent, for in her love had conquered vanity: the second pleased her, because she loved them all most truly. After a time her father also hoped to see her ambitious for her own aggrandizement, seeing that the young Duke of Bedford paid her the most marked attention. This circumstance could but be pleasing to the earl, who hoped that a similar title was about to be conferred on himself, but he soon perceived that Gertrude's thoughts were far away, with the proscribed and the wandering; with friends whom *he* had forgotten, but whom *she* never ceased to remember and regret.

The earl was successful, and he could therefore afford to be generous; he now spoke of Sir Hugh, and perceived that his daughter listened with interest; he added the name of his *son*, and she blushed. Of Henry he spoke highly, maintaining that his feelings were just, his honour untainted, and his principles truly British; and tears, fond grateful tears, glistened in the eyes of his Gertrude; she flung herself into his arms, and besought him to tell her what had become of Henry?

“Both Sir Hugh and his son are proscribed, and if taken would be punished as traitors. But—”

The Spartan *if* was not more important than that, *but*; Gertrude's eyes eagerly demanded its explanation; in another moment she was kneeling for it, with silent but irrepressible emotion in every feature.

“But in such a case I would strain my power to the utmost for your Henry, my child.”

“Your Henry!” the words seemed to give her new life, yet the herald of death could have produced no stronger effect; she fainted, was carried to her couch, and for some days remained in a high fever, yet maintained that she was recovering rapidly. In another week she was sent by her physicians to Devonshire, with the aunt who resided there, and to whom she had been a frequent visitant.

In the meantime, the still more wretched lover had, with his father, followed the self-exiled monarch to France, where all that he saw of the country and the court disgusted him with the laws, religion, government, and manners, as they then existed, and made him dread for his own country any approximation to such despotism and bigotry as he witnessed. His feelings, as an Englishman, revolted from the cause in which he was embarked; but, as a son, he remained not only attached to his father's person, but carefully concealed his disapprobation of many passing circumstances, lest the knowledge of his feelings should add to the many difficulties which Sir Hugh experienced in his present situation. He deemed it the more necessary to conceal his opinion, because he was aware that his father, (blinded by his own zeal,) would not allow them to arise from convinced judgment, but for the ardent attachment he felt for Lady Gertrude. He had thus the distress of being a partizan without enthusiasm, a lover without hope—his affections were blighted, yet his conscience was not satisfied.

Under these circumstances of personal discontent, the unhappy young man had the mortification of learning, that his father, as a Protestant, was deemed by the bigotted James only *half* a friend, and that a devotedness to his service, by which he had sacrificed a noble estate, an untainted name, and risked two valuable lives, was held insufficient, until the religion, more dear than life, was also renounced. This concession, most happily, was withheld; in consequence of which, though a commission was given to the father in the army of James II. now embarking for Ireland, none was assigned to his son, who merely accompanied his parent as an attendant.

Had Henry Paulett been himself engaged in warfare, his natural courage, and the ardour of spirit unavoidably engendered by actual combat, would probably have rendered him

blind to those more peculiar features and errors which marked the conduct of the French general in the siege of Londonderry in which his father was engaged. As a spectator, he abhorred the cruelties and injustice practised against the Protestants of that unhappy district, and was led by every circumstance to despise the character, and execrate the conduct, of the abdicated monarch, as permitting *tacitly* the errors of those he commanded when most reprehensible, yet shielding himself by his own residence at Dublin from the condemnation which attached to them. A thousand times did he wish himself in the ranks of the opposing army, and, doubtless, remember also that in that place his beloved Gertrude would have beheld him with pride and joy; yet never did he permit his parent to witness his indignation or his sorrow.

In order still more to distress the starving defenders of Londonderry, the French general caused search to be made for Protestants in the surrounding country; and these wretched persons, whatever their sex, age, or condition, were stripped by this representative of a polished nation and a British sovereign, and driven as beasts to slaughter under the walls of the famishing city. This conduct alienated the heart of Sir Hugh from the party with whom he had embarked, as completely as it awoke the indignation of his son; but it was in vain that he lifted his single voice against it, he being considered already unworthy of trust; yet, impelled by a sense of honour, he would not desert the field. When Londonderry was relieved, it will be remembered that the garrison and the famished inhabitants sallied out on their remorseless assailants, with the courage awakened by such unnatural and aggravated wrongs, and turned the fortune of the day against James II. At this time Sir Hugh Paulett received so many dangerous wounds that he was borne to his tent without hopes of recovery. His afflicted son received him with emotions far different to him who glories in the cause while he weeps for the effect—his bleeding father was sacrificed to a cause he deprecated, and for a man whom he despised.

Sir Hugh felt that for him but little of life remained, but he earnestly urged his son to procure the means, if possible, of transporting him to England, that his bones might

repose in the land he loved, and which he sincerely lamented that he had left on so unworthy an errand. By the sale of his last jewel, Henry procured a boat, manned by a fisherman and his son, who, in the present season, engaged to effect a landing on the Welsh coast. The wounded man was pillowed on the bosom of his son, and supported in his arms, and he lived long enough to see the shore to which his heart's longings were addressed—to "bless his Henry," and he would have added "Gertrude," but the word died on the dying lip.

Scarcely were the eyes of the departed closed, when a summer storm came on, and the grief of the unhappy youth was suspended by his fears lest the precious clay should be torn from him by the rude element they contended with. They were at last flung on a rock crowned by a castle, the inhabitants of which rescued them from a terrific situation, carefully nourished, and assured them that they should be permitted to bury the dead in peace and honour, within the walls, which, like most other fortresses, contained a chapel, and supported a chaplain.

At the appointed hour on the following evening the domestic servants attended, each bearing a torch, and the deceased baronet was placed in the house "appointed for all living," not only with propriety, but sympathy. Considering the apparent size of the castle, the attendance was numerous, and several females were present of apparent rank. Henry had neither announced his name nor had been required to give it—the times were critical, and since many concealed their opinions, it was probable that many concealed their rank also; but the feelings of our common nature, in the hour of affliction, and the wants of our hearts at such times, are understood by all; and our unhappy lover felt they were so here.

Twice, as he knelt by the grave, a soft sigh had arisen on his ear, which might be said to "startle him from his propriety;" for it came over his senses so tenderly, it could only have been breathed by one who must yet be far away—*one*, whom, however dear, "it was wrong at such a moment to think of;" yet, ere he rose from his knees, he listened for that sigh again.

It came—it was accompanied by a lowly-uttered prayer

for "the bereaved son!" "Surely, the voice was Gertrude's!" he faintly whispered. Yet the thing was impossible; and after the storm he had encountered, the sorrow he had suffered, was it not probable that his mind was bewildered, and might deceive him?

He retired—the female party had been veiled, and were departed—the chamber of the preceding night was again opened to him, but it was long ere he sought for the rest it offered. Months of turmoil, anxiety, disappointment, vexation, and sorrow, had passed over him—he had been busy and wretched, care-worn, afflicted; but he now felt that the deep-seated attachment—the ardent passion—the love, which gives life its life, had yet in his wearied bosom survived all other feelings; and whilst it frequently inflicted the acutest pangs of sorrow, it yet cherished a power to console and revivify the heart. Despite the dangers and afflictions of his present situation as a proscribed subject and a bereaved son, there was now daylight in the dungeon of his soul. His imagination reverted to the beauty, his judgment dwelt on the virtues, of his beloved; and every look, word, and even tone, rose to his memory as a consolation. Often had he exclaimed, "I shall never see her more! Her gentle nature will sink before opposition; and whilst my head is seen on the walls of the Tower, her brow may wear a ducal coronet!" But this night his weary spirit bathed in that elysian dew, which is granted to the conflicting lover.

Henry slept as he had seldom slept of late, and knew not the hour, when a venerable man entered his turret chamber, and in direct terms, but with a kindly air, inquired the name of the person interred in his castle, and his own relation towards him?

The dream of the last night vanished, and a terrible alternative was presented to his contemplation; nevertheless, the idea was uppermost that he had a friend at least beneath those walls, and that if instant imprisonment should be the consequence of his confession, he might still experience some good offices. He replied, therefore, promptly and truly; but thought it right to add that he had taken no part in the late warfare, and held himself to be a free man.

"Yet I ween," said the stranger, "that there are few

places you could at present enter, where you would not be a *suspected* one. I therefore counsel you, Sir Henry, to remain some days where you are, and where I ensure your safety. Perry Powis's word may be relied on: meantime, he will use his endeavours to procure you, from court, a regular pardon."

The benevolent smile with which these words were accompanied again reassured him, and awoke the belief that Lady Gertrude was indeed in the castle. He ventured eagerly, but most respectfully, to seize the old man's hand, and after warmly thanking him, added, "Oh! sir, you knew me before I spoke! I have a *friend* in this hospitable mansion—have I not?"

"You have: that friend beheld the face of the corpse, and wept over it. Hence I became interested for you; and your manly declaration has confirmed me in the wish to serve you. I will do my best, and the daughter of the Duke of Leeds will unite in my request."

Henry relinquished the hand he had grasped so fervently; the request hovering on his lips to be permitted, if but for a moment, to behold his Gertrude, was suddenly checked, and his hopes crushed ere they blossomed: before he recovered his surprise, his visitor was gone.

Surely Gertrude's sigh and Gertrude's prayer had met his ear! Yet another might feel compassion, and in her benevolence exert that power which could alone restore him to Gertrude! By degrees a new ray of light broke on him: he had never known a duke so designated—it was probable the powerful Earl of Danby was thus exalted. Why, then, was his daughter banished here? Surely she had not so soon forgotten her vow! And yet, if she were married—and mayhap to that old man's son, for the Powis's were a powerful and ancient family—would it not be natural for her to speak of *him* as a friend, to avoid seeing him, and most anxiously facilitate his pardon, as the only reparation she could make him?

In the turmoil of his busy thoughts, time passed. He was sensible that he was virtually a prisoner, and from the domestics he could gain no information, since all who now attended to him spoke only their own language. Only once in the course of the following week had the master of

the mansion called on him, and he then wore a sorrowful look, and uttered only common place remarks on the necessity in the young to repress too flattering expectation.

In two days more he entered cheerfully, bringing full credentials of forgiveness, and even a kind letter from his former friend, which having read, the bearer said—

“And now I may take you to the Lady Gertrude’s presence. As a *proscribed* man I could not in my house admit you. Follow me.”

“Then it *was* my Gertrude—my own affianced Gertrude! And she is not married?”

“Not *married*, certainly; nevertheless—”

“If she has forgotten me—if they have compelled her to—”

“Young man, be patient; Gertrude has loved you too well, and mourned for you too much. She is ill, very ill!”

Alas! he found her stretched on a couch, worn to a shadow; and anxiously as she had sought for resignation to the Divine will, and prepared herself for this meeting, her joyful agitation affected her so much that it seemed to those around her as if immediate death would be the consequence. She was, however, spared to enjoy (if we may use the term) many such interviews, and with the heroic tenderness of a Christian, and the endearing weakness of a loving girl, prepare him, so far as possible, for their inevitable parting. Before that dreadful event took place, the duke, her father, had arrived, and to him she bequeathed the care of her bewildered and agonized lover.

We have no time to dwell on sorrow never yet described by words, nor subdued by reason. Had Sir Henry Paulett lost this inestimable jewel during his troubles, he might have borne its infliction better; but since he was not only forgiven, but favoured—his wealth large, and his friends numerous—there was no care or excitement to counterbalance the grief which consumed him. He soon afterwards took arms with the warlike King William, and died fighting the very French general whose conduct in Ireland had so deeply disgusted him. His property descended to a distant but worthy relative, who inherited, also, honours due to *his* valour, and intended to perpetuate *his* name.

Many are the victims in private life to political convul-

sions and family feuds ; but, from the days of Romeo and Juliet, perhaps no human sacrifice more fair and meritorious than Henry and his Gertrude has suffered from such causes. The only consolation we can have in reviewing their history is this—"They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths were not long divided."

SONGS.

BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR.

No. 4.—THE SOLDIER TO HIS LADY-LOVE,

I go,—thou best,—thou sweetest,—
 To the battle fray ;
 And mine, of steeds the fleetest,
 Beareth me away.
 Away,—thou fairest ! dearest !
 From all joy,—from *thee* !
 When of my grief thou hearest,
Wilt thou, weep for me ?

My sad heart's only treasure,
 To the red war-plain
 Thy lover hies ;—with *pleasure*
 Shall we meet again ?
 I haste,—O ! *unrelenting*,
 To the battle's roar ;
 And thou may'st learn, repenting,
 Shall I breathe no more !

Yes !—*then* thou may'st feel sorrow
 That thou mock'd my care,
 But *then*—no smiling morrow
 Can the ill repair :—
 Turn then, fairest ! dearest !
 Say, thy heart is mine :
 And, when of *me* thou hearest,
 Joy that *I* was thine !

NO. 5.—MINSTREL SONG.

Wild harp!—my touch falls lightly
 Upon thine answ'ring strings
 Breathe then a strain as lovely,
 As the young seraph sings;—
 I languish for that music
 Which trembling, glides through air,
 Ecstatic as Hope's promise,
 But sad,—as dark despair.

Wild harp!—send forth thy sweetness,—
 As fragile, rich, and pure,
 As the wing'd soul of roses,—
 And flowers that least endure,
 I,—for that music languish,
 Which floats through list'ning air,
 Sweet,—as Hope's syren hymning,
 But sad,—as love's despair!

••• For Nos. 1, 2, & 3, of these Songs, Vide *Ladies' Pocket Magazine*, Part 2, for 1832, p. 202.

 THE LOVERS OF LEGANEZ.

A SPANISH TALE.

(Concluded from page 148.)

THE guitar, as they had anticipated, aroused the Argus-eyed duenna from her snoring slumbers. She, too, complained of broken rest; but added, to the great and inexpressible amazement of Donna Luisa, and her maid, "Well, well, it cannot be helped, Signora, where there is beauty, gallantry will fly. It's natural enough, but take heed, and do not lend a too willing ear to the nonsense of every pert cavalier who has the audacity to tell you that you're handsome. Take heed!" And with this admonition, Donna Rodriga limped leisurely away.

Luisa looked incredulously at her maid, and Francisca was completely dumb—a certain sign that she was *unusually* affected.

Scarcely had the duenna vanished, when they were startled by the noise of some one approaching. Looking up, they beheld a man tripping towards them, and casting a quick and cautious glance about him.

Luisa was rather alarmed, and would have precipitately retreated, but the delighted Francisca instantly recognized her *incognito* valet, and persuaded her mistress to remain.

"What is your business, sirrah?" demanded Francisca, with a well-feigned dignity of demeanour; for Luisa was too much frightened to speak.

"I have none here, Signora," replied he, with a pleasant smirk.

"Your pleasure, then?"

"— Exists only and solely in your smiles," answered the valet, gallantly. "Nay, don't frown, or I shall instantly breathe out my last sigh at your little feet. For six long and tedious nights I have endured—Ah! what have I not endured! and will you now obscure the sunshine just as it breaks in upon my dark and despairing soul, by such unkind and cruel glances?"

Who could resist such an eloquent appeal? Francisca had no heart to do so; and her favour indicating itself in a sweet smile, the valet felt his happiness complete.

During their parley, Donna Luisa looked with a new and extraordinary pleasure on the interesting scene.

It was a kind of rehearsal of her own part; and when her cavalier, by her tacit permission, soon afterwards threw himself at her feet, she was enabled to answer his rhapsodies with a great deal of decorum; and, as Francisca judiciously and feelingly observed, there could not possibly exist any objection to entertainment of such an elegant and accomplished youth. His name was Don Juan de Salzedo, and his valet's Andre Lorca, than whom no one could execute the *escalade* of a wall, a gate, or a balcony better.

The lovers, speaking the same language, soon understood each other, and the country-seat at Leganez was a paradise of love and delight.

Rodrigo did not countenance these proceedings, for she was never present. And the lovers somehow always contrived to meet about the happy hour when the duenna was taking her customary *siesta*, or afternoon's nap.

It is really wonderful how rapidly love thrives in the country ; it never progresses half so fast in the town air. One day, however, when Don Juan de Salzedo and the lovely Luisa were fondly calling each other by their Christian names, and mingling their soft sighs with the odorous breath of the roses around them, Francisca suddenly broke in upon them, Andre Lorca following in the rear. The utmost dismay and terror were depicted in her countenance.

Don Manoel had just arrived from Madrid, with a large party of friends, and even now accompanied by Donna Rodriga de Cantellana, (whom he had unseasonably aroused from her *siesta*,) was eagerly seeking her in every corner of the garden. Here was a situation !

What was to be done ? They had scarcely asked themselves this simple question, when Don Manoel and the duenna stood before them.

Francisca uttered a little shriek of despair, and attempted a swoon in the ready arms of Andre Lorca.

Donna Luisa was struck dumb, motionless, and pallid as a fair piece of statuary.

Her *papa*, naturally appeared rather surprised, and although he said nothing, seemed to look for an explanation of this addition to this family. In the endurance of a few moments more of this chilling silence, Luisa's scarcely throbbing heart would have been frozen in her snowy breast; but the voice of her beloved Don Juan de Salzedo at once broke the spell, and wooed back her fast fleeting spirits.

"Signor Don Manoel," said he, advancing, to the surprise of all, without the least apparent constraint or discomposure. "I now only require your sanction to render me completely happy. Donna Luisa's heart is already mine ; her hand is your gift !"

"Bravo !" exclaimed Don Manoel, warmly embracing the gallant. "Thou hast nobly won the prize, and thou shalt wear it !"

Francisca recovered in a moment. She and her bewildered mistress exchanged looks of wonder, curiosity, and pleasure. This *denouement* was utterly incomprehensible.

Francisca's little man, too, appeared as much at home as his master. Casting himself at the feet of Don Manoel, "Ah ! Signor," cried he, "how happy have you rendered

my honored master! deign likewise to extend a shadow of your favour towards his faithful follower. Vails are the incentives to virtue in meritorious valets; and I trust I shall not go without my perquisite;" then, after the manner of Don Juan de Salzedo, he exclaimed, "Francisca's heart is mine; her hand is in your gift!"

Andre Lorca's prayer was granted; and he bore away the black-eyed Arragonese on the same day that his master was united to Donna Luisa.

The mystery was soon unravelled. Don Juan de Salzedo was a young, rich, and noble cavalier; and having heard much of the beauty, simplicity, and accomplishments of Don Manoel's daughter, he had made a romantic excursion to Leganez on purpose to determine, with his own eyes, whether rumour's assertions were true, or exaggerated. Having gained a view of her, and lost his heart, he quickly returned to Madrid, and made formal proposals to Don Manoel. The old man was delighted; but knowing the refractory and rebellious spirit of the very best intentioned and most amiably disposed young damsels, in the affairs of the heart, he concerted the scheme of this clandestine courtship, in which, upon reflection, Don Juan heartily concurred: esteeming it a far greater pleasure to woo her heart to love, than to receive the hand of cold and formal obedience from her father.

Donna Rodriga de Cantillana was made a kind of sleeping partner in the plot, and took especial care to be napping at the fit opportunity.

Thus every thing ended happily and merrily; and Don Juan de Salzedo and his lovely bride were the handsomest and happiest couple that then figured in the gay circles of Madrid.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE WITH MR. GEE.

Sure, madam, by your taste we see
 What's good, or great, or grand, without a G!
 A *godly glow* must sure on G depend;
 Or *oddly low* our righteous thoughts must end:
 The want of G all gratitude effaces;
 And without G the *graces* would run *races*.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF
SIDNEY WALLER PLUMB,

A MEDICAL STUDENT,

Who Died at Kingston, Feb. 18th, 1831.—Aged 18.

BY MRS. ANN ROLFE,

“AUTHOR OF THE WILL, OR TWENTY ONE YEARS,” &c.

My melancholy muse again must turn,
Oh, once loved youth, to thy unsculptured urn,
With added grief recall the fatal day,
When thy bright spirit winged itself away ;
When mourning friends sustained thy drooping head,
And hung with anguish o'er thy dying bed.

Ah! what avails a tender mother's sighs,
Will the dark grave surrender up its prize ?
Ah! what avails fond memory's grief and pain,
Can the pale dust in beauty bloom again ;
Can joy e'er enter those impervious shades,
Where death supreme each dismal scene invades.

Three years, three fleeting years have hurried by,
Since angels caught thy last convulsive sigh ;
Since thy melodious voice was heard to cease,
And thou didst leave this troubled world in peace,
Young as thou wert, thou did'st not start to see
The awful glimpses of eternity !

Can the bright gems, that sport on Flora's vest,
Or golden sheafs that smile on nature's breast ;
Can radiant skies, soft lutes, the festive throng,
The rosy landscape, and the pastoral song ;
Can the meek primrose, or the violet's bloom,
Recall frail beauty from the silent tomb ?

Oh, Death! who reign'st with such despotic power
O'er man supreme, o'er ocean, earth, and flower,
Why didst thou strike, with thy unerring dart,
A lovely youth, with such a noble heart.
Of that distinction, why wert thou so proud,
Why wrapp'd thy costly victim in his shroud?

What treasure now doth thy ambition crave,
 Hast thou not gorged the worm—and filled the grave
 With youth and loveliness, with rich, and poor,
 With valued beings that are seen no more :
 Hast thou not seized them 'midst the bloom of health,
 And miser-like have rioted in wealth ?

Oh, let the youthful to the church-yard stray,
 Where numbers rest, once beautiful as they ;
 Could also boast of that exalted mind,
 Which leaves no trace of enmity behind.
 High talented, and jocund, prosperous, fair
 As lilies that adorn the gay parterre.

But now how chang'd the ruby lip—the brow
 That erst to be as fair as alpine snow ;
 How chang'd those features—and those eyes so bright,
 They look'd like crystals filled with eastern light !
 How silent is each tongue, how still the breath,
 And this, ye lovely, is the work of death !

Though thou art young, there's reason in thy soul,
 As there is gravity where planets roll ;
 Kind providence dispenses good or ill,
 As it may please him, and will do so still ;
 But truth's unvarying aspect is the same,
 That if we err, we have ourselves to blame.

THE PASTOR'S STORY ;

OR, GIPSEY GIRL.

It was towards the close of a beautiful evening in autumn, that, returning from a visit to a sick neighbour, my attention was attracted, by loud expressions of grief, to a gipsy encampment that skirted the road-side.

Prompted by a better feeling, I trust, than mere curiosity, I approached, and found the whole tribe assembled round a young female, apparently dying. They had brought her from the tent, in the hope that the open air might restore suspended animation ; and, while the loud cries of



Painted by H. Rowland, A. A.

Engraved by W. Finden.

THE GIPSEY GIRL.



the women, as they beat their breasts, and tore their wild floating locks, betrayed the most extravagant grief, the deep gloom that clouded the stern, yet handsome countenances of the men, showed the sufferer to be an object of no common interest.

She was, I ascertained, the daughter of their chief, the aged patriarch of the little tribe, who, in silent agony, was bending over his dying child. I proffered my assistance, which was neither accepted nor declined. As I approached the sufferer, the last rays of the setting sun gleamed on a face,

“As monumental marble pale,”

yet formed in Nature's fairest mould. She was, indeed exquisitely beautiful, yet of an order of beauty totally distinct from that which characterizes the females of her wandering race,

“Whose cheek, of ruddy bronze,
And large black eyes, that flash on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,”

while they impress the beholder with admiration, bespeak a mind and frame of equal vigour.

On the contrary, the fair hair which flowed round the pale brow of the invalid, the soft blue eye that half unclosed beneath its long silken lash, and, more than all, the light symmetrical form, that now, attenuated by sickness, seemed scarce earthly, bespoke her ill-adapted to endure the hardships of her wandering lot.

By the use of restoratives, which in my visits to my sick parishioners, I carry with me, the sufferer partially revived, but only to experience an immediate relapse.

I entreated the disconsolate father to allow his dying child to be removed to my parsonage, which was distant scarcely a mile. I shall not soon forget the expression of the old man's countenance, as he replied—

“She is *now* my only child. Though a frail and tender flower, too tender to bear the buffet of my stormy lot, she has never deserted me; and now that she is blighted shall I resign her? No, let me still wear her in my bosom; ere

long, that will be pulseless as her own. Through life she was mine—in death we will not be divided.”

“ But she still lives,” I rejoined ; “ and will you, from a selfish affection, deprive her of that care and judicious treatment which can alone preserve her ! Do you love your child ? ”

“ Do I love her ? ” cried the old man ; adding, “ do I love the light of day—do I love to repay the man who has benefited me—do I love to be avenged on him who has done me wrong ? Yes ; but more dearly do I love my child ! ”

“ Then prove your affection,” I added, “ by consulting her safety.”

The old man was subdued ; tears coursed each other down his furrowed cheeks, as he caught my extended hand ; and, looking wistfully in my face, he replied—

“ I will, I may confide her to you. If by your care, my child be restored to me, how will my old heart thank you ! If not,” and his emotion scarce allowed him utterance, “ God’s will be done ! ”

The preparations for the poor girl’s removal were soon completed. A rude litter was constructed, and the invalid, being placed on it, was borne by four men of the company to my residence, where she was conducted to a chamber, and medical attendance procured.

The motion attending her removal had revived her, and as she leaned on her father’s breast, and passionately returned his caresses, she expressed her sense of my attention with a delicacy and dignity of sentiment that would have done honour to the most exalted station.

Her recovery was slow and dubious ; yet the care and judicious treatment she received were not bestowed in vain.

We had at length the pleasure of hearing her pronounced convalescent, and the gratitude of the old gipsy, who had been unremitting in his attendance, knew no bounds. Perhaps the most abundant proof that could be given of its sincerity, was his consenting to my request that his Rebecca might become an inmate of my house.

“ Take her, sir,” said he, when I made the proposal ; “ but for your care she had been lost to me for ever. My heart is linked to her by the fondest ties, and many a pang

will it cost me to part with her; but you will sometimes allow her poor old father to embrace his child?"

I assured him my door should ever be open to the father of my protégé, who from that moment became a member of my family.

There was little difference between her age and that of my eldest girl, with whom she was associated in every branch of useful and ornamental study, to which she applied herself with an ardour and success that more than equalled our most sanguine expectations. Still, in spite of her efforts at concealment, there appeared in my fair protégé a dejection of spirits that I could attribute to no other source than regret at leaving the wandering life of her forefathers; but it proved otherwise.

Henry Danville, the son of my patron, and my own pupil, who had been some months absent at the dépôt of his regiment, now returned to his native village for a few months, previous to his departure abroad. Ere he had been an hour arrived, the young soldier paid a visit to his preceptor.

I received him as a son, and introduced my girls to their former playmate. The meeting was one of delighted recognition to all parties.

Rebecca had retired upon the announcement of the stranger; I, however, desired her attendance.

It may here be necessary to remark that, for obvious reasons, a profound secrecy had been observed relative to her birth and parentage. She was known to my visitors as an orphan friend of my daughters; and as such it had been my intention to introduce her to Danville.

I observed the colour fly from Rebecca's cheek as she entered; but how was my astonishment heightened when Danville, after gazing on her a moment, rushed forward, and caught her to his bosom.

The secret was soon explained. Before his departure from home, Henry had seen and admired the lovely wanderer. A series of secret interviews had terminated in a mutual attachment, and the departure of Danville was followed by the almost immediate illness of the too sensitive Rebecca.

Behold me thus placed in a situation of peculiar diffi-

culty. The fond youth urging me, by every entreaty that love could inspire, to consummate his happiness—the maiden's speaking eyes uniting in the prayer with an eloquence, if possible, more convincing than words—and my own inclinations strongly prompting me to compliance—yet withheld by my respect and gratitude which I owed to my esteemed friend Sir Edward Danville.

Rebecca's self devotion relieved me of somewhat of my perplexity. She perceived my emotion, and falling on her knees, called on Heaven to witness her vow, that never, without his father's consent, would she unite her fate to that of Danville.

As there was not the most remote probability that such an expectation could ever be realized, the sacrifice made by the generous girl, from a regard for my feelings, wound her more closely around my heart, evincing her gratitude superior even to love.

Before he left his native country, Henry obtained my permission to commence a correspondence with his beloved, whom he left with a hope of better prospects,—hope, slender as ever fed a lover's passion.

A few months after his departure, I received a letter from Rebecca's father, requesting my immediate presence. As I apprehended the old man to be seriously indisposed, I set off immediately for the appointed place, leaving directions for Rebecca to follow.

As I had apprehended, I found him dangerously ill. On my entry, his attendants retiring, left us together. I was proceeding to offer the consolations of religion, when interrupted by the old man's passionate exclamations—

“Not that!—I need not that!”—he cried. “I have too long been an unbeliever to think of wearying Heaven with tardy penitence! Let me, while yet 'tis in my power, make reparation for one misdeed, by an act of justice towards my child. My child?”—he added, after a momentary struggle with his feelings, “*my* child?—she is not mine! too gentle she for one of our rebellious race! the brooding vulture gives not birth to the meek and trembling dove!”

I entreated him not to delay communicating every particular relative to the mysterious affair.

“ For several years,” continued the dying man, “ our tribe had been quietly established in a village in the north of England, safe in the protection, or at least the willing toleration, of the lord of the manor, whose kindness we repaid by various services. On the death of our kind patron, his son, who had ever looked upon us with a suspicious eye, succeeded to the estate. Many were the oppressions of the new proprietor, but we endured them all—patiently and humbly endured them. Respect for the memory of his father taught us to submit without a murmur to the injuries of our tyrant. Ere long an opportunity was offered him of wreaking on our devoted family his ungrounded hate. A deer which had broken from his park had been worried by one of our dogs, and fell bleeding and exhausted near our cottages. My son observed it fall, and from a feeling of commiseration for the poor animal, with his knife put an end to its sufferings. He was discovered by one of the game-keepers, who had followed the creature’s track ; and was instantly conducted before the squire. Vain were my poor boy’s protestations of innocence, vain were the tears of his mother, vain the entreaties with which I sought to move the tyrant. He was inexorable, and my boy was hurried to prison, from whence, after a process which *they* designated a trial, he was removed to perpetual exile. Not yet content, the tyrant drove us from our homes : but I was avenged. He had darkened seven happy hearths—did his own blaze the brighter ?—he had dashed the smile from many an eye—was his own the freer from clouding sorrows ?—he had torn from me my only boy—but I—I taught *him* the woe of being childless !—I fled—but carried with me his child !

Overcome by his emotion, the old man sunk back on his bed. Ere long, however, he added—

“ That child, I need not tell you, is my Rebecca ; not the daughter of a beggar—an outcast—but the heiress to a princely domain.”

“ What is her name ?” I breathlessly inquired, for, from a cause shortly to be explained, my feelings were not less powerfully excited than his own.

The old man drew a packet from underneath his pillow,

which he presented me, adding "Apprehending I might not live to see you, I had prepared this for your perusal."

I tore open the packet, and read the confirmation of my suspicions. At this moment Rebecca entered, and I clasped to my bosom my niece, my brother's child!

To render this apparent mystery intelligible to my readers, I must inform them that early in life, having by an imprudent marriage, (if a union with a woman whose only fault was her want of fortune, may be termed such,) given offence to my relations, I had left my native country, and obtained the curacy of B——, from which I was inducted by Sir Edward Danville, whose son had been my pupil, to the living I at present hold.

From the time of my departure I had received no intelligence of home, as my brother could hold no communication with me whatever. I now, however, delayed not a moment to write him a full account of this providential discovery. In a few days I had the pleasure to embrace my relative, and to present to him his long lost child.

It may not here be improper to observe that the old man whom I had reconciled to my brother, and consoled with the assurance that our exertions should be employed to obtain a remission of his son's sentence, received with gratitude my religious instructions and consolations; and died in the full hope of pardon, and in dependance on Him who in the "eleventh hour" hath mercy.

The sequel may be readily conceived. Henry Danville ere long returned to his native country, and, with the entire approbation of his father, united his fate with Rebecca.

Scarcely twelve months have past, since I was summoned to answer at the font for the son and heir of Sir Henry Danville, who, by the death of his father had succeeded to his estates.

CHARLES M.

A QUESTION.

What is it that is content with the smallest quantity, and is yet never satisfied?—*Vanity.*

TO THE NEW-BORN.

OH! newly enter'd on a stage,
 With scenes discordant teeming,
 Where various conflicts all engage,
 From ardent youth to listless age,
 Where joy is but a seeming ;
 And hope a vain delusive light—
 A glittering meteor, falsely bright,
 Upon our pathway beaming,
 That lures the traveller on his way,
 Nor leaves him till the latest ray
 Of life's faint lamp is gleaming.

Launch'd on a rough and stormy sea,
 Hast thou no chart to guide thee?
 Yes, He, blest babe, will deign to be
 A guardian, father, friend, to thee,
 When danger is beside thee ;
 At whose command the thunders roll,
 Who stills the tempest of the soul,
 To him will we confide thee ;
 And trusting to his bounteous care,
 Check every rising doubt and fear,
 For what may yet betide thee.

Then boldly venture on thy path,
 By peril though surrounded,
 Thou need'st not fear the tempest's wrath,
 The hand of Heaven it's fury hath,
 In sov'reign goodness bounded :
 And though thy course appear to us
 Uncertain, vain, and hazardous—
 'Tis all by Fate directed ;
 Thy little bark is not in vain,
 Launch'd on life's restless foaming main,
 Nor is it unprotected.

Her gayest robe creation wears,
 To greet the new-arrived
 So bright and beautiful appears
 Each charm, as tho' from other spheres,
 It's lustre were derived ;

Then come, for oh! existence hath
 To scatter on thy future path,
 In store, a thousand pleasures!
 Which of them all thy choice will be?
 Shall science light his torch for thee,
 Revealing hidden treasures?

Or Genius with a fadeless wreath
 Thy youthful brow encircle;
 Or Wit his polish'd shafts bequeath;
 Or glorious deeds for thee achieve,
 The laurel and the myrtle?
 Shall scenes of danger, toil, and strife,
 Or the more tranquil walks of life
 Engage thy active spirit?
 Will Fortune's sunbeam on the shine?
 Or will that humbler lot be thine,
 Earth's lowliest sons inherit?

Whate'er the part for thee design'd
 On this wide sphere of action;
 May virtue round thy growing mind,
 Each nobler impulse firmly bind,
 O'er-ruling every passion;
 And whether joy's enliv'ning ray
 Illume, or sorrow dim, thy day—
 Truth, cherub form of beauty,
 Attract thy steps to her abode,
 And guide thee thro' life's checquer'd road,
 In the right path of duty.

Dear babe, if to thy future years
 So sure a guide be given;
 Through life, a doubtful voyage appears
 It's bark—a freight of hopes and fears,
 Forth to the wild winds driven;
 Yet, if this grand, this polar star,
 But kindly teach thee from afar,
 To shun impending danger;
 With such a fav'ring convoy blest,
 The harbour of eternal rest,
 Shall greet the new-come stranger.

THE BLUE ROUT.

Stars of their own, and their own stars they know.

Dryden's Virgil.

In what will all this ostentation end.—*Roscommon.*

It is now, my dear Barbara, three months since I came to this wonderful place, yclept London—a second Babylon, full of anomalies and marvels of every kind and description. But, amidst all the entertainments, and scenes I have yet witnessed, none have either astonished, horrified or diverted me more, than one at which I was present a few evening's since,—its designation “The Deep Blue Rout.” I think I hear you exclaim, “Surely such are the rendezvous alone of the privileged few; how, then, in the name of all that is wonderful, did you, my friend, who never in your life could make two lines jingle in decent rhyme, contrive to gain admittance to this same coterie of Ceruleans?” Now, *écoutez*, Barbara,—a friend at court is a famous passport, and so I found it upon this occasion; for, in truth, I owe my peep at the mysteries of “the Club” —to one who shines a star of the first order amongst that set of fifth or sixth rate literati, who meet upon such occasions to enjoy three or four hours of flattery, satire, and exclusiveness, rejoicing in the idea of having none of equivocal *tint* admitted into their sanctum sanctorum. After driving through many a narrow and dismal street, on the “unknown” side of Oxford-street, our carriage at length stopped in one more gloomy than all the rest, at the house which has the great honour of sheltering a certain lady of “Historic Memoir” celebrity. Imagine the state of perturbation into which so little, so insignificant a person as myself, must have been thrown, whilst crossing the threshold of the redoubtable spinster, into whose presence I was so immediately to be ushered.

A dirty, untidy maid servant (whether affected with the same mania as her mistress, I did not stop to inquire, although the similarity of their personal appearance afterwards gave rise to some such notions on my part, (came to the door, holding in her hand a farthing candle, making darkness just visible; thinking, I presume, further radiance quite unnecessary, to those about to enter a magic circle,

illumined and made brilliantly dazzling with "*blue lights.*" She led the way up two flights of carpetless stairs, (remember this, in the depth of winter, snow on the ground, and the temperature of the air wondrous few degrees above zero,) threw open the door of the honoured apartment, and announced "*La Corinne Anglaise,*" under whose protecting patronage I was to be tolerated in this circle of wit and talent.

Immediately, not less than three pairs of arms were flung around my friends, whilst shouts of "*my dearest Corinna, my lovely Improvisatrice,*" rang in my ears, during the space of full three minutes. Corinna, from habit has become apparently reconciled to the flattery, which she would have shunned with horror upon her first entrance into the world of "*Blues.*" Now, she tolerated (or, perhaps, enjoyed,) her reception with evident composure. However, this kissing and hugging ended.—I (who had stood at the door, like a condemned criminal) was formally introduced; received a tolerating smile from the awful female historian, and was severed from my friend and only acquaintance there, to be placed by the side of a withered spinster of forty-five, who was declared an authorized member of the party, having, during the preceding week, announced as ready for publication, a "*Volume of Tales:*" the principle of which were "*Angelina, or the Victim of Blighted Hopes,*" and the "*Miseries of Marriage;*" considering himself, of course, a very competent judge of these matters.

I soon began to imagine my neighbour deaf and dumb; no replies could I obtain to any of my innocent remarks: but scornful curlings of the mouth, accompanied by contemptuous glances at my person, were every now and then directed over her shoulder, significantly conveying the queries—*who are you?—what has authorised you to intrude yourself among us?* Presently she crossed to the other side of the room, and said in a too audible whisper, "*Certainly not one of us—a blue gown? Humph—she shall borrow none of my ideas, however, for I took good care to lock up my treasure-box of information *recherché,* so long as I remained near her, for fear of a plagiarism; which, you know, I could not have declared to the world; none of my original ideas having *yet* appeared in print."*

Barbara, would you believe it, my pretty, favourite blue dress gave rise to this tirade; for I afterwards learnt, that the gown declared my caste upon my entrée, so that I could not even pass for one of the "to be's." Blue is a prohibited colour; it never appears in the dress of any of the initiated, although the lamps of their minds burn of no other tint.

Half an hour's silence afforded me time for observation. An authoress's drawing room, (by the way, I beg many an authoress's pardon, for I mean the drawing-room of a "Cerulean,") I soon discovered, by no means realized my "beau ideale" of comfort or of elegance. Winter, I have before said, it was; but fire,—alas! there was next to none: a dying spark in the midst of a quantity of black dust, ycleped coal, might, certainly, be discovered by those who were not very short-sighted; but all the present company, save my unfortunate, shivering self, were "blue;" and, consequently, too well warmed by their own self-love, and the delightful rich cordial, (known to us by the name of flattery,) which each was receiving from the other, and most eagerly swallowing, under the delusive appellation of "breathings of sincerity," to feel any of that chilliness, which, at this season, affects those not so well defended against its attacks by the comfortable cloak of *literary quackery*. The chimney smoked,—that was a trifle: though, in the North, 'tis pronounced to be, next to a scolding wife, one of the greatest miseries of life. A thick layer of dust covered each chair and table, to the certain destruction of white muslins, silks and satins. Such a circumstance, however, imported naught to the literary maitresse herself; her robe being of that equivocal brown hue, which, in all probability, had once been meant for black, but which, from colour as well as shape, ought to be preserved for a frontispiece to the next Number of the *Antiquarian Archæologia*. An old spinet, another piece of true antiquity, stood in the corner of the apartment: I guessed it to have been manufactured at the remote period when our great-great-great-grandmothers were, in their girlish love of novelty, sighing for some new-fashioned instrument to take place of the virginals of which they had become quite tired. A few old family pictures, representing faces quite

as handsome as that of their present owner, graced the walls. Books and papers, of course, lay here, there, and every where.

Now came refreshment for the body: the coffee was thick; tea, the ambrosia of old maids (and here they were decidedly in the majority,) was cold and weak, of a pale, mawkish tint, very like that of the queen of night, when she is bold enough to show her face rather too early in the evening; and cakes—they shall pass without comment, for their looks “I liked not overmuch.”

At this time, fifteen females and *one* poor, unfortunate man, who had ensconced himself in a corner, formed our party; although I heard the arrival of many a lion and lioness pronounced as certain in the course of the evening: of this I was assured by a good-natured non-blue, who, perhaps, in pity for my apparently forlorn condition, condescended every now and then to address a few cursory and common-place remarks to me. “Hush!” suddenly exclaimed a “Tabby Blue,” at my other elbow, “observe the door; Doctor Multum-in-Parvo is expected to make his appearance every minute; look at him well: you must” said she with a sneer, “even in the commonest, and least literary society, have heard what an *oracle* he is! Wonderful versatility of talent,—astonishing powers of mind—a born genius: treatises upon music, painting, astronomy and optics, as well as a thick octavo upon ‘L’Arte Cuisiniere,’ his chef d’œuvre, have successfully issued from his pen, and alike proclaim his erudition and his fame.” The curse of writing is an endlese itch, thought I. Thanking my sarcastic informant for knowledge I had contrived to obtain even in the ordinary, and non-blue circle of society, in which it had been my lot to move, and somewhat curious to see this most learned lion, I steadily watched the door. Presently, in shuffled the mighty man himself, a true personification of Shakspeare’s sixth age of life, when the man, who was “broader than broad,” and big with his own importance “sinks into the lean and slippered pantaloon, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side;” and truly, my friend, you will think his pouch could have been of no very ordinary dimensions, when I name to you some of its contents:—now, all attention, for here they come,

one after another, all of his own invention and manufacturing:—soap!—a jar of portable soup!—a box of patent tooth-powder!—and handful of exquisite lozenges! all of which were duly presented to a tremendously painted blue flirt, (who seemed alternately coquetting with men and literature,) as an offering upon introduction, to be repaid at sight, in coin current of the blue club, FLATTERY. During the ceremony of presentation, Mr. Toady, the doctor's constant attendant, his double it would seem, for where the one is, there will the other be, entreated Lady Rougette, in a "blue whisper," to request a song from the Doctor, whose voice and compositions, (for he seldom or ever condescended to chaunt other folks' words or airs,) were alike ravishing and delightful: of course, the Doctor could not refuse a fair lady's solicitations; he shuffled towards the spirit, dived into the pouch, "deeper and deeper still," and at last succeeded in finding and placing before him a two-inch square piece of music paper, covered with dots and words, intelligible only to his own comprehension: all preliminaries settled, and the hems! over, something was squeaked forth in tremulous tones, that told of the "big, manly voice turning again towards childish treble, piping and whistling in its sound," but which all the "Blues," as soon as the final chord was struck, applauded and encored most vociferously; at the same time pronouncing it exquisite, beautiful, and a wonderful proof of the English musical taste. The works of Rossini and Weber, and the most fashionable foreign composers of the day, sunk into pitiable insignificance before such a splendid specimen of native genius. My unlucky laugh passed for applause; otherwise I might (for God only knows the effect of "blue" wrath,) have been politely shown the door. An innocent caterer for originals, autographs, &c. &c. requested the MS. for her Album, but was told, such a thing was impossible: the precious *scrap* was again safely deposited in the pouch, *there* to be secure from the unhallowed gaze of the public eye, until such time as it appears in all its own splendour, to dazzle mankind, amongst the Doctor's posthumous works.

By this time bodies and souls had multiplied in the apartment: I cast my eyes around, in order to catch a

glimpse of Corinna, who, at that very moment, I beheld (her black eyes sparkling with eager enthusiasm, and her lips scarce able to restrain the words she longed to utter) pushing her way through the blue crowd; I approached her; but she waived me off, entreating that I would not for ten thousand worlds impede her progress towards perfect bliss; but granted me permission to follow her. "Gracious heavens," thought I, "what is Corinna's fancy at, at this moment? the girl seems nearly frantic; however, a buzz, amidst which the words head-dress and pantaloons were loudly sounded, caught my attention as it went through the "blue crowd." I marvelled how such things could be coupled in any shape, but followed my friend, whom, to my utter amazement, I presently saw kissing, and touching with a poetic fervour a lady's turban "a la Grecque;" and overheard these words energetically uttered: "Oh my very dearest Mrs. Highbirth, you must indeed pardon this very, very great liberty. My ardent impulse to see, to touch such an invaluable relic, impelled me to the deed; is it, my dear Madam, *indeed* true, what I have heard related of its origin? Oh do, I beseech you, very dear lady, tell me! I shall indeed die this very, very moment, unless you gratify my ardent curiosity!"

"Yes, child," replied Mrs. Highbirth tartly, (and looking, Barbara, for all the world like your poor thin-lipped friend Bridget Crab, with a ramrod run down her back) "it's very true; my husband, Mr. Highbirth, brought them himself from Greece; they were really Prince Mavrocordato's pantaloons, which Madame Tocque, my milliner, has fashioned into this Grecian turban." (Here Corinna again saluted the said turban with renewed enthusiasm.) "Indeed, child, you may well worship such a unique, nothing else like it in the kingdom." Now, Barbara, can you imagine any thing more absurd than the "Mania Blue," which induces people to commit such fooleries: the woman looked a perfect fright in her coarse blue and white striped calico turban, although, to be sure, she would have looked worse than plain without it. She went about, "Morality's prim personification," saying ill-natured things to every person, and endeavouring to pull each from the favourite hobby-horse he or she was riding at

full gallop. It, however, would not do ; the many heeded her not, and those who could spare a moment from themselves and their own importance, merely observed that such "IRRITABLE SPIRITS" as Mrs. Highbirth, should stay at home, and not endeavour to mar the pleasure of persons disposed to be so happy, and in such good humour with themselves, as those assembled on the present occasion. Upon a sofa, in the midst of a coterie of male blues, all ugly, conceited, and bilious-looking, lolled a fine girl, the envy of all the women, half enveloped in a crimson silk cloak, and raising the laugh, and extorting the compliments from each of her "papillons jaunes," by the gross things she uttered, intending them for wit. Oh! Barbara, I heard such a speech! I would not for the world repeat it,—my face crimsoned in an instant, and I was in an agony for Rosalie, who I thought had committed herself inadvertently: I stole a glance at her: I blushed deeper to see her perfectly composed, and greedily devouring the compliments awarded her, as the merit of what was deemed, her exceedingly brilliant "jeu d'esprit." I now began to feel uncomfortable and disgusted, I longed to withdraw from the Blues: and thought of our quiet little society in the village of W——, recollecting all Mrs. Propriety's lessons upon decorum of manner, and speech, and hastened as fast as possible from Rosalie and her circle, who, I concluded, would judge her pretty severely as soon as she was beyond hearing. In my progress towards the remotest corner of the room, I nearly stumbled over Miss Lucretia Mywork, a little, short, fat woman, with the most spiteful countenance in the world: her withered person was attired in the garb of youthful sixteen; although her figure was the very antipodes of every thing juvenile or graceful. She accosted me with; "Have you read my book?—What! not read my work? Oh, then I've done with you!" with which she turned off to a quartett—of real "blues;" and was joyfully relieved from the mortification of my negative reply, by listening to the most fulsome praises of her sweet "Tales," her affecting "Romanettes," which had made them weep for hours; but which, as soon as she moved away to repeat the same queries to a third set, each "blue" began to dub the most arrant trash ever

penned, even too bad for the Minerva press! So much for your "breathings of sincerity," thought I! I grew weary and angry, urged my friend Corinna (whom such society will ultimately ruin unless she be immediately torn from it) to quit the house, thinking the scene I had witnessed a species of contamination which I ought to shun as I would the plague; and great indeed shall I rejoice at the total annihilation and destruction of the Deep Blue Club, and most gladly its requiem would I sing. Adieu my dear Barbara, believe me your affectionate friend.

THE MILK GIRL'S SONG.

How sweet the dewy breath of morn,
 How cheering blows the gentle gale;
 What beauteous streaks the sky adorn,
 What odours from the earth exhale:
 Drowsy mortals never know
 The sweets that morning can bestow.

Morning on her balmy wings,
 From ev'ry flow'r that blows around,
 To those a grateful tribute brings,
 Who early trod th' enamel'd ground!
 Drowsy mortals never know
 The sweets that morning can bestow.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love-stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passions as mere fictions of novelists and poets: My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that, however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest

bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my sex: but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely female into an early grave. Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventures; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart. To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs. It wounds some feelings of tenderness, it blasts some prospects of felicity: but he is an active being; he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, sacked, abandoned, and left desolate. How many bright eyes grow dim, how many soft cheeks turn pale, how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, and tearing its heartstrings, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and

silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself: but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—“dry sorrow drinks her blood,” until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to “darkness and the worm.” You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual disposition, that laid her low; but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.—She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be fresh and luxuriant. We see it dropping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and, as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.—I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first system of disappointed love.

PASSION.

A child may be *taught* to control his passions, but authority will never *compel* him to do it.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

WAKE, soldier!—wake!—thy war-horse waits,
 To bear thee to the battle back ;—
 Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates ;—
 Thy dog would break thy bivouac ;—
 Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
 And thy red faulchion gathering rust !

Sleep, soldier!—sleep!—thy warfare o'er,
 Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
 Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
 With summons to the battle-plain ;
 A trumpet-note more loud and deep,
 Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep !

Thou need'st nor helm nor cuirass, now,
 —Beyond the *Grecian* hero's boast,—
 Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
 Nor shrink before a myriad host,—
 For head and *heel* alike are sound,
 A thousand arrows cannot wound !

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
 With that wild, widowed look she wore
 The day—how long to her it seems!—
 She kissed thee, at the cottage door,
 And sickened at the sounds of joy
 That bore away her only boy !

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait,
 To hear thy bugle on the blast ;
 Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
 And bid her home to thee, at last ;—
 He cannot tell a sadder tale
 Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
 When last—and far away—she heard its lingering
 echoes fail !

THE FATAL TALISMAN,

The close resemblance which the manners, habits, and practices of the disciples of Mahomet bear to the delineations in the Arabian Nights, warrants us in concluding, that the March of Intellect has not been so rapid in Turkey as in our own favored isle, many centuries having elapsed without bearing on their tide the scum of barbarism. The following anecdote of the present Sultan of Turkey and Ali Pacha, (related by Lady Hester Stanhope, for many years a resident at Djouni,) will serve to illustrate these observations.

The growing power of the Pacha of Egypt had long been the cause of uneasiness to the Sublime Porte. It was feared at Stamboul, that Mahmet Ali would some day throw off the yoke of the successor to the Caliphate. In vain the perfidious policy of the seraglio despatched Capidgi Bashis, armed with the bowstring and the dagger, to the capital of the Pyramids;—in vain its treacherous agents endeavoured by poison or stratagem, to rid the Porte of a dangerous rival. Mahmet Ali was too well warned by his spies at Constantinople of the toils which were spread around him, to suffer himself to fall into the snare.

At length the Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon adopting a scheme which should be so cleverly devised, and involved in such impenetrable secrecy, that it was impossible it could fail of success. He had in the harem a beautiful Georgian slave, whose innocence and beauty fitted her, in the Sultan's eyes, for the atrocious act of perfidy, of which she was to be the unsuspecting agent.

The belief in talismans is still prevalent throughout the East; and perhaps even the enlightened Mahmoud himself, is not superior to the rest of his nation in matters of traditional superstition. He sent one day for the fair Georgian, and affecting a great love for her person, and desire to advance her interests, told her that it was his imperial will to send her to Egypt, as a present to Mahmet Ali, whose power and riches were as unbounded as the regions over which he held the sway of a sovereign prince, second to no one in the universe but to himself, the great Padisha. He observed to her how much happiness would fall to her lot, if she could

contrive to captivate the affections of the master for whom he designed her; that she would become as it were the queen of Egypt, and would also reign over boundless empires. But in order to insure to her so desirable a consummation of his imperial wishes for her welfare and happiness, he would present her with a talisman, which he then placed upon her finger.

“Watch,” said he, “a favorable moment, when the Pacha is lying on your bosom, to drop this ring into a glass of water, which, when he shall have drunk, will give you the full possession of his affections, and render him your captive for ever.”

The unsuspecting Georgian accepted eagerly the lot which was offered to her, and, dazzled by its promised splendour, determined upon following the instructions of the Sultan to the very letter.

In the due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite, and many slaves bearing rich presents.—Mahmet Ali's spies had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety. He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but, after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to his *intimate friend*, Billel Aga, the Governor of Alexandria, of whom, by-the-bye, the Pacha had long been jealous. The poor Georgian having lost a Pacha, thought she must do the best to captivate an Aga, and she administered to him the fatal draught in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mahmet Ali. The Aga fell dead upon the floor; the Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands; in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master.

When the Georgian was accused of poisoning the Aga, she calmly denied the fact. “What did you give him?” was the question. “I gave him a glass of water, into which I had dropped a talisman. See! there is the glass, and there is the ring.” The ring, it was true, remained, but the *stone* which it had encircled was *melted in the water*.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

He has left the vale of tears,
 While yet a child in years,
 For that celestial shore,
 Where grief disturbs no more ;
 Where reigns the Saviour of mankind,
 Where broken hearts a refuge find.

For many a lonesome hour
 Pain only was his dower,
 But, oh ! there was a ray,
 Changing sorrow's night to day—
 The ray of hope which faith inspires,
 When wane the Christian's vital fires.

When his spirit wing'd his flight
 To the regions of delight ;
 When corruption off he threw,
 What a joy supreme he knew.
 " I come, Lord Jesus, unto thee,"
 He falter'd—then his soul was free !

Few may thus resign their breath,
 And expire so sweet a death ;
 Affection's, not grief's, tear,
 Bedewed the early bier
 Of the departed, borne to rest—
 We felt that he had joined the blest.

Oh ! deem not that the bloom
 Of health can cheat the tomb ;
 'Tis the young who first descend
 To the bourne, where all must wend.
 So live, that when thy time is nigh,
 Thou may'st, like him we mourn for, die.

THE OLD QUEEN AND YOUNG COUNTRY GIRL.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.—*Johnson.*

THERE was upon a time an old Queen, so very far stricken in years that her majesty was toothless and bald : her head shook and trembled perpetually, like the leaves of an aspen ; and her sight was so dim, that spectacles were of no longer use to her ; her mouth was almost hid by the near approach of the nose to the chin ; her stature was so diminished, that she was shrunk into a shapeless heap ; and her back was so bowed, that you would have thought she had been crooked from her infancy.

A fairy, who assisted at the birth of this queen, came to her and said, “ Do you desire to grow young again ? ”— “ Most earnestly,” replied the queen ; “ I would part with all my jewels to be but twenty.” “ Then,” continued the fairy, “ it will be necessary to make an exchange, and to transfer your age and infirmities to some one who will be contented to spare you her youth and health. To whom, therefore, shall we give your hundred years ? ”

Hereupon the Queen gave orders to make diligent inquiry throughout the kingdom, for a person who might be willing to barter youth for age, upon a valuable consideration. When these orders were publicly known, a great many poor people, from all parts, flocked to the court ; all of them desirous to be made old and rich : but, when they had seen the queen at dinner, hideous in her infirmities, trembling and coughing over a mess of water-gruel, and doating ever and anon as she spoke, not one was inclinable to take up the burden of her years. They chose rather to live by begging, and to enjoy youth and health in rags. There came, likewise, a crowd of ambitious persons, to whom she promised great dignities and the highest honours : but when they had seen her ; “ What will all our grandeur avail,” said they, “ when we shall appear so frightful as to be ashamed to shew ourselves in public ? ”

At last there came a young country girl, whose name

was Mopsy, in full bloom ; who demanded no less than the crown, as an equivalent for her youth and beauty. The queen immediately grew angry ; but to what purpose ? she was bent upon renewing her vigour at any rate, and she said to Mopsy, " Let us divide my kingdom, and share alike : you shall reign over one half, and I will content myself with the other : this will be power enough in conscience for you, who are but a little, mean peasant." " No," replies the girl, " I am not so easily satisfied ; let me enjoy my obscure condition and my rosy complexion, and much good may it do your majesty with your hundred years and your wrinkles, and more than one foot in the grave." " But then," says the queen, " what should I be able to do without my kingdom?" " You would laugh, you would dance, you would sing, like me," answers the young gipsy ; and immediately she broke out into laughter, and danced and sung. The queen, who was far from being in a condition to imitate her jollity, said ; " And what would you do in my place ? you are neither accustomed to old age, nor empire." " I cannot well say," answers this country lass, " what I should do, but I have a great mind to try it a little ; for I have always heard it is a fine thing to be a queen."

When the two parties seemed now disposed to an agreement, and were ready to strike the bargain, in comes the fairy ; and, addressing herself to Mopsy, said, " Are you willing to make trial of the condition of an old queen ; and see first how you like it, before you resolve upon the change in good earnest?" " With all my heart," replies the girl. Her forehead is instantly furrowed with wrinkles, her chestnut hair turns white, she grows peevish and morose, her head shakes, her teeth are loose, and she is already an hundred years old. The fairy then opens a little box, and lets out a multitude of officers and courtiers of both sexes, richly appalled, who soon shot up into the full stature of men and women, and paid their homage to the new queen. She is conducted to her chair of state, and a costly banquet is immediately set before her : but, alas ! she has no appetite, and cannot bear the fumes of the table : her limbs fail her when she tries to walk ; she is awkward and bashful, and in a maze ; she knows not how to speak, nor which

way to turn herself; she calls for a looking glass; and is startled at her own deformity; and she coughs till her sides ache.

In the mean time the true queen stands in a corner of the room by herself; she laughs, and begins to grow handsome. Her temples are shaded with hair, and she renews her teeth; her cheeks glow with youth, and her forehead is fair and smooth. And now she begins to recollect her youthful airs and virgin coyness; and sets her person out to the best advantage. But she is troubled to find herself but meanly appavelled: her coats short and scanty, and her waistcoat of a coarse woollen stuff; she was not used to be thus poorly equipped; and one of her own guards, who took her for some rude creature, went to turn her out of the palace.

Then said Mopsy to her, "I perceive you are not a little uneasy in my condition, and I am much more weary of your's; take your crown again and give me back my russet garment." The exchange was soon made; as soon the queen withered, and the virgin-peasant bloomed afresh. The restitution was hardly completed on both sides, when each began to repent; but it was too late, for the fairy had now condemned them both to remain in their proper condition.

The queen bewailed herself daily upon the smallest indisposition: "Alas!" would she say, "if I was Mopsy at this time, I should sleep indeed in a cottage, and feed upon chesnuts; but then, by day, I should dance in the shade with the shepherds, to the sweet music of the pipe. What am I happier for lying in an embroidered bed, where I am never free from pain? or, for my numerous attendants, who have not the power to relieve me?"

Her grief for having forfeited her choice increased her indispositions; and the physicians (who were twelve in number) constantly attending her, soon brought her distempers to a height. Briefly, she died at the end of two months. Mopsy was in the midst of a dance with her companions, on the bank of a running stream, when tidings came of the queen's death; then she blessed herself that she had escaped from royalty, more through good-fortune and impatience, than through forecast and resolution.

THE PILGRIM KNIGHT.

A BALLAD.

“ Oh ! lady fair ! a pilgrim waits
 Admittance at thy castle gates ;
 Straight from the holy land comes he,
 With news of the lord who is over the sea.”—
 “ Lady, shall I, thy humble thrall,
 Dare to admit him within thy wall ?”—
 “ Show him at once to the castle hall !”
 Then downward hied that lowly thrall,
 And ushered him into the castle hall.

“ Oh ! lowly thrall !” said the holy man,
 As to look around him he began,—
 “ Say, oh ! say, does thy lady fair,
 Still for her lord, her duty bear ?”
 “ Ay, duly, morning, noon, and night,
 Mourns she, and prays for her absent knight !”
 “ ’Tis well, ’tis well !” the pilgrim said,
 And he muffled his mantle around his head,
 As forward by love and duty sped,
 Was heard the lady’s gentle tread.

“ Oh ! holy man ! now tell me true !
 Bear’st thou the news that I must rue ?
 Or is my Wilfred alive and well,
 Whatever thy tidings, oh ! quickly tell !”
 “ Oh ! lady fair, thy Wilfred lives,
 And this ring by me to thee he gives !
 For he gazes on one he loves as well,
 As ever he loved thee, Isabel !”
 Then down on the floor that lady fell,
 For she knew that terrible token well !
 She knew he was false, or else—that ring,
 He would trust none but himself to bring !

“ Isabel ! Isabel ! open thine eyes !
 Tis Wilfred himself that frantic cries !
 Awake ! revive ! or I must rue
 For ever this mumming !—thy Wilfred’s true !”



Fainted by Witherington.

Engraved by A. W. Warren.

HARRY AND HIS DOG.

He tore the mantle from off his breast ;
 The chaplet of beads from round his vest ;
 His armour appeared, and the well known crest,
 Sir Wilfred of Wivenhoe stood confess'd !
 Long were he and his Isabel blest,
 Of maidens the fairest, and knights the best !
J. W———D.

HARRY LEWINGTON AND HIS DOG.

BY MISS M. R. MITFORD.

" Beg, Frisk, beg !" said little Harry Lewington, as he sate in state on an inverted basket, at his grandmother's door discussing, with great satisfaction, a huge porringer of bread and milk, whilst his sister Annie, who had already dispatched her breakfast, sate on the ground opposite to him, now twisting the long wreaths of the convolvulus-major into garlands—now throwing them away. " Beg, Frisk, beg !" repeated Harry, holding a bit of bread just out of the dog's reach ; and the obedient Frisk squatted himself on his hind legs, and held up his fore-paws, in patient supplication, until it pleased Master Harry to bestow upon him the tempting morsel.

The little boy and the little dog were great friends, notwithstanding that Harry, in the wantonness of power, would sometimes tease and tantalize his poor pet more than a good boy should have done. Frisk loved him dearly, much better than he did Annie, although Annie gave him every day part of her breakfast, without making him beg, and would tie pretty ribbons round his neck, and pat and stroke his rough head for half an hour together. Harry was Frisk's prime favorite ; perhaps because the little dog, being himself of a merry disposition, liked the boy's lively play better than the girl's gentle caresses ; perhaps because he recollected that Harry was his earliest patron and firmest friend, during a time of great trouble ; quadrupeds, of his species, having a knack of remembering past kindness, which it would do the biped, called man, no harm to copy.

Poor Frisk had come as a stray dog to Aberleigh. If he could have told his own story it would probably have been a very pitiful one, of distresses and wanderings, of hunger and

foul weather, of kicks and cuffs, and all "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." Certain it is that he made his appearance at Mrs. Lewington's door, in miserable plight, wet, dirty, and half starved; that there he encountered Harry, who took an immediate fancy to him, and Mrs. Lewington, who drove him off with a broom; that a violent dispute ensued between the good dame and her grandson; Harry persisting in inviting him in, Mrs. Lewington in frightening him away; that at first it ended in Frisk's being established as a sort of out-door pensioner, subsisting on odds and ends, stray bones, and cold potatoes, surreptitiously obtained for him by his young protector, and sleeping in the identical basket, which, turned topsy-turvy, afterwards served Harry for a seat; until at length Mrs. Lewington, who had withstood the incessant importunity of the patron, and the persevering humility of his client, was propitiated by Frisk's own doggish exploit in barking away a set of pilferers, who were making an attack on her great pear tree, and so frightening the thieves, that they not only scampered off in all haste, but left behind them their implements of thievery, a ladder, two baskets, and a sack. The good dame being thus actually a gainer by the intended robbery, and so well satisfied with Frisk's conduct, that she not only admitted him into her house, but considered him as one of her most vigilant and valuable inmates, worth all the watchmen that ever sprung a rattle.

The new guard proved to be a four-footed person of singular accomplishments. He could fetch or carry, either by land or by water; would pick up her thimble or cotton, if his old mistress happened to drop them; carry Annie's little pattens to school in case of a shower; or take Harry's dinner to the same place with unimpeachable honesty. Moreover, he was so strong on his hind legs, walked upright so firmly and gracefully, cut so many capers, and had so good an ear for music, that the more sagacious amongst the neighbours suspected him of having been, at least, the principal performer in a company of dancing dogs, even if he were not the learned Murito himself. Frisk and his exploits were the wonder of Aberleigh, where he had resided a twelvemonth with honor and credit to himself, and perfect satisfaction to all parties.

"Beg, Frisk, beg!" said Harry, and gave him, after

long waiting, the expected morsel; and Frisk was contented, but Harry was not. The little boy, though a good humoured fellow in the main, had fits of haughtiness which were apt to last all day, and this promised to be one of his worst. It was a holiday moreover, when he had nothing to do but to be naughty, and in the afternoon his cousins, Jane and William, were to come and see him and Annie, and the pears were to be gathered, and the children to have a treat; and Harry, in his impatience, thought the morning would never be over, and played such pranks by way of beguiling the time—buffeting Frisk for instance, burning his own fingers, cutting the curls off his sister's doll's flaxen wig, and finally breaking his grandmother's spectacles,—that before his visitors arrived, indeed almost immediately after dinner, he contrived to get sent to bed in disgrace.

Poor Harry! There he lay sprawling, kicking, and roaring, whilst Jane and William, and Annie, were happily busy about the fine mellow Windsor pears; William up the tree gathering and shaking, Annie and Jane catching them in their pinafores, and picking them up from the ground; now piling the rich fruit into the great baskets that the thieves had left behind; and now, happy urchins, eating at discretion of the nicest and ripest; Frisk barking gaily amongst them, as if he were eating Windsor pears too.

Poor Harry! He could hear all their glee and merriment, through the open window as he lay in bed, and the storm of passion having subsided into a gentle rain of self pity, there he lay weeping and disconsolate, a grievous sob bursting forth every now and then, as he heard the loud peal of childish laughter, and thought how he should have laughed, and how happy he should have been, and wondered whether his grandmother would so far relent as to let him get up to supper, and whether Annie would be so good-natured as to bring him a pear. "It will be very ill-natured if she does not," thought Harry, and the poor boy's tears burst anew. All on a sudden he heard a little foot on the stairs, pit-a-pat, and thought she was coming. Pit-a-pat came the foot, nearer and nearer, and at last a small head peeped, half afraid, through the half open door. But it was not Annie's head, it was Frisk's—poor Frisk whom Harry had been teasing all the morning, and who now came

into the room, wagging his tail with a great pear in his mouth, jumped up on the bed, and laid it in the little boy's hand.

And is not Frisk a fine grateful fellow! And does he not well deserve a share of Harry's breakfast, whether he begs for it or not?

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY MISS M. LEATHES BEEVOR.

Islet of yon ærial lake!
 Thy dewy lustre, dawns to bless
 Our eyes, when thou at eve dost wake
 All beauty, and all tenderness!
 Yet, sparkling pale, as if thou fear'd to throw
 One pitying ray upon our gloom below!

And *what* art thou — (so silv'ry bright
 Amid the depths of dark'ning grey;) —
 A fairy world of love and light,
 Of flow'ret, dance, and roundelay, —
 Where *music* hath a voice that mortal ear
 Might scarce in mortal life exist to hear?

Art thou an *Eden*, — in whose bowers
 The sons of earth fade never more;
 Which, sons of heav'n, (thy fruits and flowers
 To beautify and bless) steal o'er?
 While as the luscious air around thee sighs,
 It spreads their holy words, and symphonies!

Do parents meet their *lost* in thee,
 No more to languish, or to end?
 And in each wrathful enemy
 Of earth, do foemen hail a friend?
 Is there no death, — no malice in thy bowers,
 Whose light, whose life, are from the sun of ours?

Do lovers, breathe in thee a song
 To dear ones, scorning not their lay?

Do those, whom death hath sever'd long,
 Renew the plight of life's *first* day?
 Are love's deep sighs, and tears, and sorrows o'er,
 Oh! Star of Beauty, on thy tranquil shore?

Do minstrels in thee touch that lute
 Whose living strings own Heav'n's fire;
 Whose melodies may ne'er be mute,
 Nor lays of ecstasy expire?
 And doth not *envy* in thy saintly land
 Stifle the harpings of each master-hand?

Art thou an EDEN? dwell the fair,
 The lov'd, the blest, thy bowers within?
 Or, art thou, Star of Eve, so rare,
 So pure, a sphere of grief and sin?
 Nay, thy sweet crystal light,—meek, pitying, pale,
 Telleth to erring man a kindlier tale!

Great Marlow, Bucks.

CHIT-CHAT.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Their Majesties will go in state to each of the four performances in Westminster Abbey. The directors will wear full court dresses, but the company will only be expected to wear the usual morning dresses.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GERMANY.—Her Majesty intends visiting Germany, for which purpose His Majesty's yacht, the Royal George, Captain Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, is ready to leave Portsmouth for Woolwich to receive her furniture. The Royal Yacht Fleet intend accompanying her Majesty to the place of Royal disembarkation; and the different yachts at Cowes are preparing for the service. Lord Yarborough's Falcon is ready, and Lord Belfast's Water Witch is off Brighton.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF THE BELGIANS.—The infant son of King Leopold died on 16th of May, at Brussels. The prince laid in state for a few days in the chapel of the palace, which was put in mourning, and lighted up for the occasion. His royal highness was interred in the church of St. Gudule.

TRAVELLING—SIX INSIDE.—There are few who have not experienced either the pleasure or the misery of travelling six inside, even to the extent of Robert Cruikshank's delineation.

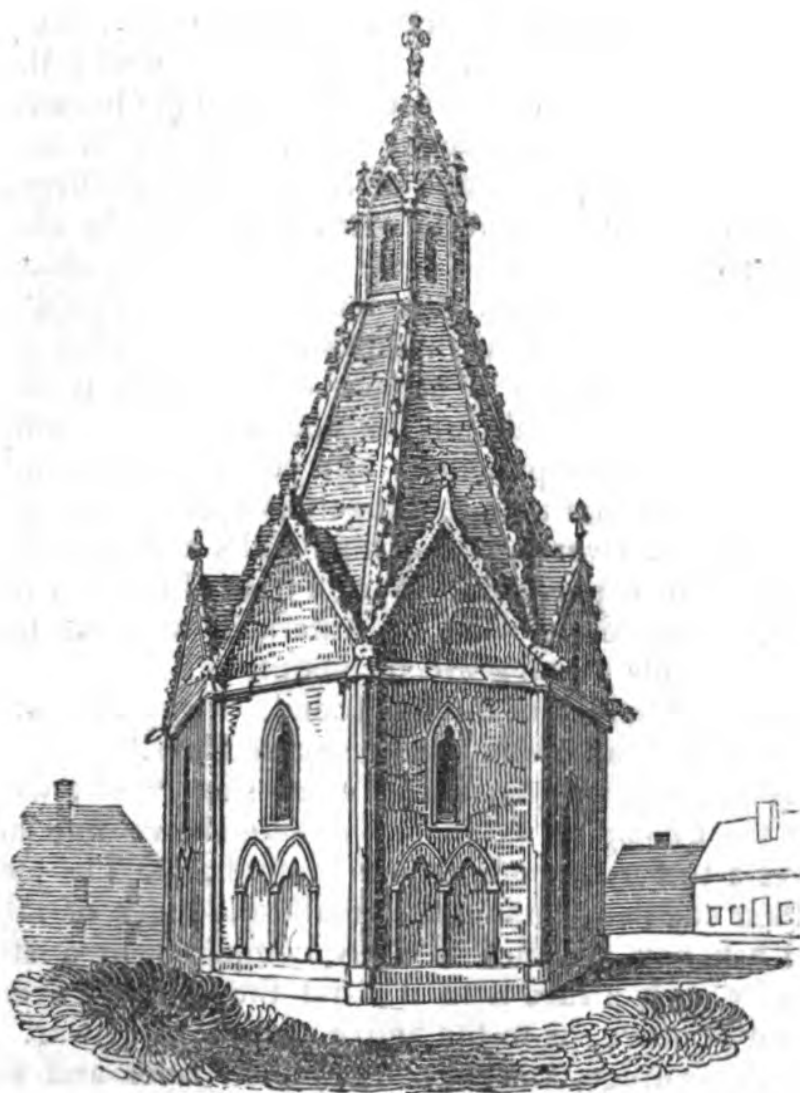


In the dog-days, fat or lean,
 With six inside have you been,
 Windows up, and tightly cramm'd,
 Between two flesh mountain's jamm'd ;
 Not a breath of air that's pure—
 Sick and young, and rich and poor :
 " Travellers strange things feel and see,"
 But *this* the worst of misery.

FOLLY OF THE AGE.—Scarcely an individual can be quoted who has succeeded within the last thirty years to a considerable fortune or estate, but has already ruined himself by the purchase of expensive furniture, pictures, sculpture, plate and equipages, for the mere purposes of display; and not two out of twenty men occupying a distinguished place in society, but annually exceed their income in the

attempt to rival the pomps and vanities of richer men. On the continent, on the other hand, people pride themselves rather upon doing wonders with small means, than upon the extent of their fortunes.

HEILINGSTADT.—Near the cathedral in this town, is a curious building, of which the subjoined illustration is a correct view.



In the interior is a representation of the Crucifixion with the Maries, &c. as large as life. Heilingstadt, which literally means the Holy City, is in Prussia, on the road to Gottingen, in the Hanoverian dominions; the neighbourhood of which is highly picturesque and romantic.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rue Saint Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain,
May 20, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The good Parisians must have a mania of one kind or other, and whether the object is great or small, the *furor* is for the time the same. We are now racing mad; the disorder has been coming on for some time, but the introduction of the steeple chase has brought it at last to a climax. The whole swarm of the population of Paris, its faubourgs, and even its banlieus, turned out to witness the steeple chase of Verrièrs. I could listen with some patience to the eulogiums which the men lavish upon this mad and dangerous sport, but when a lady tells me, with rapture, that nothing speaks to the imagination like a steeple chase; that it is unequalled in excitement both for the actors and spectators; I confess that I lose my patience; and you will not wonder at it when I tell you that a more dangerous sport could not have been selected. A river to cross, high walls and deep ditches in abundance to leap over: in short, a tract of country which, altogether, abounded in what an American amateur termed pretty considerable obstacles to surmount.

“And pray,” said I to my fair friend, “why cannot you be contented with a race in the *Champ de Mars*.”

“Heavens, what a question!” cried she, “why what is a race at the *Champ de Mars* but a mere shew: fine horses flying over a turf as smooth as your pretty hand. The jockeys firm in their saddles, without the smallest danger of falling. What, I ask you, is such a shew compared to a steeple chase? why such a race is to it what the military exercise, in the time of peace, is to the active operations of war. All the strength, courage, and sagacity of both rider and horse, are put into requisition to defy and overcome those dangers, which, if not surmounted, will cover them with the shame of defeat, and probably occasion also the loss of life.”

“As far as the poor horses are concerned, it is a thousand pities,” cried I, “but as to the two-legged animals, who are mad, I should rather say wicked, enough to risk their own

lives, and those of the noble beasts they ride, for *sport*, I really think they deserve whatever may happen to them."

"Nay, nay, my dear," said she, with *naiveté*, "be more tender to your own countrymen; remember that it is the English that first introduced this exhilarating spectacle among us. In fact, but for them we should never have known the delights of it."

This observation, which certainly was a true one, left me nothing to say, except that as the steeple chase was almost the only remnant of barbarism remaining among us, it was a pity our neighbours had imported it. Madame D'O——, however, would not agree with me, and when I saw her two days afterwards, she was in ecstasies at the beauty of the sight, and its *happy* termination; there was only one accident,—a jockey had his neck broken.

I think I hear you, my dear Maria, exclaim "what an inhuman woman!" I assure you, however, that she is not naturally so, but she is what most of her country people are, a slave to fashion. Pray Heaven, this mania may soon give place to one in which, at least, people will not risk their necks!

I must not, however, include all the French in my sweeping censure, for Madame D'O—— has a sister the very reverse of herself. It is impossible to find a person more amiable in the true English sense of the word, than Madame De C——. She resides, in general, in the country, but at present a law suit, in which her husband is engaged, has brought the family to Paris. I became acquainted with her by accident. One morning, as I was walking in the Tuileries gardens, I observed a children's maid, whose dress shewed that she was fresh from the country, playing with a little girl apparently about four years old. A young dandy, who was passing, turned to look at the *bonne*, and she perceiving herself noticed, increased her gambols with the child. "I am going to throw you into the water," said she, "shall I throw you into the water?" "No," answered the little thing, "poor mamma would not then have her little Pauline." This reply, which shewed a degree of feeling scarcely to be expected at that age, went to my heart, but it had no effect upon that of the *bonne*, who answered brutally, "Well, if she has not you, she can have another." As I looked at the

child, I perceived her little eyes fill with tears, and I was half tempted, at the moment, to ask the address of her mother, for I felt that the *bonne* was not a proper person to have the care of her.

It so chanced that two evenings after, I was speaking to mamma of the circumstance between the acts at the French opera. A lady who sat near me, listened attentively, and suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! surely it must have been my Pauline!" The exclamation led to a conversation between us, and the acquaintance commenced in this singular manner, has really proved a source of delight to mamma and me.

As Madame De C—— is staying with her sister, we became acquainted with the latter as a matter of course, but we soon found that although she might be an acquaintance, she could never be a friend. In fact, she has but one object in the world, that of being considered a woman of fashion. She looks with a sort of cold scorn upon all, however gifted by nature or fortune, who have not, what she considers indispensable, the stamp of fashion. As she is the elder of the two, and her sister remarkably pretty, she hoped to procure for her a brilliant establishment. She was almost in despair when Caroline accepted the hand of M. De C——, a man of easy fortune, of amiable manners, and passionately attached to her, but not in the least a man of fashion. She consoled herself, however, with the thought that M. De C——'s fortune would enable Caroline to make her *debut* in society as a *femme à la mode*; and when she found that instead of doing so, the newly married couple went to settle in the country, at a hundred and fifty miles from the capital, she thought it necessary to affect sentiment, and she stunned every one, who would listen to her, with lamentations on the fate of her *poor Caroline*, who was thus cruelly buried alive in the very flower of her youth and beauty. But when she found that the *poor Caroline* far from languishing in solitude, and cursing her destiny, always wrote in high spirits, and boasted of her happiness, she gave her up as incorrigible. "She is a poor spiritless creature," cried she, indignantly, "wholly undeserving of pity."

Though Madame De C—— is a woman of excellent sense, yet her affection for her sister blinds her, in some degree to her defects. "My poor sister is unfortunate in not having

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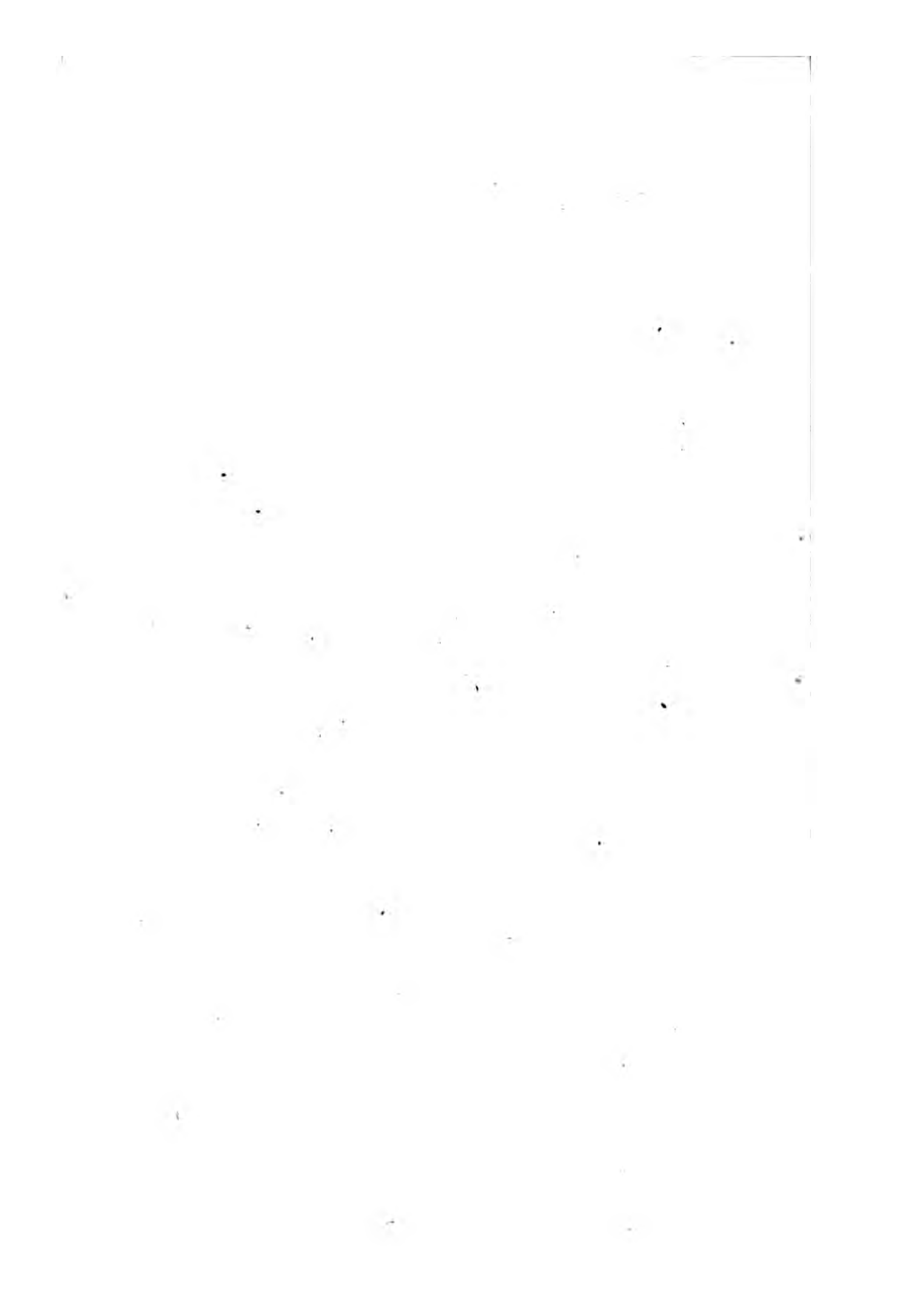
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Jos.^h Robins.



June. 1834.



children," said she to me the other day. "No doubt the want of them renders her so dissipated." I smiled without making any reply, for it was only that very morning that Madame D'O—— had been lamenting to me her want of children. "Ah!" said she, in a pathetic tone, "how blest I should be if I had two little girls as pretty as my sister's Pauline and Sophie! I should constantly dress them in white, both alike, with pretty little blue capotes. How much better my new caleche would look with those sweet little things along with me in it. No, there is nothing decks the front of a caleche like fine children."

Paris is getting thin at present, it would, indeed, be almost deserted but for the number of foreigners who are in it. The greater part of the French having either retired to their country houses, or gone to different watering places. The political horizon is still cloudy enough, but I now begin to get so accustomed to the rumours which are continually afloat of plots and insurrections, that they cease to affect me. Not so mamma, the late massacres have inspired her with such lively terror, that I am sure she never can believe herself in safety in this turbulent capital.

Adieu! Chère Amie!

Ever your

EMILY B——.

Miss Melmoth,
Fairlawn, &c. &c.

THE LADIES' TOILET.

WALKING DRESS.—Printed muslin robe, a white ground and small foulard pattern. The body is partially high, and made flat to the shape. Amadis sleeves. Canezon of fine clear cambric, of a stomacher shape, with deep *mancherons*, the continuation of which forms a trimming down the back and front of the bust. The ground of the canezon is embroidered on single sprigs, and the *mancherons* and neck frill finished at the edge in a scalloped pattern. Bonnet of rose-colored *gros de Naples*, wide and open brim, and high crown. A bouquet of flowers is placed in front of the crown; bands of rose-colored gauze ribbon complete the trimming.

EVENING DRESS.—Clear muslin robe, painted in columns of light fancy flowers and foliage. *Corsage* of the *demi* redingote form, with a pelerine lappel. The *corsage* cut low, and very open in the bosom, displays a white *tulle chemisette* plaited horizontally, and bordered with blond lace. The lappel falls low over the short bouffant sleeve. *Ceinture* of gauze ribbon to correspond with the dress, tied in bows and long ends before. The hair is parted on the forehead, dressed in light curls at the sides, and turned up behind in a single full bow. It is ornamented with a gold circlet. Gold earrings; pearl necklace.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

A great variety of new patterns have appeared in printed muslins, and even in fine calicos. The latter which had been out of favor for a long time are, we observe, adopted for morning promenade dress, by very genteel woman. Several of these robes are made in the *pelisse* style, that is to say, with a fold down the front, and a double pelerine, which is made either round, square, or in the heart style, these being the prevailing modes. A muslin collar is an indispensable appendage to these dresses; it is either embroidered or trimmed with lace. A crape handkerchief very richly flowered and tied *en sautoir*, or else a neck-knot of ribbon is generally added. We have seen printed muslin dresses made in this style, but we observe that, generally speaking, they are more in the robe form, half high bodies with draped fronts. They are always worn either with light summer shawls, or with worked muslin pelerines; the latter are more generally adopted.

We know not what another month may bring forth, but as a faithful reporter of fashions, we are obliged to declare that we have not hitherto perceived any actual novelty in the make of dresses. There are a great variety of materials and patterns, but with regard to the forms they remain the same, or so nearly the same, that the difference is scarcely perceptible. Thus the sleeve *en gigot*, is, as a dress-maker observed to us the other day, a *thought* wider at the lower part of the arm, but it still continues of immense size at the top. The skirts have lost nothing of their excessive width, and the bodies remain precisely what they have been for some months back.

Some of the new promenade bonnets appear to us exceedingly neat and appropriate, particularly those of fine Dunstable straw, of a very small but close kind, with a moderately high crown of the cottage shape, but not placed so backward. Some have a straw curtain at back, lightly turned up, others have a plaiting of the ribbon, which trims the bonnet. Taffety ribbons are those preferred, and we observe that some of the new ones are figured in a very rich, but we think heavy style. There is in all the new figured ribbons, a great mixture of green of different shades.

Although silk is still the favorite material in carriage dress, yet we have seen also several dresses of *mousseline de laine*, and *Salamporis croisé*; both these materials are of the finest cashmere wool, and of a half transparent kind. The patterns of both are extremely pretty; those of the *mousselines de laine* are quite different from any that have yet appeared. They are running patterns of flowers disposed obliquely, and not very thickly; they are small and beautifully shaded in various colors. Others are thickly strewed with single flowers of various kinds, but all small and in harmony with each other. The *Salamporis croisé* is a very soft and supple material; its consistence is between a *mousseline de laine* and a *chaly*. Some of the patterns are of the Turkish kind, small and very pretty. Others are flowered, they are large but not glaring.

These dresses are worn with mantelets of silk, or of lace lined with silk; both seem in equal favor, but we observe that the former are almost all green of the lighter shades. They are made with long scarf fronts and pelerine backs, and are always trimmed with lace. We observe that black is still predominant. One of the prettiest and most novel that we have seen of these mantelets, was composed of apple green *pou de soie*, lined with white sarsenet, and trimmed with a *ruche* of *tulle blonde* of a very light pattern. The *ruche* was headed by a fancy silk trimming of a very light and pretty kind, to correspond with the mantelet.

Although rice straw hats are those the most decidedly fashionable in carriage dress, they are not at this moment the most numerous; those of *pou de soie* and other rich silks being more generally adopted. Among the various colors, all light ones, we observe that rose is predominant, and even where the hat is not of that color the flowers that trim it are

frequently roses, but mingled with others that correspond with the color of the *chapeau*. Some have the interior of the brim trimmed with a blond lace *ruche*, which is placed quite square across the forehead, and attached at each side by a tuft of narrow gauze ribbons ; there is something exceedingly novel and pretty in this style of trimming. Fashionable colors are the same as last month, but we observe that the lighter shades of green are those most in favor.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—A foulard robe, the ground is a new shade of dust color, with a rich pattern in dark red, green, and yellow. A high *corsage* trimmed on each side of the back and front with a double lappel, edged with a full quilting of dust-colored ribbon. Long sleeves, very wide all the way down, but with the fulness confined at the wrist by a deep cuff, bordered by a *ruche*. India muslin *chemisette*, with a very deep falling collar, embroidered and trimmed Mechlin lace. White *gros de Naples* hat, ornamented with flowers, gauze ribbons, and a *tulle* veil bordered with blond lace.

EVENING DRESS.—Of *mousseline de soie*, a white ground, and a running pattern in pale rose and green. A plain low *corsage*, trimmed with a pelerine mantelet of blond lace. Imbecile sleeves of white *mousseline de soie*. Rice straw hat, trimmed round the top of the crown with rose-colored gauze ribbon let in ; a band and knots supplies the place of a curtain behind, and a plume of ostrich feathers is placed in front of the crown. The interior of the brim is decorated in a novel style with ribbon. Neckchain, &c. &c. gold.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

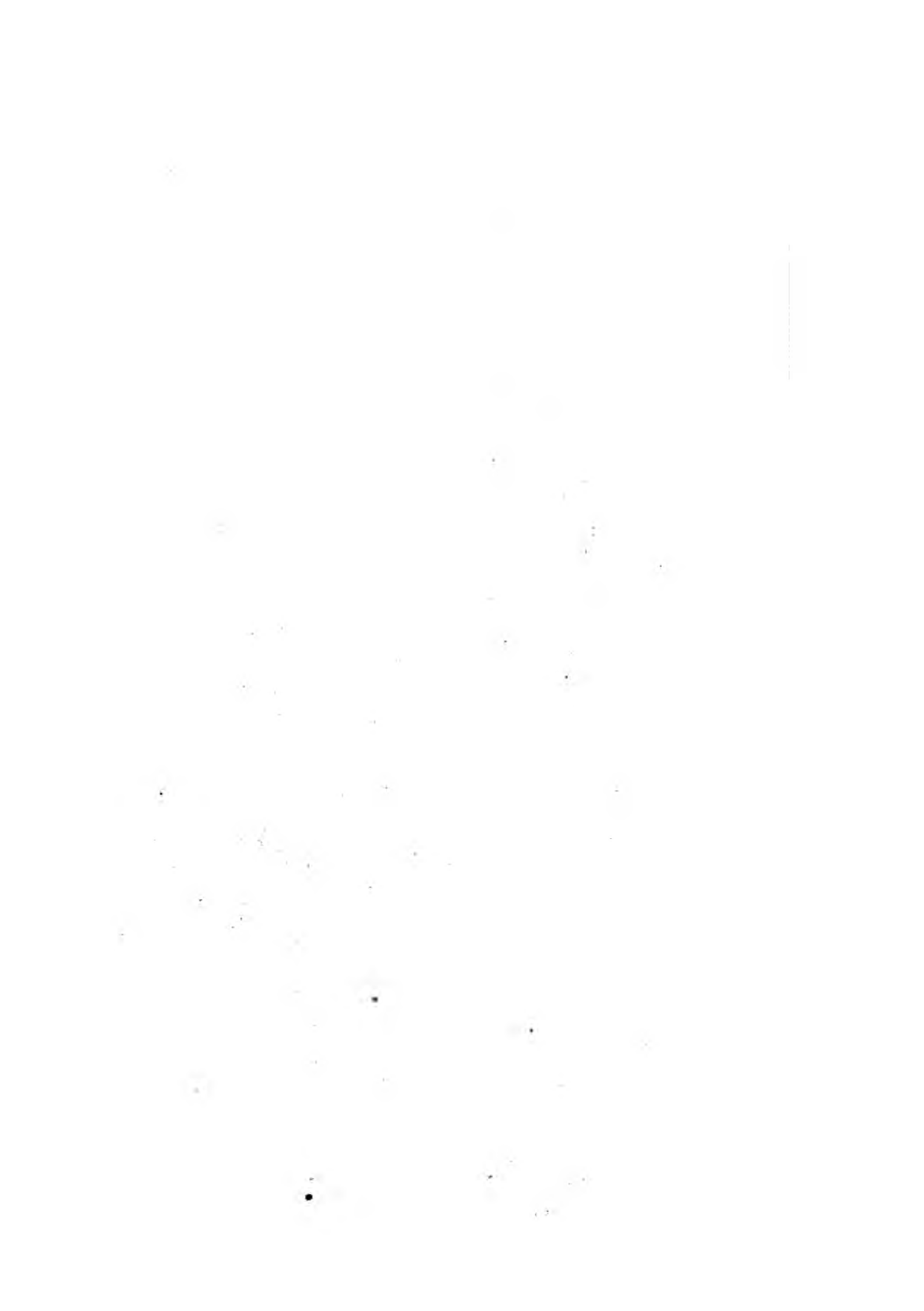
Although the weather is at present fine our summer fashions advance but slowly. Pelisses continue to be the order of the day for the promenade ; they are of rich silks, too rich indeed for the season, and ornamented with Brandebourgs and fancy silk trimming. Robes are but partially adopted, however, they have been seen in sufficient numbers to enable us to







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decide, with tolerable certainty, that their form is fixed for the summer. A good many have the sleeves wide, and gathered towards the wrist, but those quite tight on the forearm are by no means unfashionable. The principal novelty in the form of dresses is the manner in which the plaits are attached at the top of the sleeve. The shoulderstrap is a broad flat piece, cut in three or five scallops, round which the fullness of the sleeve is disposed in very deep plaits.

Light materials are generally those adopted for robes. The most elegant are those of the half transparent kind, composed of fine cashmere wool, and printed in a variety of patterns, which it would be impossible to describe. Some are small, delicate, and modern. Others excessively large and glaring, quite in the style of the calico furniture that was fashionable forty or fifty years ago. Printed muslins also begin to be worn, and those in foulard patterns are in better taste. We may cite particularly those that have the patterns printed in white medallions, strewed over a green, blue, or brown ground; they have really a novel and strikingly pretty effect.

Canezons or pelerines of embroidered muslin are invariably adopted with summer robes. The pelerines are almost all made with scarf ends, and are upon the whole larger than those of last year. The canezons have not varied in their form, but we observe a marked alteration in the style of the embroidery, it is much lighter, and with a good deal of lace let in.

Coarse straw bonnets are in very great favor for the early part of the morning, and for country excursions. They are trimmed only with a simple band of broad ribbon crossed in front, and tied under the chin; it would be considered bad taste to adorn them in any other manner. Hats of Italian straw are coming very much into favor, they are worn larger than those of any other material: they are, generally speaking, adopted later in the day, and are ornamented with flowers and taffetas ribbons; or, what is still more elegant, white ostrich feathers. We should observe that, when trimmed in this latter style, they are worn for social parties and for public places.

We have remarked among the most elegant toilettes at the French theatre, a robe of *Pekin Chiné*, richly flowered on a white ground. The *corsage* cut exceedingly low, and ex-

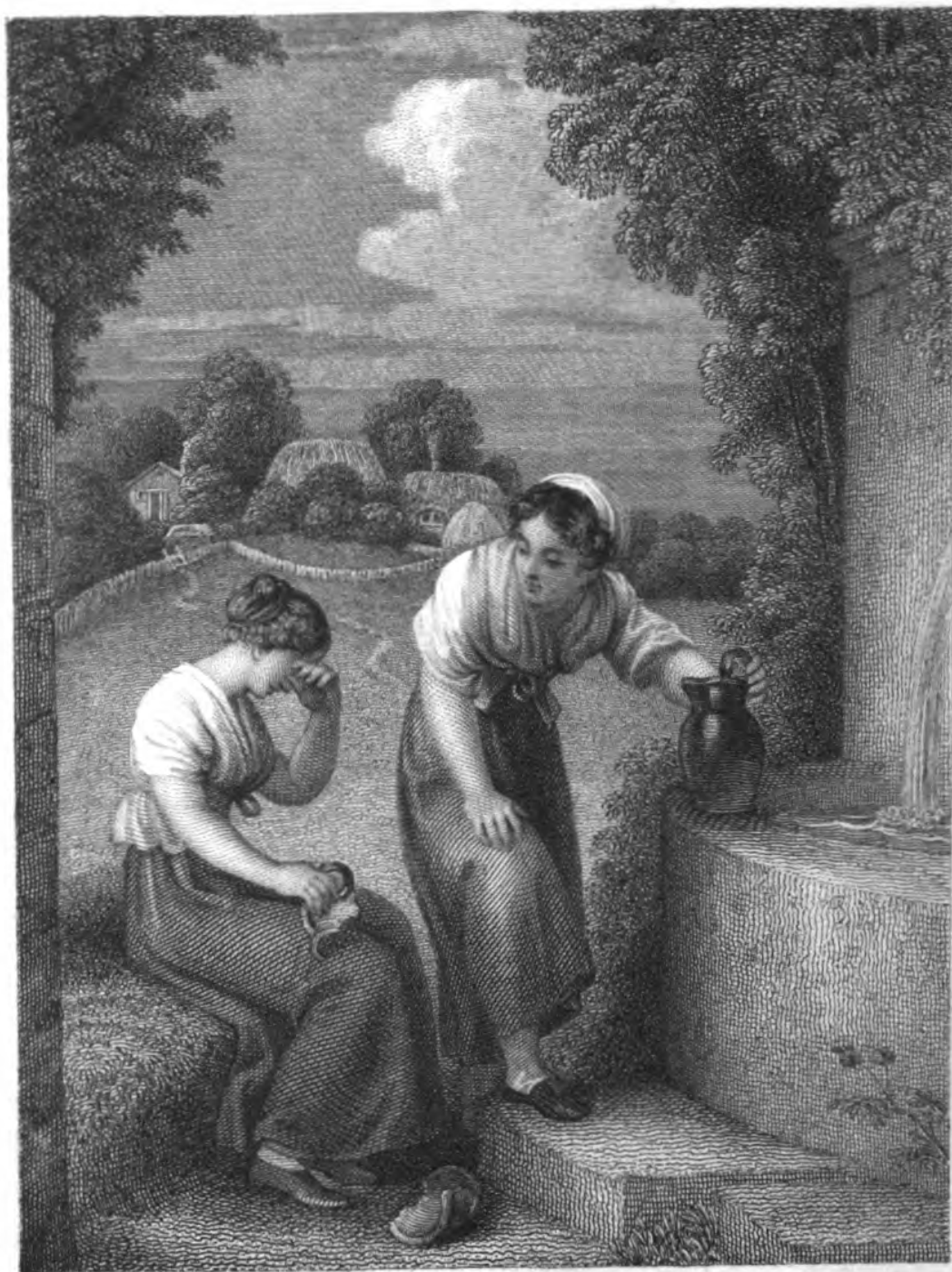
actly to the shape, was made with perpendicular slashes on the bosom, discovering a white satin boddice underneath, which rose considerably above the *corsage* of the robe, and was bordered with narrow blond lace, standing up round the bust; the slashes were also edged with blond lace. Double bouffant sleeves; the upper one very large, and slashed to correspond with the body; the lower one very short but full, forming quite a puff round the arm. Nothing so novel or striking has appeared in evening dress for some time as this robe.

Rice straw hats trimmed both with feathers and flowers, but particularly the former, are very fashionable in evening dress, though not quite so much so as *coiffures en cheveux*; those *à la Mancini*, adorned with flowers, are the most in request. Fashionable colors are those of last month.

THE SEAMAN'S SONG.

Tost thro' the dark and dreary night,
 Amidst the wildness of the storm;
 Where not a star displays its light,
 Or floating cloud reveals its form,
 Spite of the fears that rend my heart,
 Exciting oft a boding sigh;
 Spite of the trickling tears that start,
 In silence from my eager eye;
 A secret hope still sooths my pain,
 That I shall see my love again.

Tho' death with all his grimly train,
 Seems hov'ring o'er the creaking mast;
 Tho' swept along the dashing main,
 He can't resist the savage blast:
 Our shatter'd bark can scarcely steer
 She fast admits the briny wave,
 The heart-felt dread of fate so near,
 Distracts the weak—alarms the brave!
 A secret hope yet sooths my pain,
 That I shall meet my love again.



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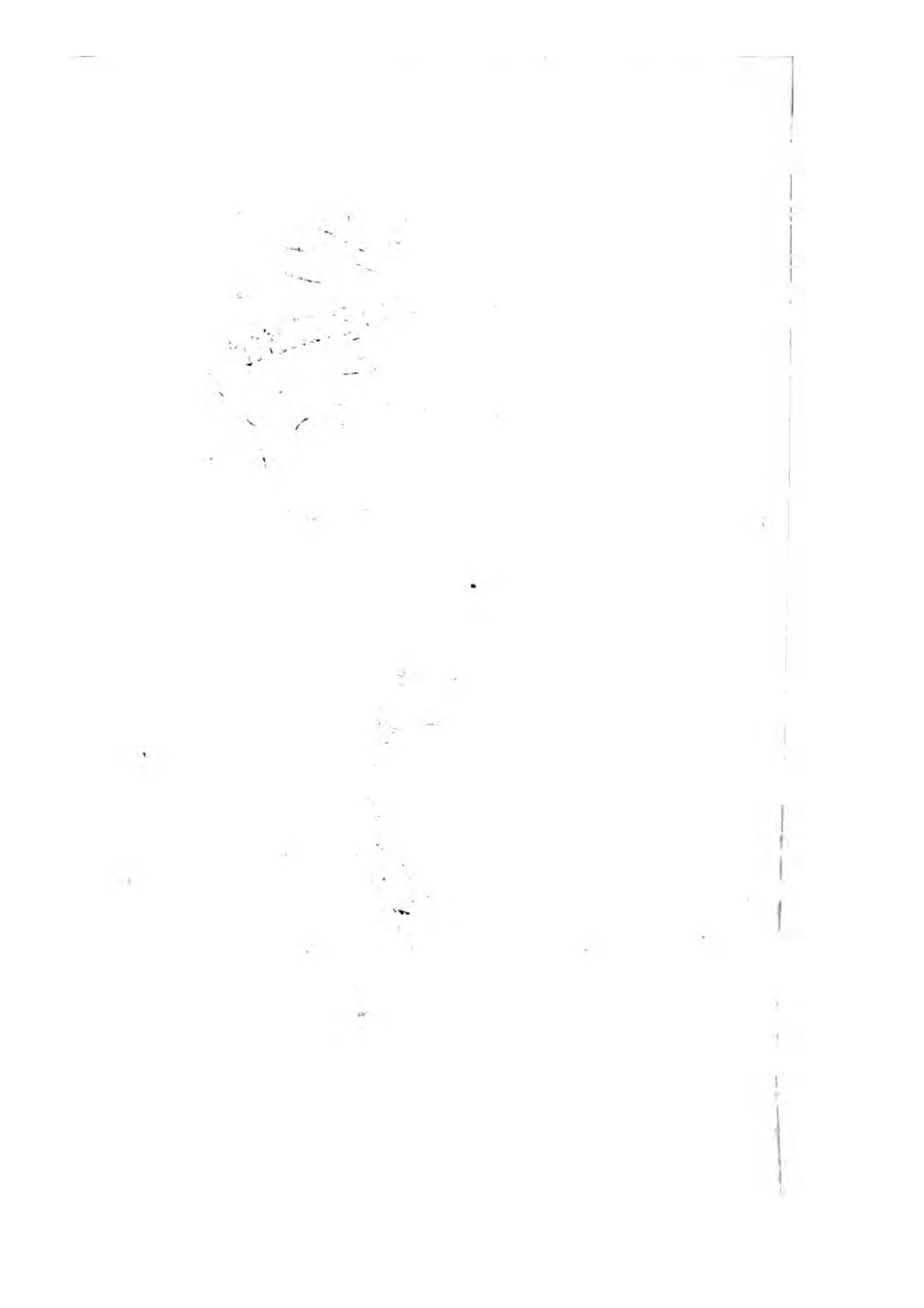
THE BROKEN PITCHER.

THE
LADIES POCKET
Magazine.
1834 PART 2.



THE AUTHOR OF "IRISH MELODIES".

JOSEPH ROBIN S.
Bride Court, Bridge Street.
LONDON



TO
MRS. MARY HOWITT,

THE POET OF NATURE,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY HER OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOSEPH ROBINS.

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The following table shows the results of the experiment. The first column is the number of trials, the second column is the number of correct responses, and the third column is the percentage of correct responses.

Number of Trials	Number of Correct Responses	Percentage of Correct Responses
10	7	70%
20	14	70%
30	21	70%
40	28	70%
50	35	70%
60	42	70%
70	49	70%
80	56	70%
90	63	70%
100	70	70%

As can be seen from the table, the percentage of correct responses is constant at 70% for all numbers of trials. This suggests that the subject is performing the task at a constant level of accuracy.

100% Correct

THE LADIES' POCKET MAGAZINE.



THE TWO FARMERS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

“ Corn riggs are bonnie———”

It happened in the third year of the reign of the renowned Alderich, prince of Saltzburgh-Oberhasseltun, that two farmers came to settle in his principality. Now there was, unfortunately, as great a difference in their destinies as their dispositions: Gruffel was rich, avaricious, and surly—Wilhelm was poor, generous, and good-humoured. Gruffel looked with scorn upon the small estate and the necessary frugality of the industrious Wilhelm's establishment; and notwithstanding they were next door neighbours, no one could be more *distant* than Gruffel, albeit the poor farmer found him *near* enough of all conscience in the dealings which he sometimes had with him, in which poor Wilhelm, desirous to conciliate and oblige his rich neighbour, generally came off a loser, for Gruffel drove a bargain

as he would a stake—this is, as hard as possible. These being the only opportunities that the rich farmer condescended to converse with Wilhelm, he found it more to his advantage to cultivate his fields than his neighbour's acquaintance; and yet he invariably received him with good humour, and entertained him with the best his cot could afford, which his purseproud neighbour appeared rather to receive as his due than as a proffered courtesy. Still Wilhelm kept jogging on, and was far more happy than Gruffel, who ever had some cause of complaint against fortune.

Some years passed away, and Gruffel became more wealthy every year; while Wilhelm, having a large family to maintain, found ways and means for all his earnings, and was consequently little better in purse, though no less happy at heart, than when he first began to till the earth.

Gruffel had only one daughter; and, like the sweet-smelling flower that blooms on the thorn, or the blushing rose on the rude and prickly bush, she was in nature the very opposite to her surly sire—the odorous flower of the dull and rugged stock from whence she sprang. She was an artless, simple child of Nature, full of good feelings to all, and beloved by every body. Her fascinating smiles, like summer sunshine on a barren waste, making amends for the stern and rigorous temperament of her father's disposition.

Such a paragon, as may be easily imagined, was not long known before the fame of her beauty, spreading abroad, brought about her a host of lovers. The wealthy were welcome guests to Gruffel, and he willingly entertained them at his own expense; while he entertained himself at the expense of the poor ones, laughing at them for their presumption. With his usual care and circumspection, Gruffel selected six of the most opulent of the swains, and, with an unusual degree of condescension, gave his daughter permission to choose among them. But Rosa entertained such an equal affection for all, that this was a difficulty she could not conscientiously overcome; she, therefore, magnanimously resolved to close her eyes upon her own interest, and the door upon her suitors.

Gruffel was by no means surprised to find them drop off

one by one—he thought his daughter was sifting the chaff from the wheat; but when the last walked sulkily away, he began to shake his ears, and look about him, requiring of his daughter a solution of this strange mystery.

“Pr’ythee, daughter Rosa,” said he, “what is the reason of this desertion?”

“I know not, dear father,” said Rosa, with a blush and a simper; “I only know, that none of my beaux have *any reason!*”

“I hope, my child, thou didst not look coldly, or frown upon them?” said Gruffel.

“Oh, no!” replied Rosa, with all the simplicity of a girl of seventeen; “I smiled upon them all. I am sure I showed no *preference* that could offend any of them!”

“Tush, girl!” cried the father, “thou shouldst only have paid attention to one.”

“They were all one to me,” replied Rosa.

“Thou foolish chit!” cried her surly father, “thou hast not played the game I intended.”

“What game, father?” asked Rosa innocently. “I’m sure I endeavoured to entertain them to the best of my ability. I played at blindman’s buff, puss-puss in the corner; but I confess I would not play at kiss in the ring, because, as I was the only girl in company, I should have been kissed every time,—to be sure, they might have kissed each other, but I did not think of that.”

“Fool! idiot!” exclaimed her father, stamping angrily upon the floor; “leave me!”

Rosa, ever obedient to her father’s will, quitted his presence without uttering another syllable; and wandering alone in a solitary lane, hedged on either side and overshadowed by spreading trees, forming a cool and pleasant shade in the dog-days, where sheep and love-sick swains retired to ruminate, the simple Rosa *chanced* to meet no less a personage than Albert, the eldest son of Farmer Wilhelm; an amiable and elegant youth, somewhat taller than Rosa, though certainly never intended to *overlook* her, for the first moment he looked upon her he lost his heart, and subsequently deploring the circumstance to the tender-hearted Rosa, that maiden charitably gave him her own.

Gruffel, however, suspecting some trifling of this kind,

watched, and soon afterwards discovered his dutiful daughter and his poor neighbour's son together.

Etna and Vesuvius were mere fiz-gigs compared with the ebullition of rage which burst from Gruffel's lips.

The colour fled from Rosa's cheeks, and she from her lover, who with his head in his hand, made the best of his way home.

Resolved to prevent any more clandestine meetings, Gruffel kept his daughter fast within doors, keeping her to her wheel—which conduced more to her *woe* than her *weal*.

Disdaining to wait upon Wilhelm, or to forbid his son's addresses, which he considered beneath him, Gruffel took his sickle, and repairing to one of his corn-fields, began to work, pondering upon divers plans which suggested themselves to his mind, how he could best rid himself of Wilhelm and his son Albert. While he was thus manually and mentally employed, a poor woman, with her child, came to crave charity. Gruffel repulsed her with his usual harshness; but he had scarcely bidden her begone, when he heard a growl, like the *fortissimo* echo of his own, just at his feet. The earth was convulsed, rolling like the sea, unceremoniously casting Gruffel and his sickle to the earth, while the mendicant scrambled off in a fright with her squalling infant; and all the labourers fled as from an earthquake, without the least curiosity to inquire the cause of this terrible rumbling.

Gruffel, looking round, beheld an enormous monster, of a most forbidding aspect, arising from the troubled earth—

“Wheugh!” cried Gruffel, “what's all this noise about? I never knew I had such *grounds* for grumbling before!”

“Come, that's a good one,” said the monster, with a grim and ghastly smile; is it so strange a thing for a man to cry out when you tread on his *corn*!”

“Thy corn!”

“Yes, my corn! my good man,” replied the monster with a monstrous deal of *nonchalance*. “I have taken possession of the field, and mean my elves to reap it for my consumption.”

“And who shall sow it again?”

“Whoever shall possess the land, or I will make them

wince," adding, with a great deal of *good nature*, "but I will always save them the *trouble* of reaping it."

"I shall be ruined!" cried the farmer.

"Oh, no! thou'rt rich enough, old Gruffel. Thou hast monopolized too long already, and let the poor farmers have little chance of earning an honest livelihood. But don't trouble thyself, I shall begin about a week hence to get in my harvest."

And with this pleasant intimation the monster vanished from his sight.

Gruffell returned home as miserable as a wet holiday; but the next morning saw him arise, blythe as a lark, with a countenance smiling as the sun's.

"A sweet nut is often in a bitter skin," said he; and so was he resolved to take advantage of his foreknowledge of the monster's intentions, and transfer the burthen from his own capacious shoulders to the weaker ones of neighbour Wilhelm.

With a great profession of friendship he offered to exchange the doomed field of corn for Wilhelm's inheritance. The poor farmer stared at Gruffel incredulously.

"Why, 'tis worth twice mine, neighbour Gruffel," said he.

"No matter," replied Gruffel; "the difference in its value is a mere nothing to me. The contiguity—the situation of thy land is more pleasant to me—and I can afford to make a trifling sacrifice."

Wilhelm no longer hesitated, but gratefully complied with Gruffel's wily request, who without loss of time, had the proper transfer legally executed.

"Now," exclaimed he, rubbing his hands with a savage delight, "my revenge will be complete. Ruin will inevitably overwhelm this foolish farmer, and he and his son will be reduced to beggary."

Entertaining this charitable idea, he awaited with the utmost impatience for the arrival of the seventh day. Early on the fatal morn a labourer came running breathlessly into Gruffel's cottage.

"What's the matter?" demanded Gruffel.

"Oh, master!" cried the terrified clown, "the devil's

been reaping before cock-crow this morning upon old Wilhelm's farm, and left not an ear for the gleaners!"

"So much the better," said Gruffel jocosely, "for no one can pull his *ears*—if he hath lost 'em."

"Ecod! I'm glad to see thee so merry though," said the clown, brightening up; "why, we all thought as how thee'd bought the farm."

"Bought?" shrieked out Gruffel. "What d'ye mean, eh? It is'nt old Wilhelm's *old* farm, is it?"

"Ay, 'faith is it," answered Clod.

Gruffel looked wild; struck his burning forehead such a smack, that the frightened clown tumbled out of the room. He pulled his straggling locks—he ran out of his cottage, and almost out of his mind. Wilhelm and his son were singing merrily at their work as he passed them; but there was not a single blade left upon his new possession.

"I'm a ruined man!" exclaimed he in despair.

A mocking laugh made him turn about, and he beheld the monster, the author of all his misery.

"What's the matter?" asked he, with an air of the coolest unconcern.

"Miserable that I am," replied the farmer. "Hast thou not despoiled me of my crop? Why dost thou use thy powers so cruelly. The strong always ought to be merciful."

"That is the maxim I would teach thee to practice as well as preach," replied the moral monster. "Go to old Wilhelm, and crave the pity and the service of the man thou wouldst have ruined without compunction. Win *his* pardon, and thou shalt have mine; otherwise I shall begin reaping again next week!"

"No; for mercy's sake!" implored Gruffel, with a rueful countenance, but the monster was gone.

With a heavy heart he sought Wilhelm. He dare not at first explain his treachery; but only relating the fate of his corn, the poor farmer heartily commiserated him. "Had I remained a few days longer there," said he, "it might have been my fate. To thy generosity, then, I owe this escape from utter ruin; thou shalt, thou must, therefore, deign to share in the harvest I shall reap. By thy bounty I shall still possess sufficient, and next season Providence may haply increase my store!"

These noble and disinterested sentiments completely overcame the contrite Gruffel. He burst into tears, confessed the cheat he had endeavoured to put upon Wilhelm, and craved his pardon.

Wilhelm, deeply affected by the sorrow and humility of his rich neighbour, gave him his hand in token of his forgiveness.

Matters were soon amicably arranged ; the monster kept his word, and returned the corn ; friendships were cemented, lovers united, fields flourishing, and cradles and granaries in requisition !

A MOTHER TO HER SLEEPING INFANT.

BY MRS. KENDALL.

The ponderous clouds one vast mass forming,

On the land their waters pour ;

Dreadful winds, the heart appalling,

Through the leafy woodlands roar ;

Hark ! that awful peal of thunder,

Yet, again, how loud it breaks ;

Vivid lightnings flame through ether,

While earth to its foundation shakes !

Yet amidst this dread commotion,

While terror every sense alarms ;

Sweetly sleeps my infant cherub,

Cradled in his mother's arms !

My dearest—may thy future slumbers

Be soft, serene, and pure as now ;

Nor guilt, with fierce remorse pursue thee,

To plant a furrow on thy brow !

Then when life's tempest howls around thee,

And cares disturb thy youthful breast,

Should love betray, or friendship wound thee,

May reason charm thy woes to rest !

Still may its silent dictates teach thee

Truth and Virtue's peerless ways,

Then smiling 'midst the threatened danger,

Peace shall crown my William's days !

LEGENDS OF BISHAM.*

BY MISS M. I. BEEVOR.

An old, old monastery once, and now
 Still older mansion : - - - - -
 It stands, embosom'd in a happy valley
 Crown'd by high woodlands.—*Byron*

“How dreary!” exclaimed Letty Henshaw, the new housemaid at the venerable Abbey of Bisham (Berks.) “How very dreary! I didn’t think Mrs. Benson, when I hired myself here, that I was a coming to such a gloomersome place, with nothing but woods, and hills and the river about it; old rooms, old furniture, and old queer places just like what one reads of in romances; and hark at the wind to night, howling through the cloisters, bemoaning about the old craggy turrets quite ghastly! No! no! I’ve been half frightened, Ma’am, out of my seven senses, since here I’ve been, and I’d never have come, if I’d knowed what sort of rambling an old tumble-down it were.”

Thus did the disconsolate maiden vent her discontent to the worthy housekeeper of Bisham Abbey, which, though modernized and kept in good repair, was an ancient mansion, answering in some respects her description of it. The night was stormy; “the family,” viz. the superior class of residents at the abbey, had quitted it that morning for town, taking with them most of their domestics, but leaving it in charge of the trustworthy housekeeper, the new housemaid, and three or four out-door serving men; the under-gardener however a sprightly active young man, had been desired to sleep in the house during the absence of the family: and he was now sitting with the two females

* Bisham Abbey, originally belonged to the Knights Templars, but after the dissolution of their Order, passed into various hands, and is now possessed by the Vansittart family. Historical, and legendary traditions of great interest attach to it; some of the latter find “a local habitation, a name,” and, I believe for the first time, a written record in the following tale; but the former are only to be met with in antiquarian works of difficult access.

The Abbey, as a modernized dwelling-house, presents few relics of what it was to the curious visitors, but it is pleasantly situated, in the vale of Bucks. on the banks of the Thames, one mile from Marlow, and environed by a park, and beautiful woodland scenery.

beside the cheerful kitchen fire, enjoying a tumbler of brandy and water, and, in the prankishness of youth, well inclined to amuse himself with the terrors, real, or affected, of "Madam's new housemaid."

"Very true, Miss," said he, in reply to Letty's observations, "lonesome and rambling indeed, is this place,—but if so be you like ghost stories, there's plenty belonging to it, which I'll be happy to tell you."—"Nonsense, nonsense, Tom Wilmot," cried the housekeeper, frowning, "how can you foolishly go to frighten the young woman with your idle stories, just upon going to bed, and when you hear"—

"Frighten!" interrupted Tom, slyly winking at the housekeeper, as much as to say, "don't believe the speech I'm about to make." "Frighten forsooth! Miss Letitia has too much sense to be frightened at what I would tell her by way of amusement, and what indeed she ought, as a new comer amongst us, to hear."

Letty, taking perhaps as a stimulus to her courage, sundry sips from the tumbler, replied, "No, Mr. Thomas, I shall not be frightened, but very glad to hear something about this curious house, so you may begin when you like."

"Nay, nay, Letty Henshaw, my good girl," interposed Mrs. Benson, "that's foolishly said; Tom, like other idle lads, loves a joke, and once ask him for stories, there's no knowing what trashy falsehoods he may not palm upon you for truth."

"Mistress Benson," quoth Wilmot, affecting the air of a person somewhat offended, "you are quite mistaken; I'm going as it happens, to tell the young person historical facts—*facts*, Ma'am, which even *you* can't gainsay." He then told Letty, how Bisham Abbey, once called *Bustleham*, might well have the credit of being so old a place, since it was originally a monastery, and certainly as ancient as the reign of King Stephen; that it had remained so for some time, but was made over by an Earl of Salisbury to those military monks, the Knights Templars, (propably he belonged to their order) whose wealth and power was so great, and whose fall so sudden and fearful; the Abbey must at one time been exceedingly rich, as it derived considerable emolument from many clerical and monastic quar-

ters, as well as revenue from landed property in several counties. He knew not whether it suffered as a monastic institution in, or before, the reign of King Henry the 8th, but so early as the time of his son Edward 6th, it had become a private mansion, whereunto royalty itself did not disdain to repair. Poor Young Edward" continued Wilmot, the substance of whose account we are giving "is said to have visited this Abbey; Queen Elizabeth, it is well known did so; hence the armorial bearings with the letters E. R. (*Elizabeth Regina*,) though some say they stand for *Edwardus Rex*,) still in many parts decorating the house, hence the window, shewn as one, from which she harangued the people, and that in the hall, from which she offered thanks to carousers there, for drinking her health, hence the many relics of her called after her name, which this Abbey contains; and hence, not far from these walls, just across the fields, the little run of water, still called *Queen Elizabeth's Spring*, because it is reported she used to drink at it, and have the water brought to the Abbey to wash in, for, as I've read, she was a very vain woman, and spring water you know is good for the complexion."

"Well," cried the deeply interested Letty, with a mental vow to discover, and benefit by Queen Elizabeth's Spring forthwith, "I'm sure I ought to think it a great honour to live in the house in which great Queen Bess has once lived; but, indeed, Mr. Thomas, I should scarcely have thought it handsome enough for her."

"The rooms are well enough now," observed Mrs. Benson, "whatever they might then have been; but our fine folks of older days, seem to have had queer notions of comfort, and cleanliness too, to judge by the relics of their houses, and manner of living now to be met with. Well, after Queen Elizabeth's time, some of the other sovereigns of England used to come here;* and specially in the time of the Civil Wars, was Bisham Abbey used for the accommodation of troops, but on which side, the Royal or Republican, I've never been able to make out. To this very day, the places where the soldiers slept, and the posts and

* King George the 3rd was, I believe, the last Royal Visitor to Bisham Abbey.

rings to which they picketed their horses may be seen, whilst all kinds of curious old arms and armour, are from time to time dug up."

"If you come to talk of digging," said Wilmot, "I, and old Jem, and the other men—"

"Hold your tongue, Tom, about such things now," interrupted the prudent housekeeper, "I know what you are going to say, and 'tis better left unsaid at this time of night."

"What a spoil-sport are you dame," replied the young gardener, "but speak I will, and if not about one thing, about another: and without wishing to frighten the young woman, by talking about skeletons and so forth, I'll just ask her, if she doesn't think it deuced odd, that Jenny Freeling, whose place Miss Letty has come to supply, should have disappeared from the Abbey, without a soul knowing how she went, or where she's gone to?"

"Disappeared!" quoth the stranger damsel.

"Yes," answered Wilmot, "disappeared, I repeat; spirited away, there's little doubt, by the ghost of Lady Russell."

"Shame, shame, Thomas Wilmot!" cried the housekeeper, "to sit this blessed night telling such falsehoods, and just upon going to your bed, and 'tis to be hoped, to your prayers, sir! Don't believe him Letty Henshaw; don't credit such folly: spirited away, indeed! poor unhappy girl, she is more *likelys* by far to have thrown herself into the river, or the moat."

"But they've both been draged," observed Thomas, "and her body was not found."

"What of that?" said Mrs. Benson, "she'd ha' been *aten* by those *warmin* the rats, afore she'd been two hours in the water; besides, wasn't there plenty of carts, and coaches to carry her away? and hadn't she legs to walk off with, if she'd liked it?"

Thomas shook his head incredulously.

"She's now been missed these three weeks," continued Mrs. Benson, "and I'll be judged by any body, whether a girl accused of stealing a dozen silver spoons, wasn't much more likely to take to her heels, or to drown herself, than to be spirited away, if the whole Abbey swarmed, which it does not, with spirits."

“But, Ma'am, did she indeed steal the spoons?” asked Letty.

“Poor Jenny! No!—she was falsely accused by Mike Mitchell, a good for nothing fellow, whose addresses she did not favor, and who, angry that she was going next summer to marry William Barry (one of our footmen, now in London, and a nice deserving young man) took the spoons himself, as has been since discovered, and contrived, out of malice, that the blame should be laid upon her. Poor Jane with many tears protested her innocence, but was not believed, every one fancying that she had stolen the spoons for her own use when at housekeeping,—and which conduct, as master and mistress had promised to set them agoing when married, was thought shamefully wicked and ungrateful. Jane was threatened with a search-warrant, and a prison if, within four-and-twenty hours the stolen property was not forth-coming, but before the end of that time, she had, as Thomas says, disappeared. William himself knows nothing about her, and so we must for the present believe her lost, strange as it sounds to say so. Soon after Freeling was missed, Mike Mitchell, for his wickedness, fell as he was walnut gathering, from a tree, and nearly broke every bone in his skin. It was quite impossible he should live, and when he found himself dying, he sent for my master, and William Berry, and confessing that he had taken the spoons, restored them, saying, it was never his intention to keep them longer than until they had hired a housemaid in Jane's place. This wretched man lived only a few hours after this confession, but his innocent victim alas! if still alive, is necessarily ignorant of the tardy justice he has done her. Poor dear! talking of her 'minds me of a favorite song of her's, which I wish she was here to sing, and which she learnt of me; it is said to have been composed by a young lady, who was shut up in a dungeon, or chamber of this Abbey, because she loved a gallant knight, and never allowed by her parents to see him again.”

“Sing it, Dame; sing it,” said Thomas, “you mean the song called ‘*Bisham Woods*,’ I suppose; and a very pretty one it is.”

“I'll say it;” replied the housekeeper: “When first I

came to live at the Abbey, I could sing; but I'm now no longer a blythe maiden of fifteen, and some five and forty years that have since passed over my head, havn't done much towards the improvement of my voice."

The good woman then rehearsed to her attentive auditors, the following modernized version of an old, favorite ballad, intituled :—

BISHAM WOODS.

Green grows the grass in Bisham Woods,
 Green grows each feath'ry tree;
 The merry squirrel, bee, and bird,
 Are rangers far, and free;—
 There's music in the gay green woods,
 With happy songs they ring;
 O! would that *I* were free and far!
 O! would that *I* could sing!—

The river dark, by Bisham Woods
 Glides stealthily away,
 And winds that sweep them, like the waves,
 Are *strangers* ev'ry day;
 Life, stirreth in these solitudes
 Glad, vig'rous, wild, and free;
 O! would *I* were the journ'ing winds,
 Wave, squirrel, bird, or bee!

Bright shines the sun on Bisham Woods,
 Bright, through romantic glades;
 The languid lover dreams away
 His sad soul in these shades:
 But sun-lit wilds, majestic woods,
 With loathing heart *I* see;
 Poor *Exile*, and poor *Prisoner*!—Oh!
 What charms have they for *ME*?

Fain would *I* flee from Bisham Woods,
 Fain seek, the haunts of men;
 How crave my eyes to see the *LOV'D*,
 The *LOST*!—*When* shall *I*?—*WHEN*?—

Ah me! long winds that sweep the woods,
 Strange waves that kiss the shore,
 Murmur and sigh, "Poor Prisoner!
 Poor Erile!—NEVER MORE!" *

"Poor lady!" sighed Letty, as the housekeeper concluded the song, which she repeated so emphatically, as plainly to shew that time had noticed the juvenile feelings of her heart, "poor Lady! how sad she must have been, to have composed that mournful song! And, did she die imprisoned here?"

"To be sure she did," said Wilmot, with a look of wag-gish gravity—"and her ghost may to this day, this night I mean, be beheld, standing from twelve to one, a'-top o' the biggest old turret, still watching, as she was said, when alive to do, for her knight to come and rescue her; and now and then she wrings her hands, and faintly screams, whilst her white garments flutter in the breeze, and the pale moon is seen, when there happens to be one, quite through her spectral body, like the hard eggs and fruits, in Mrs. Benson's company jellies."

"Fie! fie, Thomas! this invention is worse than your others; I charge you Letty Henshaw, not to believe one word of it."

"Well, ma'am, you'll not deny, I suppose, that I, and the other men, found, when the dining room had to be altered and repaired, some dozen skeletons, upon turning up the earth under the boarding?"

"No, Thomas Wilmot, for I saw them myself."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Letty, "how horrible!"

"It was so," said Mrs. Benson, "for according to the fashion probably of the times, almost all of them laid un-coffined;† and the tattered garments about some, and the loose old blackened armour dropping off others, proved them to be the remains of monks and knights."

"One of them," added Thomas, "which struck me as peculiarly horrible, was that skeleton of the tall young

* The feelings expressed in these lines, is surely too deep to be wholly *factitious*?—*Editor*.

† Fact; and to such a custom, Sir W. Scott alludes, in his ballad of "*Rosabelle*," when he mentions, "Where Roslyn's Chiefs un-coffined lie."

knight, you know, whose limbs were strong and perfect; whose teeth, white, regular, and beautiful, proved his youth; whose armour was in tolerable preservation, but whose head, was severed from his body!* Methought, as I gazed upon that ghastly relic, its fleshless lips would open, and reveal to me some dark tale of crime, treachery, or perhaps both."

"Nay, Thomas," cried Mrs. Benson, "in my opinion, the two skeletons you found standing upright, and imbedded in the wall, were by far the most frightful; seeing those of whom you speak had probably regular Christian burial, our dining-room being, 'tis thought, built over the Abbey burying-ground; and so, Letty, for that reason you'll understand, all those ghastly remains, were suffered to continue where they were found, and our dining-room floor, again concealed them from sight. But when 'tis considered, that one monkish punishment was, immuring an unfortunate sinner, that is, as I have read, fixing him or her, alive in a wall hollowed out, just to the size of the person's body, and then bricking it up over the wretched criminal, no doubt remains in my mind, as to the miserable fate of those whose mouldering bones were found so bricked up in the walls of the Abbey!"

"Aye, aye," exclaimed Thomas, "and no doubt, there's many more skeletons within these walls similarly situated, an' we'd the opportunity of looking for them; for, ladies, you may me believe, in many a cold blustering night like this, (hark! how the wind roars, and the rain beats freshly against the casements!) I hear their old teeth chattering, and very bones rattling, one against another, inside the walls, for all the world as if they were crazy:—hish! don't you hear them now?"

The housekeeper shook her head at the waggish romancer, but said nothing; Letty listened with all her ears; quite unconscious how much Mr. Thomas amused himself by playing upon her credulity. "Indeed," said she trembling, "I do hear something."

* Such a skeleton was found and supposed to be the remains of one of the Earls of Warwick (not the king maker), who was beheaded at York for treason and rebellion, and subsequently buried at Bisham.

They all listened. "And so do I," said Mrs. Benson, "between the pauses of the wind; a low, rustling murmur, and tread, as if some one in loose garments and list shoes, were walking about the house.

"'Tis *Lady Russell*," observed Thomas, "of course; and if you will sit prozing here, till just one o'clock in the morning, you can expect nothing less, than to see her."

"To see who?—Lady—who?"—gasped the terrified Letty.

"Lady Russell," answered Wilmot; "Lady Russell; one of our Bisham ghostesses. Have you never heard of her?"

"Hold your foolish tongue, Tom, *do!*" cried the house-keeper, angrily knitting her brows, but in vain, for the incorrigible Tom, choosing, to "say his say," as he termed it, out came the whole legendary history of Lady Russell; who is said, at some period indefinite to the popular mind, but we believe in the 17th Century, to have resided at Bisham Abbey; to have played her husband false, or nearly so, and ran away with a man of inferior degree; to have whipped, imprisoned and starved her children to death on the wings of larks, and finally, to have died of hæmorrhage from pricking her finger. "She is got a beautiful old monument," continued Thomas, "in the church hard by, where she and her children, are represented kneeling down like life, and the baby whipped to death, is lying on a sort of stool before her; but what matters such finery to the dead, if they can't rest in their graves when called to them?*" And Lady Russell, for certain, *walks* in one room of this house, which nobody ever thinks of going into; and in it, or a room close by it, (as well as in the hall) though there has not been a fire lighted for years, the ashes of one are always on the hearth; and so many times as they are swept away, so many times do they again appears, which

* Such a one "*cannot rest in his grave*," is an expression which I here retain, because it is a popular one; but *what does it mean?*—That the unconscious *soul* is inhumed with the decaying body? God forbid! The doctrine of purgatory were the offer of a Paradise to such torture as this! *If* that be its meaning, I conceive the *idea* to be erroneous; if not, then is the *expression* faulty, and it ought, in either case, to be expunged from the idioms of our language in these days of education and reflection.

makes it propable that the wicked woman, burnt one of her children alive; and she's said, moreover, to come down stairs every night, and stir, and warm herself by, the fires left in parlour, kitchen, and hall; so that if,—hark!—listen! What business had that door to open so gently,—to creak on its hinges and softly close again? 'tis not the wind, but a hand did that, and Lady Russell is about!"* Thomas paused; the housekeeper and Letty, now plainly distinguishing foot-steps, and the rustling of clothes, were silent from terror, and sat with hearts throbbing, and eyes fixed on the door that stood almost imperceptibly ajar. The church clock struck ONE, which hour was also immediately chimed by the time pieces of hall and kitchen; when instantly, the kitchen door starting suddenly open, the figure of a woman, thin as a lath and pale as death, presented itself to the eyes of the alarmed trio. The women screamed, Letty Henshaw went off,—thanks to the frightful stories of Master Wilmot, into a dead swoon; but the young gardener springing forwards, adjured the apparition in the most approved form, to tell him who she was, what she wanted, and whether he, or any one else could render her any assistance:—

“Yes! Yes!” cried the ghost, falling on her knees, and putting up her hands in an attitude of supplication:—
O yes! yes! you *can* help me, dear fellow servants, if you

* This lady, who for centuries, has left a memory, anything but blessed, behind her, was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Cook of Geddes Hall, Essex, knight, and widow of Sir Thomas Hoby, knight, of Bisham; after his death, she married Lord John Russell, second son of Francis, second Earl of Bedford, by whom she had a son, Francis, who died in infancy, and two daughters; Elizabeth died unmarried, but Anne, became the wife of Henry Somerset, first Marquis of Worcester. (*Vide Debrett's Peerage, Art. Bedford.* Whether the two former children, or any little Hobys, were the victims of Lady Russell's whipping, and starving propensities, tradition at this date does not state; but there must have been *some* foundation for the tale, which has descended through so many generations, and which causes her memory yet to be held in great abhorrence. Lady Russell's monument in Bisham Church, is a superb specimen of the kind adorned with figures, though the colouring such accords not with present taste. The effigies, as large as life, of Sirs Thomas and Philip Hoby both, on one large square tomb beside Lady Russell's, are exquisite; the Knights, clad in complete mail, lie as gracefully and easily, as if asleep, and the turn of the limbs is beautiful. Sir Thomas was Queen Elizabeth's Ambassador to Ireland; Sir Philip, Dean of Ardfert, in that country.

wont tell you've seen me, if you will but give me something to eat, for the love of heaven ; and not let me go to prison, for indeed, indeed, I did not steal the spoons !”

“ Jenny Freeling ! Jenny Freeling !” exclaimed the housekeeper, and Wilmot, together, both running to raise the unfortunate girl, who had sunk down as she spoke, through fear, shame, or weakness.

“ No ! no ! you did *not* steal the spoons ! Mike Mitchell stole 'em Jenny, and we know it now ! But, where, where, can you have been ? you're just starved to death, and a mere bundle of bones !”

This was but the fact ; and after the poor girl had somewhat recovered her scattered senses, taken a small quantity of food, and felt the cheering influence of a good fire, upon her half numbed limbs, she was enabled to state, that ever since the day when the near prospect of a prison had so alarmed her, and when she had contrived to elude the grasp of police officers by secreting herself, she had strictly kept in her hiding place, *Lady Russell's room*, or rather in the closet formed by the false ceiling belonging to it, assured, that from the horrors in which that room was held, no one could dream of searching for her there, which anticipation, the event justified ; and there, half killed by cold, damp, a cramped uneasy posture, excessive fear and anxiety, and starvation, she had contrived so long to remain undiscovered, but had crept out at night when the house was still, and she fancied the family were retired to rest, in order to warm herself by the fires, and refresh herself with the food, they might have left. Excessive hunger only, had tempter her to discover herself this night, when the sound of voices in the kitchen, assured her it was still occupied ; and the poor creature entreated, that the place of her concealment might remain unknown to the family, until Mrs. Benson explained how wonderfully and completely her innocence had been established.

The finale of our tale, may without difficulty, be anticipated :—the next summer, by which time she was as blooming as ever, saw her united to her faithful, and affectionate William, and in possession of a nice little flourishing farm,—given, stocked, and furnished by her master and mistress ; but, when Letty Henshaw, (who in spite of

ghosts and skeletons continued under housemaid at the Abbey,) curiously enquired, ere her departure, how she had fared as to supernatural visitors, in Lady Russell's room, Jane Freeling mysteriously replied, in the quaint fashion peculiar to her class, and which speech Letty was left to interpret, as best she pleased:—"My good girl, mind your own business, and let alone mine. Ask no questions and you'll hear no stories."

A DUTCH POST-BOY.

The sullenness of Dutch drivers is such, that it is with the utmost difficulty you can procure an answer to any question you may ask. This humour in the lower order of the Mynheers is truly characteristic. A Dutchman is always wrapt up in himself, whatever may happen to be his condition. He is smoking his pipe, and you disturb him; he is meditating upon his own business, and you interrupt him. It is true you hired his chaise, at a certain rate, to transport you from this place to that, which he will faithfully perform: there ends your contract. You did not hire him to be your gazetteer or interpreter. Curiosity is sure to be baffled by such a fellow. He will either be deaf to the question or surly if repeated; or ignorant touching the matter questioned; or unsatisfactory in his answer.—"How many leagues, honest friend, do you count it to Gircum?" "Ugh!" says Mynheer; "How many did you say?" "Ugh! ugh! ugh!" which is as much as to say, you might have inquired—that before you set out. "Shall we be there by dinner-time, think you?"—"Ik versta u niet!" I don't know what you mean.—"What fine castle is that?"—"I gaat my niet aan!"—That's no bread and butter of mine, says the Dutchman;—you may make use of your eyes, and welcome, thinks he; but satan may be your decipherer for me.

He takes upon himself the whole command, and is to all appearance no less the master than the driver. No man, he thinks, has any right to interrupt or direct him in his business, which he knows and will execute upon the mere principle of duty. He sits in the front of the carriage, under the awning, and consequently interrupts your prospect. He

lights his pipe, and fumigates you at pleasure, without ever inquiring whether such incense be grateful to you, especially before breakfast;—if you like it, so much the better; if you dislike it, you will not have a whiff the less. His perfect serenity and total disregard of his company is such, that you would almost be induced to think his business was to recreate himself rather than to serve you. When he is tired of sitting he stops the horses and dismounts; walks them leisurely and marches by their side. When he has stretched his legs, he stops them again, remounts, and resumes the reins. He has his regular houses of call; at each of which he is presented with a dram, and a fresh pipe, ready charged with tobacco. He takes the glass from the attendant; drinks one-half of its contents and returns it. He next takes the pipe in one hand and the firn-pan in the other. He is sure to have his pipe well lighted. He then swallows the remainder of his liquor.

Between whiles, he takes from his pocket a parcel, neatly wrapped up. He begins to unfold it. You perceive several clean paper wrappers, and begin to wonder what they are; they are so distinct as not to interfere with each other. In one there is bread, in another cheese, and in another ham, or hung beef, or it may be a pickled herring; and lastly, (in a small pot or saucer) is butter. He spreads his butter upon his bread, lays his strata of hung beef and cheese, and claps on it its farinaceous cover; these he eats with great composure driving his horses accordingly. His meal finished, he thinks a little walk would not be amiss, so dismounts as before, by way of aiding digestion.

An English coachman, post boy, or waterman, generally expects some grace from the passengers, over and above his far, neither is it an easy matter to content him on that score. A Dutchman has no such expectation. Is it his modesty, think you, that prevents his asking? No. What then? Perhaps he has been taught that it is unmanly to beg, and that the stated price of his labour is sufficient to support his rank. I believe there is something in that. If it come, without begging, says he, well and good, I shan't refuse it but I have no title to ask.

After all, it may arise from a consciousness that he has not deserved anything. His sorry behaviour to his passengers, in my opinion, indicates no less.

STANZAS TO EMILY.

Yes, I could say the sparkling eyes
 Outshine the brightest gem ;
 And tell thee that the starry sky,
 Of summer eve, can never vie
 In brilliancy with them !
 Yet, oh there is a nobler theme,
 Less like a poet's fleeting dream,
 Thy soul's unsullied purity—
 Which lives when youth has past away ;
 While other beauties may decay,
 Yet *this*, time cannot take from thee !

And I might say that step of thine,
 Be softer than the tread
 Of spirits in their robes of white,
 In magic dance, by that soft light
 Which Luna's orb doth shed.
 But still it was not this alone
 That made my heart and life thy own—
 'Twas that seraphic gentleness
 On which my lays would rather dwell,
 Of which I fain would have them tell,
 Had language power to *so* express !

My verse might praise thy snowy hand,
 And laud thy flowing hair :—
 Could say that charms to thee are given
 Which ought to shine alone in heav'n,
 Amid the angels there.
 But thou hast charms I far more prize
 Than snowy hand and beaming eyes,
 And all thy witchery of form—
 " There's that within which passeth show,"
 Thy mind of solid worth—and oh !—
 Thy heart which beats so true and warm.

E. W.

Birmingham.

FRA DIAVOLO THE BANDIT.

Most persons have heard of this redoubtable character, but few know any thing of his real history : of which the Duchess d'Abrantes gives the following account in her "Memoires."

Fra Diavolo's real name was Michael Pezza. He had already rendered himself celebrated by his murders at the time when the French made the campaign of Naples, commanded by Championnet. He then harassed the rear of the French army, organized bodies of insurgents in Calabria, directed a vast conspiracy against the French, and did them considerable mischief. He was born at Itri, (Terra-di-Lavoro), and in his youth had been a goat-herd. He afterwards turned monk, entered a convent, and there assumed the name of Fra-Angelo. His bad conduct, however, caused him to be expelled from the convent, after which he retired to the mountains and devoted himself to the commission of every crime. He lived by plunder, and every day of his life was marked by a murder. He headed a band of smugglers, and spread terror and desolation throughout the country. The government of King Ferdinand condemned him to be hanged, and a price was set upon his head.

But Queen Caroline, the wife of Ferdinand, was a woman who knew how to turn the worst things to useful account. An amnesty was concluded with Michael Pezza, and he was appointed to the command of a corps formed of freed galley slaves, who were to attack the rear of the French army from Fondi to Carigliano.

While the French were engaged in taking Gaeta and Capu, Fra-Diavolo established himself at Itri, his native place, when he was signalized by the commission of all sorts of atrocities. Travellers were murdered, and every inhabitant of the place, who was known to be possessed of any property, was mercilessly plundered and put to death. Itri was soon occupied solely by the agents of Fra-Diavolo; and numerous travellers on their way from Naples to Rome, hoping that the town, being a military station, would afford them a secure resting place for the night,

retired to their beds, but never rose again. The art which was employed to banish suspicion from the minds of the victims was remarkable. The entrance to the neighbouring villages was guarded, and the night travellers advanced with full confidence to the place where certain death waited them. Those who were induced to enter the houses of Itri never came out again alive.

General Olivier had at that time the command of Gaeta. Being informed that there was a party of banditti at Itri, he sent thither a Polish regiment commanded by a young officer of his staff, who regarding the expedition as a fair opportunity for distinguishing himself, exposed his life with almost chivalrous courage. He succeeded in expelling Fra Diavolo from Itri, and driving him into the woods. But the brigand was no less brave than his adversary; he re-entered Itri, and was again attacked by the Polish regiment. A frightful conflict ensued, and Fra Diavolo inhumanly massacred all the prisoners who fell into his hands. A little chapel, situated near the bridge, was the scene of many atrocities. At length Fra Diavolo and his followers were once more driven to the mountains. But no sooner had the military withdrawn from the path leading from the road between Naples and Malo di Gaeta, than two thousand insurgents again showed themselves. General Olivier sent to meet them, two squadrons and a detachment of Polish troops, who dispersed them, and took possession of Itri. Fra Diavolo then abandoned Terra di Lavoro and fled to Calabria which once more became the scene of his atrocities.

By future generations, it will perhaps scarcely be believed that Fra Diavolo enjoyed the marked favour of the King and Queen of Sicily. Queen Caroline sent him a bracelet, set with her portrait; and he held the rank of major in the British army. Yet he had previously been condemned to the gallows, and a price had been set upon his head. Salicetti called to mind these facts, when Fra Diavolo was arrested in 1808.

Massena assured me that the influence of this extraordinary man was immense, during the occupation of Naples by the French; for the inhabitants of the mountains in which he habitually dwelt, being as savage as himself, joy-

fully followed a chief who led them on to pillage and murder. One honourable trait is recorded of Fra Diavolo. Having effected his landing at Itri, through the fault of General Girardin, who left that part of the coast undefended, Fra Diavolo massacred, during the night, all the inhabitants who resisted him, and made the rest prisoners. Two ladies, the wives of officers of the second Swiss regiment, were made prisoners, and were conducted by Fra Diavolo and his brigands to the mountains. Sometime afterwards, he sent them to Naples, having previously required them to give him a certificate stating that they had been treated with due respect. The two ladies, on their part, requested to have a copy of the certificate, countersigned by the brigand himself.

Fra Diavolo was arrested at Salerno, by an apothecary's apprentice. This was a miserable conclusion to his career. He was conveyed to Naples, where the scaffold was erected for his execution, before any measures were taken for his trial, for, observed Salicetti, "nothing more was necessary than the condemnation of the most just and equitable King Ferdinand and his Queen Caroline." It is a curious fact that the English, whose ships were continually cruizing before the Bay of Naples, sent a flag of truce to demand the liberation of the British Major Michel Pezza, threatening, if this demand should be refused, to make reprisals on all the French and Neapolitan prisoners who might fall into their hands. It would appear that Salicetti's watch was a little too fast, for to the above demand of the English, he replied that he knew of no major in the English service who had been made prisoner by the troops of his Majesty King Joseph; but that if the individual alluded to was a bandit, who held no commission, who had no character, either political or military, and who was known in the country by the name of Fra Diavolo, he had been hanged the evening before, in pursuance of an old sentence pronounced upon him by the tribunals of King Ferdinand.

Such is the true history of Fra Diavolo.

CHIT-CHAT.

QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.—The last one for the present season was held on the 19th of June, and was most numerously attended. Her Majesty was attired in a dress of blue crape, embroidered in silver, over blue satin; the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train of sky-blue satin, brocaded in silver (of Spitalfield's manufacture, with rich silver border, and lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers, a tiara of diamonds, necklace and earrings en suite.

The Duchess of Kent wore a dress of white tulle, richly embroidered in gold and silver, over white satin; the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train of rich sky-blue figured satin, trimmed with gold and silver, and lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. The whole of British manufacture.

PRINCE BONCOMPAGNI, brother of Prince Piombino, a man very rich, but of mature age, in order to prevent the family disputes which might arise after his death respecting the succession to his property, has married a young girl at Rome from the Foundling Hospital, by no means distinguished for her beauty, though chosen by himself from amongst the whole of the institution.

DEATH OF MR. ATKINS.—By a letter from Rome, we learn the recent death, at Malta, of Mr. Atkins, an artist of great promise as a portrait painter, for some years a resident at Rome, where from his talents and amiable disposition he had rendered himself a general favorite, and whose premature loss is much regretted by his fellow-students there. Our informant states, that when performing quarantine in the *Lazaretto*, at Malta, on his return to Italy from Constantinople, he imprudently sat for sometime in a draught without his coat, which produced a fever and his consequent speedy death. The circumstances attending his visit to the capital of Turkey are somewhat curious. During a season of some dullness at Rome, some of his friends, amongst the most intimate of whom was Gibson the sculptor, started the idea of his proceeding to Constantinople with a view of gaining an introduction to the Sultan for the purpose of painting his portrait. Being naturally

of an enterprising disposition, the somewhat romantic enterprise met with his instant approbation: his success is not yet accurately known, further than that he actually obtained the Sultan's consent, and we have reason to believe that the undertaking fully answered his expectations. His fame, as a portrait painter, appears first to have transpired in Rome, from circumstances attending the melancholy fate of the Honorable Miss Bathurst, who, it will be remembered, was thrown from her horse and drowned, whilst riding on the banks of the Tiber. Mr. Atkins, having been previously acquainted with the family, was enabled, at their request, by the mere force of memory, to produce a posthumous likeness of the lamented young lady, the fidelity of which was so striking, that, in Rome, most of the persons of distinction commissioned the artist for copies. It may here be mentioned, in connection with the singular event of Miss Bathurst's death, that another posthumous portrait, also very successful, was painted by a distinguished English artist, resident at Florence, Mr. Kircup. Mr. Atkins was by birth an Irishman, of extremely polished address, in person slight and fair—and one of the number of those artists at Rome, whose talents and industry have earned for their country that good name and respect, which even in this City of Artists are by common consent accorded to the English.

MRS. FLETCHER, better known as Miss Jewsbury, or as the "M. J. J." of some of the periodicals, died of cholera in October last, in India, whither she had but a few months previously accompanied her husband, who held some ecclesiastical appointment in that country.

VIRGIN SACRIFICE.—There is a superstitious ceremony performed at the Bonny river, about once in three years, which consists of offering the most beautiful virgin they can find, as a sacrifice to their Jhu Jhu, whereby they hope to propitiate the evil spirit, and avert the dangers to which vessels are liable in crossing the bar. The victim is taken in a boat to the mouth of the river, where, after a preparatory ceremonial, she is made to walk to the extremity of a plank, from which she is precipitated into the water, where in a few seconds she is devoured by sharks. The mind of the poor wretch is prepared for this fate; which, indeed,

appears to be a source of pleasure, rather than of terror, from the idea that she is going at once to Paradise, to become the wife of Jhu Jhu; and towards the conclusion of the ceremony, it is not uncommon for the victim to display extravagant transports of joy. One of the English captains remonstrated with a native for going to witness such an exhibition. "What?" replied the indignant black,—“What you tink?—Why! she now married to Jhu, Jhu, —got large house—more big than any in Liverpool—plenty copper-bar—plenty rum—plenty clothes—what you tink she want?—noting!”—*Holman's Voyage round the World.*

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rue Saint Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain,

June 20, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We are just returned from a visit of three weeks to a very amiable family, a few leagues from Paris, and my head is so full of a little adventure we met with, that I cannot refrain from telling it to you. M. D'Arlincour, at whose house we have been staying, has an only daughter, now in her eighteenth year; she is the idol of her parents, and beloved indeed by all who know her, for she is one of the best and most engaging creatures on earth. She is not strictly beautiful, but her countenance is so full of sweetness and animation, that no one ever saw her without thinking her so. On the first Sunday after our arrival, a collection was to be made at the parish church for the poor. On these occasions, a lady, one of the principal inhabitants, always goes round to collect the offerings. Madame D'Arlincour had been requested by the *curé* to take this task upon herself, but a recent attack of rheumatism made her devolve it upon her daughter; who accordingly, led by the mayor in the usual form, presented the *bourse* to each of the congregation in turn. There is a degree of display in this mode of collecting alms, which does not altogether agree with English notions, but Sophie's mode of performing it was so beautifully, so unaffectedly modest, that it was impossible to look

at her without pleasure. As I was attentively observing her, I perceived that a young gentleman to whom she held the bag, started, and murmured something inaudibly, which caused her to look up. She blushed crimson, and was about to pass on, when the gentleman recollecting himself, put something in the bag. I thought no more of the circumstance, but judge of my surprise when I received in the evening a note in English, of which the following is a copy :

“ Will you pardon, Madame, the liberty a stranger takes in addressing you. I am half a countryman of yours, my mother was English, and of a family well known to you. By allowing me the honor of a few minutes private conversation, you may do me the greatest service.”

The name signed to this was German, and one that I did not recollect. I did not, however, refuse my half countryman's request, and my permission soon brought a very elegant young man, in whom I directly recognized the stranger that I had seen at church. I found that he was the son of one of my schoolfellows, to whom, as a girl, I had been much attached ; she married a German Baron, and settled at Vienna, She and her husband have been long since dead. He turned out a gambler, and this son, their only child, was left, in a great degree, dependant on her brother, a generous but exceedingly eccentric and choleric old batchelor, who happens to be a very intimate friend of ours. Now comes the romantic part of the story ; three years ago Ernest was travelling in France, he saw Mademoiselle D'Arlinecour by accident, and without any means of discovering who she was. Although then scarcely fifteen she made such a deep impression on his heart that he has never forgotten her ; and he was almost beside himself with joy when he recognised her in the beautiful *queteuse*. But now, by what means was he to introduce himself ? or what was of equal importance, how was he to contrive to make his uncle acquainted with the family ? The old gentleman is now in Paris, where he arrived the day we set out for M. D'Arlinecour's. He was sure that if it were possible for him once to see Sophie, he would be eager to solicit her hand. “ Do not be too sure of that,” said I, interrupting him, “ Mademoiselle D'Arlinecour is not rich.” “ Oh, Madame,” cried the impetuous young man, “ You

do not know how disinterested my uncle is ; if I dared but hope, through your goodness, that he could have an opportunity of seeing Mademoiselle D'Arincour, and that her parents did not think me unworthy of her alliance, I am certain that his consent would be most readily, most cheerfully given."

Although I have no inclination to figure in the character of a matchmaker, I was so touched by the passionate earnestness of the young man, that I promised on my return to Paris to introduce his uncle to Madame D'Arincour and her lovely daughter. This will be easily effected, for they are coming to pass a few weeks with me. I own to you that, in spite of my dislike to romance, I cannot help feeling interested for Ernest, whom his uncle presented to us directly after our arrival in Paris. I foresee, however, great difficulties in the way of his project, for Mr. T—— has confided to me his ardent wish that his nephew should marry and settle in England. He even hinted that he should make that a condition of Ernest's inheriting his property. Will the charms of Sophie induce him to change that determination? We shall see. The Parisians are at this moment occupied with a very curious decision just given by the Tribunal of Commerce. The plaintiff in the suit is an English horsedealer, the defendant, Miss ——, is also English. She is equally celebrated as a beauty, and as a bold and fearless rider. In fact, she carries her love of the exercise so far, that she regularly risks her neck in every steeple chase that takes place. Six months ago she purchased a horse from Mr. B——, and like a woman of business took care that he should be guaranteed sound wind and limb, as the jockeys say. A few weeks afterwards she desired to exchange the horse for another, or to send him back and have her money returned. The horsedealer was deaf to both propositions, and the lady piqued at his obstinacy, sent the beast back lame. Mr. B., in consequence, summoned her before the Tribunal of Commerce, pleading that the horse had been purposely lamed. The lady, on her side, insisted that the animal was so when she first had him. As there was no actual means of proving the fact, the judges determined to do what they could to make justice and politeness agree for once. They supposed the lady, therefore, to have told the truth, but they argued that as she had, notwithstanding this fault of the animal, kept

him for six months, she owed Mr. B—— a certain sum per month for the use of him; and they fixed a sum which amounted exactly to the price of the horse.

This decision has occasioned a good deal of joking at the expense of the fair equestrian; luckily for her the Parisian public is not ill-natured, and the affair would soon have died away of itself, even if a new and more interesting topic had not driven it from the public mind. The topic I allude to, is the situation and prospects of the Queen of Belgium. Never was there so many versions of a story as there is of her's. On the one hand she is represented as playing the jealous wife in a most outrageous style, and not suffering her royal spouse to bestow even a glance or compliment *en passant* upon any lady, without reading him a tremendous curtain lecture. On the other it is asserted, with more appearance of truth, that she has had very grave cause of complaint. It is generally understood that the marriage was only a union of policy, and it is certain that Leopold always appeared before marriage to regard his pretty *fiancée* with the most perfect indifference; an indifference which she seemed fully to return. In truth, one cannot wonder at the latter circumstance, for he is twenty-three years older than herself, and he looks so much older than he really is, that he might almost have passed for her grandfather. When in addition to the disparity of years, his indifference to her, and his cold and grave manners, so opposite to the natural vivacity of the French, are added, one cannot help pitying the poor victim to state policy. Many reports are in circulation respecting the nature of their Majesties' visit to Paris. Some go the length of asserting that Louis will take advantage of the law of divorce passed by the Chamber of Deputies, and being now by the death of her infant free from any tie to bind her to her royal consort, obtain a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper. I cannot, however, for a moment give credit to this report, it would be placing her in a most degrading situation; besides which the divorce is always considered ineffectual in law, without being ratified by the Chamber of Peers. Hitherto they have thrown out every divorce bill presented to them, refusing to recognise the existence of a law which they have had no part in making. Another report is that Leopold's visit has money for its object, he has not yet received the fortune of his wife, and he

intends to give their French Majesties the option of paying it or taking back their daughter. This last report is certainly ridiculous enough, but it has its origin in the well-known avarice of Louis Phillippe, and the strict economy of his royal son in law.

A terrible accident has just taken place in the quartier Saint Lazare, Monsieur C——, a gentleman employed in one of the public offices, was married to a young and amiable woman, with whom he lived on the best terms. He and Madame C—— were very intimate with Mr. S——, who might indeed be styled *L'Ami de la Maison*; their friendship had lasted some years without any suspicion ever entering the mind of Mr. C——, when one day, in the course of last week, while he was at his office, whether it was a presentiment or a suspicion that struck him, Heaven knows! but he suddenly quitted the bureau, and returned home long before his usual hour. Having knocked two or three times at the door of his apartments without being let in, he looked through the key-hole, and, to his consternation and surprise, beheld his wife and Mr. S—— seated opposite to each other, with a small table between them. He had the door broken open instantly, and entering, furious with rage, he aimed a blow at Mr. S——; but what words can describe his horror at finding the unhappy man, as well as Madame C—— quite dead. There is every reason to believe that the unfortunate couple were guiltless, and the suicide involuntary. A small charcoal furnace was placed close to them, which the lady appeared to have been using to heat an iron for some embroidery which she had just finished. A medical man, who was sent for to examine the bodies, declared that he considered the noxious vapours of the charcoal as the cause of their death; it having probably attacked them too suddenly to give time for their opening the doors and windows. Poor C—— is said to be nearly distracted. It is astonishing that the number of accidents occasioned by the use of charcoal does not render the French more careful.

Adieu! Dear friend!

Write soon, and believe me always your

CHARLOTTE B——.

Hon. Mrs. Sutherland,
Fairlawn, &c. &c.

THE LADIES' TOILET.

WALKING DRESS.—The robe is of *gross de Naples*, a new fancy color. Half-high *corsage*. Sleeves very large at the top, and moderately so from the elbow to the wrist. Pelerine mantelet of clear cambric of a new form, it is made up to the throat, and has the fronts plaited before from the throat to the waist. There are two collars, one round and large, the other small, and square scarf ends which descend to the knee. A single row of trimming borders the mantelet, except round the shoulders and behind, where there is a triple row. Drawn bonnet of white *gross de Naples*, trimmed with blue flowers and blue taffetas ribbons. A curtain veil of *gaze tulle* edges the brim. Neck-knot of blue taffetas ribbon.

EVENING DRESS, of clear muslin, embroidered in a running pattern of Indian pinks, wild flowers, and foliage. *Corsage* cut moderately low and square. is ornamented with a pelerine of English point lace and knots of ribbon on the shoulders. Double bouffant sleeves trimmed with point lace. Headdress a white crape *toque*, decorated with birds of Paradise placed in different directions. Enamelled earrings, pearl necklace, and pearl brooch.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

Printed muslins are coming daily more into favor, and we see, with pleasure, that those of extravagantly large patterns are declining in estimation. Washing silks, of gingham patterns, are coming much into request; and plain silks, though not so generally worn as last month, are yet considered as elegant in promenade dress. Pelisses are still partially worn, but principally by matronly ladies. Robes are adopted both by matronly and youthful *belles*. Some of the former appear in foulard shawls, but, generally speaking, mantelets and pelerines are more adopted both by the old and the young. Round and pointed pelerines of very fine clear muslin, beautifully worked, are most in favor for the latter. Round pelerines are very large and have a collar of the same shape, very

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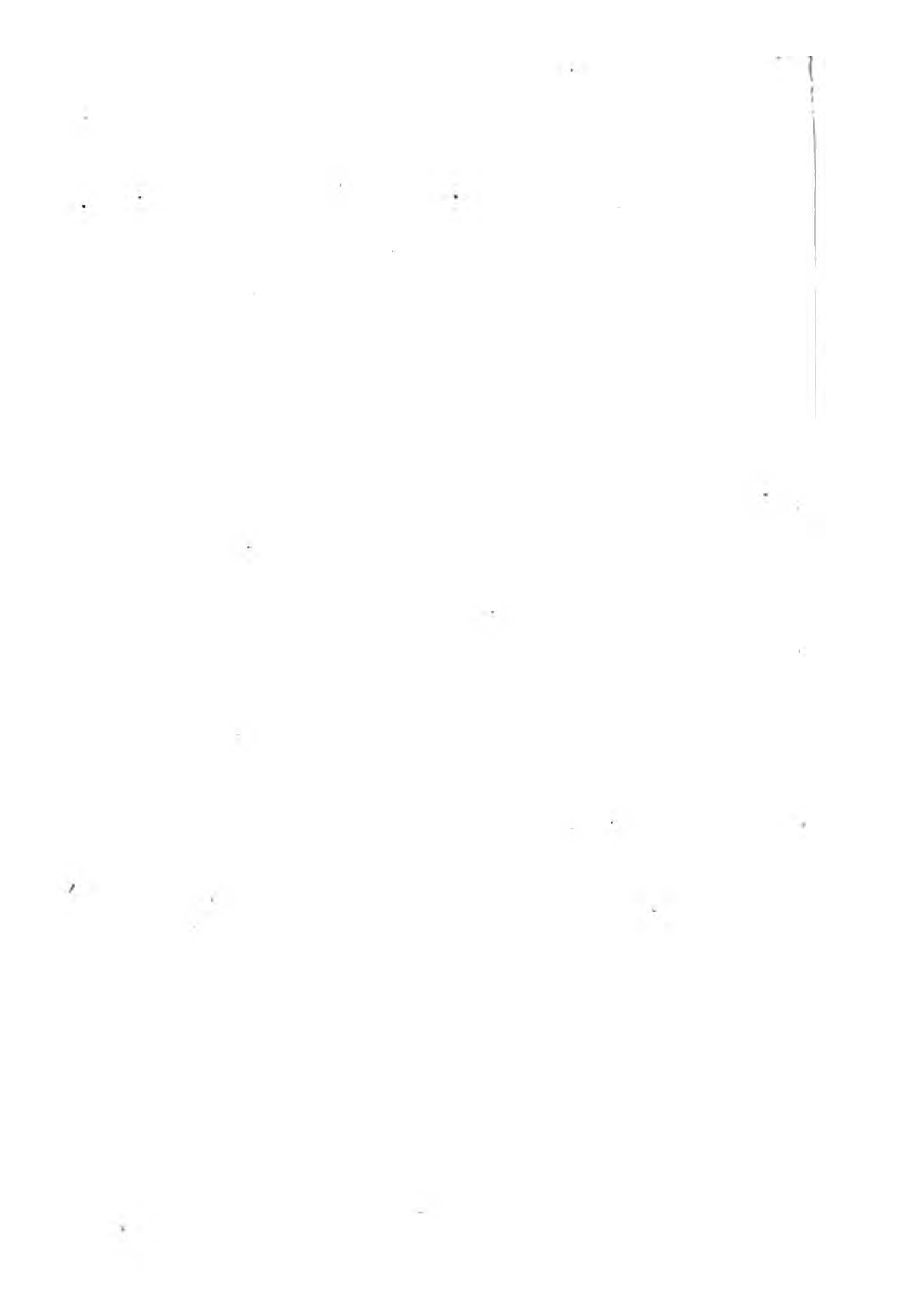
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Jos.^h Robins.



July. 1834.



deep. Some have the border encircled with a wreath of flowers or foliage; it is surmounted by separate bouquets, worked at some distance from each other. The pointed pelerines are all edged with sharp *dents*, and some are cut out upon the shoulders so as to form a handsome *mancheron*. Several pelerines are lined with colored silk, but we do not upon the whole think they are so numerous as they were last year.

Drawn bonnets are very much in request both for morning and for half dress; for the first, they are composed of plain taffetas, or else of the same material plaided; for the latter, crape or book muslin worked between the drawings are most fashionable. Some of the prettiest of these latter, have a wreath embroidered in feather stitch between each drawing. The brim is lined with rose or blue gauze, the crown is not lined, it is ornamented with taffetas ribbon, plaided in the color of the lining and white: the ribbon is arranged in two knots, one near the top, the other at the bottom of the crown. The interior of the brim is trimmed next the face with a very small wreath of flowers corresponding with the colors of the ribbon; it encircles the face in the *mentonnière* style. A curtain veil of *tulle-gauze* adds an elegant finish to bonnets of this kind.

Peignoirs of white muslin are most in request for elegant breakfast dress. Some of the most novel have double pelerines of a very large size, and with extremely deep hems, through which a broad colored ribbon is passed. The sleeves are very wide at top, and they are made wide to the wrist, but not quite so much so as at top. The skirt is excessively wide and open before. The fronts and border are hemmed round to correspond with the pelerines, and a ribbon is passed through them. This is an extremely elegant *deshabille*, we should observe that it is always composed of thin jaconot muslin, so that the colored ribbon is distinctly seen through the pelerine, ties at the throat with a ribbon to correspond, but broader, and the *ceinture*, of similar ribbon, ties in front with long floating ends,

Peignoirs of this kind are always worn with morning caps, lined with gauze to correspond with the ribbon that trims the *peignior*. They are trimmed with a *ruche* of narrow lace, composed of three rows. These caps are of a small size with

the caul like that of a child's cap; a single knot of ribbon, placed on one side, is their only ornament.

Evening dress may still be said to be of two distinct kinds, one partaking more of the splendour of winter than of the lightness of summer. The other, of a perfectly simple kind, is quite appropriate to the season. We shall give an example of each, as they appeared at a late splendid party; the first was a robe of blue *pou de soie*, the front of the skirt trimmed *en tablier*, with two rows of knots of blue and silver gauze ribbon. The *corsage* was draped *à la Sevigné*, the draperies confined by knots of ribbon, and the back and shoulders trimmed with a superb blond lace mantilla, which falls very deep over the short bouffant sleeve. The head-dress was a *pouff* of blue gauze spotted with silver. Nothing could be more chastely elegant than the *ensemble* of this magnificent toilette.

Another, as admirable in its way, was a robe of white crape over white *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* draped *à la Tyrolienne* by agraffes formed of green ribbon, cut to resemble small tufts of leaves. The *corsage* was low, but an embroidered *tulle guimpe*, edged with a *ruche* of narrow blond lace, rose a little above it. Double bouffant sleeves; the bouffant formed by a *ruche* of cut ribbon, in the centre of which was a small tuft of rose buds. The border of the dress was trimmed with a wreath formed of *ruches* of ribbon, disposed in half circles, united at the points by tufts of half-blown roses. The hair disposed in light curls at the sides, and arranged on the summit of the head in bows formed partly of platted, partly of soft braids, was ornamented with half-blown roses, disposed *à la Mancini*. Fashionable colors are lavender bloom, pearl grey, dust color, azure, and several light shades of rose and green.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.—A printed muslin robe, a white ground, and one of the new Persian patterns. Half-high *corsage*, and very wide sleeves terminating in double puffs at the wrists. Clear muslin canezon, a pointed collar, and very deep *mancherons*, which are open on the shoulders, and trimmed with



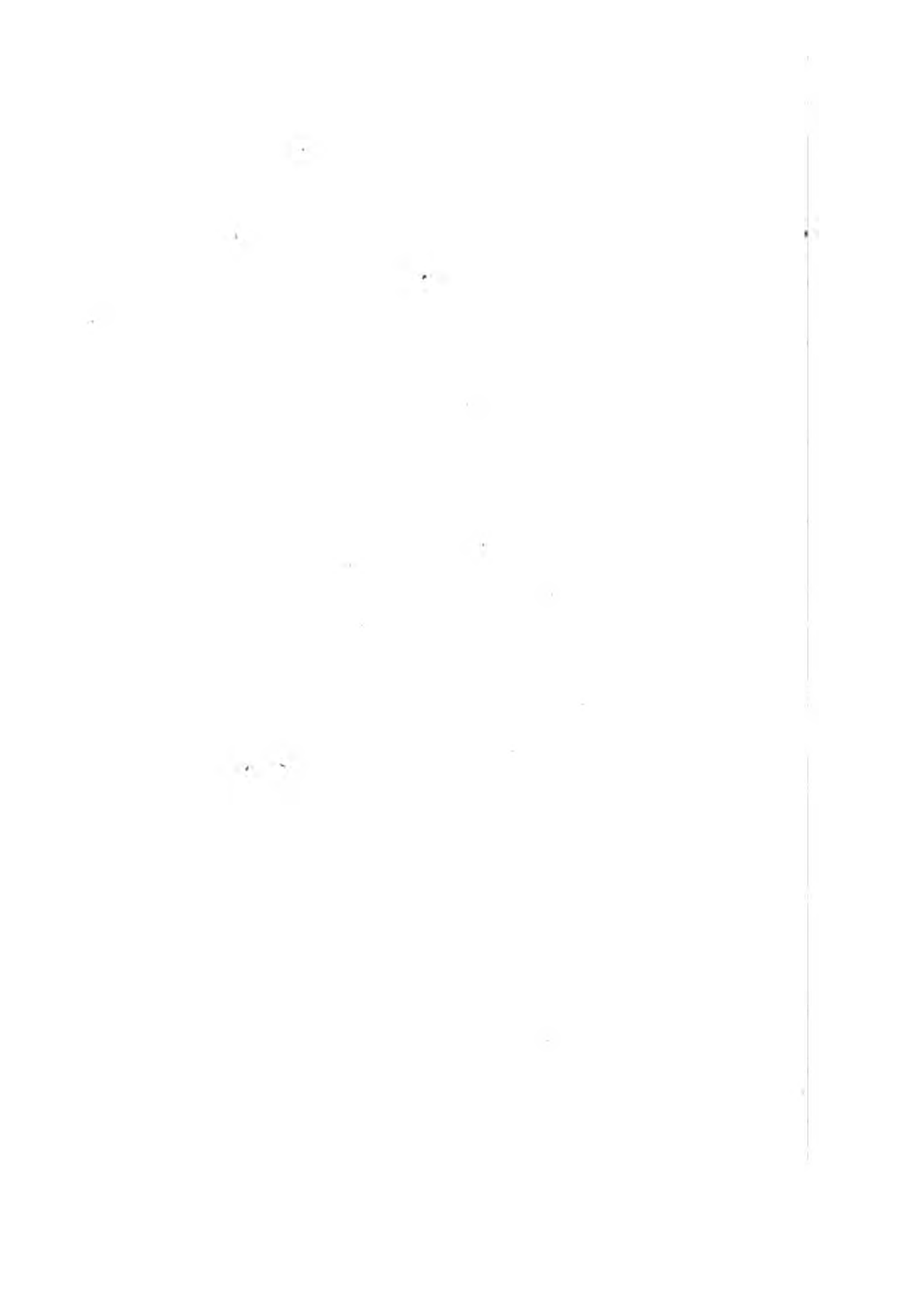
Jos. Robins.

PARIS EVENING DRESS:



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PARIS WALKING DRESS.



knots of rose-colored ribbon. The body of the *canezon* as well as the collar, are embroidered in a light pattern; the neckknot corresponds with the trimming of the *mancherons*. Rose-colored *gros de Naples* bonnet, a dome crown, and deep round brim. The trimming consists of a bouquet of Acacia and knots of rose-colored gauze ribbon. Parasol of dark brown *gros de Naples*.

EVENING DRESS.—A clear white muslin robe over a *gros de Naples* slip. The robe is thickly spotted in Swedish blue woisted. A low *corsage* trimmed with a double *pelerine*, square behind, but forming a *stomacher* in front. Short full sleeves. Headdress of hair trimmed with ribbons. The hair is arranged in two perpendicular bows on the summit of the head, a tuft of blue ribbon ornaments the bows, and two others are placed upon the curls, which descend low at the sides. Neckchain of gold and sapphires.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

A new material for promenade dress that has recently appeared, and is already very much the fashion, is Scotch *caubric* printed in *foulard* patterns; printed *jaconot* muslin is also fashionable, but neither are so much in vogue as *foulards*; they are so varied and so numerous, that it would be very difficult to say what kind predominates. Large bouquets of flowers in striking colors, though the patterns are of the most ancient date, are equally fashionable with the Turkish, Egyptian, and Chinese designs, that have appeared more recently.

We have nothing new to notice in the make of dresses, except the increase of long loose sleeves; very few being now seen tight at the lower part. Robes still continue to be made with *pelerines* of the same material, but these are now less partially adopted in walking dress than *canezons* and *pelerines* of embroidered muslin. Ribbon scarfs are also much in favor, particularly those of *ruban pompadour*. This kind of scarf is adopted both with expensive and simple *toilettes*; the ribbons are extremely broad, and of very rich patterns, and if the dress is colored, the ground of the ribbon always corresponds with it. Scarfs of *taffetas* ribbon are also in request for young unmarried ladies, but they are worn

only over white dresses. The ribbon is always plaided in two colors, of which white is always one; the other must be light, as lilac, rose, blue, &c. &c.

Ribbon *ruches* are employed both for cravats, and to trim the edges of the brims of bonnets. In the former case the *ruche* is composed of very light colored taffetas ribbon, it is placed in the middle of a plaiting of *tulle* or lace, and is attached in front by a knot of ribbon.

Leghorn straw hats of the finest kind are now very much in favor. They have larger brims than hats of any other material, although we must observe that the brims of hats and bonnets, with the exception of those of the small cottage shape, have increased in size during the last month. The cottage shape is confined to *deshabille*, for which it is generally adopted. Leghorn straw, silk, and half transparent bonnets are employed for half dress. Many of the first are trimmed with feathers, some with white feathers, and white ribbons, and others with straw color. Flowers, though less employed than feathers, are fashionable, particularly long slender sprigs of flowers, which are so placed as to have all the graceful play of a feather. Silk hats and bonnets are invariably trimmed with flowers. A favorite style of trimming consists of two knots of ribbon, one is placed near the back of the crown, the other in front, and near the summit of it. A sprig of Acacia, of the double blossomed peach, or some other delicate flower, is inserted in the latter knot.

Clear muslin embroidered in white cotton, or in colored worsted, is now much in favor in evening dress. Some of these robes are made in the *demi redingote* form. Others with *corsages à la Tyrolienne*. If the muslin is worked in colors, the *ceinture* is a rich ribbon always of one of the colors, and tied in bows and ends at the side.

Coiffures en cheveux are the only ones adopted by youthful *belles* in evening dress. They are in general ornamented with wreaths, composed of small flowers of different kinds, which form tufts upon the temples, and mingle with the hair. Fashionable colors are cabbage green, straw color, lilac, pearl grey, emerald green, and different shades of rose color.



THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

————— is not love a Hercules
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides
 Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet as musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with hair ;
 And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Shakspeare.

“ For Heaven's sake Letitia, what is the matter with you ? ” said the sprightly Mrs. Racket, to her cousin, Miss Hardy ; who sat gloomily viewing herself in a pocket glass ; again Mrs. Racket inquired what ailed her ? and Letitia, sighing deeply, asked with a rueful countenance, “ If she had ever seen such a fright as she looked ? ”

“ Umph, yes, ” said her rattling cousin with the most provoking vivacity, “ I think I have seen you look much worse. ” Letitia was angry, and Mrs. Racket seriously inquired the cause of her chagrin, which was imparted without reserve. Miss Hardy was returned from her father's lawyer ; where she had been with him to meet her lover, the handsome, gay, and elegant Doricourt, whose politeness and reserve had thus disconcerted her, and whose apparent indifference, to her high boasted personal attractions, had not only mortified her pride and self-love, but had wounded her heart also ; for Letitia was much attached to Doricourt, however indifferent he might be to her !

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The father of Doricourt, and Letitia's father, had been friends from their youth ; they had married young, and in early life were left widowers, with each one child ; in order to perpetuate their friendship, they entered into an agreement for the marriage of their children, whenever they arrived at years of maturity ; Mr. Doricourt died before his son was ten years old, and Mr. Hardy immediately took him to his own house, there to remain, under the care of private tutors, till he was of an age to be sent to college.

Letitia and Doricourt had spent their years of infancy together, and were much attached to each other ; but the knowledge, at a very early period, that they were designed for each other, gave a sort of sober tint to their regard. As they could not entertain any apprehension of future separation, this feeling of actual possession had no ill effect on the mind of Letitia ; who was of a mild, gentle, and obedient disposition : but on the gay and volatile Doricourt it was a circumstance which cast a shade over Letitia's charms ; he *must* have her ; and therefore all anxiety for his betrothed wife's attractions were unnecessary : he was contented to think that she was a very *good little girl*, and there was an end.

When the time arrived that he was to enter upon his travels, it was a period of sorrow to Letitia ; but, knowing there was no prospect of alteration in those plans which had been laid down years before, she checked her sorrow ; determined to use the term of his absence, in the acquirement of all those feminine accomplishments, which would render her attractive in the eyes of her intended husband ; and, when he kissed her at parting, bidding her be a good child, and learn every thing which would serve to render her charming,—she smiled through her tears, and said “ Indeed, indeed I will,—I will study every thing dear Henry which is likely to please you.”

And Letitia was true to her promise, and true to her love ; Doricourt's image was ever before her eyes, and all her studies were pursued with the same avidity, as if he were actually looking on to approve and admire. A naturally fine capacity, thus aided by an impulse of ardent love, may be supposed to have made great progress ;—she was universally and justly admired, and her delighted father was proud of her to excess ; she was also handsome, and her figure extremely elegant. Four years had elapsed since Doricourt commenced his travels, and he was now on the point of returning : Letitia was

just nineteen, Doricourt twenty-four ; and her glowing fancy had pictured to her imagination every thing delightful in the person and manners of her lover ; his education finished and improved by travel. He was scarce twenty when he left her ; and as Letitia's looking-glass, aided by her vanity, whispered the great improvement in herself, she readily compromised for three times the improvement in Doricourt ; as he had at least three times her advantages—and was besides, as she thought, her superior in every point : her heart panted at the idea of again meeting him ; and guided by her own artless ardour, she expected to be clasped to his breast, with all the fondness of youthful affection !

Doricourt's feelings were of a very different nature. He had while abroad imbibed that false taste, alas so common to the English, of preferring foreign manners to those of his own country : the elegance, fascination, and vivacity of the dames of Italy, pleased his fancy ; and he did not look forward with any degree of ecstasy to the time, when, by the will of his dead father, he should receive at the altar, his pretty rural wife ; the good girl, whose modesty and reserve were the charms to set off her beauty to advantage. Feeling thus, when they met, they found each other just what in idea they supposed they should. Doricourt expected to find the pretty growing girl transformed into the lovely and elegant woman : and so she was ; with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, modest, retiring, afraid to speak, awed by the splendour of his manners and appearance, and so she also was. Letitia, on the other hand, expected to meet a handsome manly figure, a finished address, a gay and sprightly manner, with an agreeable consciousness of his own superiority ; and he was all, and more than she had pictured ; her long cherished love for him was confirmed ; while his luke-warm regard for her was chilled into coldness.

Poor Letitia's heart was almost bursting at the indifference of Doricourt's manner towards her ; and how this indifference was to be warmed into any thing like tenderness, was the point to be considered. Had Letitia been a vain, light, and frivolous character, she might have been gratified in becoming the wife of a man whom all the world admired and imitated ; content to be envied, as the property of him for whom even princesses had sighed : but these were triumphs

without value to Letitia ; she looked beyond the mere ebullitions of vanity ; she considered matrimony as an awful, a sacred bondage, neither to be considered lightly, nor entered upon with levity, she loved Doricourt, dearly, fondly loved him : but resolved he should never lead her to the altar, unless she could make that impression on his heart, which would at once secure his faith, and insure their mutual happiness !

A strange idea struck her mind, which was that she would endeavour to make Doricourt hate her ; and then by some lucky device to surprise him into admiration : it was a hazardous experiment, and she was aware of the difficulty and danger attending it ; yet if he failed, it was but to lose him at last ; and she even now felt him the same as lost, since she was resolved never to marry him in his present frame of mind.—Mrs. Racket was alarmed for the result of such a plan ; and old Hardy looked grave, but Letitia coaxed him a little, and her word with him was law, for he seldom contradicted her.

Doricourt was engaged to dinner that day, and their plans were laid accordingly. Letitia did not appear at table ; and on his inquiring the cause of her absence, was told she was not very well ; but Mrs. Racket gave him a hint, that she was reserved and sheepish, and ashamed to appear before him ; when he shrugged his shoulders with an air of discontent ; “ *Ab mon Dieu,*” said he mentally, “ reserved and sheepish, what qualifications for the wife of Doricourt !” He felt relieved by her absence, and rallying his spirits, became the life and soul of the company ; in the course of the afternoon while he was alone in the drawing room, he amused himself by contemplating her picture—the insipid beauty of which excited his spleen ; “ *Ay,*” he cried, “ the painter has hit her off: the downcast eye, the blushing cheek, timid, apprehensive, bashful ; a tear and a prayer-book would have made her *La Bella Magdalena*—

“ Give me a woman in whose touching mein
A mind, a soul, a polished art is seen.
Whose motion speaks, whose poignant air can move—
Such are the darts to wound with endless love.***”

He was interrupted in his reflections by Mrs. Racket, who tapped him on the shoulder ; she entered on the subject of

Letitia ; sympathised in the painful situations of those who were *compelled* to marry ; and regretted the palpable defects of her poor cousin ! Doricourt started at the word “ defects,” and hastily inquired her meaning ? “ Merely the defects of education,” she replied, “ her father’s foolish indulgence has totally ruined her,” and then ran on in a strain of censure on her weaknesses and follies ; which completely astonished Doricourt. He had been led to understand that Miss Hardy was elegant, sensible, and accomplished ; and her countenance or manners had by no means contradicted these opinions ; he only complained of a want of spirit ; he had no idea of any want of capacity ; and was therefore at a loss to conjecture the meaning of Mrs. Racket’s sarcasms ; but perceiving her to be a coquette,—he smiled and told her, he could not give credit to her assertions, and he could make allowances for a lady’s painting.

At that moment Letitia, in the anti-room, set up a loud vulgar laugh ; then bursting open the door ran bolt into the room : but on perceiving Doricourt, stopped short, and stood behind Mrs. Racket. Peeping over her shoulders, and pretending to take courage, she said in a loud whisper, “ though he is my sweetheart, yet ecod I’ll speak to him ; he is but a man you know cousin, and I’ll let him see I was not born in a wood, to be scared by an owl :” then tittering she went up to and making an awkward courtesy, began to ask him a profusion of questions, as where he had been, and what he had seen ? how long he was going to stay, and when he meant to go away ; whether he had kissed the Pope’s great toe, or the lady of Loretto’s little finger ; whether he had fought any giants ; whether he had brought any dwarfs home ; if he had muzzled any tigers ; or strangled any crocodiles ; or if he had been through any of those countries where the men and women were all horses. Doricourt stood like one petrified ; upon which Letitia popped a bit of plumb cake into his mouth, laughed at him, called him stupid, and declared that her old sweetheart Parson Dobbins was the sprightfuller man of the two.

Mr. Hardy, terrified lest his daughter should run too far, came and ordered her to desist from her folly, and assured Mr. Doricourt, that, for all this nonsense. Letty was a devilish sensible girl ; Letty, nothing awed by her father’s

anger, rattled on ; and it was with much difficulty he could at last drag her away.

Doricourt was astonished ; he could not help suspecting some trick in this absurd conduct of Letitia ; for the intelligence of her countenance gave the lie to her levity and folly ; yet why practice any trick of the kind ? it was meant to turn either her or himself into ridicule, but which he could not tell ; it was, however, an affectation of wit and humour, which, according to his idea, was not admissable ; but whether her vulgarity and ignorance were real or assumed, they were equally disgusting ; and he made his escape from the house as soon as with decency he could.

Doricourt's chagrin sat lightly on him ; he visited, was courted, paid and received attentions from all he knew ; and many whom he did not know, were proud of the honor of becoming acquainted with the elegant, the fashionable Doricourt. Amongst the rest of his visits, he went to see his old friend and schoolfellow Sir George Touchwood, who was lately married to a lovely woman, the daughter of a nobleman, high-spirited, proud, and poor : a virtuoso, whose time was devoted to collecting shells, moths, and caterpillars ; and who loved his daughter, as the madcap Mrs. Racket said, better than any thing in the world, except a blue butterfly and a petrified frog. She had been bred in the country, was totally unacquainted with modish manners, and her unaffected simplicity was the charm which had attracted the admiration of Sir George, who prized this jewel so much, that he would have kept her still in the country ; only it was necessary for the sake of his own and her father's honor, to present her at court. For this purpose she was brought up to London, and that ceremony ended, he was impatient to return again to the country ; yet as Lady Frances had never been in Town before, it was a necessary indulgence to remain for some time longer.

(To be continued.)

DEFINITION OF DISEASES.

It is with diseases of the mind, as with those of the body, we are half dead, before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.

THE ISLE OF THE YELLOW SANDS.

BY JAMES HALL,

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE WEST," ETC.

The legends of the Northern Indians speak of an island in Lake Superior, which is called the "Isle of the Yellow Sands," and was said to be protected by spirits. The sands were thought to be of gold; and whenever a mortal approached the shore, the vultures and other animals of prey, as they seemed to human eyes, but which, in fact, were malignant spirits in those shapes, raised such a dreadful outcry, as to terrify the traveller, who wandered unwarily to those shores. It is said that no one who persisted in landing on the fatal beach, ever escaped. The following lines describe the fate of an Indian Maid who voluntarily sought the island, induced either by that curiosity which our first mother is supposed to have bequeathed to her fair descendants, or by that love of the "Yellow Sand," which is inherent in the whole race of Adam.

She has gone to the Isle of the Golden Sands,
In the prow of her light canoe she stands,
And the south wind howls, and the billows roar,
As they bear the maid to the magic shore.

But her spirit is high, and her heart is proud,
She dreads not the wave nor the lowering cloud,
For her soul is undaunted, and swift is her way,
As she guides her canoe through the foaming spray.

She has left a brave lover—ah! feeble and cold,
Is a young maid's affection when tempted by gold.
She has left the lone wigwam, too lowly for her
Who could follow in chase, or could mingle in war.

"Ah pause, heedless maid! ere to pause is too late,
For see, all around thee, the omens of fate;
And the shore of that terrible isle is nigh,
Where the spirits dwell, and the death birds fly."

A voice through the tempest thus kindly essayed,
To arrest the wild course of the Indian maid,
But a sunbeam fell bright on the yellow sand—
And she urges her skiff on the fatal strand.

“Then onward! speed onward! thy story is told,
 Thou hast bartered thy innocence, maiden, for gold;
 The spirits have warned thee, the elements speak,
 Then onward! fly onward! thy destiny seek!”

In vain the monition—“On, on!” cries the maid,
 “See the gold how it glitters, let fools be afraid,
 Though my mother may weep, and my lover may swear,
 Be mine the bright treasure that dries every tear.”

She has reach'd the bright Isle of the Golden Sand,
 And she gazes in fear o'er that lone wild land,
 For the clouds are low, and the night birds shriek,
 And her frail canoe is a shapeless wreck.

“Yet turn thee, dear maiden, while life is thine,
 Nor gaze at the gems that deceitfully shine;
 For before thee is tempest, and death, and the tomb,
 And behind thee is peace, and affection, and home,”

She turned—'twas her lover came over the wave,
 Through tempest, through danger, that dear one to save;
 See paused—and the bold hunter stood by her side:
 “I claim thee, I claim thee, Moina, my bride!”

Ah feeble of purpose! what woman can bear,
 Unmoved the fond name to her bosom so dear,
 Or could balance the wealth of a golden isle
 With a bridal kiss and a lover's smile?

Her dream is past o'er, and her fault confessed,
 She has hidden her face in her warrior's breast,
 And she vows if each sand were a golden isle,
 She would barter them all for that one loved smile.

ON A LADY.

No longer shall Venus, as poets have told,
 With Pallas in enmity be;
 For later and better mythologists hold,
 That both are united in thee.

MADAME COTTIN'S PELISSE.

THOSE who endeavour in their writings to paint nature faithfully, to trace the pleasures and pains of society, its virtues and its vices, are generally very silent and reserved in company; they only appear in large circles that they may be enabled to draw their models more correctly; they dread interruption, and we may not improperly say, they would wish to render themselves invisible to all the world.

Such was Madame Cottin; she was at the same time possessed of a great deal of sensibility, talent, and modesty, indulgent towards others, and severe only towards herself; her greatest pleasure was to hear her own works discussed by those who were capable of criticising them, without being recognized: the severest censure even interested her, because, she said, she profited by it. Praise, on the contrary, appeared to her an insupportable torment; and this truly modest woman took great precaution to shun its seducing lures. Madame Cottin, therefore, was rarely seen in what is called the world, where her mildness, goodness, and celebrity, were too well known to allow her to escape hearing her own praise.

Deprived of the happiness of being a mother, she consoled herself in some degree by adopting the three daughters of a friend who had lost her husband and fortune, during the civil wars which distressed her country. All the time that Madame Cottin could spare from her literary occupations was dedicated to the improvement of these amiable orphans, it was her task to instruct and amuse them, to initiate them into the ways of the world, with which she was better acquainted than any other person, to preserve them from the snares and dangers that surround youth,—in a word, to instil into their minds all the treasures of her own: this was the favourite occupation and greatest enjoyment of this charming and generous woman.

In order to deliver herself from the fatigue of the toilette and to manage her valuable time with economy, she had, for several years, imposed an obligation on herself to wear always the same style of dress. This was composed of a dead-leaf colored pelisse, a black bonnet, after the English fashion, under which was seen her beautiful light hair negligently arranged. This bonnet hid also her large blue eyes,

from which darted rays of fire illuminating features that were remarkable for their softness and placidity. This costume was dear to Madame Cottin, as it enabled her to present her three adopted children with jewels and different articles of dress in which she was pleased to see them appear. It is even said, that she contributed so constantly to the support of this family, that she scarcely reserved sufficient out of six or seven hundred pounds to pay her own expenses. To these traits of disinterestedness which characterised her, was added a simplicity so natural, that she was often taken for a mere rustic, while her silence and retiring manners were attributed to her want of knowledge, and sometimes to her inability, or fear of not expressing herself with propriety.

This contempt often amused her, and frequently served to divert her attention from those profound reveries into which her deep studies occasionally plunged her, and which, while they brought her to her grave in the flower of her age, transmitted her name to posterity. One day, these much-loved children were invited to a ball, where a select number of young people were to be assembled. Madame Cottin insisted on superintending their dress: she had ornamented them with all her most valuable jewels for the occasion; but when they were ready to get into the carriage, their mother was obliged to attend to an unforeseen affair, and in consequence could not go with them. "Oh! what a pity!" cried the youngest, "when we were so well dressed." "And have given *la bonne** so much trouble," observed the second, (this was the modest appellation by which this disinterested woman allowed them to address her.) "Oh! if *la bonne* did not shun large parties," remarked the eldest, "we would ask her to complete her goodness by conducting us to this gay ball." "My dears, is it not at the house of one of the richest bankers at Paris?" asked *la bonne*, so well denominated. "Exactly so," was the reply; "there is to be a ball and concert, and above all, acting proverbs, which we are so particularly fond of." "It would be cruel then to deprive you of so much pleasure, my dears; I will accompany you; but it must be on condition that you will not name me,

* *La bonne* (good) means also a servant who waits upon young ladies, and attends them when they go out.

that you will allow me to enjoy myself in my own way, and contemplate this moving picture, where no doubt I shall find sufficient to make rough copies; and above all, that you will let all have their own opinion respecting who and what I am, and amuse themselves at my expense as much as they please." "We do promise," cried they all at once, impatient to be at the party where they expected so much pleasure. Madame Cottin dressed herself immediately in her dead-leaf-coloured pelisse, her large black bonnet, drawn very much over her eyes, and conducted the young people to the rich banker's, where they found a large party already assembled, and the rooms brilliantly illuminated. They apologized to the lady of the house for the absence of their mother, at the same time naming her regret at not being able to accompany them; and Madame Cottin said, in a timid voice with her eyes cast down, that she was charged with the care of the young ladies, that they might not be deprived of the pleasure of such a brilliant assembly. The expressive accent of the unknown, contrasted with the simplicity of her dress, did not escape the penetration of their hostess, who suspected at first sight, that she was a woman of merit, though of what rank in society she could not ascertain; but her daughter, and the young ladies who surrounded her, took Madame Cottin for a distant relation just arrived from the country, who would be delighted to see what was going on in the gay world, and therefore considered her a fair subject of ridicule for them. Placed in the corner of a large and handsome room, she only received those attentions which were indispensable, and this they considered paying her great honor. As for the three sisters, who were elegantly dressed, and remarkably graceful in person, they were caressed and flattered on all sides, and were soon dispersed amidst the crowd. The young person who delighted most particularly in criticising Madame Cottin, passed and re-passed before her for the purpose of examining her dress. In spite of Madame Cottin's weakness of sight, she could easily perceive that her pelisse was the object of general attention and conversation in the assembly. "Oh! what a beautiful colour?" said a young lady laughing impertinently, "it is astonishing it is not in fashion." "If the lady was presented," replied a conceited beau, eyeing her

through an opera-glass, "I think, on my honor, all the ladies at court would be dressed in the colour of a dead-leaf." "Every thing turns pale near it," added a third; "nothing is so becoming as the dead-leaf-colour." "Oh! how delightful it must be to have such a charming colour for a dress," said another.

Madame Cottin secretly laughed at these passing attacks, and took a sketch from each of these originals; but what principally heightened their contempt was the expression that one of the young *protégées* had made use of it in naming her. The amiable girl could not forget, even in the midst of the pleasures which surrounded her, the extreme goodness and condescension of their inestimable friend, and seeing her banished to a solitary corner, she said to her sisters, "We are amusing ourselves most agreeably; but I fear *la bonne* will be weary." These words were heard by several persons, and particularly by the daughter of their hostess, who immediately fancied that the unknown was the waiting woman of the young ladies. Shocked at the idea of any one's daring to admit a person of such a description into their society, and fearing at the same time the feelings of the company assembled in her mother's house, would be hurt by it, she went and seated herself by the stranger in the dead-leaf-coloured pelisse, at which she laughed in spite of herself, and began the following conversation.

"My good woman, I fear you will be weary in the midst of so many people." "I, ma'am!" replied the unknown, "I am never weary." "If you will go into the next room, you will find somebody to amuse you; my mother's waiting woman is a very pleasant person, about your own age; and I am sure the change must be agreeable to you." "I would go willingly, my dear," replied Madame Cottin, smiling, and guessing the intention of the thoughtless young lady, "but I find myself so comfortable here, that any change must be for the worse." "However, the constant immobility in which I have observed you for some time past must have fatigued you." "It does not, I assure you, prevent me from remarking every thing that passes before me." "Indeed, *la bonne*, you are then an observer, are you? in that case, you have perceived, no doubt, that your dead-leaf-coloured pelisse——" "Is the only livery that becomes

me," replied the unknown ; I am dead to youth and beauty, as well as to the art of pleasing." "What! have you ever been able to please?" "I have not been so beautiful as you are at present ; few are—but, perhaps, was as much sought after, and as much courted, so that the remembrance of it is still dear to me." "What! shall I ever be neglected?" said the young lady, struck at the answers of the stranger, and changing her tone ; "I am sure I distinctly heard the young ladies say, that the person who conducted them here was called their *bonne*." "This title is too dear to me," answered Madame Cottin quickly, "for me to make a mystery of it—yes, ma'am I am their *bonne*." "Oh! madam, I see ; at present that is only the surname of friendship, you are, I am sure, their governess, their Mentor." "They are not in want of a Mentor, they are naturally so good and so modest ; but of that you yourself must be aware : candour in a woman doubles the attraction with which nature has endowed her."

The astonishment and curiosity of the young lady were at their height, and the conversation would have been serious and explicit, had not a young gentleman come up, and taking her hand, conducted her to an English dance, where she exhibited her graceful figure to great advantage. She still, however, kept her eyes fixed on the dead-leaf coloured pelisse, and at the same time calling to mind with what dignity and charm the unknown had given her so severe a lesson : she began to feel that she had done wrong, and was thinking of the means of making reparation for her fault. As soon as the dance was over, the company withdrew into another room, ornamented with flowers and plants, where supper was set out in a superior style of elegance and splendour. The ladies alone placed themselves at table ; Madam Cottin seated her adopted children, and recommending them to the care of the ladies beside them, retired to her favourite corner. There, forsaken and neglected as it were by all the world, she was interrupted from her reverie by her hostess, who came to offer her refreshments : the three young friends also came in turns to pay their attentions, which they did in such an ardent and expressive manner, that those who perceived the circumstance began to fear they should be censured, if they again attempted to

ridicule the dead-leaf coloured pelisse. There were some who could not help throwing out sly hints at the expense of the unknown, while others began to talk of the new publications, and the conversation naturally fell on a work of Madame Cottin's, that had just passed been published, entitled "Mathilde." Some criticised it; others praised it in rapturous terms; but the most sensible part of the party agreed, that it was the author's *chef-d'œuvre*. "How much I admire the pure and timid virgin placed in the midst of a camp, and agitated by such different passions!" said a celebrated character turning his back at the same time on Madame Cottin. "It is noble and touching," cried a second, treading on the pelisse in his eagerness to be heard. "Oh! how venerable is the Archbishop of Tyre; he does not fear to lay down his life for those who belong to the Infidel Chief. It is in this manner that true piety should be drawn; it is this that makes religion cherished and respected. Who but must applaud the conduct of the gallant Montmorency? Who but must admire the variety of the work, its morality, and its denouement."

During the debate, the supper was ended. The lady of the mansion returned with her company into the drawing-room, took an active part in the conversation, and gave proofs of possessing taste and judgment. All the different works of Madame Cottin were discussed; each gave his opinion and his motive for preference; but all agreed to class the author among the beings who did honour to their country and the age in which they lived. The ladies above all did not fail to praise, and some among them repeated several passages from "Mathilde," and cited this work as if it had been the most profound study of the human heart, and the effusions of a mind possessed of the greatest sensibility. There were a few whose education had been very superficial, and who, therefore, could not appreciate the talents of this celebrated writer. "I do not like learned women," cried an affected youth, one of those who had been most severe in his observations on the poor despised pelisse, "however, Madame Cottin has subdued *me*." "And me also," cried another, "on my honour, she has filled my eyes with tears a hundred times; I would give all I am worth to see her." "And to know her," said ano-

ther, turning himself round on his heel ; “ but she is never any where to be seen ; she is like the brightest stars which are always covered with clouds.” “ How is it possible that any one can refrain from appearing in society, of which she is the greatest ornament ?” “ The constant intercourse of such a woman must be instructing, and her friendship must be very dear to those who possess it,” observed the lady hostess. “ Oh ! yes, indeed, madam, it is,” involuntarily exclaimed the youngest of the sisters, who surrounded at that moment their modest benefactress. “ What do you say, my dear, ? do you, indeed enjoy the rare advantage of being personally acquainted with her ?” The young person was going to speak again ; but a look from her eldest sister, stopped her, and above all, a quick look from Madame Cottin closed her mouth. “ What a suspicion,” cried the lady, addressing the unknown ; “ can it be possible, that in this humble dress——I am not now surprised at the irrisistible accents which struck me when you presented the young people—may I flatter myself that I the honour of receiving Madame Cottin at my own house ?—it must be she !” “ Oh ! *ma bonne !*” exclaimed the young orphan, throwing herself into her arms, “ pardon me, if I have betrayed your secret, if I have broken my promise ; but the sudden transition from bitter railleries to such well-merited praise delighted me so much, that I did not know what I was saying.” “ Yes,” answered the eldest sister, with as much emotion as dignity, “ yes, it is the celebrated Madame Cottin ; it is our *bonne*, our *bien bonne !* you have all been praising her talents, but it is we who can best appreciate the goodness of her heart.” In spite of all Madame Cottin’s efforts, by signs and broken sentences, to prevent their speaking, the three sisters could not resist the temptation of being revenged on those who had endeavoured to overwhelm her with contempt ; and in consequence divulged every thing that she had done for their family. When the company were made acquainted with the true signification of the surname *bonne*, and the honourable cause of her simple dress, they were transported with joy, surprise, and admiration. She was soon surrounded ; the ladies took her hands, and covered them with kisses ; the men even saluted the hem of that pelisse which had before

appeared to them so contemptible. It was in this manner that they expressed their regret, and to make honourable amends, each was eager for a word or even a look from the woman who a few moments before they had considered so much beneath them, that they would not have deigned to address her in any way, and whom they had only considered a fit subject for ridicule; she seemed now in an instant to have been transformed into a tutelar deity surrounded with homage, and was supplicated on all sides for pity and pardon. But there was one in the crowd who appeared more penitent than the rest—this was the daughter of the hostess; she was on her knees before Madame Cottin, beseeching her with tears in her eyes to forgive her, for daring to insult her. “I am the most culpable,” said she “and did not think you worthy even to remain in the room; I proposed to you—oh! madam, if your indulgence does not equal your celebrity, I shall forfeit, what it is my greatest ambition to obtain—your friendship and esteem.” Madame Cottin anxious to console the young lady, pressed her to her bosom, and soon convinced her, by the most affectionate expressions, that she felt no resentment; and even went so far as to request her to become the friend of her adopted children, pardoning freely the rudeness that had for a time cost her so much, but which had terminated by a pleasure that could not be too dearly purchased. The young lady’s mother took this opportunity of admonishing her daughter to correct for ever a propensity to satire, which might hurt her reputation, and call in question the goodness of her heart; she desired her to be more circumspect in future, and never to judge from appearances, but always to remember, that true merit is often hid under the greatest simplicity, as in the present instance; adding also, in the most affectionate, “You see, my dear, that we may find, even under a *dead-leaf*, the most beautiful flower, or the most delicious fruit.”

ON HOPE.

There was a time—but, ah! tis gone,
 When life had dearer charms to boast,
 Hope steer'd the little vessel on
 A storm arose, and Hope was lost.

METRICAL SKETCHES.

BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR.

No. 9.—THE DEAD SOLDIER AND HIS DOG.

'Tis Eve ; the soft south's ruby-tinted skies,
Blush not so deeply as th' ensanguin'd plain ;
Sweet stars peep forth, whose glimm'ring golden eyes
Of faintest lustre, gaze upon the slain.

The battle-storm is o'er, and but the breath
Of fearless Zephyr, stirs that hush of death ;
Save, where the *faithful one*, with saddest cries,
And many a long-drawn heart o'erwhelming moan,
(Sole eloquence of anguish !) bids him rise
The slumb'rer, whom he *cannot leave alone*.

The *faithfullest* athwart his dear lord's breast,
Hath fondly stretch'd his own, and lick'd his face ;
With marv'ling dread, at such unwaking rest,
Unbreathing stillness, and insensate grace ;
The love-light of his eye, his smile so gay,
His voice so honey-sweet, O ! *where are they ?*
No more, poor anxious hound, that heart which blest
His loving service, throbs with pulses bland ;
Instinctive consciousness, tells too, carest
Shall he no more be by that gentlest hand.

Well then may wild grief's wordless eloquence,
The woe-worn creature's bursting heart declare ;
What friend is nigh to soothe ? to bear from hence
His dear lost lord ?—a sepulchre prepare ?
And o'er that laurell'd, but untimely grave,
Wail for the tender, generous, and brave ?
He was his master's comrade—his defence,
And, tho' night's solemn shadows veil the sky,
There will the *faithfullest* vent grief intense,
And on the breast he lov'd, and worshipp'd, DIE !

* * * It is related by La Cases, that Napoleon, after one
of his battles, was exceedingly affected by the agonizing

grief of a soldier's dog, for his dead master, almost indeed to tears; nothing, he said, had ever appealed so powerfully to his feelings, as the anguish of this poor animal. Truly, he must be insensible indeed, who can unmoved, behold the sympathy of *brutes* for, and with, *man*.

THE WREATH.

BY MRS. M. L. GRIMSTONE.

Weep not that o'er the path he trac'd,
 No flow'ret bloom'd to bless his way;
 That life to him a dreary waste,
 Was all uncheer'd by pleasure's ray.
 Though warm in heart, and pure in worth,
 At fortune's sport he still was driven,
 Believe the wreath he miss'd on earth,
 Now blooms upon his brow in Heaven!

Then cease to trace the scenes of woe,
 That wrung the heart we mourn and love,
 But think that every thorn below,
 Has long since turn'd to flowers above.
 That even while we wept, the waste,
 To which his spotless hours were given,
 His Maker marked the path he trac'd,
 And angels wove the wreath in Heaven.

FLOWERS.

With each expanding flower we find
 Some pleasing sentiment combin'd:
 Love in the Myrtle-bloom is seen,
 Remembrance to the Violet clings,
 Peace brightens in the Olive's green,
 Hope from the half-closed Iris springs;
 And victory to the Laurel glows,
 And woman blushes in the Rose.

indeed
power-
animal
more,



Drawn by T. Stothard, R.A.

Engraved by Cha^s Heath.

IRISH MELODIES.

BEAUTY LIES
IN MANY EYES,
BUT LOVE IN YOURS, MY NORA CREINA!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES,

BY THE LATE THOMAS STOTHARD, R. A.

NO. I.—NORA CREINA.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth ;
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
 Few its looks, but every one
 Like unsuspected light surprises ;
 Oh, my Nora Creina dear,
 My gentle bashful Nora Creina ;
 Beauty lies in many eyes,
 But love in yours, my Nora Creina,

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature placed it ;
 Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes ;
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as heaven pleases ;
 Yes my Nora Creina dear,
 My simple graceful Nora Creina ;
 Nature's dress in loveliness,
 The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But, when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're designed
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber love reposes :—
 Bed of peace, whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses ;
 Oh, my Nora Creina dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina ;
 Wit, though bright, hath not the light,
 That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

SKETCHES IN THE LIFE OF MADAME CAMPAN.

Madame Campan, the daughter of M. Genet, clerk to the minister for Foreign Affairs. Having received an excellent education, was appointed at the early age of fifteen, *lectrice* to the Princesses. In her *Memoirés* she acknowledges the pleasure she experienced on her first presentation at the court of Versailles. Her long trains, her hoop, and even the rouge, which at that period was an indispensable adjunct to the toilette of a woman of quality, however young, almost turned her brain. She seized the first opportunity of presenting herself in her father's house, arrayed in her court paraphernalia. Her father, while he smiled at her girlish vanity, made the following remark :—
 “Have a care, my dear child, of the inevitable troubles attached to your new career; and I candidly declare to you, that, elated as you now are by your change of situation, if I could have established you in any other way, I would never have exposed my beloved daughter to the torments and dangers of a court.”

The presence of Louis XV. was always embarrassing to the young *lectrice*, for the monarch was fond of indulging in sarcastic jokes, as the following related by herself, sufficiently testify.

“One day, while we were at the Castle of Compeigne, the King entered the apartment in which I was reading to Madame. I immediately rose, and withdrew to an adjoining apartment. Being alone, with nothing to amuse me but a volume of Masillon, which I had just been reading to the Princess, I stepped up to a mirror to view my elegant dress. With the gaiety and buoyancy of spirits natural in a girl of fifteen, I diverted myself by pirouetting on one toe, and then suddenly kneeling down, to admire the full folds of my pink silk *jupe*, swelling in immense amplitude round my figure. While I was engaged in this grave occupation, the King entered, followed by the Princess. His Majesty burst into a fit of laughter, and turning to the Princess, said: ‘Daughter, I think a *lectrice* who amuses herself by *making cheeses* should be sent to school again.’”

But the following *raillerie* was still more severe :—

“ One day, says Madame Campan, I met the King as he was going out to hunt, followed by a numerous retinue. On seeing me, he stopped short, and thus addressed me :— ‘ Madlle. Genet, I am told that you are very clever, and that you understand four or five foreign languages.’— ‘ I know only two, Sire,’ replied I, trembling.— ‘ What are they?’— ‘ English and Italian.’— ‘ Can you speak them fluently?’— ‘ Yes, Sire.’— ‘ Why, that would suffice to drive any husband mad!’ After paying me this pretty compliment, the king walked on, the persons in his suite laughed heartily, and I stood for some moments confounded and abashed.”

Through the influence of Marie Antoinette, Madlle. Genet was married in 1770, to M. Campan, private secretary to the Queen. For twenty years she never quitted her royal mistress, until the disasters of the Revolution tore them asunder, and even then Mad. Campan wished to share the captivity in the Temple, but was not allowed. Finding herself suspected, she fled to the valley of Chevreuse; whilst her sister was arrested, and only eluded the guillotine by a violent and voluntary death. After this she lost her brother in law, and her royal mistress, but she had still ties which bound her to life; an aged mother, a sick husband, and a son of nine years of age. She had always had a decided taste for teaching. When but a child herself, she was the instructress of her juvenile companions. In the circumstances in which she was now placed, her only fortune being an *assignat* of 500 francs, and having debts amounting to 30,000 francs, her talent for teaching became a useful resource to her. She hired a small house at St. Germain, and circulated among her friends a hundred prospectuses, which she wrote with her own hand, because she had not money to get them printed. At the expiration of a year, she had 60 pupils, and they soon increased to upwards of a hundred. Many were sent to her from distant parts of the world, and she soon received into her establishment the daughters of the most distinguished families in France.

“ Madame de Beauharnais,” says Madame Campan, “ sent me her daughter Hortense and her niece Emilie. In about six months after this she came to inform me that she

was going to be married to a *Corsican gentleman*, who had been educated at the military school, and who was then a General. She commissioned me to communicate the circumstance to her daughter, who was for a considerable time very much distressed at the thought of her mother changing her name "

Buonaparte, while he was consul, placed at the establishment his youngest sister Caroline, afterwards Queen of Naples, and Stephanie Beauharnais, his adopted daughter, afterwards Grand-Duchess of Baden. After he became Emperor, Napoleon turned his attention to the education of the children of his brave companions in arms, of whom many had perished on the field of battle. An establishment, specially appropriated to the daughters, sisters, or nieces of *Crosses of Honour*, was instituted under the superintendence of Count de Lacedèpe, at Ecoeu. Madame Campan was appointed mistress of it, and she manifested so much zeal and experience, that Napoleon, when visiting the school, a few months after its establishment, enthusiastically exclaimed "*Tout est bien!*" Napoleon did not confer this appointment on Madame Campan, without a thorough conviction of her competency to discharge its duties. When conversing with her one day, on the subject of female education, he observed:—"The old systems are all faulty. To give young ladies a good education in France, what is it that is wanting?"—"Mothers," was the lady's brief reply.

On the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty and the establishment of general peace. Madame Campan might have hoped, after all her misfortunes and toils, to have enjoyed her share of repose. But it was ordained otherwise. She was assailed by calumny. The Imperial establishment at Ecoeu was suppressed, and her appointment with it. In 1815, her niece, Madame de Broe, perished, by a dreadful accident, in the prime of youth and beauty. Madame Campan then retired to Nantes, a small town on the banks of the Seine, with the intention of passing the remainder of her life in the society of Madame Maignes, one of her favorite pupils. But fresh calamities overtook her. She lost her son; and this affliction was speedily followed by the execution of Marshal Ney, the husband of her niece. She

was then prevailed on by her friends to visit Switzerland, and subsequently Baden, in the hope that the waters of the latter place might produce a favourable change in her health, which was rapidly declining. Unfortunately, this hope proved delusive. Madame Campan returned to Nantes, where she underwent, with singular fortitude, the painful operation for a cancer in her breast. While suffering under the effects of this formidable operation, she made one of the most beautiful and original remarks that perhaps ever escaped the lips of a dying person. "She called," says Dr. Maignes, "in a louder tone of voice than usual. I hastened to her; and then, reproaching herself for her impetuosity, she said, "How imperious we are, when we have no longer time to be polite!" A few moments afterwards she breathed her last. This was on the 16th of March, 1822.

Madame Campan's talents, and the circumstance of her having never quitted her royal mistress for twenty years, have made her "Memoirs of Marie Antoinette," the most faithful, and interesting work extant, on the subject.

STANZAS.

BY ROCHESTER MEDWAY.

Thou hast deck'd thy hair with flowers,
 'Tis fit that thou should'st wear,
 Thus, in thy girlhood's hours
 A wreath so bright and fair.
 Thy heart is free from sorrow,
 And sweets those flow'rs pervade;
 Oh! ye may mourn to-morrow,
 As those bright flowers fade.

Thou hast decked thy hair with flowers,
 Those buds whose dewy breath
 Perfumed the woodbine bowers,
 Are wasting now in death;
 So, when *thy* days are fleeting,
 And life is passing by,
 May ye, no sorrow greeting,
 Fade—as those flowers die.

CHIT-CHAT.



TRAVELLING IN INDIA — This cut represents a Sikh, and a Saees his attendant, as drawn by Bishop Heber, during a journey through the Upper Provinces of India. The Sikh was a mercenary soldier, one of a numerous class in the east, and was then travelling in search of employment from some of the petty princes of the country, or perhaps from the Emperor of China. He was well mounted and wrapped up in cotton cloths. He carried a long matchlock on his shoulder, and a shield and sword on his left side. His attendant was a poor ragged creature, who carried provisions for himself and master in two baskets slung at the ends of bamboo.

ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.— One of the ladies to whom I had the pleasure of being presented, during my short stay at Ems, was the Countess d'H——. The father of this lady was one of the many conspirators against the life of Napoleon; he was arrested, and condemned to death. Before the day fixed for his execution, his wife a high-born German lady, obtained admittance to the Emperor, and besought her husband's pardon, in that tone of deep and true feeling, which generally finds an answering chord to

vibrate with it in the hearts of others. Napoleon was vexed—distressed—doubting—and deeply touched. The trembling wife stood before him, waiting a double doom. “Madame,” he said at length, “while such a proof as I have here,” drawing a paper from a bundle, that lay on the table, “while such a proof as I have here exists, I cannot pardon your husband.” As he spoke, he placed in her hand a paper, in which the crime was too surely acknowledged, under the signature of the accused. She clasped the scroll firmly, and fixing her eyes on those of Napoleon, read something, even as he turned them from her, which gave her strength to rush towards the hearth ;—and, in an instant, the record had blazed and perished. The happy, but trembling woman, once more sought the eyes of the Emperor, but in vain ; one hand hid them from her view, and the other waved her from him. The sentence against her husband was revised ; and proof of his guilt being imperfect, the doom of death was changed to that of banishment.—*Mrs. Trollope’s Belgium and Germany.*

THE NEW PALACE.—The grand picture gallery, which, according to the original plan, formed two apartments, is now thrown into one large and magnificent room ; and the light is so judiciously introduced, that the pictures are advantageously displayed. The alterations, which have been made since the removal of the great dome, considerably increase the convenience of the palace, and a morning may be spent very agreeably in viewing the interior, which will soon be ready for the reception of their Majesties. The applications of the nobility and gentry for tickets to see the interior have of late been exceedingly numerous.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY are in treaty with the Duke of Buckingham for the purchase of his house in Pall Mall, for the purpose of converting the mansion into a Museum of Natural History.

MARRIAGE OF STATISTICS WITH POETRY.—I would delight to witness the blending of the muses with statistics, that the elegance of the former might lighten the (to some) cheerless and uninviting array of figures ; and wherefore should I desire it otherwise ? Are not the heaviest toils and most arduous enterprises of man soothed and cheered by the presence and encouraging smiles of woman ? Does

not the soft and lovely moss deck the sterile mountain's brow? Thus should it be with statistics and poesy.—*Montgomery Martin's British Colonies.*

A MARRIAGE SCENE IN DENMARK.—One morning whilst at Holstein, a singular procession passed us; a young woman in gala, whose hair was stiffened to the consistence of stucco, with pomatum and powder, on which was raised a high cap of lace, decorated with a profusion of artificial flowers in her bosom, and a book in her hand, and turning in her toes most abominably, passed in the most stately manner up the street, preceded by three girls in mob caps, decorated with little bits of gold and silver lace, dressed in red jackets, each with a book in her hand, and followed by two old women with books also. The fair heroine of this singular group moved to me as she passed. She was proceeding to the church, where the bridegroom was counting the lingering moments of her absence. Old and young peeped out of the doors and windows as the cavalcade passed.—*Sir John Carr.*

CURIOUS FACT.—Mr. Young, in the *Edinburgh Geographical Journal*, states the following facts of the change of colour in the plumage of birds, from fear:—"A blackbird had been surprised in a cage by a cat; when it was relieved, it was found lying on its back, and quite wet with sweat. Its feathers fell off, and were renewed, but the new ones were perfectly white.—A grey linnet happened to raise its feathers at a man who was drunk; he instantly tore the creature from its cage, and plucked off all its feathers. The poor animal survived the accident (the outrage, we would rather say), and had its feathers replaced, but they were also white."

A NEW ASPIRANT FOR THE CROWN.—A gentleman, said to hold a rank of some importance in the army, has recently fallen desperately in love with the youthful charms of the Princess Victoria, and has taken every opportunity of manifesting the ardour of his passion to her Royal Highness, and of making her a formal tender of his hand and heart. The epistles of the aspiring lover were at first treated as the emotions of a distempered intellect, and no notice was taken of them; but his efforts to obtain an interview have since become so persevering, that it has been

found expedient to give directions to the gate-keepers on the subject. Some days since he gave the gate-keeper three cards, containing (as he said), his titles and dignity, with a request that they should be immediately forwarded to her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, who, he added, would see that, by an alliance with him, her Royal Highness would acquire an imperial title of superior pretensions to the comparatively insignificant distinction of Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. On the cards were written, the "King of Rome;" "The Emperor of the Austrias;" and "The Grand Lama of Thibet." Several letters were also forwarded to the Palace by this tripartite potentate, who was constantly seen promenading before the Palace, and in the gardens, waiting to obtain the desired interview with the Princess. One day, while the gate-keepers were at dinner, he contrived to gain admission into the gardens, when he took that opportunity, unobserved, to jump over the palings into the shrubbery, and there plant a laurel, to which he affixed another letter to the Princess Victoria, which, of course, when discovered, was speedily removed. The next morning the aspirant to royalty came to the gate and inquired for the Princess, and on being informed that her Royal Highness was gone to Claremont, he immediately jumped into a cab, and drove there, but returned in the evening, having been unable to catch a view of the Princess. On Wednesday, having made some further inquiries of the gate-keeper respecting her Royal Highness, who had just taken an airing in a pony chaise, the gatekeeper considered it to be the most prudent course to inform Sir John Conroy of his conduct; and he was afterwards introduced to an inspector of Police, who told him he must take him into custody unless he would pledge his honour to abstain in future from the ridiculous system of annoyance he had practised. After some demur, he gave the required promise, and was allowed to leave the gardens, having given a card, which contained, as was presumed, his real name and rank, the latter of which was stated to be Lieutenant-Colonel ——. He is a tall military-looking man, apparently about 45 years of age.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

*Rue Saint Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain,
July 20, 1834.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We are all very gay at present, what with gypsey parties, *fêtes Champêtres*, and rural balls, in the environs of Paris, there is really quite as much amusement as in winter. By the bye, I must not forget one of the most fashionable of our pleasures, the *déjeûners dansants*, they are given by some of the distinguished fashionables, and notwithstanding the heat of the weather are brilliantly attended. One reason for this is their being an English fashion; another, and perhaps a most powerful one, is their being as yet confined to the faubourg Saint Germain, for when once they begin to get common I suspect they will soon be laid aside, as people cannot dance day and night too; though to do the Parisians justice they are very industrious in that respect.

Your old acquaintance, Mrs. —, is here, and is as great a manœuvrer as ever. She is now exerting upon the French *beaux* all that art and skill which she practised so long and so unsuccessfully upon the English. Poor woman! her pains will be totally thrown away, for Paris is the worst place on earth for husband-hunting mothers with marriageable daughters to come to. A love match, or even one where there is any actual inequality of fortune, being the rarest thing imaginable. Either she is unconscious of this, or else she believes that her daughters' charms will be sufficient to thaw the cold prudence that Frenchmen exert in general in matrimonial matters; for she exhibits the young ladies in every possible way. The chances are, however, at least, a hundred to one against her success. It is said, indeed, that on the strength of her dashing appearance, three or four proposals have been made for the daughters, but instantly retracted when the suitors found that the demoiselles were nearly portionless.

Rare as love matches are they do, however, sometimes take place, and one that has recently occurred is quite a little

romance. The hero of the tale is a young man of good family and fortune, whom I shall call Ernest. He made an acquaintance some time ago with a young provincial recently come to Paris. They occupied apartments in the same house, that is to say, Ernest had a splendid suite of rooms on the first floor, and Adolphe inhabited one single one on the fourth story. They might have lived in the same house for ever without even meeting, had not Ernest's valet spoken to his master of the illness of the poor young stranger, this led to inquiries after his health, and offers of service which were declined, but in a grateful manner. When Ernest understood at last that the invalid was able to go out, he threw himself in his way, and, notwithstanding the excessive shyness of Adolphe, he did contrive to get him out for an airing in his cab. I have since heard him say that he could not conceive what it was in the young stranger that attracted him so, for so shy and reserved a person he never met with. However, by degrees the shyness wore off, and then Ernest found him a delightful companion. In one respect only Ernest was dissatisfied, although it was evident that Adolphe's circumstances were indifferent, he never would accept of even the most trifling favor from his friend. Still they became every day more intimate, though there was a marked difference in their tempers. Ernest is of a more grave and reflecting turn than the generality of his countrymen, possessed of an excellent understanding, but without pretensions to wit, and of high scholastic acquirements. Adolphe, on the contrary, as his shyness wore off, shewed good natural abilities, but evidently uncultivated; high spirits, great vivacity, and a quick sense of the ridiculous, which sometimes carried him rather too far. One evening he was with Ernest, when the latter received a visit from a gentleman of his acquaintance, who is noted for his love of romancing. He will tell the most incredible stories with the gravest air imaginable, and it has been often said of him that he has repeated them so long, that, at last, he believes them himself. Unluckily Adolphe's manner betrayed some incredulity, and our gasconader noticed it, for, turning round sharply, he said: "You look, Monsieur, as if you doubted the fact that I have just related." "Oh, sir," replied Adolphe, "I have no

doubt, I assure you." His tone of voice and the mock gravity of his countenance rendered it impossible to mistake his meaning. The boaster fired up, demanded satisfaction, and in few minutes our little provincial found himself engaged in a duel.

I wish you could hear the story as I had it from Ernest, in whose words I think I must conclude it: "I shall never forget," said he, "what I felt when I saw Adolphe change color, and seem as if he was ready to sink into the earth. He recovered himself enough, however, to assent to his antagonist's proposal of a meeting the next morning, and the gasconader then took his leave. After he was gone, Adolphe remained some time silent. He then burst into an invective against duelling, and as he concluded it, he asked me whether the matter could not be made up.

"At that moment I could not repress my contempt, and I gave him a look in which I am afraid it was too visible, for he turned red and pale alternately as he faltered out that "if honor required—" I would not trust myself to reply, and we parted. But when the poor fellow was gone, and I had leisure to reflect, I could not analyze my feelings; until then I had always thought that I could not look upon a coward with any other feelings than those of contempt, and yet Adolphe's pusillanimity had not that effect upon me: on the contrary, I tried to make every excuse for him, his youth, his unacquaintance with the world, and his religious notions. I then began to think of extricating him, but this appeared an impossibility, for I well knew his antagonist would not be satisfied with such an apology as Adolphe could consistently with honor make. I ruminated all night upon the subject without coming to any satisfactory conclusion, till, at last, as the time of appointment approached I went to the chamber of Adolphe. I found him up and dressed; he looked pale, and I even fancied I saw the traces of tears on his cheeks. At sight of me he made an effort to appear calm; but he could not deceive me. When we reached the *Champs Elysées* we found our man waiting, and although we were not more than a minute after our time, he made some impertinent observation about it, which it directly struck me would give me an opportunity of extricating poor Adolphe, I

therefore answered in such a manner as to draw a quarrel with him upon myself, and I profited by it, to insist upon taking precedence of my friend.

“But conceive my surprise when Adolphe, coward no longer, but bold as Hercules, insisted vehemently upon his having a prior right to satisfaction for the insult offered him, and though I was convinced that his bravery was only affected, yet he appeared so decidedly in earnest that I could not prevent the combat. Think what I felt when I saw my poor friend fall. I ran to him instantly, he was insensible, and in opening his coat to search for the wound, I found that my little friend was a woman. It is impossible to paint the effect the discovery had upon me, I was gone an age in love before I had the least suspicion of it, and never did I suffer such anxiety as in the short interval that elapsed before my incognita could explain the cause of her disguise.

“When she came to herself, she was in a carriage, supported in my arms. Instinctively she moved to release herself, and then burst into an agony of tears. Innocent creature! her tears did not flow from any thing she had to blush for, as I soon found. She was an orphan, of very small property, who had fled from home to avoid being forced into a marriage with her guardian; dreading to fall into his power she had assumed her disguise. The rest was easily accounted for, she would never have thought of accepting the challenge but for the fear of losing my good opinion, and when we came upon the ground, and she saw me take up the quarrel, she hastened to expose her own life sooner than see me risk mine.”

You will not be surprised, dear Maria, when I add that shortly afterwards Ernest led her to the altar. She is remarkably beautiful, and appears entirely devoted to him.

Adieu! Dear Maria,

Ever yours,

EMILY B——.

Miss Melmoth,

Melmoth Hall, &c.

THE LADIES' TOILET.

WALKING DRESS.—A dove-colored cambric pelisse; a high body, the shoulders masked by folds, it sits close to the shape, and fastens before by a row of buttons, placed so that the front folds a little over, and is edged with lace. The front of the skirt is attached in the same manner, and the bottom is edged with lace. The sleeves are of a very large size. Rice straw bonnet of a moderate size; the interior of the brim trimmed with a quilling of blond lace, and a wreath of Easter daisies, A bouquet of the same flowers and green gauze ribbons adorn the crown. Cashmere scarf,

EVENING NEGLIGE.—A white *gros de Naples* robe, *Corsage à la Tyrolienne* and long sleeves, the lower part arranged in bouillons by bands of blue gauze ribbon. The skirt is embroidered round the border, and up each side of the front, in a wreath of intermingled grapes, blue flowers and foliage. Blond lace cap, the trimming turned back, and ornamented with a wreath of blue flowers, disposed in a half circle over the forehead; bows of ribbon complete the trimming. An open caul, through which the hair, turned up in a single bow, protrudes. Scarf of blue *mousseline de soie*.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

Since the weather has set in so very warm, printed muslins are almost generally adopted in plain walking dress; they are made in the robe style with *corsages*, either half or quite high, and imbecille sleeves. Those of the amadis form are, however, far from being discarded, we still see them adopted by very genteel women, though they are certainly in a decided minority. Pelerines, of the same material, are adopted in *negligé* only. They are generally of a moderate size, and we observe that round ones of two falls are preferred. Mantelets of embroidered muslin are adopted later in the day. They are even more in request than they were at the time of their first introduction last year. The forms of mantelets do not afford any actual novelty, but the trimming displays a good deal. The most novel of those, composed of clear muslin, have a very broad hem all round; it is bordered with a narrow lace. We have seen also some without any other





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trimming than the hem cut on the inside in points, which are thus alternately thick and transparent. As for those of embroidered muslin they vary both in price and elegance, according to the work or the lace which trims them; the latter ought to be very deep: a good many are worked in feather stitch, some have only a light wreath that surmounts the lace, but several are thickly worked either in detached bouquets, or wreaths interlaced; the latter is the most novel,

Dunstable straw bonnets are less generally worn in plain walking dress than last month, but those of fancy straw are much more numerous. They have now, for the most part, only the brim lined with colored silk. We observe that the material is of a less open kind. These bonnets are very much in request for young ladies; they are of the small cottage shape, and are trimmed only with a plain band of ribbon, which goes round the forepart of the crown, and turning short at the ears, descends upon the brim, and forms the strings. A full quilling of ribbon is attached at the back of the crown as a substitute for a curtain. The same form of bonnet is adopted by ladies more advanced in life, but it is differently trimmed; the curtain is of straw, a band of ribbon encircles the bottom of the crown; a moderate sized knot is placed behind on the left side, and a full one with floating ends on the right side, in front.

Clear muslin pelisses lined with colored *gros de Naples*, are very much in request in carriage dress. Some are embroidered *à la tunique*, and others trimmed down the front with knots of gauze or taffetas ribbon to correspond with the lining. These pelisses have always a pelerine to correspond, it consists of two falls, each bordered with lace; it is rather deep behind and on the shoulders, but falls back in front so as to display the form of the bust.

Leghorn straw hats increase in favor in carriage dress. We observe that the brims are of a large, we had almost said an immoderate, size. The crowns are placed perpendicularly, and are higher than those of silk hats. The most elegant are those trimmed with white feathers; some have two, others three, and others four; in the latter case the bouquet is placed nearly in front, and the feathers fall in different directions. A small wreath of flowers, generally rose color, trims the inside of the brim just over the forehead.

Mousseline de Soie and foulards are both in favor in even-

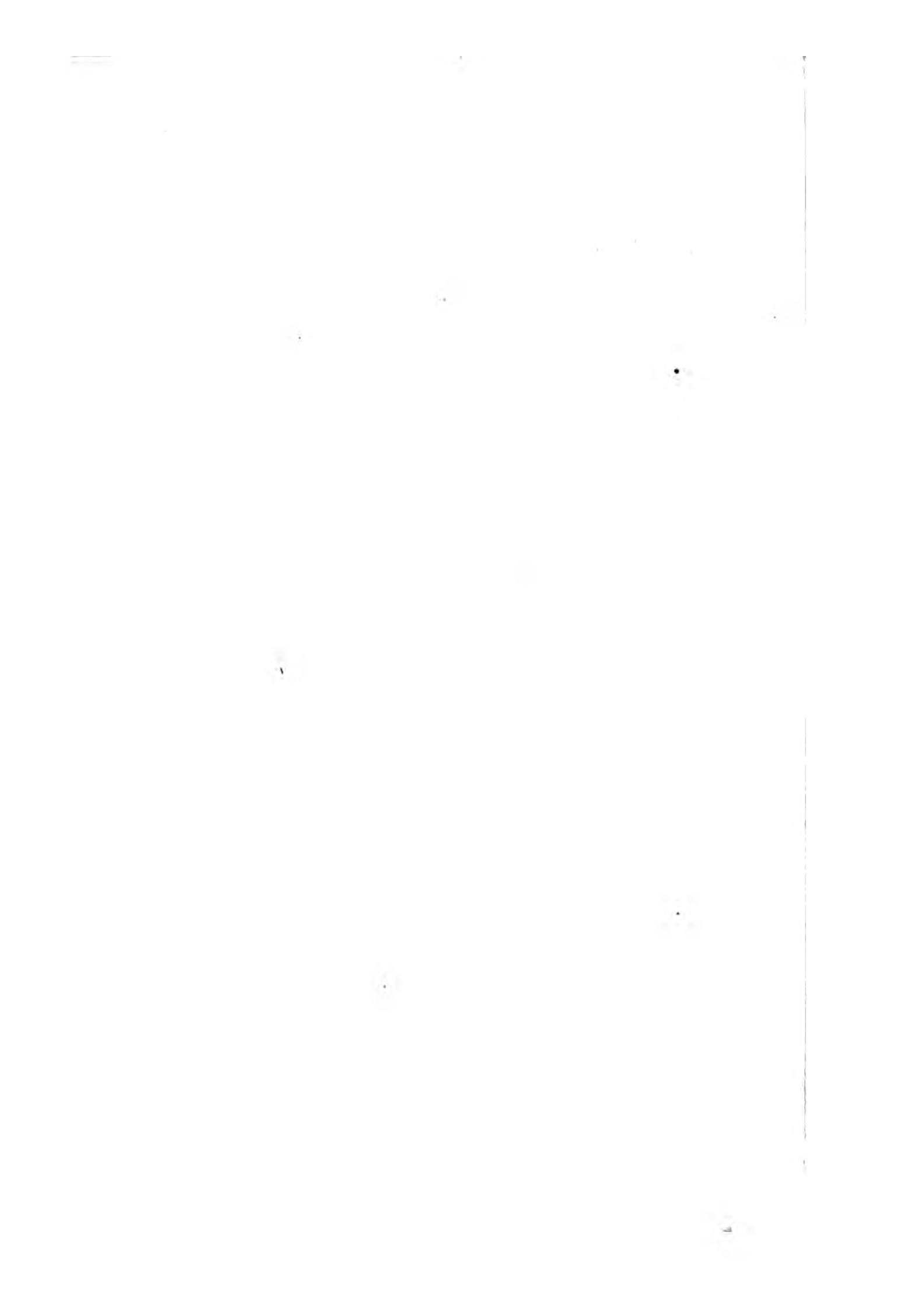
ing dress, but the former is particularly so. Some of these robes have the bodies made in a very becoming manner, they expose all the upper part of the bust, and a little of the shoulders, but cover the bosom; they are made quite square, and have the back full, but the front tight to the shape. Bouffant sleeves shorter than they have been worn for some time. The shoulders and back of the bust is generally trimmed *en mantille*, with a single very deep fall of lace, which is looped at the front with a knot of ribbon, the ends of which fall low upon the sleeve; a similar knot adorns the centre of the breast, and we frequently see a tripple row of knots disposed *en tablier* on the front of the skirt; this kind of trimming, although it has been so long in favor, is the only one in request.

Coiffures en cheveux have lost nothing of their predominance in evening dress, but since the weather has been so very warm, they are mostly of the Madonna kind: they continue to be ornamented with flowers. Fashionable colors are the same as last month.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESS.—The robe is composed of straw-colored *pou de soie*, a low *corsage* draped, trimmed with a pelerine lappel, rounded behind, but descending *en cœur* before; it is bordered with blond lace, and ornamented with knots of ribbon to correspond upon the shoulders. Short full sleeves. *Ceinture* of very rich figured straw-colored ribbon, tied before in short bows and long ends. The headdress is a straw-colored crape turban, it is of a moderate size, very lightly mounted, and trimmed with the plumage of a bird of Paradise. Fancy jewellery.

DINNER DRESS.—The robe is of rose-colored *Mousseline de Soie*; it is of the *demi redingote* form. A low *corsage* draped before; the drapery is bordered with blond, and a blond lace mantilla trims the back and shoulders. A row of puffs of ribbon also adorns the latter. Single *bouillon* sleeves very full. *Ceinture* of plain taffetas ribbon, fastening before in short bows and ends. A row of similar bows adorns the front of the skirt. Head dress of hair, curled at the sides, disposed in bows on the summit of the head, and ornamented with an *esprit*. Necklace and colored gems.





Jos.ⁿ Robins



Aug^t 1834.

LONDON DINNER DRESS.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

Our promenades present such a variety of hats and bonnets that one is really puzzled to tell what form is the most fashionable. However, after well considering the subject, we think we may venture to pronounce that hats with wide brims, and crowns almost perpendicular, are in a majority. *Ruches* of ribbon are coming very much into favor for the trimming of hats, particularly those of Italian straw; several of the most novel of which are trimmed with *ruches* of plaid taffetas ribbon.

Muslin, either white or printed, is now the favorite material in promenade dress. Robes are made in a very plain style without any trimming, the *corsages* half high; and the sleeves of nearly the same size from the shoulder to the wrist, where they are confined by a broad band; they are enormously and ungracefully wide. Mantelets and pelerines continue in as great favor as ever, but with one exception, they do not afford any novelty, that one is a pelerine of clear muslin, large and rounded behind, with short ends, which pass but little below the *ceinture*; it is trimmed round with a triple fall of the same material gauffed.

Mousseline de laine and plain Indian muslin are the materials generally adopted in half dress. These robes are for the most part made with the *corsages* in crossed drapery in front, and plain behind. They rise higher upon the shoulders than they have done for some time, but they cross sufficiently low to display an under front, which is either richly embroidered or composed of lace. The latter is now, indeed, in very great favor, but its revival has not been like that of the black lace in old fashioned patterns; on the contrary the new white thread laces are all of a very light and elegant kind. A row which is set on narrow at the bottom, but increases in width as it approaches the shoulder, borders the drapery of the *corsage*, and encircles the back and shoulders; a second row goes round the back and shoulders only, and falls very deep over the latter. The sleeves are generally long, of the same form as we have already described.

Rice straw and *pou do soie* hats are both in favor in half dress, as are also bonnets of the same materials; the latter are not so fashionable as hats, to which their appearance forms a singular contrast, the first being of the same form as those worn in promenade dress; the latter have a very small brim,

rather wide than otherwise at the top, but close at the sides of the face, and almost meeting in a point under the chin. The crown is of moderate size, and placed almost horizontally. Flowers and taffetas ribbons usually form the trimmings of both, but, in some instances, marabout feathers are adopted for the former, and a *ruche* of ribbon placed obliquely on the crown is employed for the latter. Curtain veils of *tulle* are in favor for both. The flowers employed are those of the season, but roses, *pensées*, eglantine, honeysuckle, and lilacs are preferred.

Robes in evening dress are composed principally of organ-dy, either plain or painted; where the latter is employed the *corsages* continue to be made *à la Tyrolienne*, but a new kind of brace or bodice is adopted with those of plain organ-dy; it is composed of plaid taffetas ribbon, interlaced so as to form a kind of canezone, sloping down in the stomacher style on each side of the front, and trimmed on the shoulders with a double fall *en sabot*, of very broad thread lace. Head-dresses of hair, ornamented as described in our last number, continue most in favor in evening dress. Fashionable colors are still the same as last month.

TO A LADY.

If love be bliss, pray take thy share,
 Mine has been sorrow's bitter pill;
 To Cupid offer up thy prayer
 And be the idol of his will;
 To thee, perhaps, the fates may prove
 More fav'ring than to me, in love.
 Then gaily speed thy hours away,
 On wings of joy and rosy pleasure;
 Nor sober thought thy sports delay,
 Nor jealous time thy moments measure.
 Thou deem'st me happy—think not so—
 Each smile is but the mask of wo.
 My life has been a course of care;
 Ee'n from my cradle I have been
 The slave of fancy, and the heir
 Of grief oft felt, but seldom seen.
 Deem me not happy, then—alas!
 My sun is cold, though brief it pass—
 Whilst on my cheek there dwells a smile,
 Oh, judge not of my heart the while.



THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

(Concluded from page 42.)

Sir George Touchwood was a man of sound sense, but somewhat rigid in his ideas of human nature. The various whims and vices of fashionable life he reprobated: it was therefore he had sought a wife in the vale of rural seclusion; and the gentle Lady Frances was all his fondest hopes could aspire to. His romantic love, and the beauty of her ladyship were the themes of conversation; but Sir George, in the pride of his heart, having asserted the utter impossibility of Lady Frances ever becoming a convert to fashionable manners, had roused up a spirit of resentment among the fine ladies of the ton, whose habits he had so freely censured, and several of them (Mrs. Racket at their head) were resolved upon leading the pretty novice into dissipation. Sir George, spite of all his precaution, had thus been compelled to give way to the vortex of folly which overwhelmed him.

Doricourt's visit was not welcome: he was glad to see him on his own account; for he really esteemed him; but knowing him to be the rage, he feared the whole tribe of fashion and folly, if he got free entrance into his doors, would follow his steps, and was therefore desirous that he should not be introduced to Lady Frances. Doricourt, being determined to

see this blooming nymph of the vale, threw himself into a chair, declaring it was his resolution to remain there, and dine that day, to-morrow, and the next, and the next; in short, that he would not leave the house till he had paid his respects to Lady Touchwood. Sir George had no alternative; he was obliged to introduce him, and he that night was of their party to an assembly.

Doricourt looked around him, none of the pretty herd of fashionable triflers, excited his admiration in any great degree: yet towards none he felt disgust, that sensation he reserved for poor Letitia alone, and began seriously to reflect whether he had not better pay the forfeit, than pass his future life with such a woman. The penalty was heavy,—an estate which cost his father and Mr. Hardy the sum of eighty thousand pounds, and which was to be a joint property in case of their marriage,—was to be relinquished in the failure of contract on either side;—it was not a pleasant sacrifice, yet better that, than sacrifice his happiness:—there was, however, but little time for deliberation, the ceremony was to take place in a few days, and he must resolve at once.

One evening at a splendid masquerade—Doricourt in a domino wandered about. Mrs. Racket had been desirous of enlisting him under her banners, but he avoided being of any party—he chose to go alone, that he might freely comment on all he saw and heard; yet his heart was not gay, his thoughts in spite of himself wandered to his *gawky* wife, and to the speedy approach of that hour, which was to rob him at once of freedom and happiness!

In this gloomy train of thought he moved along with the crowd, a sort of vacant spectator regardless of any thing which passed, till his attention was caught by an elegant figure in a superb dress: a mask accosted her; she answered with animation, and challenged him to dance.—Doricourt watched her graceful gestures moving through the mazes of a minuet; and he heaved a sigh, he scarce knew wherefore: there was a painful feeling at his heart; it was regret; he wished his betrothed wife had partaken of some portion of the elegance and spirit of this delightful woman! The dance ended, he followed her; but she fled rapidly, and mingled in the throng, where he lost sight of her: he inquired who she was, but could gain no information;—more dissatisfied

than before, Doricourt became lost in his own painful reflections, and insensible to the scene of gaiety and bustle which surrounded him. His thoughts again reverted to his betrothed bride, and more and more revolting from the alliance, he came to a positive determination of declining the match; but in order to give a fair pretence, which might save his own honour, and the lady's feelings, he would assume madness, fee his physicians to pronounce him incurable, and then probably old Hardy might destroy the bond without demanding the forfeiture.

While lost in these gloomy reflections, he heard a voice warbling forth a melodious strain, and turning round beheld the charming woman who had before attracted him; she sang with taste, sweetness, and spirit, a fascinating song; and then entered freely into conversation. Her wit, vivacity, and good sense charmed his very soul, he followed her from place to place, entreated her to take off her mask, and bless him with a sight of her face; but she positively refused, and fled from him; he pursued, and drew her back again—"Your name, my angel, your name (he exclaimed), tell me your name, though you will not let me see your face"—but this request she waved, and with playfulness to all his questions she replied with ready wit, yet never betraying in any way her own secret. He inquired, what her feelings would be towards the man whom she loved, and who was worthy of her love, when with an animation the most bewitching, she recounted what she could endure, what suffer in the cause of virtuous attachment. Doricourt enraptured, caught her in his arms, telling her it "was in vain to assume airs of coldness, for that fate had ordained her his:—that he had never before met any woman so exactly to his taste, and fortune he was sure would never throw such a treasure in his way, only to torment him"—he implored to know who and what she was, and when and where he should again behold her:—she informed him that he should see her again, and in an hour when he should least expect her; and then, on pain of her eternal displeasure if he followed her one step, she took her leave.

He was wrapt in wonder,—follow her he dared not,—and yet to lose sight of her without knowing who she was, was insupportable. Mrs. Racket's party now drew near, and

Flutter, a light whimsical good-humoured coxcomb, came up to Doricourt, and begged him to join them, "Harkee, Flutter, tell me for heaven's sake who is the charming creature who passed through that door, just as you entered—do you know her?"

"That lady—that—oh yes—I know her very well—she is as you say a charming creature—very charming indeed—she's—kept by Lord George Jennet!"

Doricourt started back; kept!—a kept mistress? his heart turned sick at the bare idea.—Old Hardy heard this impertinent assertion of Flutter, who would have said the same thing of his mother rather than appear ignorant of any body, from a chimney-sweeper to an emperor, and now hastened to Doricourt, to glad him with the joyful news—that the lady, he was in love with, was his own Letty—but Doricourt supposing this was meant as a sort of indirect reproof for his neglect, in not inquiring whether she was to be at the masquerade, or making an offer of his services to protect her, angrily told him, it was rather too soon to play the father-in-law yet, and left him in the midst of his entreaties to stay and hear him.

The old man, provoked at Doricourt's pettishness, declared that now he would plot with Letty, and not against her; and if he was not revenged on my gentleman for snubbing—say his name was not Hardy.

Doricourt instantly left the masquerade, and hastened home: his mind was bewildered; this bewitching creature had taken firm possession of his soul; yet so exalted were the sentiments she had inspired, that he could not wish to possess her on any thing less than honourable terms; and the idea of her being a woman of dissolute morals made him shudder. He resolved not to fulfil the contract of marriage with Miss Hardy—the estate he would willingly forfeit—but marry her, he would not—could not: he then consulted his friend Saville, but first enquired whether he knew the mistress of Lord George Jennet; and his description so exactly corresponded with the fascinating creature who had bewitched him, that he could not admit a shadow of doubt as to the truth of Flutter's story. All his wish was now to get rid of Hardy and his daughter, and quit England immediately. Mr. Saville admired the mad scheme, if he could but go through with it; and Flutter being just then announced, he

begged him to give a touch of madness, as he would set the report afloat, like lightning; the moment he entered, Doricourt seized him, and furiously exclaimed, "Look—look, this is he—who has sent my poor soul without coat or breeches, to be tossed in the air like a duck feather—Villian give me my soul again."

"Upon my soul I have not got it"—replied the terrified Flutter, endeavouring to release himself from the powerful grasp of the pretended maniac—Saville drew him away, and getting him quietly seated on the sofa, told Flutter a piteous tale of his insanity; an Italian princess at the masquerade had given him a drug which affected him every full of the moon.—At mention of the moon, Doricourt broke into a raving fit; and when Flutter could make his escape, he hastened away breathless, with the news of Doricourt's madness—which was spread half over the town in less than an hour.

The delighted Letitia was so happy, she seemed to tread on air,—and longed for the moment of discovery: yet though she longed, it was an event she dreaded. She found her father very angry with Doricourt for his rudeness at the masquerade;—"Zounds, Letty, (said he), why the fellow whipped round upon his heel, and snapped me as short, as if I had been a beggar woman with six children, and he overseer of the parish.—I have laid awake the whole night thinking of plans to plague him, and all to no use, the one drives the other out of my head."

Mrs. Racket, who loved a jest, and who owed Doricourt a little grudge for his hint at her coquetry, and that he "*could allow for a lady's painting,*" was willing to adopt some plan to tease him a little; and it was at length agreed that Hardy should feign himself ill, pretend to be dying, and urge the immediate marriage of Doricourt with Letitia, under the impression of her gawky character; he was sent for, and came to the house—madness and all; but the arch and quick-sighted Mrs. Racket soon discovered the cheat, and turned him into ridicule;—at first he was enraged; but finding he had not any chance of escape, owned that his madness *was* assumed, in order to avoid a marriage with Miss Hardy, whom he did not love; nay more—that he was attached to another woman. While speaking, he was summoned to the

chamber of death; his spirits were greatly affected at the sight of old Hardy, the friend, the parent of his early years; and not able to resist his pathetic appeals, the united persuasions and entreaties of Sir George Touchwood, Mr. Saville, and the rest, he agreed to marry Letitia, who stood near, wrapped up in a large dressing-gown and nightcap: the licence, and clergyman were all ready, the ceremony was performed, and Doricourt coldly kissing his wife—left the room, followed by the various visitors assembled to witness the marriage.—He wandered up and down the saloon almost in a state of distraction; at length he inquired for his—wife! and as he spoke the word it seemed almost to stick in his throat! I

At that moment Mr. Saville informed Doricourt that a lady desired to speak to him; he started, it was the incognita who had so bewitched him at the masquerade: she addressed him in a solemn tone, and manner—"I told you—you should see me in an hour when you least expected me; and I have kept my word!"

Some one present informing her that Mr. Doricourt was just married; the lady expressed her indignation at his perfidy, having but a few hours before (as she said) sworn eternal fidelity to her: Doricourt at length recovering from the surprise into which this unexpected visit has thrown him, reproached her with cruelty in thus intruding upon him, knowing her own degraded situation; declaring that had she been worthy to become his wife, he would not have pledged himself to another to save the lives of half mankind!

"I cannot understand you, sir, (replied the lady), to what situation do you allude."

"I must blush, Madam, to repeat in the presence of this good company, but I am not ignorant, that you are the companion of Lord George Jennet." "Ridiculous pretence,—no, sir, know to your confusion, my name, my honour, are unspotted as hers you have married—my fortune is large—my birth equal to your own—my hand and fortune were at your command—but it is now past—farewell!"

"Stay, I implore you—I entreat you stay"—exclaimed Doricourt, in a piteous accent; then glancing round the room, seized Flutter by the collar, who terrified at the mischief he had occasioned, exclaimed "it was all a mistake; that he did not mean *that* lady—he had never seen her in his life before."

Doricourt, almost exasperated to madness, shook him so violently, that it was with difficulty he could be got out of his clutches; at that moment Hardy in his dressing gown and nightcap—rushed into the room, and inquired “how he dared make so much fuss about another woman, when he was just married to his daughter?”—begged Mrs. Racket to wipe the powder from his face, and told Doricourt laughing, that his illness was all a fetch, to make him marry Letty!

Doricourt was disgusted at this mean subterfuge; and informed him, that as his name and fortune were all either his daughter or himself aimed at they might take them; but, that he should quit his native land, never, never to return: then addressing the stranger, he implored her to grant him a sight of her face, that the remembrance might be the consolation of his solitude, and the companion of his exile!

The lady now became extremely agitated; her bosom heaved, and the tears traced their way below her mask. All were silent; and Doricourt stood in trembling anxiety—after a short pause she spoke—“Oh Doricourt (she cried) the slight action of taking off my mask, stamps me the most blessed, or miserable of women!!”

“Oh! keep me not in this dreadful suspense! let me behold your face!”

She withdrew her mask, and presented to the astonished Doricourt the features of Miss Hardy—of his wife—he staggered back; then, clasping her in his arms, wept on her neck! Old Hardy was delighted; Doricourt was in raptures, the wedding was kept with the utmost joy and festivity—it was indeed a day of rejoicing, the prelude to years of happiness—each passing hour increased Doricourt's admiration of his fascinating wife, whose cultivated mind, numerous accomplishments, and perpetual variety of character, were so many irresistible claims on his love and esteem! and at the end of many years, Doricourt was heard to declare with pride and joy—that his honey-moon was not yet expired!

His happiness was pure, without alloy,
 His wife at once, his pride, delight and joy;
 And passing years no traces left behind
 Of peevish discontent—each tender mind
 Strove fondly every moment to improve;
 And Hymen's torch was still the torch of love.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

BY MRS. ANN ROLFE.

AUTHOR OF "THE WILL, OR TWENTY-ONE YEARS," ETC.

I saw a fresh young rose
 The loveliest,—it grew
 Where Virtue sought repose,
 Bath'd in its balmy dew.
 No sacrilegious hand
 Disturb'd it's slumbers fair ;
 By gentle breezes fann'd
 It liv'd, and flourish'd there.

It saw no gaudy bow'r,
 Or palace of high state,
 It was a saintly flow'r,
 That aim'd not to be great.
 It's tints were pure, and bright ;
 It's sweetness seem'd to say,
 Like seraphs fadeless light,
 I shall live, and not decay.

It's odour, and it's bloom,
 Embower'd amidst it's leaves ;
 Though not of that dark tomb,
 Where smiling hope ne'er breathes.
 It's dreams were dreams of love ;
 Peace call'd it her retreat ;
 And the white-plum'd dove,
 Sang plaintively and sweet,

But death, with envious eye,
 Approach'd the beauteous flow'r ;
 So that bright thing shall die,
 Said he, this very hour.
 Proud of his might he drew,
 With an imperious frown,
 A scythe of darkest hue,
 And quickly cut it down.

Soft music's holy spell,
Stole softly on the ear ;
And where that young rose fell,
Kind Pity dropt a tear.
Said she, though death with speed
Thy outward parts hath riven ;
Thy balm survives the deed,
To find a place in heaven.

Oh, let not beauty think that death
Avoids the young and fragrant breath ;
Alas, he often shuns old age,
And with the sweetest charms engage ;
Robs the bright cheek of all its bloom,
And sends it to an early tomb.
Then may it be youth's happy fate,
To live both innocent and great ;
Not great in riches, or in birth,
But powerful in conscious worth ;
That when the tyrant's awful crest,
Waves darkly o'er the virtuous breast,
The glowing melodies of love,
Their sportliness and truth may prove,
While as the light, that angels prize,
Their path of glory is the skies.

THE CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH WOMEN CONTRASTED.

BY MRS. CAREY.

It happened, one day, in a mixed company, that a dispute arose, whether the laws of France or of England were most favorable to the female sex.

An English gentleman observed, that there could be no doubt that the English women were in a much better situation than the French, for they lived in comparative ease, the laws being so much in their favor, that the charge of their maintenance was thrown upon the men, who were condemned to all the laborious employments ; whilst a married woman

seemed to be exonerated from business and trouble, as her husband was under the necessity of providing for her support. A French gentleman, Mons. F. who had lived some years in England, said, though that circumstance was very specious, yet it was of no real advantage to the sex, for it placed women in a state of such extreme dependance, as tended to destroy all energy and exertion, and to occasion such a degree of indolence, nay, imbecility of body and mind, that it reduced the value of their labour almost to nothing, in comparison with the price of the labour of the other sex, whilst in France the difference was trifling; so that if wives were benefitted by the English laws, yet considering the number of unmarried girls and widows, the sex upon the whole was in a worse condition than in France.—A French lady, who had but an imperfect knowledge of our language, in which the dialogue was carried on, caught the observation, that a man was obliged to maintain his wife; and now joining in the conversation, remarked, in French, that it must be very agreeable to English ladies to have husbands who were at all the expence of housekeeping, whilst they might spend their own money as they pleased. Mons. F. undertook to explain to Madame H. that an English wife was incapable of possessing any property at all; that whatever devolved to her became immediately at the disposal of her husband; and that she could not spend a single farthing without his authority. Madame H. thought she did not rightly comprehend the business, and therefore stated a case—“Suppose,” said she, “that after I am married, some friend should die, and bequeath me a thousand guineas, without once mentioning my husband’s name; I might then receive them myself, and dispose of them as I chose!” “You are quite mistaken!” replied Mons. F. “your husband would be put in possession of the sum total; and might, if he pleased, spend it on a mistress, lose it at a gaming-table, or leave it by will from you and your children.” “Mon Dieu!” exclaimed the lady, “what wicked laws! why do you talk of English liberty and equality, when one half of the community is left so entirely at the mercy of the other? and for my part, I do not see that a wife is under any great obligation for her maintainance, if she is deprived of her own property, and even of the fruits of her own industry.”

“Why,” resumed Mons. F. “I have always been of opinion, that bragging of that indulgence was like drawing one’s teeth, and then making it a favour to feed one with pap.”

“One of our countrymen urged, in reply, that the English enjoyed a greater share of domestic happiness than any other people upon earth; and that so tenacious were both sexes of their present condition relative to each other, that any change would be scouted by the men as invading their prerogatives, and reprobated by the women as intrenching on their privileges; that the property of both being consolidated, and the entire management confided to the husband, was a contrivance which reached the *ne plus ultra* of human wit, for the entire satisfaction and happiness of both parties: and he appealed to his countrywomen then present, which was rather a hazardous experiment, for they were all married women; however they kept a profound silence, except an old lady, who merely said, “That there was no possibility of accounting for the power of custom over common sense and common feeling.—She had heard that in China, when a young lady arrived at years of discretion, she was utterly inconsolable if she found that her nurse had neglected in her infancy to take bones enough out of her feet to completely cripple her; and would never forgive the injury of being left in so inelegant and infeminine a condition as to be able to walk.”

Monsieur F. resumed the debate, by saying, “That the expedient so extolled by his opponent, appeared to him to be more calculated to produce a separation of interests than a real union of them: for the husband having the absolute direction of the joint stock, might be tempted to the constant exercise of his power, without thinking it necessary to consult his wife, who would, in consequence, dwindle to a mere cypher; and finding herself thus held in no account, she would naturally abstract her thoughts from his concerns, and turn her attention to her own individual interest; considering her husband merely as a banker, to whom all the wealth of the family was entrusted, and that her business would be to obtain the disposal of as much as she could, by any means, get into her hands. This would create a mercenary disposition, and turn all generous love and confidence into a fawning, spaniel-like semblance of affection, that submits to any thing to gain its object.”

Our champion rebutted this charge, by assuring his antagonist—"That English husbands always reposed unlimited confidence respecting pecuniary affairs in their wives; and that they, in return, manifested an equal interest in the common welfare."

Mons. F. then gave up that point; but he contended that, on public grounds, it was a great national evil to have property almost exclusively in the hands of one sex, as it left the other a burden on the community, and vitiated the character of both, inclining one to insolence and tyranny, and the other to indolence, dissimulation, and despondency. When he was in England, he had often looked with pity on the females of the lower orders of the gentry, as there appeared to him no way for them to support themselves except by prostitution; whilst the meaner classes must depend on the parish for subsistence. "But after all," continued he, "different customs suit different people. The French take their wives for companions, the English choose them for playthings; the French consider them as helpmates, the English consider them as appendages." "Well, sir," cried a gentleman, who had listened with great irritation to the discourse, "well, sir, and the real truth of the case is, they *are* appendages; they were originally designed for such by nature. They were given to us, to soften our manners, to humanize our hearts, to nurse us in sickness, to amuse us in health. They can scarcely be said to have an identity of their own; all their duty consists in their obedience, and all their happiness in contributing to ours. And nature, sir, has fitted them for their situation, for they take pleasure in being thwarted and controlled, and are never so miserable as when they have their own way." "What you have said, sir, is quite unanswerable," returned Mons. F.; and the conversation ended.

A POET'S LOVE.

What is a poet's love?
To write a girl a sonnet,
To get a ring, or some such thing,
And fustianize upon it.

DIAMONDS.

The first mine of this substance is supposed to have been accidentally discovered by a peasant. Diamonds are indeed said to have been known previously to the Christian era; but the art of cutting and polishing them was first put into practice by Louis de Berguen, a native of Bruges, in the year 1450. The finest diamond mines are those of Gani and Conloor, near Golconda; Raolconda, near Visapoor; Latavar and Somelpoor, in Bengal; there are also some productive mines at Borneo, in the Brazils, and at Malacca.

The value of a diamond is estimated by its weight in what are called *carats*. The carat, which is a weight employed by the lapidaries, is divided into four grains, each of which is again subdivided into sixteen parts. The finest diamonds are those which are most free from colour, and most transparent, and which are crystalized in octahedral prisms, terminating in a point. Some stones are yellowish, others bluish, or of the colour of steel, some are greenish, and others are black. The diamond burns with a flame; it is consumed and dissipated in a crucible at a less degree of heat than is required to melt pure silver. It has also phosphoric and electric properties.

The following are the finest diamonds of which we have any account:—

1st. That belonging to the Great Mogul. It weighs 279 carats 9-16ths. It is of the most perfect water, and its form is that of an egg cut through the middle. Its value is estimated at about 512,890*l.*

2nd. The diamond of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, weighing 139½ carats. It is pure and of fine form, but has a slight shade of yellow. In consequence of this blemish, it is not valued higher than about 119,114*l.*

3rd. The Sancy diamond, which formerly belonged to the crown of France, was named after the Baron de Sancy, French Ambassador at Constantinople, who brought it to Louis XIV. It cost about 26,250*l.* and is thought to be worth much more.

4th. The Pitt, or Regent Diamond, so called from the name of its possessor in England, from whom it was purchased by the Duke of Orleans during the minority of

Louis XV. This stone weighed 400 carats when rough, and nearly 135 after being cut and polished. The charge for cutting it amounted to 4,500*l.* and the diamond powder employed for that purpose cost 1400*l.* The small pieces cut from it were worth 8000*l.* The Duke of Orleans paid 135,000*l.* for this diamond.

5th. The diamond purchased by the Empress of Russia in 1772, which is the largest known; being of the size of a pigeon's egg. The following is its history. A French private soldier, who was serving in India, having deserted, and entered the Malabar service, found means to steal one of the eyes from the famous statue of Sheringan, in the temple of Bramah. This was the diamond. He fled with his treasure to Madras, where he sold it to the captain of a ship. The captain, in his turn, sold it to a jew, from whose possession it passed into the hands of a Greek merchant, and was ultimately purchased by the Empress of Russia. It is placed in the Imperial crown, just below the Eagle. It weighs 779 carats, and was purchased by the Empress for a sum far below its real value.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not! forget me not!
 Though distant far from thee I roam;
 Still let mine heart with thine abide,
 And be thy memory its home.
 Oh! do not let affection fade,
 Though years of absence intervene;
 Nor let the future's varied glance
 Efface the tints of what hath been
 Think of me when the evening gale
 Is breathing through your perfumed bower;
 When zephyrs sigh in every leaf,
 And faeries flit from flower to flower.
 Think of me then,—and should some star
 Beam lonely o'er the eastern sea,
 Believe my heart is in that star,
 That, wandering, ever smiles on thee!



BANDITTI.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Of all the saints in the calendar, none has suffered less from the Reformation than St. Cecilia, the great patroness of music. Lofty and lowly are her votaries—many and magnificent are her holiday festivals—and her common service is performing at all hours of the day. She has not only her regular high-priests and priestesses; but like the Wesleyans, her itinerants and street-missionaries, to make known her worship in the highways and in the byeways. Nor is the homage confined to the people of one creed;—the Protestant exalts her on his barrel-organ—the Catholic with her tambourine—the wandering Jew with his pan's-pipe and double-drum. The group above was sketched from a company of these “strolling players.

It must be confessed that their service is sometimes of a kind rather to drive angels higher into heaven, than to entice them earthward; and there are certain retired streets

—near the Adelphi, for instance—where such half-hourly deductions from the natural quiet of the situation should justly be considered in the rent. Some of the choruses, in truth, are beyond any but a saintly endurance. Conceive a brace of opposition organs, a fife, two hurdy-gurdies, a clarionet, and a quartette of decayed mariners, all clubbing their music in common, on the very principle of Mr. Owen's *New Harmony*!

In the journal of a recent traveller through the Papal States, there is an account of an adventure with Neapolitan robbers, that would serve, with very slight alterations, for the description of an encounter with our own banditti.

“To-day, Mrs. Graham and I mounted our horses and rode towards Islington. We had not proceeded far, when we heard sounds as of screaming and groaning, and presently a groupe of men appeared at a turn of the road. It was too certain that we had fallen in with one of these roving bands. Escape was impossible, as they extended across the road. Their leader was the celebrated Flanigan, notorious for his murder of Fair Ellen and the Bewildered Maid. One of the fellows advanced close up to Mrs. G., and putting his instrument to her ear, threatened to blow out her brains. We gave them what coppers we had, and were allowed to proceed. We were informed by the country-people, that a gentlewoman and her daughter had been detained by them, near the same spot, and robbed of their hearings, with circumstances of great barbarity; Flanigan, in the meantime, standing by with his pipe in his mouth!

“Innumerable other travellers have been stopped and tortured by these wretches, till they gave up their money: and yet these excesses are winked at by the police. In the meantime, the government does not interfere, in the hope, perhaps, that some day these gangs may be broken up, and separated by discord among themselves.”

Sometimes to the eye of fancy these wandering minstrels assume another character, and illustrate Collins's Ode on the Passions, in a way that might edify Miss Macauley. First—Fear, a blind harper, lays his bewildered hand amongst the chords, but recoils back at the sound of an approaching carriage. Anger, with starting eye-balls, blows a rude clash on the bugle-horn; and Despair, a

snipe-faced wight, beguiles his grief with low sullen sounds on the bassoon. Hope, a consumptive Scot, with golden hair and a clarionet, indulges, like the flatterer herself, in a thousand fantastic flourishes beside the tune—with a lingering quaver at the close; and would quaver longer, but Revenge shakes his matted locks, blows a fresh alarum on his pandeans, and thumps with double heat his double-drum, Dejected Pity at his side, a hunger-bitten urchin, applies to his silver-toned triangle; whilst Jealousy, sad proof of his distracted state, grinds on, in all sorts of time, at his barrel-organ. With eyes upraised, pale Melancholy sings retired and unheeded at the corner of the street; and Mirth—yonder he is, a brisk little Savoyard, jerking away at the hurdy-gurdy, and dancing himself at the same time, to render his jig-tune more jiggling.

THOU ART GONE!

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

Thou art gone—and with thee hath departed
 The cheerful halo, round the future shed
 By hopes, which with thee into being started,
 And with thy pure, thy ransomed spirit fled.

Thou art gone—and earth can yield no pleasure;
 For, like the tombs of old, where pilgrims gave
 Gems of rare worth—alas! my dearest treasure
 Now consecrates that heavenly porch—the grave!

Thou art gone—and the moments past appear
 What fancy pictures of the fairy land,
 Or that more lovely, (*not ideal,*) sphere,
 Where thou art brightest mid the seraph band.

Thou art gone—could none other proof be given
 That Christians, when they leave this earthly scene,
 With fadeless glory should be crowned in Heaven;
 It would suffice to know that *thou* had'st been!

ILLUSTRATIONS TO MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES,

BY THE LATE THOMAS STOTHARD, R. A.

No. II.—ILL OMENS.

While daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heaven still lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone ;
 For the youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,
 Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon ;
 And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise :
 “ Ah ! such,” said the girl, “ is the pride of our faces,
 For which the soul's innocence too often dies !”

While she stole through the garden, where hearts'ease was
 growing,
 She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew ;
 And a rose further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too ;
 But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
 Her zone flew in two, and the hearts'ease was lost :
 “ Ah ! this means,” said the girl, and she sigh'd at its
 meaning,
 “ That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost.”

 TO A FAITHLESS LOVER.

I never will curse him, I never must bless,
 Though if anger were greater, the grief would be less,
 I have suffered, and much, ere I die, must bear yet,
 But I cannot forgive, and I will not forget.

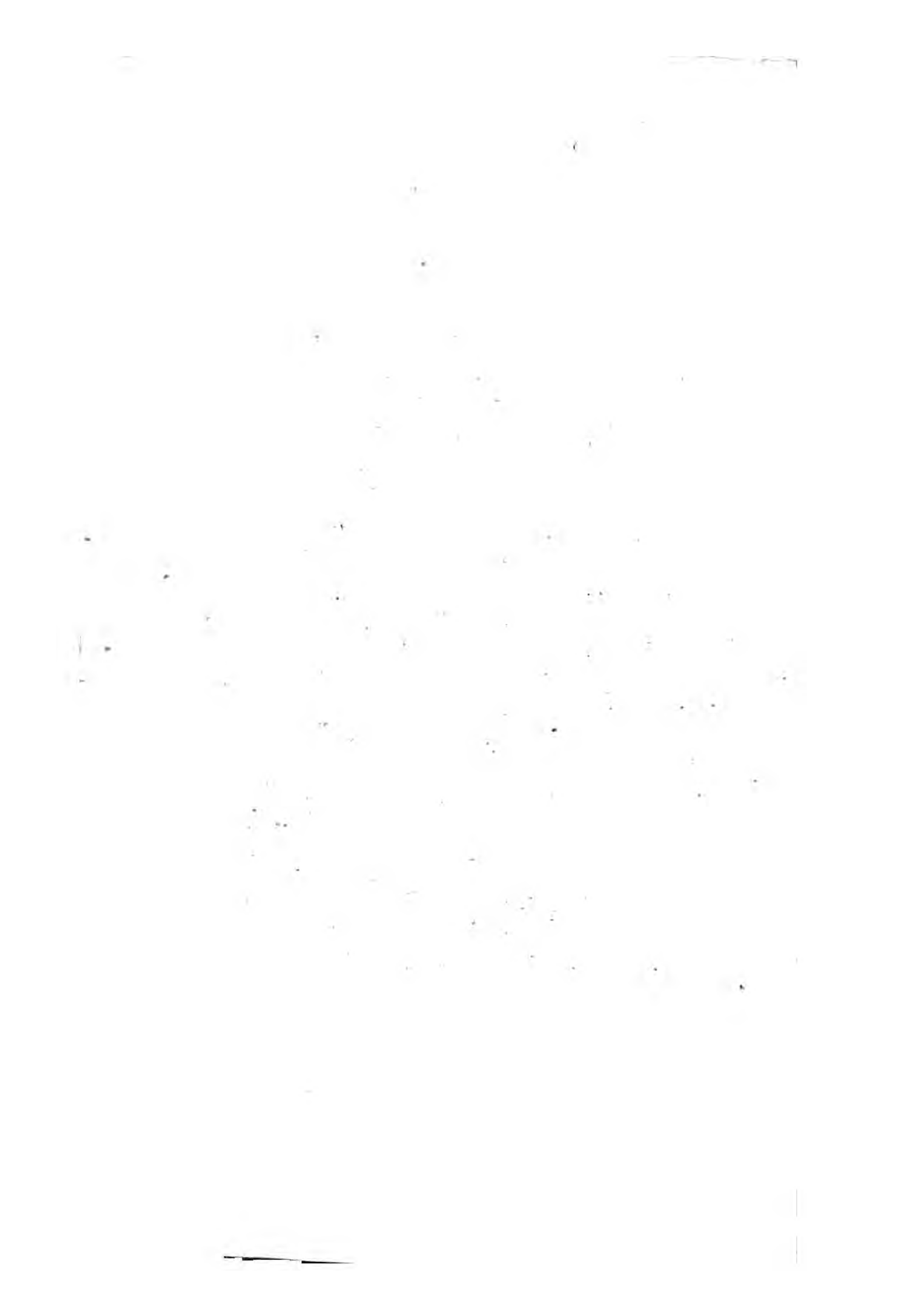


Drawn by T. Stothard R.A.

Engraved by Cha^s. Heath

THE ROSE

BUT WILL FOR THE ROSES TOO CARELESSLY LEANING
THEir FLOWERS IN TWO AND THE BEAUTIFUL WAS LOST



THE GIRL OF PROVENCE.

The classical story of Pygmalion is often exemplified in the romance of real life. The lover usually forms for himself an image of his mistress more resembling the *beau ideal* of beauty than truth and nature would warrant. But the mad enthusiasm of love, which could convert a marble statue into an object of passionate attachment, must argue a degree of mental excitement amounting to insanity.

Such was the nature of the extraordinary case of the "Girl of Provence," who became enamoured of the famous antique statue, the Belvidere Apollo. This remarkable occurrence has been chosen, by Mr. Barry Cornwall, as the foundation of a poem. The subject is well adapted for poetical embellishment; but it also affords an admirable moral lesson; and on that ground we offer it to the notice of our readers. Few narratives can be better fitted to warn the young and sensitive against the danger of giving way to violent feelings and emotions of the mind. The melancholy history of the unfortunate Provençal maniac is thus related by *Madame de Haster*, a literary lady, who resided at Paris, when the event which she records took place.

"The enthusiasm of a girl from Provence has lately occupied my mind. It was a singular occurrence which I shall never forget. I was present at the national museum, when the girl entered the *Salle D'Apollon*: she was tall and elegantly formed, and in all the bloom of health. I was struck with her air, and my eyes involuntarily followed her steps. I saw her start, as she cast her eyes on the statue of Apollo, and she stood before it, as if struck by lightning. Gradually her eyes sparkled with sensibility. She had before looked calmly round the hall. Her whole frame seemed to be electrified, as if a transformation had taken place within her; and it has since appeared, that indeed a transformation had taken place, and that her youthful breast had imbibed a powerful, alas! fatal passion. I remarked that her companion (an eldest sister it seems) could not force her to leave the statue but with much entreaty; and she left the hall with tears in her eyes, and all the expression of tender sorrows. I set out the very same evening for Mont-Morency.

“ I returned to Paris at the end of August, and visited immediately the collection of antiques. I recollected the girl from Provence, and thought I might perhaps meet with her again, but I never saw her afterwards, though I went frequently. At length I met with one of the attendants, who I recollected, had observed her with the same attentive curiosity which I had felt; and I enquired after her. ‘ Poor girl!’ said the old man, ‘ that was a sad visit for her. She came afterwards almost every day to look at the statue, and she would sit still, with her hands folded in her lap, staring at the image: and when her friends forced her away, it was always with tears that she left the hall. In the middle of May she brought, whenever she came, a basket of flowers, and placed it on the Mosaic steps. One morning early she had contrived to get into the room before the usual hour of opening it, and we found her within the grate sitting on the steps, almost fainting, exhausted with weeping. The whole hall was scented with the perfume of flowers, and she had elegantly thrown over the statue a large veil of Indian muslin, with a gold fringe. We pitied the deplorable condition of the lovely girl, and let no one into the hall until her friends came and carried her home. She struggled and resisted exceedingly when forced away, and declared in her phrenzy, that the god had that night chosen her to be his priestess, and that she must serve him. We have never seen her since, and we hear that an opiate was given her, and that she was taken into the country.”

I made further enquiries concerning her history, and learnt afterwards that *she died raving.*”*

* To this circumstance the present Professor of Poetry at Oxford, refers in his Prize Poem, entitled “*The Belvidere Apollo,*” in the following lines—

“ Yes, on that form in wild delirious trance
 With more than rev’rence gaz’d the maid of France.
 Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
 With him alone and thought it solitude;
 To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
 Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
 Oft as the shifting light her sight beguil’d,
 Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smil’d.”

THE SONS,

A FRAGMENT FROM LIFE.

I had passed the gate that marked the boundary of my friend's estate, and entered the high road which wound through the little village, whither I was bending my steps to attend the solemn service of the day. It was Sunday, and a more than usually serene morning for the season. The bright beams of the sun had already chased away every cloud that threatened to obscure the clear azure of the firmament, whilst the drooping plants still suffering from the storm of the preceding night, again smiled under its renovating influence, and raised their leafy verdure in silent adoration of the Guardian Power who had shielded them from the midnight blast, and bid them live to adorn that day he had consecrated to himself. "And shall we," said I, "dare to repine at the wisdom of the Omnipotent, who 'tempers the blast to the shorn lamb,' and afflicts man but for his future happiness, making the eye which wept yesterday, find abundant cause for rejoicing to-day! Never should we abandon ourselves to the bitterness of despair, for, of a truth, the time will come, when the most wretched of the sons of men shall lift up their voices in songs of joy, even as the grass which yields under the pressure of our feet but to rise again in renewed beauty." As these ideas occurred to my mind, I observed before me a miserable object supporting himself on crutches, who, as he slowly and heavily dragged his enfeebled frame forwards, frequently stopped to recruit his strength, and to gaze on the lovely prospect around. As I drew near, I perceived he was a youth scarcely turned of twenty, with a pleasing and rather handsome countenance; his dress was clean and decent, but his figure was dreadfully emaciated, and one leg was reduced almost to nothing. I was struck with his appearance, and though he solicited not relief, but rather by his mournful gestures seemed to claim the pity of the passing traveller, I ventured to enquire into the cause of his misfortune, and learned that he had been in the service of a manufacturer, and that, a few days since, his leg having been crushed by one of the machines, rendered him wholly

incompetent for future labour ; he was therefore hastening with all the speed his crippled state would allow, to a seaport at some distance, where his mother resided in tolerably easy circumstances, that through her assistance he might be enabled to procure eminent medical advice, or at least have the satisfaction of seeing her before he died. A flash of pleasure irradiated his features as he told me he expected a coach passing every instant, when he hoped the coachman would give him a cast to the next town. " Poor wretch ! " thought I, as I slipped a trifle into his hand, " would that some of the sons and daughters of luxury could behold thy cheerful acquiescence with this hard decree of Providence ! surely the fleeting vanities for which they sigh would then lose half the value they now possess, and the trifling evils they exalt into miseries would sink abashed at their own insignificance before the real calamities of this youthful sufferer ? "

Reflecting on the numerous diseases to which the human frame is subject, I strolled leisurely into the church-yard, where my attention was directed towards a row of clay-built cottages, nearly opposite to the place I stood ; from one of the meanest issued a young man whose habiliments bespoke him of a superior class to the generality of the villagers : he alternately went from door to door, conversing a few moments with each family, and apparently bidding them farewell, as now and then a hearty shake of the hand and some rough, but cordial, expressions indicated ; after going in this manner to all the neighbouring cottages, he returned to the one he had first quitted, closing the door after him. The distant rumbling of wheels was now heard ; the merry notes of the bugle echoed in the breeze, and at length the coach passed, heavily laden, and stopped at the little public house at the further end of the village, for the passengers to take some refreshment ; immediately, some of the inhabitants followed, bearing with officious zeal several articles of luggage ; and lastly, the young man appeared, as he left the cottage, dashing away a tear which strayed down his cheek ; he walked hastily onwards, as if fearful of looking back or betraying some unbidden emotion, but I saw him more than once lift his handkerchief to his eyes, before a projecting angle hid him from my sight, and

it was not till then that I observed an aged man, bent nearly double with years and infirmities, standing in an attitude of deep and fixed attention, gazing after the departing youth, one moment straining his eager eyes to take a last look, the next passing the back of his hand across them, to disperse perhaps the mists of age, or, it might be, the tears of affectionate regret. As the curve of the path obscured the youth from observation, the old man advanced more into the middle of the road, still bending forward with anxious solicitude, till, unable to command his feelings, he shook back the silvered locks which shaded his venerable brow, and leaning on his stick, slowly directed his steps towards the coach. My curiosity being excited, I followed him, and being younger and more agile, reached the place long before the loitering peasant, who, I was informed by one of the neighbours, was the father of the young man, who by dint of industry had gained a comfortable situation and proved a kind and dutiful son. His mother was dangerously ill; he had come to visit her, console her by his presence, and administer to her necessities; but his business required attention, and with a heavy heart he was obliged to leave his native village, after taking, as he feared, a last farewell of his sick parent. The horn had sounded its last notes as I stood by the side of the coach; the impatient horses pranced beneath the lash. I looked up, and beheld the poor cripple seated next the village youth; his lameness,—all his infirmities appeared forgotten in the idea that he should so much sooner reach his home, and joy sparkled in his dark eyes, whilst his companion's dejected countenance evinced far different reflections. The coach rolled rapidly away—the cripple looked forward with hope, the other waved his hand to his father with a glance of unutterable sorrow.

The church bells had ceased, and I took my place amongst the congregation, but my thoughts wandered from the house of prayer to the scene I had just witnessed; and vain were my efforts to recal them till I found or fancied in the sermon some analogy to the humble travellers. In simple and touching language, the preacher recorded the filial piety of Joseph, and dwelt with affecting earnestness on the happiness or misery which ensues to the parents from the conduct of the children they nurtured in their bosoms;

he described the joy of the Patriarch in embracing his long lost son, and again I thought of him who had so recently quitted the paternal roof, and who had taken an earthly adieu of her who gave him birth. Jacob fainted when he heard that Joseph was yet alive—how would the widowed mother's heart sink within her when she beheld the child she had parted with in the bloom of youth and health, return to her arms the crippled shadow of what he since was? the eye that watched with fond delight his infant gambols, must now weep to behold the sad reverse of all these bright prospects which maternal love prophesied from the manly form and robust health of her only treasure. May her grief be mingled with resignation. May the finger of faith point out to her a better, even a heavenly country, where all her cares will cease.

TO FANNY

Oh, meet me not when the sun is high,
 'Neath the envious glance of the world's eye ;
 For the foul tongue of slander, that outcast of fame,
 Has gone forth to rejoice o'er its victim's lost name ;
 And oh ! may I rather in misery pine,
 Than cause but one pang to that gay heart of thine.

Nor meet me, love, in the thoughtless throng,
 Where the mazy dance, or the syren song,
 Or the silver notes of the light guitar,
 Charm the maidens' hearts which are lighter far ;
 For ah ! canst thou cherish such joys as these,
 Which, pleasing, yet carry a sting while they please ?

But meet me, love, when none is nigh,
 'Neath the watchful glance of a father's eye ;
 Where the sun, as he sinks to his place of rest,
 Looks last on our isles which he loves the best ;
 We will watch him set till our gaze grows dim,
 And all joy is lost, with the loss of him.

And a tale of love I there will tell,
 Which will cause with affection thy heart to swell,
 Will strike on thy spirit a gayer tone,
 And thy love and thyself will be all my own.
 Oh, charmer, that moment were ecstasy,
 More precious than ages of bliss to me !

CHIT - CHAT.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.—The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have received for their approval plans of two new lodges which are to be erected in St. James's Park. These plans will be submitted to his Majesty, and that which receives the Royal approbation will be built forthwith. The entrance into the stable-yard will be considerably improved, and a handsome gateway erected on a line with the iron railing in the rear of St. James's Palace. Some new seats, painted green, have been placed on the banks of the ornamental water, in the interior of the park.

TINCTURE OF ROSES.—A good substitute for Otto of Roses made be easily made thus:—Take the leaves of the common rose (*Centifoliae*); place them, without pressing them down, in a bottle; pour some good spirits of wine upon them; close the bottle, and let it stand till required for use. It will keep for years, and a small drop will give an odour to a room.

THE OPERA AT COMO.—Arrived at Como in time for the opera,—quite a bust of splendour. Black velvet draperies frosted with bouquets of silver flowers, draped again with pink and silver, boxes, like boudoirs, hung with rose-coloured satin, damasked with white, sofas, mirrors, splendid lighting up, and all this gorgeous display at the opera house at Como! We stood amazed, wondering how it all got there, and struck with the delicacy of taste with which so much tinsel was managed; nothing exuberant, no obtrusive glare, though perhaps better suited to a ball room than a theatre. Wherever effect, either sacred or profane, is to be produced, whether it be a benediction at Rome or a scenic decoration at Como, Italian taste is always perfect.—*Reminiscences of the Rhine.*

THE ITALIANS.—Unquestionably the Italians are the noisest people in Europe,—singing like angels, and talking (as far as voice is concerned), like traffickers in fish or charcoal, the ear knows not whether it seizes the notes of a prima donna, or of a macaroni vendor. Last night, a party from Milan (capital gentry, our hostess said), who were either convivial or quarrelsome till an unreasonably late

hour, put sleep quite out of the question,—such shouting,—such screaming,—a dozen voices raised together, and sustained with incredible power of lungs,—each striving to maintain the upper key, but a sharp female treble always *lady* of the ascendant. And then the hostess, with soft, sweet eyes, and a delicate outline, raving like an infuriated bacchante, and even the little girl of the bodkins throwing in a note. It is extraordinary, that a people whose song is all passionate tenderness,—all soul,—all sweetness,—should have frequently the speaking voices of porters and oyster-women. Yet they are a kind, good-tempered people,—not rough, I think, in any thing but their voices. I have seen instances of inflexible mildness in Italy, that were really edifying.—*Reminiscences of the Rhine.*

THE STATUE OF MR. CANNING, executed in marble by Chantry, out of the proceeds of a subscription set on foot by the friends and admirers of the deceased statesman, has lately been placed in Westminster Abbey. It stands in front of one of the pillars which support the roof of the north transept on the eastern side, the face looking towards the organ-loft. The figure is enveloped in a senatorial gown, the folds of which are sustained by each arm, crossed over the chest: the attitude is that of an orator in the act of addressing, with calmness and deliberation, a public assembly. In the right hand is a scroll of paper, and at the feet are two thick volumes. The following is the inscription:—"George Canning, born 11th April, 1770. Died 8th August, 1827. Endowed with a rare combination of talents, an eminent Statesman, an accomplished scholar, an orator surpassed by none, he united the most brilliant and lofty qualities of mind with the warmest affections of the heart. Raised by his own merit, he successively filled important offices in the State, and finally became the first Minister of the Crown. In the full enjoyment of his Sovereign's favor, and of the confidence of the people, he was prematurely cut off when pursuing a wise and enlarged course of policy, which had for its object the prosperity and greatness of his country, while it comprehended the welfare and commanded the admiration of foreign nations. This monument was erected by his friends and countrymen."

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rue Saint Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain,
August 20, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You ask, what can retain us in Paris when all the French fashionables have quitted it for the country? You are rather mistaken in that respect; many have indeed gone to their *chateaux*, at a great distance from the capital, but a still greater number inhabit villas only a few leagues off, and divide their time between town and country. Added to this, the vast influx of foreigners, particularly English, render it just now a very gay sojourn. The beautiful gardens of Tivoli, which during some seasons past had lost much of their attraction, through the fault of the managers, have been this year opened in a very splendid style. Good music, and very brilliant fireworks, of which the French are extremely fond, draw very fashionable company, particularly on the *jours de fête*. The concerts of the *Champs Elysées*, given in the open air, are also very well attended. As to evening parties, there are scarcely any given at present, except by the English, and they are generally social ones. It is strange that twenty miles sailing should make such a difference in climate; here one can remain night after night in the open air till a late hour, and not feel the least inconvenience from it; but what colds, coughs, and rheumatisms, should we have were we to attempt any thing of the kind in London!

There has been a good deal of joking during the last few days, about a curious cause that has just been brought before the *Juge de paix* of the tenth arrondissement. Hitherto the French perruquiers have been regarded as the first in Europe; but it appears, from the evidence of the defendant in the cause in question, that in one instance, at least, an English *artiste* may claim precedence. The plaintiff, a *coiffeur* of celebrity, and the defendant a young and pretty baroness; each pleaded their own cause before the *Juge*; the former presented himself with a *toupet* in his hand, and with a very waggish smile declared, that the baroness owed him sixty-three francs for the *toupet*; and then, with much mock gravity, he proceeded to explain all the circumstances of

the case. It appeared that the lady had resided some time ago in England, where a fall from her horse had laid her under the necessity of having her head shaved, which, of course, obliged her to wear a wig. "But," continued the malicious *coiffeur*, "it was necessary to have one of a peculiarly light construction; any other would have damped the vivacity of the baroness, and deranged the current of her ideas. She applied then to a London *artiste*, who made her one in perfect accordance with her wishes—one, in short, that she regarded as the nonpareil of *toupets*. A year passed; Madame returned to Paris, where she gave me an order to make her one exactly similar. You will easily conceive, *Monsieur le Juge*, that I must have had great difficulties to surmount before I could equal this masterpiece of *toupets*; and, however, I am not afraid to say, that I have not only made one to equal, but even to surpass it, and that in a very great degree; and instead of the gratitude which so signal a service might lead me to expect, I have been most inhumanly repulsed by my noble customer."

The pretty baroness now came forward. "It is true, *M. le Juge*," said she, "that the *coiffeur* Cassê has made a *toupet*, for which I gave him an order, but it is as heavy as a light horseman's helmet. I assure you, *M. le Juge*, that when I put it on I felt as if my head was splitting. Of course, it was quite natural for me to refuse to pay him. In order to convince yourself, *Monsieur*," continued she, "that I am in the right, only take the trouble to look at the two *toupets*;" and she very gravely laid them before the magistrate, who could not avoid joining in the loud laugh, into which every one present, except the baroness, burst. When the judge could compose his countenance, he declared, that not being learned in the art of wig-making, he must, before giving sentence, send the parties to have the *toupets* examined by a retired *perruquier*.

How the matter has been finally arranged I know not; but the baroness was pointed out to me a few days afterwards at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies, where she appeared in a *toupet*, which might well be mistaken for a fine head of hair.

The opening of the Chamber was very brilliantly attended; the Queen, Madame Adelaide, and the Princesses,

were present, with several of the Court ladies ; they were all in elegant half-dresses, more remarkable for taste and simplicity than richness. The queen has quite lost her *en bon point* : she looked both ill and unhappy. Her sister-in-law, Madame Adelaide, appeared in high spirits. Rumour says, that she is the most talented of the family, and that Louis Phillippe does nothing without her advice and approbation. She is looked on here as a political *intriguante* of no common order.

If the government was not very popular among the ladies before, it is still less so now ; and it is singular enough that a measure, which every unprejudiced person must own is a wise and good one, should have thrown the female population of Paris into such a ferment, that if they could have got the men on their side, we should undoubtedly have had a second *great week* within the last month. The measure that I speak of, is the exclusion of ladies from the galleries of the *Bourse*. The mania of the women for stock-jobbing is, if possible, greater than that of the men ; they used to crowd the galleries, from whence, as they saw the turn that the funds took, they made signs to the brokers in the *parquet* to buy or sell. The facility that this afforded for gambling, has caused the ruin of thousands. At length it was determined to put a stop to it, and accordingly, soldiers were placed to prevent the entrance of the ladies. It appears that there was an extraordinary outcry at the *Bourse* ; but that was nothing compared to the sensation which it has made in society. Every term of reproach and contempt is lavished upon Louis Phillippe by his fair subjects ; for even those who are free from the love of gambling, have sufficient *esprit de corps* to resent the attack upon female liberty, even though the said attack may be the means of preserving both life and property ; for it is notorious that suicide has been often the consequence of an unsuccessful speculation at the *Bourse*.

Talking of speculations, an unsuccessful matrimonial one has just furnished a good deal of talk and laughter to the Parisian *beau monde*. The Comtesse de C——, a young and very pretty widow, with a large fortune, has, during some time past, been addressed by two gentleman, to neither of whom she gave any decided hope ; indeed, she

declared that it was her intention never to change her state of widowhood: her suitors considered these as words of course, and still persevered in their addresses.

A short time ago the pretty widow was attacked with the toothache and swelled face, for the first time in her life: she had recourse to every remedy, short of extracting the tooth, but they were all in vain; the pain continued as bad as ever, and the swelling quite spoiled her pretty cheek. Her friends, and particularly her lovers, urged her to lose the tooth, but for some time in vain. At last she summoned up all her resolution, sent for the dentist who attends the female branches of the royal family, and consented to undergo the operation.

For what reason the lady chose to have it witnessed by both her swains, I cannot say. Perhaps she intended to surprise them by a display of her courage, if such was her plan, however, it entirely failed; for the moment the dentist took out his instruments, she started in terror from her chair, and neither his deceitful assurances that the operation would not be attended with the smallest pain, nor the entreaties of her lovers, could prevail upon her to reseat herself.

One of these gentlemen, wearied with what he thought her childish obstinacy, at last changed the tone of entreaty to that of remonstrance, and attempted gravely to argue her out of her fears; but this only made matters worse; the lady resented, with all the petulance of a spoiled beauty, his declaration, that no reasonable being could object to suffer a momentary pain for the sake of permanent ease. Her other admirer took the matter up in a different manner. "What, madam," cried he, "you can fearlessly put yourself into the hands of a hair-dresser every day, though you know he will torture you in a hundred different ways, and yet you dread to suffer a slight operation, which will both deliver you from intolerable pain, and preserve the beauty of your teeth. Really this childishness is unpardonable; for the operation will not cost you more pain than your *coiffeur* would put you to if he were to pull out one single hair, as I shall this moment prove to you." And with the best grace in the world he made the dentist extract one of his back teeth instantly.

Whether it was the fortitude with which he bore the operation, or the proof that he gave of his devotion to his fair mistress (for the tooth was perfectly sound and beautiful), that decided the lady, I know not, but she submitted without further murmurs. Her other lover, Monsieur L—, took his leave immediately, nor did he again visit her for some time. M. B., on the contrary, was her shadow; and from the manner in which his attentions were received, he flattered himself that his suit was advancing rapidly.

One morning, when he pressed it more warmly than usual, the fair one blushed consent. "It is true," said she, "that I had made a determination never to marry. Nay, do not interrupt me; that determination did not spring from a wish to remain single, but because I shall forfeit three-fourths of my fortune if I marry, and this was a sacrifice which I could not think of making; but the attachment you have shewn——"

Her passionate admirer interrupted her, to stammer out his despair at being utterly incapable to recompense her for such a sacrifice, which, therefore, he could not in honour permit her to make; and before it was possible for her to reply, he had fairly bowed himself out.

A few days afterwards, M. de L— presented himself, in consequence, as he said, of hearing that the visits of Monsieur B— had ceased. "Do you, Sir," said the widow, drily, "know the reason?" "No, Madam." "I have informed him, that the moment I marry I lose three parts of my fortune."

"Fortunately, mine is unincumbered; you know its amount, and I offer it and myself to you, with my whole heart." The offer, so frankly made, was as frankly accepted: the fair widow gave him her hand, and her whole fortune; its supposed forfeiture being only her invention. The story has become public, and Mr. B— has the mortification to see that his double misfortune, of losing both a tooth and a mistress, has only served to expose him to the most unmerciful ridicule.

Adieu! Dear Maria,

Ever yours,

EMILY B—.

Miss Melmoth,
Melmoth Hall, &c.

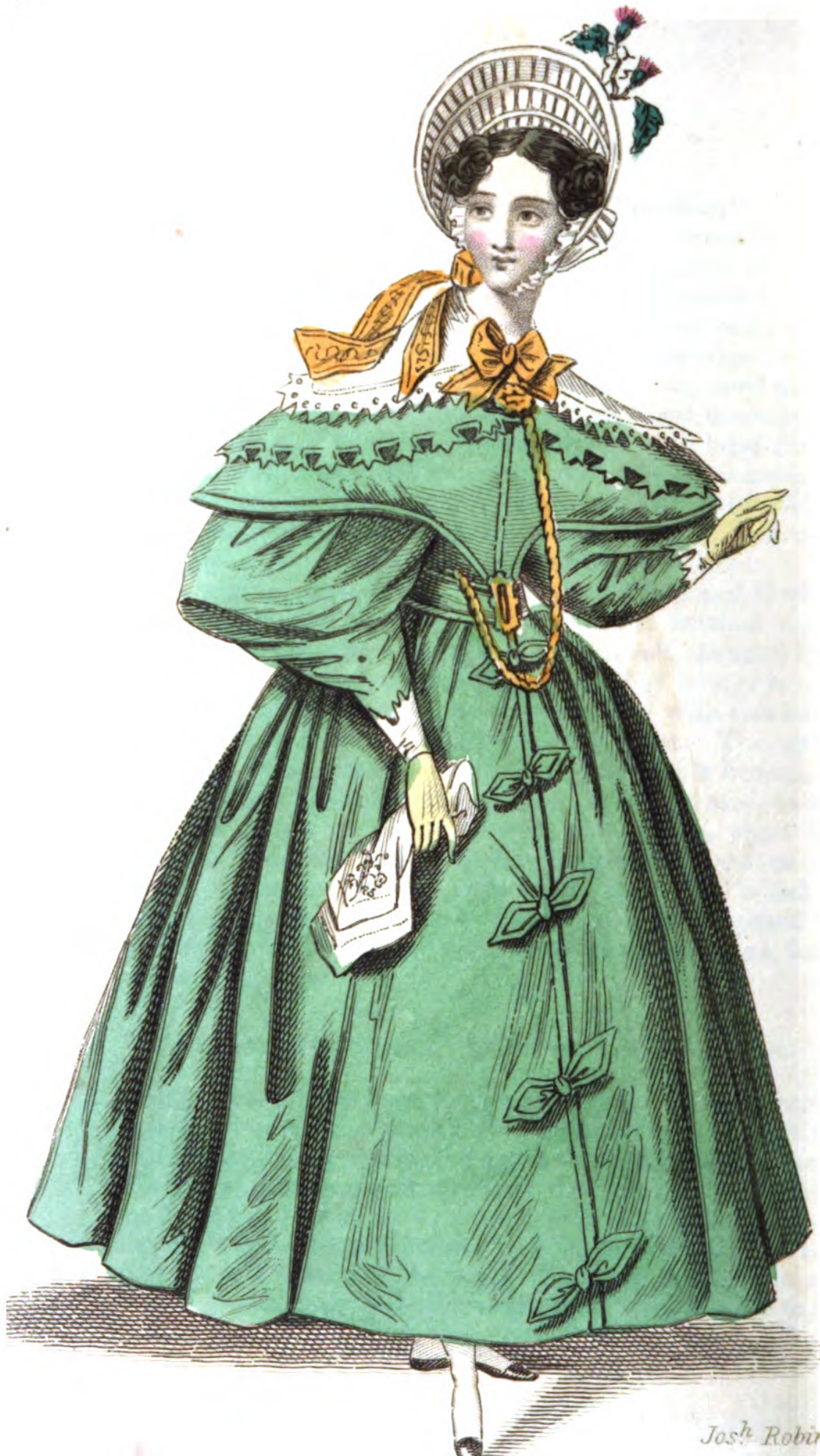
THE LADIES' TOILET.

PROMENADE DRESS.—A pelisse of peculiarly bright shade of apple green, a plain high *corsage*, sleeves between the amadis and gigot shape, but not quite tight to the arm. The front of the skirt is fastened down by ornaments of the leaf form composed of the material of the dress, and corded at the edges. Pelerine *en cœur* corded at the edge. There is a second fall of a round shape, which is finished at the edge with a fancy trimming of a perfectly new description. Drawn bonnet of white *gros de Naples*, a round brim drawn longitudinally, and ornamented only with blond *mentonnières*. A spring of exotics, and gold coloured figured gauze ribbon adorn the crown, the neck knot corresponds. Clear cambric collar and cuffs edged with Valenciennes lace.

EVENING DRESS.—The under dress is composed of white Grenadine Gauze over *gros de Naples*, it is finished round the border by a single flounce of *tulle blonde*, headed by a very novel trimming of *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* is low, bordered with *tulle-blonde*, and ornamented with two knots of gold coloured gauze ribbon on the front. The opera robe is of gold coloured taffetas, the body plain behind, is disposed in folds on each side before, it is trimmed, as are also the fronts of the skirt with *tulle-blonde*, short full sleeves. The hair is arranged in interlaced bows on the crown of the head, and parted on the forehead, which is encircled by a gold bandeau; tufts of roses disposed on each side complete the *coiffeur*; necklace and earrings, fancy jewellery.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

Silks have been less generally adopted in promenade dress during the last month than muslins; printed ones are still in majority, but those of plain white increase in favor. We have seen some of exceedingly fine cambric muslin made in the pelisse style, open before, but fastened down the front by knots of coloured ribbon. The sleeves are very large, and confined at the wrist by a band and bow to correspond. A round pelerine very richly worked adds to the



Jos^h Robins.



Sept. 1834.

dressy appearance of the pelisse ; it has a square collar also worked, which is sustained round the throat by a neck knot of ribbon to correspond with the bows. This is a pretty style of dress, but rather too shewy for the street ; it is, we think, much more adapted for the public promenades.

Embroidered pelerines continue in favour both for silk and printed muslin dresses. We see also a good many of clear muslin without embroidery, but edged with lace. Those lined with coloured silk seem to be on the decline. Silk bonnets are decidedly predominant in promenade dress, except for the morning walk, for which fine Dunstable straw ones of the cottage shape are very much in vogue. Although nothing can be prettier or more appropriate than the small cottage bonnet in walking dress, yet we must decidedly object to its adoption by ladies of all ages. The extreme smallness of the brim, and the jauntiness of its appearance, are too youthful for the middle aged, and much more so for the venerable matrons by whom it is often adopted. Ribbons and a silk lining to correspond with the ribbon, are the only ornaments of cottage straw bonnets. Those of silk, whether of the cottage shape or not, are frequently trimmed with flowers. Cottage bonnets are as much in favour in carriage, as in promenade, dress. Some very pretty half dress ones, are composed of white crape, and trimmed with a wreath of flowers of the double-blossomed peach. A knot of *gaze foulard* ribbon behind, one on the left side near the front of the crown, and a short veil of *tulle illusion* complete the trimming.

Rice straw hats have altered a little in shape, the brims are closer, and not quite so long at the sides, they are for the most part lined with coloured crape, and trimmed with flowers. Bouquets of mignonette, or of moss roses, intermingled with field flowers, are much in request ; wreaths are also very fashionable ; the prettiest are those of moss roses, peach blossoms, and garden daisies.

Printed Scotch cambrics are coming much into fashion in morning dress. White or light grounds are most in favour. The *peignoir* form appears to have lost nothing of its vogue, but we see also a good many dresses with *corsages* made quite high, to fasten behind, sitting close round the bust at the upper part, but full both behind and before at the bottom. Some of the new morning

caps are composed of embroidered muslin, and are of a very simple form, they are trimmed with glazed taffetas ribbon, or else with taffetas ribbon plaided or striped. The caul is almost flat behind, it is drawn in full in two places on the crown of the head. The trimming consists of a triple row of Valenciennes lace, and a knot of broad ribbon, with two long ends placed on one side of the caul.

This is a season in which evening dress is commonly of the simplest kind, and this year it is more than usually so. White is much in request; Indian muslin, both clear and of the thin Jaconot kind, are very generally adopted. Clear muslins embroidered in coloured worsteds, in new patterns, are also in favour. The *demi redingote* form is the most fashionable. We have however recently seen some robes, the *corsages* of which appeared to us novel, they were cut low, one had the centre of the breast arranged in cross plaits in the stomacher form, and a fold on each side of the breast, which passed across the shoulder-strap, and becoming very wide behind, resembled a small pelerine, it was edged with lace. Another had the *corsage* plain, but ornamented with a double lappel, made very narrow on the bosom, but forming *mancherons*, and a pelerine behind. The lappel was cut in irregular *dents*, which were edged with rose-coloured ribbon, and bordered with narrow lace; the effect of this kind of trimming was exceedingly pretty.

Blond lace caps are as fashionable as ever in evening dress. Although they are in general trimmed with flowers, yet we have seen some of the most novel adorned only with taffetas ribbons of a novel and excessively light kind; they are arranged either in *niches*, or else in knots formed of ends. These caps are extremely pretty, they may be said to unite the simplicity of undress with the elegance of dress caps. Fashionable colours are a new shade of lilac, several light shades of rose and green, gold colour, dust colour, and French grey.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

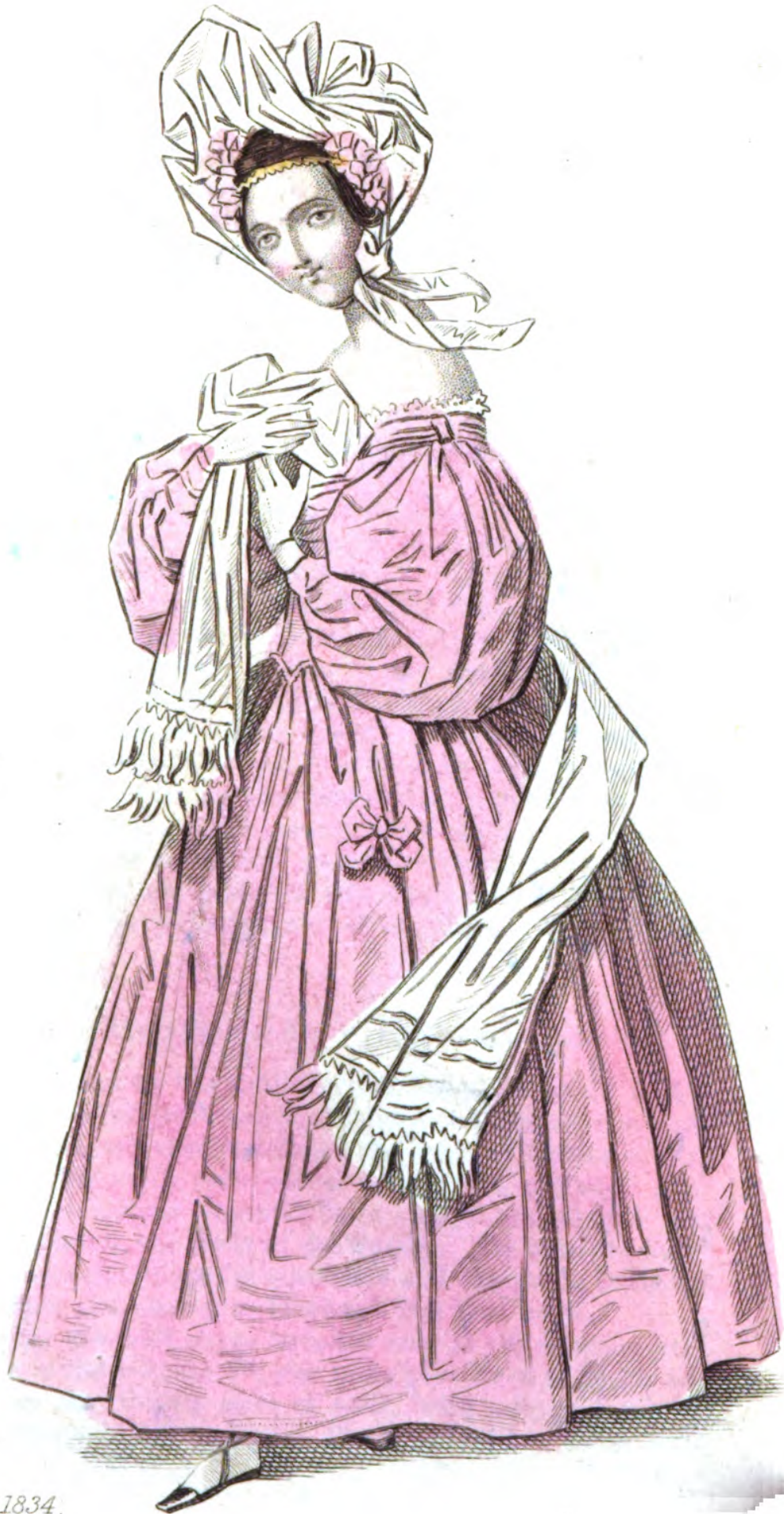
PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS. — Jaconot muslin robe, printed in a small detached pattern of lemon-coloured and

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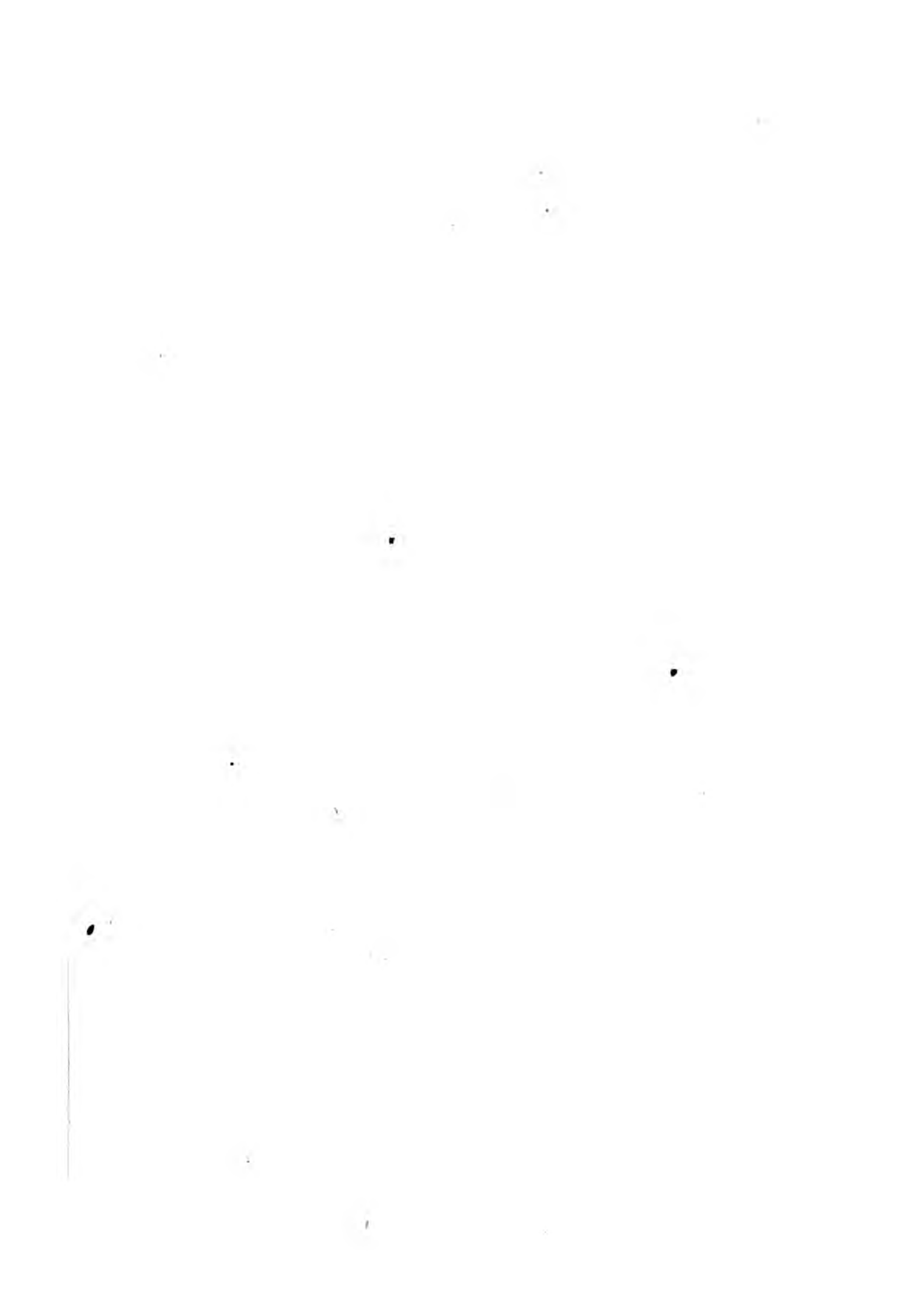


Jos. Robins

PARIS PUBLIC PROMENADES



Sept. 1834.



green blossoms. The *corsage* is made quite up to the throat plain, and laced behind; the top is trimmed with lace set in plain. *Ceinture* and scarf of plaided *gros de Naples* ribbon, the colours are apple green and reddish brown. The sleeves are of the usual form, with ribbon bracelets, which correspond with the *ceinture*. Rice straw hat, a round brim, the interior of which is trimmed in the mob cap style, with blond lace. A full bow of *foulard* gauze ribbon is placed immediately over the forehead. The crown is trimmed with *foulard* gauze ribbon, and two light green ostrich feathers.

DINNER DRESS.—The robe is composed of rose-coloured *mousseline de Soie*. A low *corsage*, plain behind, and very slightly pointed before and behind. It is draped across the upper part of the bust before, the folds are confined by a band on the shoulder, and by a rouleau in the centre of the bosom. Sleeves of the *demi imbecille* shape. The bust of the dress is trimmed with a blond lace *ruche*, and the pockets ornamented with a knot of rose-coloured ribbon at the bottom of each. The head dress is composed of *tulle* arranged on the head something in the turban style, it is trimmed with white gauze ribbon which forms a full bow on the right side, just under the chin; puffs of rose-coloured ribbon which appear like small tufts of flowers, are laid on the *tulle* at each side of the face. White gauze scarf.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

Were a poet to visit our promendades he could find a hundred fine things to say on the subject of female costume, the light drapery that envelopes the graceful figures of our *élégantes*, the white transparent veils which add such softness to their bright youthful faces, might realize to a poet in imagination, the fable of the Sylphs. Be ours the humbler task of detailing the materials and the forms that add such grace and beauty to Heaven's last best work.

Among the half dress bonnets seen at the evening promenade of the *Champs Elysées*, none have been so much admired as the drawn ones of *tulle*, with coloured ribbons passed through the casings. The prettiest are those with

rose-coloured ribbon ; they are trimmed under the brim with a row of *tulle bouillonné*, and between each bouillon a small rose-coloured flower ; the crown was trimmed with a simple knot of ribbon, which retained a long light sprig of rose-coloured flowers.

Rice straw hats trimmed with a new description of *blonde gauze* ribbons, called *gaze de Fontange* ; they are painted in a running pattern of flowers extremely small, and in delicate colours. A band of this ribbon is twisted obliquely round the crown, and one or two light knots complete the trimming of it. A wreath of very small flowers is placed next the face in the interior of the brim, and a rather deep veil of *tulle illusion* depends from the edge of it. White gauze scarfs, with the ends of a rich pattern, are greatly in request, but not more so than pelerines or mantelets of lace or organdy richly embroidered. We have nothing new to observe with regard to either of these articles.

There is quite a rage for embroidered muslin robes in evening dress. Some have the skirt embroidered in the apron style in front, the sides bordered with lace, and a row of knots of ribbon up the centre. Others are worked *en tunique* down the front on each side, and round the bottom the *corsages* are always cut low, and are usually trimmed with a pelerine, which comes no farther than the point of the shoulder in front, it is also richly embroidered and generally finished with a fall of lace,

Head-dresses of hair adorned with flowers are the only *coiffeurs* adopted by young ladies ; for those more advanced turbans of plain net of the finest and clearest kind are very fashionable ; *entre deux* of embroidered muslin, lined with coloured silk, intersect the folds, and one of them also encircles the forehead. For a dress party, which we must observe at this season is seldom given, a turban of organdy embroidered in coloured silk is generally adopted, or a small cap of English point lace ornamented with flowers of a very delicate kind. The most elegant of these caps has an open caul, through which the hair, turned up in a single bow, passes ; a wreath of flowers encircles the bow, and a second wreath is placed immediately over the trimming of the front ; the lappets which hang loose, are of point. Fashionable colours are rose, *vest de pomme*, emerald green, gold colour, and dust colour.



THE LOVER'S STRATAGEM.

LOVERS, like Fortune, are not always to be won by those who are most sanguine in the pursuit. They are shy as fish, and those who angle for them must well disguise their hooks, and cunningly exert their quietness and patience; for an over-anxiety may frighten away their prey, and leave the fair anglers even without the poor satisfaction of a solitary nibble. Men, like trout, must be tickled; and those who would be followed must necessarily *run first*; ever pursued, and never pursuing: for men are physically stronger and fleetier, and will be sure to catch the fair creatures, let them fly as fast as they will; while, on the contrary, should *they* pursue, the ungrateful *he's* will soon bound beyond the reach of their outstretched arms and eager eyes.

Fair reader! be not offended by these preliminaries, nor deem them in any wise impertinent. I (a man of three-score and ten, and of some little experience in the world) address these precautionary hints solely for the benefit and edification of those spinsters who have arrived at the discreet age of *five-and-thirty* without fixing any of the innumerable beaux who have tauntingly fluttered in their neighbourhood for the last twenty years, vexatiously whirling about and settling on every flower but themselves, who have been the most sedulous in

attracting their admiration. Such a situation is galling in the extreme ; but, nevertheless, such things are.

Perhaps no one ever so vexatiously experienced the truth of what I have advanced as Miss Bridget Burdock, of Bloom Lodge, in the fair county of ——. Miss Burdock was the sole and single daughter of Sir Bensley Burdock, knight, who at the early age of two-and-twenty became, by the death of both her parents, which happened within a very short space of each other, the envied mistress of Bloom Lodge and its beautiful grounds, with an annual income adequate to its support.

She was not *very* remarkable for her personal attractions, but all the country folks within the atmosphere of her bounty praised her as a sweet angel, so unaffectedly did she administer her innocent conserves and cataplasms to the afflicted ; while her benevolence and charity were loudly lauded by the sentimental young ladies of her circle, who warmly declared, Miss Burdock was '*all heart*'—like a summer cabbage !

Many honest fox-hunting squires of substance came 'a-courting of the maid,' but she found their manners too insufferably coarse to be endured ; while her refinement was quite as discordant with their ideas and pursuits.

They consequently soon followed on another scent, and left Miss Bridget Burdock to her meditations. Her inexperienced thoughts at first aspired to the peerage, but after three years' fruitless chase she gave up all hopes of realizing her ambitious wishes, which were gradually moderated to a simple baronetcy. There was a large field for her manoeuvres, but alas ! she still failed in her object ; the same fatality accompanied her, and, jaded by disappointment, and heart-sick with hope deferred, she retired from the gay world to Bloom Lodge, where she spent nearly twelve months in perfect tranquillity. Being, however, drawn from her retirement by an invitation to the nuptials of a distant relative the gaiety and happiness of the scene again melted her fast-freezing heart to sympathy and love, and she began soberly to think that even a plain untitled gentleman would be no contemptible partner ; and being now far advanced on the wrong side of thirty, she resolved to enter the lists once more, and make the most of her time.

About this period her father's brother dying, left her sole

guardian to her cousin, a lovely, romping, laughter-loving, boarding-school miss of fourteen, whose constant good humour and amiable disposition rapidly won upon the good graces of her elder cousin, in whose jaunts and visits she was her most agreeable companion.

Two or three years, however, worked a wonderful change. The pretty little girl assumed the manners and appearance of a woman. She even presumed to differ with her more formal and experienced cousin in the arrangement of her hair and the fashion of her frock! The men, too, whom Miss Burdock used formerly to engross, she observed with a feeling of jealousy paying their particular attentions to the more youthful and attractive Emilia Stanmore.

Such rivalry was not to be borne, and as her policy dictated what her power licensed her to enforce, the fractious old maid took especial care not to be eclipsed, by cautiously keeping her cousin within the retired groves of Bloom Lodge, professedly for the advancement of her studies, but so shallow a pretence was seen through and appreciated accordingly; and the consequence was, Miss Burdock was less warmly courted than before; for those, and they were many, who had struggled for her smiles as the medium to Emilia's, soon appeared in their true colours, and, like false knights, hastily deserted.

What spinster of eight-and-thirty could endure such conduct with any degree of patience? Miss Emilia had the loveliest eyes in the world, and being by no means short-sighted, she readily penetrated the plans and manœuvres of Miss Burdock, and quickly discovered the true cause of her cross humour and irritable temperament whenever she returned from a party; while, with the most tormenting good humour, she was generally found seated at her piano-forte, singing *con spirito*—

“ Oh! dear, what can the better be!”

Or, more frequently, warbling in a most taunting manner—

“ Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo.”

No male visitors were ever permitted to enter the gates of Bloom Lodge without Miss Bridget Burdock having first received from them such pointed attentions as induced her to

believe that they might be turned to special account in her matrimonial speculations.

None of the "monsters," however, were to be fixed; indeed, a very glimpse of Emilia's charms (and a glimpse was about as much as they could obtain) was sufficient to divert them from idolizing her elder cousin's fast-fading beauties.

Affairs were much in this situation at the Lodge when the gay Edward Frankly chanced to behold and be captivated by the lovely Emily Stanmore.

Finding, however, upon enquiry, the desperate situation in which the Argus-eyed vigilance of Miss Burdock placed the pursuit which his passion prompted, in the short space of four-and-twenty hours from the time the heavenly eyes of Emilia had accomplished the conquest of his heart. Frankly found himself in a fever; and summoning his faithful valet and confidant, he begged his counsel and advice, offering, at the same time, a hundred wild and impracticable projects, the offspring of his own crazy and love-sick brain.

"My dear Jenkyns," cried he, "if you possess the least spark of affection for your master, and have no desire to see him hang, drown or shoot himself, quickly concert some means of procuring an interview with that adorable little angel we beheld yesterday. By cupid! she is the fairest creature my eyes ever doated on."

"Aye, sir," coolly replied Jenkyns, who was accustomed to see his master in similar extasies, "that's a new song to an old tune. Miss Kitty Giggle, you know, sir, was the last of the fairest—she who——"

"Jenkyns!" cried he, emphatically and passionately striking his hand upon the table; then, recollecting himself, he moderated his voice and continued. "My dear Jenkyns, don't joke—I'm serious, I am indeed."

"Is it possible? do you mean anything honourable, in earnest, sir?" demanded the confidant.

"Certainly," replied Frankly, "the image of such an angelic creature and dishonour can never exist in the same heart! I would marry her—yes, Jenkyns, I say, *marry* her! this very hour were she pennyless."

"Indeed, sir," said Jenkyns, "then I am afraid there's no remedy! Shall I poison the she-dragon, sir, who guards the tempting fruit, or shall we scale the wall and bear off the

prize by night. Four horses will soon transport us to the blacksmith's; but, as you have not yet spoken with the lady, sir, how are you assured that her views will exactly chime in with yours?"

"True, true, Jenkyns," continued Frankly; "but I cannot endure the idea of a repulse—not even of the shadow of an objection to my ardent wishes; and my only hope is to gain access and declare my passion to Miss Stanmore. How this is to be accomplished I know not; let us consider the subject *coolly*."

"Why, according to common report, sir," observed the valet, "there's no other passport to Bloom Lodge than by favour of Miss Biddy Burdock. So, sir, if you can only make up your mind to sigh when she leers, and leer when she sighs, and feign a little tender passion, the place will capitulate."

"Yes, and the very moment I come into the presence of the object of my wishes, my emotion," said Frankly "will discover all, and all my labour of love will prove fruitless."

Jenkyns unhesitatingly acquiesced in the truth of his master's objection; and, with the quickness of an invention continually practised in the service of the gay and roving Frankly, after pondering for a few moments, proposed to make himself, what he was pleased to term, a sacrifice at the shrine of fidelity, by changing situations with his master, who, in his livery, should unsuspectingly pay his court to the secluded Emilia; while he, assuming the master's part, should warmly assail the melting heart of Miss Bridget. However presumptive this appeared on the part of Jenkyns, Frankly was assured of his fidelity; and, whatever scruples his vanity at first opposed against the romantic scheme, love and necessity combined to overcome; and, eager to begin the siege, Frankly, as Jenkyn's valet followed his *chair* the very next evening to a *drum*, where Miss Burdock was to appear, and both being perfect strangers in those parts their masquerade passed off exceedingly well.

Jenkyn's certainly played his part to admiration.

He took his *macabau* from a fine agate box, displaying a dazzling brilliant and a lace ruffle *toute à la mode*; talked nonsense with Miss Burdock till she bloomed with blushes—passed off three or four old *bon-mots* of his masters—showed

his teeth in a most approved smile when Bridget said *anything*, and walked through a *cotillon* with her exceedingly graceful, for he had a pair of legs, adorned with French silk hose, which might have vied with any at Almack's or St. James's; was her flattered and flattering partner at *spadille*, and, in fine, made himself so conspicuously assiduous and attentive, and Bridget so very good-humoured, that everybody whispered, and *looked* a vast deal more than they uttered.

(*To be continued.*)

STANZAS.

BY MISS ANNE MARIA SARGEANT.

The battle is o'er, and the valiant slain,
Lie bleeding and breathless on the plain!
The tears of the widow and orphan are vain:

Can they recall

The dead from their long and dreamless sleep,
'Tis vainly! 'tis vainly! they sigh and weep,
"Is not fair matron thy sorrow too deep?"

O'er valour's fall.

"'Tis true, thy husband now lies with the dead,
But a halo of glory encircles his head,
Though senseless and cold, 'tis on honour's bed

He resting is:

Point thine infant son to his gallant sire,
And bid his yet childish soul aspire
To like glory—like honour—and e'en desire

A tomb like his!"

"Never! oh never! the trumpet of Fame,
Though sounding oft with the hero's name,
Cannot heal the blast—beneath sorrow's aim

Now wounded sore!

I hate thee war! and never mayst thou,
My child! and my only solace now,
Wear the laurelled wreath upon thy brow,

Thy father wore!"

THE DESTRUCTION OF PHAROAH.

A HEBREW MELODY.

There's a grave in the waters of Egypt's dark ocean,
 And the wrecks of a nation are sepulchr'd there—
 There were voices like bursts from an earthquake's commo-
 tion,
 And each was the cry of a nation's despair.

For the angel of death walk'd in wrath o'er the billows—
 And the frown of Jehovah looked storms on the deep ;
 Every wave as it passes a dark burden pillows,
 For a host in a moment shall struggle—and sleep.

They have perished,—the horse and his rider together,
 Cold and white as the surges that over them flow'd ;
 And the mighty lies gasping with feeble endeavour
 To expend his last breath in a curse to his God.

Like desolate barques, to and fro there were dashing
 The chariots of fight with the banners of war—
 And the shield and the sabre sunk fitfully clashing,
 Till the Spirits of Ocean were startled afar.—

Who are they on the shore? Woe! woe! 'tis the daughters
 Of Egypt to learn how their heroes have sped—
 " O, where are their chariots?"—deep, deep in the waters—
 " O, where are the living?"—Go number the dead!

MARY IS AWAY.

A SONG.

" Oh I have sheep and kine athrong,
 And I have land to till ;
 And I have coffers deep and strong,
 Which I with gold can fill.
 The little world with envy see
 My geer and rich array,
 Yet fortune brings no joy to me,
 For Mary is away.

"The bright sun beams a golden shower
 Across the deep blue sea ;
 Yet brighter far will be the hour
 That brings my love to me :
 Then Mary haste, thine eyes of light
 Shall gild the glowing day ;
 Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars look bright
 When thou love art away."

EMILY MORTON ; OR THE BROKEN HEART.

Like the lily
 That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
 She hung her head and perish'd.

Shakspeare.

During a journey which I made in the winter of 1825, I had arrived one evening at a large and comfortless inn, in one of the most populous towns of the west of England. The apartment into which I had been shewn was large and cheerless ; the fire, which had been lately lighted, sent forth at intervals large volumes of smoke, which, added to the gloomy appearance of a November afternoon, gave a weight to my mind which I could by no other means account for. As soon as I had finished my solitary meal I drew my chair towards a window which looked into the burial-ground of the Cathedral. It was not long before I found myself musing on the old pile which rose in venerable magnificence before me ; and I was just about to descend to examine its monuments and inscriptions more minutely, when my ear was arrested by the mournful sound of the passing bell, which seemed, with its pervading melancholy, to steal into every ear. How few are there, however depraved or thoughtless they may be, who will not confess that they have received some strong, though momentary, impression, from the admonition of this awful monitor. In the breast of a sensible and feeling person, it will re-open the wounds which have long seemed to be healed. Then will the child call to mind the virtues of that parent over whose tomb the portal has long since closed. Then will the mother recal

the time when she sat for hours gazing on "the sweet sleep of her child;" and the dreadful moment when, like a drooping flower, it expired in her arms.

My curiosity was excited by the unusual concourse of persons which had assembled beneath my windows, and I immediately descended to the burial-ground. At the head of the new-dug grave stood the minister in his robes, and with the book of prayer already open in his hands. Around him were the spectators, with their heads uncovered, and with countenances from which every worldly feeling was evidently effaced, as they stood, in painful anxiety, waiting till the awful ceremony should begin which would transfer a fellow creature to his last home. The coffin had already been separated from the hearse, and I was enabled, from the position in which I had placed myself, to observe the countenances of two persons who came to pay the last duties to their deceased friend or relative. Signs of the deepest affliction were depicted in the lineaments of both, but they were of a far different cast. The first who descended from the mourning coach was an old man, who was far stricken in years: he had one of the finest countenances I ever remember to have seen, but grief appeared to have made sad havoc with it of late; and as the big tears followed each other in quick succession down his hollow cheeks, it seemed to me to be the sorrow of one who had lost his only stay through the declining years of life, and who had now no other tie to bind him to the world. The face of the other mourner, who was a female, though evidently tinctured with a strong inward grief, was nevertheless one of the most beautiful I ever beheld. With one arm she supported the old man; and though her step was firm, and no tear shone in the long lashes of her dark eyes, her sorrow was certainly as great, and probably the more poignant from an apparent unwillingness to add to the anguish of her aged companion, by giving vent to her tears—too often the only consolation which is left to the wretched!

Never shall I forget the anguish which was traced on the countenance of that old man: never shall I forget the beautiful face, which like that of a ministering angel, seemed afraid to look upon his, lest the sight of the tears which

trickled down his cheeks should prevent her from any longer restraining her own.

The last rites of the church, that beautiful but awful ceremony, were performed in a touching and energetic manner by the officiating clergyman; and as the deep tones of his powerful voice broke the silence which prevailed around, I observed that there was scarcely an eye which was not filled with tears, and that the solemn words seemed to sink deep into every soul. There must be something strikingly interesting, I thought, in the fate of the deceased, or of the surviving mourners, which could excite such universal commiseration; and I determined, if possible, to make myself acquainted with their history, as soon as the ceremony should have ceased. I looked down upon the coffin; it was of plain, and almost rude, materials: on the plate which was affixed to it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"Henry Evelyn, aged 28 years." I once more turned my eyes towards the face of the youthful mourner, and it immediately struck me that her's was not the anguish of a sister: there was a sort of bashfulness in her distress, if I may so call it, which made me think that she was mourning the beloved object of a romantic passion; and I afterwards found that I had been right in my conjectures—the deceased had been her betrothed husband!

I had sunk into a sort of reverie: the objects which had so much interested me had almost faded from my mind, which was musing indiscriminately on the vanity of human wishes, and the emptiness of renown, when I was once more aroused by the impressive voice of the minister, as he pronounced the awful sentence of his Eternal Master—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," which was followed by the jarring sound of the earth falling upon the coffin below. A moment after I heard a deep groan, or rather a shriek, which was followed by a general murmur of compassion from the crowd. I looked round. The old man had fallen senseless into the arms of a bye-stander. He had been able to mark the decline of his son (for such was the deceased) through the gradual stages of decay, without sinking under the blow: he had seen him fall from health to sickness, and from sickness into his last slumbers:

he had felt the weight of his afflictions press deeply on him, it is true ; but still it could not be said that, until now, he had altogether sunk beneath the blow. But the awful words which he had just heard, and the hollow sound of the earth as it fell upon the coffin, had been too much for his aged heart to bear : he felt as if he had only just heard the edict which separated him from all he held most dear upon earth—human nature could endure no more—he had fainted !

After a short period he seemed to revive a little, and was borne to a mourning coach which was in attendance. As I handed in the youthful mourner she turned her face towards me with a look of thankfulness which I shall never forget : her heart was evidently too full for utterance, but that look sunk deeper into my soul than any words could possibly have done. I shut the coach door, and as I cast a lingering look towards its solitary inmates, I observed that her head was bent upon her knees ; while it was evident, by the violent throbbings of her bosom, that she had at length given vent to her tears. The vehicle drove on, and I felt that mine were not the least sincere of the prayers that followed them.

When I returned to the place which I had left, I found that the mournful ceremony was over, and that the task of filling up the grave had already begun : I turned towards an elderly gentleman who still lingered near the spot, and seemed deeply interested in what had passed, and made some remark upon the early age of the deceased : “ Yes,” he said, “ and it is a melancholy story altogether ; you seem to be a stranger, sir ; perhaps you are ignorant of the circumstances which have excited so much commiseration :” I told him that I was, but should be obliged to him if he would make me acquainted with them. He did so, and his narrative, as nearly as I can recollect, was in the following words :

“ The old man, of whose distress you have just been a witness, was once an eminent banker in the city of London. No one was more deservedly popular among his numerous friends. His wit was celebrated for its originality, and his entertainments for the gratification which they afforded ; while there was no one whose heart was more open to the call

of distress. I knew him in the season of his prosperity ; no one seemed to enjoy life more ; and he even confessed to me that he had seldom experienced an unhappy moment in his life. But at last things went wrong with him ; his establishment was not so large, and his entertainments were not so frequent as formerly. In society he often fell into musing fits, and I once recollect surprising him with a tear in his eye. It was not long before I discovered the source from which this change in his feelings and circumstances originated.

“ The old man had two sons ; the deceased was his first-born ; but it was on the younger one that all his hopes and expectations were concentrated. He had entered early into the service of his country ; and I can hardly wonder at a father’s partiality, for I must confess that I never beheld a finer form, or a more prepossessing countenance. But unfortunately his mental qualities did not correspond with the beauty of his person, He had at different times fallen deeply into debt, and his father had as often extricated him from his difficulties ; till at last, after a few years spent in profligacy and dissipation, he was dismissed from his regiment for unsoldier-like and unofficer-like conduct. This, as you may suppose, was a severe blow to the old man. He had himself been living considerably beyond his income, which, added to the extravagance of his son, had involved him in difficulties, from which he found it no easy task to disembarass himself. But a finishing stroke was at length given to his misfortunes by the precipitate flight of one of his partners, who had managed, by some means or other, to appropriate to himself a considerable sum of money belonging to the bank, with which he had absconded to America. After his affairs had been in some degree settled, and his creditors satisfied, the old man retired with a very limited income, to this his native city. For some months he was inconsolable. It seemed as if he felt that he had committed some heinous crime, for he even shrunk from the approach of those who in prosperity had been his dearest friends.

“ It was not long however before his affairs wore a better aspect, and his peace of mind seemed in some degree to be restored. The son, whom in prosperity he had neg-

lected, did every thing in his power to contribute to the comfort of his aged father. His garden was always in the greatest order, and his books, which he had formerly taken great delight in, were always neatly arranged upon their shelves; while, if any additional comfort, or any little luxury, which he had enjoyed in former times, found their way to the table or the library of the old man, they were generally to be traced to the filial care of Henry Evelyn.

“ But you must not suppose that it was to Henry Evelyn alone that his aged parent was altogether indebted for the restoration of his peace of mind, or the happiness and mental dignity which naturally attended it: no—there was another whose eye followed him with as deep an interest, and whose heart struck a responsive chord to every pang that thrilled in his. Great indeed was the attachment of Emily Morton to this old man; but, before I resume the thread of my story, I must go back a few years in the annals of their history, to inform you how she came to be the inmate of his family, and the subsequent sharer of his afflictions.

“ She had been deprived by death of the affection and watchfulness of a mother when she was quite a child; and her father, dying when she was only sixteen, had left her, and the limited fortune which he was enabled to bequeath to her, to the care and guardianship of his school-fellow and oldest friend, Mr. Evelyn.

“ When Emily first entered the house of her guardian, his youngest son had just entered the army, although some time would elapse before he would be required to join his regiment. As there were two sons in the family, and both of them remarkably fine young men, it was generally surmised (you will excuse me, sir, for entering into the local gossip of the neighbourhood,) that she would finally become the wife of one of them, particularly as it was known that such had been her father's wish in his life time. As I was interested in the welfare of both parties, and as I have always been of the Vicar of Wakefield's opinion, that the time of courtship is commonly the happiest period of a person's life, I waited, with no slight degree of interest, to see on which of the two she would finally fix her choice;

at least if it should so happen that either of them should be fortunate enough to gain her affections.

“ I believe it was generally supposed at the time, by the gossips of the neighbourhood, that the young soldier, with his handsome face and commanding figure, would be the favoured person; but Emily Morton was not accustomed to throw her affections away promiscuously. She looked into the deepest recesses of the mind, and had therefore taste and discernment enough to prefer the warm and lasting affection of a feeling heart, to a laced jacket, and a well-turned moustache. Besides, though Henry Evelyn could not possibly be said to be as handsome as his younger brother, nevertheless his speaking eye and romantic countenance impressed the beholder with a deeper interest in his favour, while the more sterling qualities of his heart imperceptibly won to him the esteem of all who were acquainted with him. I never knew any one who was more worthy of that choicest gift which the world has to bestow—the attachment of a beautiful and accomplished woman, or who was more suited to obtain it. He possessed a fine person, considerable talents, and a heart susceptible of the tenderest emotions; and what could a woman wish for more? He longed for some one who might share with him alike his pleasures and his afflictions, who might tend him in sickness and sooth him in adversity, and who would hang on his arm, and look up to his eye, ‘as if there alone she sought for favour and acceptance.’ It was natural, therefore, when Miss Morton became an inmate of his father’s house, that these two young persons should not long remain indifferent to one another, and it was with great satisfaction that I discovered that their mutual esteem had ripened into the strongest attachment. It was not long before Miss Morton’s choice was made known to the world; but Mr. Evelyn expressed a wish that a year or two should elapse before their union should take place, on account of the early age of his beautiful ward.

“ In the meantime the young lovers were seldom apart; they were either engaged in the elegant pursuits of literature, in which their tastes naturally agreed, or they would wander together for hours through the beautiful scenery

which surrounded Mr. Evelyn's country seat, forgetting the world and all its heartlessness, and even their own existence, in the delicious happiness which each of them naturally derived from the society of the other.

' Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart to heart,
 Why did they not then die?—they had liv'd too long,
 Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
 Years could not bring them cruel things or wrong,
 The world was not for them, nor the world's art,
 For beings passionate as Sappho's song.'

"In the ball-room, though to an indifferent observer their pursuits, or the topics of conversation in which they were engaged, might seem different, their thoughts and eyes, nevertheless, followed one another through the mazes of the dance, while their ears seem to drink in every tone, as if they were afraid of losing a single word from the lips which were so dear to them. What were the music and the banquet to them? what delusion could the dizzy scene produce in their hearts? they were all in all to each other, and, to conclude the foregoing stanza,

' Love was worn with them, in them, so intense,
 It was their very spirit—not a sense.'

"But it is not every one whose path is strewn with roses; in this world every one must have his share of adversity, and the young lovers were not without theirs; for months, almost years, their pursuits had been the same, and their pleasures derived from the same source; but the storm was already gathering which was destined to destroy their happiness by the same blow, and the same overwhelming force. Nearly two years had passed since they had first vowed a mutual and eternal attachment, and but a few weeks were expected to elapse before they should be united in marriage; when the sudden disappearance of Mr. Evelyn's partner, and his son's continued extravagance, compelled him to give up his former splendid establishment, and to retire into comparative obscurity. This was indeed a severe blow to the young lovers; Emily's fortune was very small, and Mr. Evelyn could spare nothing out of his shattered finances to bestow on his son. Their

expectations, which before had been so sanguine, were now destroyed almost on the eve of their accomplishment ; while even Hope, that solitary beacon which we are accustomed to look to in the wreck of our affections, was almost totally extinguished in their breasts !

“ What pang is there more dreadful than the forcible separation of two young hearts, in the very spring and vigour of their attachment, and in all the romantic enthusiasm of a first love ? When the object of our affections is snatched from us by death we cannot but feel that she is in a happier and brighter world, and we have at least the fond expectation of being united to her once more in the mansions, and amid the spirits, of the blest ; while Time, the natural healer of our sorrows, by degrees weans us from the power of our senses and the memory of our afflictions, and plunges us once more into the busy pursuits of a selfish world. The miser may talk of the sums which he has lost, and the ambitious man of the honours which he has missed, and the hopes which have been blighted in their bud ! But what right have they to complain ?—they may embark again and again in new schemes, and in new adventures ! Their distresses are but the natural irritations of a moment, when we compare them with the excruciating knowledge that we live in the same world, and breathe the same air with the beloved idol of our affections, and yet can never be any thing nearer to her than the meanest beggar who wanders through the streets, and panders his lies and pitiful excuses for a mouthful of bread ! This is to be acquainted with sorrow ! this is the anguish which no time or distance can abate, and no philosophy assuage ! This, indeed is the hardest lesson which has been bequeathed us by the transgression of our first parents, and the severest pang which heaven hath commanded us to endure !

“ That exquisite sensibility and inborn modesty, which is the natural attribute of her sex, particularly predominated in the mind of Emily Morton ; she deemed it therefore wrong to remain long an inmate of the same house with one, who, by whatever ties he might formerly have been joined to her, was now, in the harsh opinion of the world, separated from her for ever ; she determined therefore, as soon as she should see her aged guardian comfortably established

in his new residence, and his peace of mind in some degree restored, to become a resident in the family of a distant relation of the father's. This determination, however discordant to her feelings, she would certainly have abided by, had it not been prevented by an unforeseen occurrence which I shall presently relate.

“I believe it is the generally received opinion of the world, that adversity is the test of friendship, and that the companions of our social hours are generally the first to fly from us in the moment of our afflictions; but this was not the case with those whom, in more prosperous times, Mr. Evelyn had selected for his friends. It seemed to be a generous cause of contention among them which should be of the greatest use to him in his distress; but as he was well known to attach a more than usual importance to being laid under an obligation, there were few of them who found it possible to put their kind intentions in force, and then only by the most secret means.

“It was to his son, therefore, instead of his aged father, that one of his oldest friends applied, with the offer of a cadetship in the East Indies. This was a moment of great doubt and uneasiness to Henry Evelyn, and it was a considerable time before he could make up his mind whether it was his duty to accept or to refuse it. On the one hand, his departure to foreign climes would be an additional blow to his father, already harassed by sickness and affliction; it was a bitter thing too to be parted from Emily, for as long as he was near her, and could drink in the soft tones of her musical voice, he had never been able to persuade himself that they were eventually to be separated for ever. On the other hand, if he rejected the offer which was made him, he should compel himself to remain an inmate of his father's house, where his presence was not only a cause of great additional expense to the old man, but also obliged Emily to seek refuge among those whom, he well knew, she could never love or esteem. ‘No!’ he said, ‘I will never be selfish enough to prefer my own wishes to the comfort of others; I will accept the offer which is made me; and should I ever be fortunate enough to be engaged with the enemies of my country, who can tell but what it may lead

to wealth and honour, or even to the hand of Emily Morton !'

"The next thing to be done was to inform his father of the step which he intended to take, and though the old man could not help admiring the conduct of his son, yet his presence had become so necessary to his comfort, that he felt his departure would be the heaviest calamity which Heaven had thought it proper to afflict him with; while Emily—but why should I attempt to paint the sufferings of two young lovers on the eve of their separation? the agonizing doubts, the anguish and the suspense incident to such a situation have been often penned, and as often experienced, and the history of their individual distress would add but little to the interest which you appear already to have taken in their afflictions.

"Henry Evelyn's stay in India was not of long duration. After having distinguished himself in many minor engagements he received a wound at the taking of Bhurtpore, which, added to the bad effects which the climate had already produced in his constitution, obliged him, as the only chance of preserving his life, to return immediately to England. Poor Emily! what must have been her feelings when she saw the beloved of her heart, assisted by strangers, tottering into the room, with hardly strength enough to throw himself into the arms of her who loved him better even than life itself! At one glance she perceived that the worst fears were realised, and that the disease had taken root too deeply to be ever eradicated. Once or twice indeed he was able to lean on her arm, and enjoy the balmy freshness of a summer evening; but by degrees his eyes grew brighter, and his cheek assumed the hectic flush of consumption more deeply than before: it was evident he was in a rapid decline; and, about a month after his return to his native land, he took to his bed, from which he was never afterwards separated until his final removal for his last home. He died like a Christian and a soldier, with a hand of his father and his betrothed bride clasped in each of his, while the last syllables which he uttered, and which died away with his latest breath, were the name of Emily Morton!"

The old man finished his narrative, and I must confess that I was deeply interested by it : I had heard of sorrows as affecting in their detail, or even more so than those which had just been related to me, yet those for the most part owed their existence to the heated imagination of a romantic mind ; but here I had mingled with the sufferers in this unhappy tragedy : I knew that the history of their misfortunes was no fiction, and I felt that I had once been a witness of the reality of affliction.

The next day was Sunday, and, after a restless and feverish night, I prepared to mingle with those who were hastening to offer up their orisons in the temple of their Maker.

I never heard a finer specimen of pulpit eloquence than I did that day. The minister, who possessed a rich and commanding voice, extolled the everlasting happiness of those who died in peace with their God, and the uselessness of mourning for the blest, while he ended with a short and affecting prayer for the desolate and oppressed. His discourse appeared to me to be peculiarly adapted for the ears of those, for whom I was so much interested. I turned away my eyes from the preacher, to hide the tears which I felt were already trickling down my cheek, when my glance fell upon the pale but still beautiful features of Emily Morton : she evidently recollected me, and my presence probably calling to mind more forcibly the melancholy scene in which she had so lately been an actor, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. I never saw that face again, but the memory of those interesting features has haunted me in the flush of the banquet and in the hour of solitude, as distinctly as those of the beloved object of my first attachment, or the remembered vision of a lovely dream.

It was about two years afterwards that I had again occasion to visit that cathedral town. The hum, the bustle, and the laughter were still there ; but I turned from them with a feeling which almost amounted to disgust, to recal the visions of the past, and to spend a solitary hour at the grave of Henry Evelyn. A small stone had been placed at the head of it ; but his was not the only name which was engraved upon its surface—that spot also contained the

ashes of Emily Morton! She did not long survive the chosen of her heart: the alternate seasons of hope and despair, and finally the loss of all she held most dear upon earth, had gradually undermined her health, and brought her to an untimely grave—She died of a broken heart!

Peace be to their shades! The thunder and the tempest may roll over their graves, and the cold and the worldly-minded may mock them with their presence, but they are in the mansions of the blest, where there is no blight for affection, and where the weary are at rest.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

The following curious circumstance occurred a few years ago in the family of Mrs. Ryder, a widow, who carried on the business of a *tailor*, in Hornsey-row. She had a son who was placed out an apprentice to the same trade, and who having had some words with his master, ran away, and was missing for several weeks. His mother being apprehensive that some ill had befallen him, advertised a reward to any person who should be the means of restoring him to his friends, or give any satisfactory information respecting him, whether living or dead. Soon after a communication was received by his parent, which stated, that a youth, answering the description of the runaway, had been found washed ashore by the Thames, near Wandsworth.

Upon the receipt of this intelligence, some of the family, accompanied by an undertaker in want of a job, took the road to *Battersea*; and having reached the spot where the body lay, were not long in making up their minds that the corpse was no other than that of their unfortunate relative. The undertaker lost no time in conveying the body home to the mother's house; who straightway caused her windows to be closed; prepared mourning for the brothers and sisters of the defunct, and in due time had the body decently interred in the family grave in Islington church-yard.

Some time after, while the family were yet in mourning for the loss of one of its most promising members, thus snatched away in the flower of youth and carried to an un-



Drawn by T. Stothard, R.A.

Engraved by Chas. Heath

IRISH MELODIES.

OH! THE HEART THAT HAS TRULY LOV'D, NEVER FORGETS
BUT AS TRULY LOVES ON TO THE CLOSE,
AS THE SUN FLOWER TURNS ON HER GOD WHEN HE SETS
THE SAME LOOK WHICH SHE TURN'D WHEN HE ROSE!

timely grave, a knock was heard at the door—not that of a *ghost*, be assured, gentle reader,—it was in good sooth, the runaway youth, in his own proper person; who, having heard of what had been done in his absence, came home to assure his friends “that they had made a *mistake*, and buried the wrong person—that he was not *dead*, had never been near the water-side, and was not drowned at all; but had been alive all the while, and following the tailoring business on his own account, at Bandy-leg-walk, in the Borough.”

ILLUSTRATIONS TO MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

BY THE LATE THOMAS STOTHARD, R. A.

No. III.—BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me if all those endearing young charms
 Which I gaze on so fondly to day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms
 Like fairy-gifts fading away—
 Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou'art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
 And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart,
 Would entwine itself fervently still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear!
 Oh, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close;
 As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

JEAN PREVOST;

OR, THE ARM OF THE DEVIL.

It is of little importance, gentle and judicious reader, whether thou ever wert across the channel of the waters,

which flow betwixt the chalky cliffs of Dover, and the sandy beach of Calais :—I mean in so far as regardeth thy capacity to understand my tale : seeing that it formeth no part of my intention to quote French phrases, or hinge the interest of my narration on customs exclusively Gallic ; although I must, as a faithful historian, apprise thee that the circumstances I shall relate, took place in the commune of Beauvais, in the department of Brest, in the kingdom of France, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventeen.

Jean Prevost was as honest a man, and his family of children and grand-children, who all dwelt under his roof, were as well provided for as any in the whole parish. He had the best cured bacon, and the finest flavoured cheeses, in the district, and, on holidays, he could indulge himself and his guests, with a rasher of the one, and dressed lentils ; a slice of the other, and, to wash all over, a draught of wine, superior to the small beer sort of stuff, the poorer folks swallowed, under the fine name of *vin du pays*.

But Jean was old ;—“ he had been a soldier in his youth,” and that did not make him a whit younger, for a soldier’s life is a rough one, and wears a man sadly. But, though old, he was as brave in spirit as he had ever been ; and, except when the weather changed, and his old wounds, barometer-like, felt it, he was vastly good-natured and happy. And so he might—for he was above want, and in comfort himself, and knew that he had wherewithal to make those he cared for equally so ; for he owed no man any thing, and was the owner of a snug little corner of land which he had bought from the Commissionaires of confiscated domains six and twenty years before, with a little money he had saved when quartered for two years in the house of one rich widow in the Fauxbourg, St. Antoine, in Paris, and twelve months and a half with another in the Rue de Provence, in Lyons. for, though now bent and weak, he was once tall, comely and strong. He also received a pension from the State for the wounds he had gotten in its service.

At the time my tale begins, Jean *was* old, however, and even ill. He had caught a cold after dancing at the wedding of his eldest grandson. The apothecary of a neigh-

bouring village in passing, having heard that Jean was sick, called to see him, and brought from out his saddlebags a goodly store of gallipots and pill boxes, papers of brickdust, and other medicines ; but Jean, who had never been so ill before, said he would have none of them, and told the man of gylsters to go "*au diable*." Whether he took this advice or not, I cannot, for a certainty, state ; though I deem it improbable that he did, seeing that he left the house muttering "*Mon Dieu*"—not a very likely way of talking, when about making a call on the devil.

Jean ate, or tried to eat, fat bacon, and drank, or tried to drink, some of his best wine—but all would not do. When honest Jean Provost, sometime ploughboy, and cultivator at the farm of Clos-Giraud, next grenadier in Biron's Chasseurs, and lastly *proprietaire* in the department of Brest,—was born, it was decreed that sixty-eight years should be the term of his lease of life ;—and Nature had fulfilled the contract. Now the time of expiry had arrived, and Jean *felt*, and his children *saw*, that he was dying. The veteran had always been a good Catholic, and had not missed bearing mass, and keeping lent and fast days, as strictly as his love of bacon, when cured after his own fashion, would let him,—at least for the last dozen years. But his old friend, the curate, who had visited, and married, and buried, and eaten with every family in the parish in turn, had died lately of a surfeit, from disposing of the greater part of a young pig, the half of a turkey, and six "*omlettes a la Fermiere*," at a merrymaking, on the marriage of the young woman whom *he* called his niece, and the *world* called his daughter ; and he had been succeeded by some zealous lenten-faced, soupmaigre eating, but plotting and avaricious Jesuits, called in modern parlance Missionaries, who settled themselves in an old monastery, and undertook the cure of all the souls in the parish.

Jean had a mortal dislike to these fellows, who were always preaching about the lost property of the church,—the propriety of refunding it, and the blessedness of tithe-paying. But how could the old fellow act, when he saw himself dying ? No other priest was to be had, and what good Catholic would die sans absolution ? So he even

sent for one of these lean-faced gentry, on purpose to receive his certificate of discharge from the army of this world, that he might the more readily get admission into one of the standing regiments of heaven. A member of the scarecrow tribe soon arrived, for they knew Jean to be a man who could pay, and proceeded without delay to his bedside. He was fast approaching to the grave, but the friar would not let him get quietly into it, by easing his soul, and by giving him extreme unction, till he confessed and did penance. Did penance—why old Jean could not turn on his side!—yet he was obliged to own that he had flirted with the widows—had liked wine too well, and had eaten too much bacon in his lifetime—even on Fridays. “Now,” thinks he, “he’ll surely dismiss me;”—but no:—Jean Provost was told he could not have absolution till he restored to the church the lands which had once been its property, but which he had fairly bought and paid for! At this startling proposition, Prevost, weak as he was, raised himself up and stared—as well he might. He then, by looks, declined to acquiesce in this modest demand. It was reiterated with threats.—Jean recovered speech—cursed the old monk—made signs to his son to kick him down stairs—was eagerly obeyed—shook hands with his children—blessed their offspring—said an ave—and gave his spirit to its Giver. The priest, with an aching breech, hastened to communicate this bad success to his brethren, and they swore to be revenged. This, they thought they would do, by sending word to Jean’s family, that they would not permit him Christian burial, “even if he came to the churchyard—which he would never do;”—(true, dead men don’t walk far), “for,” said they, “the devil, and three of his servants, would carry him to hell the same night.

Jean’s friends were dreadfully frightened at all this; but an old fellow-soldier of his, who happened to be a guest in the house at the time, smelt the rat beneath the cassock, and answered them that “his old friend’s bones would lie in the churchyard, and devil a bit of the devil would touch them, *till they got there.*”—“How shall we secure them?” they inquired.—“Leave that to me,” answered the old boy—“Give me a bottle of brandy—a slice of your bacon—leave your doors on the latch, and I’ll dare all the devils

that come, to touch the coffin of Jean Prevost, my old and worthy comrade!" Night arrived—Jean's friends crept fearfully to bed—the old soldier had his brandy and bacon; and, having primed himself with a dose of both, and sharpened a massy hanger which hung at his side, he sat down by his friend's corpse and sang old songs, and smoked from old pipes, till twelve o'clock. A few minutes after that hour, strange noises were audible without, screams were echoed by howls, and grunts by groans;—footsteps were heard on the ground floor of Prevost's cottage, and, above all, a strong smell of sulphur was perceptible. Pierre Jaquemont—that was the old soldier's name—began to feel queerish at the sulphur; but, recollecting it was used in manufacturing gunpowder, he took another *petite verre* of brandy, and was quite ready for the nocturnal visitors, who soon floundered into the dead man's chamber, and began to unscrew his coffin. "What d'ye want with my old friend, you rogues?" cried Pierre,—but he got no answer. They began to lift the body—"Come, come," said he, "let him alone, will ye?" No reply. "Then have at ye you old humbugs!" bawled Pierre, and with one swing of his hanger he cut off the hand of the most forward devil of the party. If devil's don't feel pain, they at least cry when they appear to be hurt, for this one roared unmercifully. He was, however, carried off; Jean Prevost was replaced in his coffin—next day was quietly buried in it—his friend Pierre Jaquemont got well paid for his sentinelship; and it was remarked for ever afterwards that the prior of the neighbouring monastery held his missal during service in his left hand, and kept his right, if he had one, under the sleeve of his cassock!*

* This story was written nine years ago. From the following extract from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. (No. XII. pp. 428-9.) it would appear that such tricks as it describes are not unusual—or the writer must have had the gift of second-sight! Which is the more probable conclusion, is left to the sagacious reader to decide.

"In the month of June, 1824, in a small village called Artes, near Hostalrich, about twelve leagues from Barcelona, a Constitutionalist being at the point of death, his brother called on the curate, requesting him to come and administer the sacrament. The curate refused, saying, 'Your brother is a Constitutionalist, that is to say, a villain, an impious wretch, an enemy to God and man—he is damned without mercy, and it is therefore useless for me to confess him.' 'But

OH, TURN ME THAT DEAR SUNNY LOOK.

A SONG,

BY MRS. M. L. GRIMSTONE.

Oh! turn me that dear sunny look of your own,
 And whate'er be your fault, it that fault shall atone,
 Like the sun when he comes from his cold cloud of showers,
 And kisses the rain-drops away from the flowers;
 I cannot be sad while I gaze on those eyes,
 Nor mark the wild minute as fleetly it flies,
 Oh! Love's rosy moments, we only should keep,
 By the tick of the dew which their own roses weep.

Or those clocks which, they tell us, but mark the dear hours,
 By changes of fragrance breathed from their flowers,
 Which bloom the bright emblems of love and the heart,
 Show the rose when we meet and the thorn when we part.
 Then turn me that dear sunny look of your own,
 And my heart shall rekindle it when I'm alone;
 As the still lake reflects when the sun has gone down,
 The last rays of glory that fell from his crown.

who told you that my brother was damned?' 'God himself told me during the sacrifice of the mass, that your brother is damned to all the devils.' It was in vain that the brother reiterated his entreaties, the curate was inexorable. A few days after the individual died, when his brother demanded for the body the rites of sepulture. The curate refused, alleging, 'the soul of your brother is now burning in hell, as I told you before. It would be in vain for me to take any trouble about interring his body, for during the night the devils will come and carry it away; and in forty days you yourself will meet the same fate.' The Spaniard, not giving implicit credit to this diabolical visit, watched during the night by the body of his brother, and with his pistols loaded. Between twelve and one o'clock a knock was heard at the door, and a voice exclaimed, 'I command you to open in the name of the living God; open, if not, your instant ruin is at hand.' The Spaniard refused to open, and shortly after he saw enter by the window, three able-bodied devils, covered with skins of wild beasts, having the usual quantity of horns, claws, and spiked tails, who set about carrying the coffin containing the body; upon this the guardian fired and shot one devil dead; the others took to flight, he fired after them and wounded both, one of whom died in a few minutes, the other escaped. In the morning, when the people went to church, there was no curate to officiate, and it was shortly after discovered, on examining the two defunct devils, that the one was the curate and the other the vicar; the wounded devil was the sacristan, who confessed the whole diabolical proceeding. The case was brought before the tribunal of Barcelona."

NOVEL ROYAL WEDDING.

At the marriage of the Count D'Artois, the city of Paris reluctantly consented, at his earnest request, to appropriate the money usually expended in fireworks, &c. to the portioning a certain number of young women. A little girl, sixteen or seventeen years of age, presented herself to have her name put down. She was asked where her lover was? "I have not one," she replied; "I thought that the city was to furnish every thing!" The assembly was convulsed with laughter. But the city chose a husband for her. The celebrated sculptor, Handox, was so much struck with this trait, that he wished to see the girl; and made an admirable bust of her, which displays a very pretty figure, with a marked character of simplicity. It is one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* which amateurs admire among his works.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

*Rue Saint Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain,
September 20, 1834.*

DEAR MELMOTH,

You may calm your national fears as to the superiority which the French are about to exercise over us in the air, and under the sea: both experiments have completely failed, and I regret to say that the latter has cost the inventor his life. His secret has perished with him, and it is very improbable that any fresh attempts will be made to construct vessels of that kind. He died of suffocation, and as there is no means of ascertaining how the accident took place, there can consequently be none to prevent it from occurring again. The failure of the other experiment has been ascribed rather to malice than accident: strong suspicions at least are entertained that the balloon had been purposely damaged. It is asserted that this experiment will be again repeated, but at present there is little hope entertained of its success; three fourths at least of our *savants* are of opinion that the air is not navigable. I am myself inclined to think so, but when I consider the immense progress that science has made within the last twenty years, my opinion is shaken. A second experiment is expected to take place very soon, and the public

are looking forward with great eagerness to its result. An immense number of people assembled to witness the first; so great a crowd of all ranks and ages, I think I never beheld. The women were as numerous as the men, and had the captain of the air ship been in want of passengers, he might have filled his vessel, but his number was limited to fourteen, twelve of whom were necessary to the success of the expedition, the other two were ladies, whose husbands were engaged in it. They were both young and pretty women, and as a Frenchman gallantly observed, might well be mistaken for benevolent fairies ascending to the skies, that they might bring down from thence fresh pleasures to bestow upon mortals.

It seems as if this unfortunate country was to be in one way or other, the victim of a political mania, the affairs of Spain keep us at present in a state of feverish excitement, and there has been more than one duel occasioned by people differing in opinion as to the rights of Don Carlos and Queen Isabella. Spain has also a fatal influence at the *bourse*, where gambling is still more carried on than ever. And since the ladies have been excluded by law from its galleries, they do not speculate the less, for they can still give their commissions to the stock-brokers, though they can no longer witness the execution of them in person. It is now a disputed point whether the number of male or female gamblers is greatest.

This vice has hitherto been found only among the upper or the genteel middle ranks, but now I am sorry to say, it has descended even to the lower class; mechanics, and servants even, gamble as eagerly and fatally as their betters.

A melancholy instance of this has just occurred in a family of our acquaintance, the mistress of which had a *femme de Chambre*, an orphan, whom she had taken a child, and had brought up till she was of an age to gain her livelihood, or rather I should say, to be apprenticed to a business. On Madame Valmore giving her her choice of one, Stephanie declared that all her wishes would be fulfilled if she could be made useful to her benefactress, and allowed to reside with her in any capacity.

Madame Valmore's heart is as feeling as her understanding is good, deeply touched by the affection and gra-

itude of her *protégée*, she yet listened rather to her reason than her heart. She had no fortune to give her, and she felt that in taking her out of the sphere in which she was born, she might risk at once her virtue and her happiness. She placed her therefore about her own person, and when four years afterwards her woman married, Stephanie succeeded to her place. The girl was remarkably pretty, and might two or three time have met with a respectable match, but she declined every overture made to her, and expressed herself too happy in her situation, to have any desire to change it. At last there came one for whose sake she felt that she could be content to leave her beloved mistress. He was a young clerk, whose own means were very slender, but his father, a retired tradesman, had a small property, which as he had no other child, would come to him at the old man's death. The courtship had gone on some time, but Stephanie observed with pain that Dorval, though he had from the first moment talked of marriage, never offered to introduce her to his father. One morning she was told that the latter desired to see her, she hastened to him with a heart beating with hope and fear; the old man surveyed her at first with a stern look, but it gradually softened as he saw her extreme agitation. "I dare say," said he at last, "I am the last person you expected a visit from, but it may be as well for you to know that if my son marries any girl who does not bring him a portion equal to the property I shall leave at my death, he shall never touch a farthing of mine; and what's more, I will never see his face again."

This was an overwhelming blow to the poor girl: she at first refused to admit her lover, but at last his grief and intreaties so far wrought upon her, that she consented to see him, though she would not hear of matrimony. She had saved some money, it was far too little to satisfy old Dorval's avarice, but the idea often occurred to her that it might be employed in some way to make it in time a sufficient portion.

While her mind was in this state, she heard of the speculations at the *bourse*, and persuading herself that she should be fortunate, she sold her little savings out of the funds, placed the money in the hands of a stock-broker, and

for a little time she flattered herself that she was in the high road to fortune. Poor girl, how miserably was she deceived! Her money vanished, the stock-broker refused to proceed without more. It unfortunately happened that on the same day, Madame de Valmont sent her into the city to pay forty pounds to one of her tradespeople; until that moment the unfortunate Stephanie had been probity itself, but she yielded to the temptation of employing the money, in the hope that a successful speculation would soon enable her to replace it. She called upon the tradesman, apologized on the part of her lady for deferring the payment during one week, and assured him that he should have it by that time. She then went to the stockbroker and placed the money in his hands. I will not prolong the melancholy tale: before the arrival of the appointed day, the money was gone, without a hope or even possibility of recovering it. Driven to despair, the unfortunate girl wrote to her mistress, acknowledging the transaction, and craving her pardon. She then shut and bolted herself into her room, closed every crevice through which the air could penetrate, and placed lighted charcoal on each side of her, in order to procure death by suffocation.

Happily her state was discovered before she was irretrievably gone. She recovered, was pardoned by her indulgent mistress. Dorval, who though an avaricious, was not a hard-hearted man, was so much moved by the despair of his own son, that he agreed to his marriage; but Stephanie resolutely refused to give him her hand. In fact, her heart was broken; in one month from the time of her attempted suicide she died, sincerely penitent for her crimes.

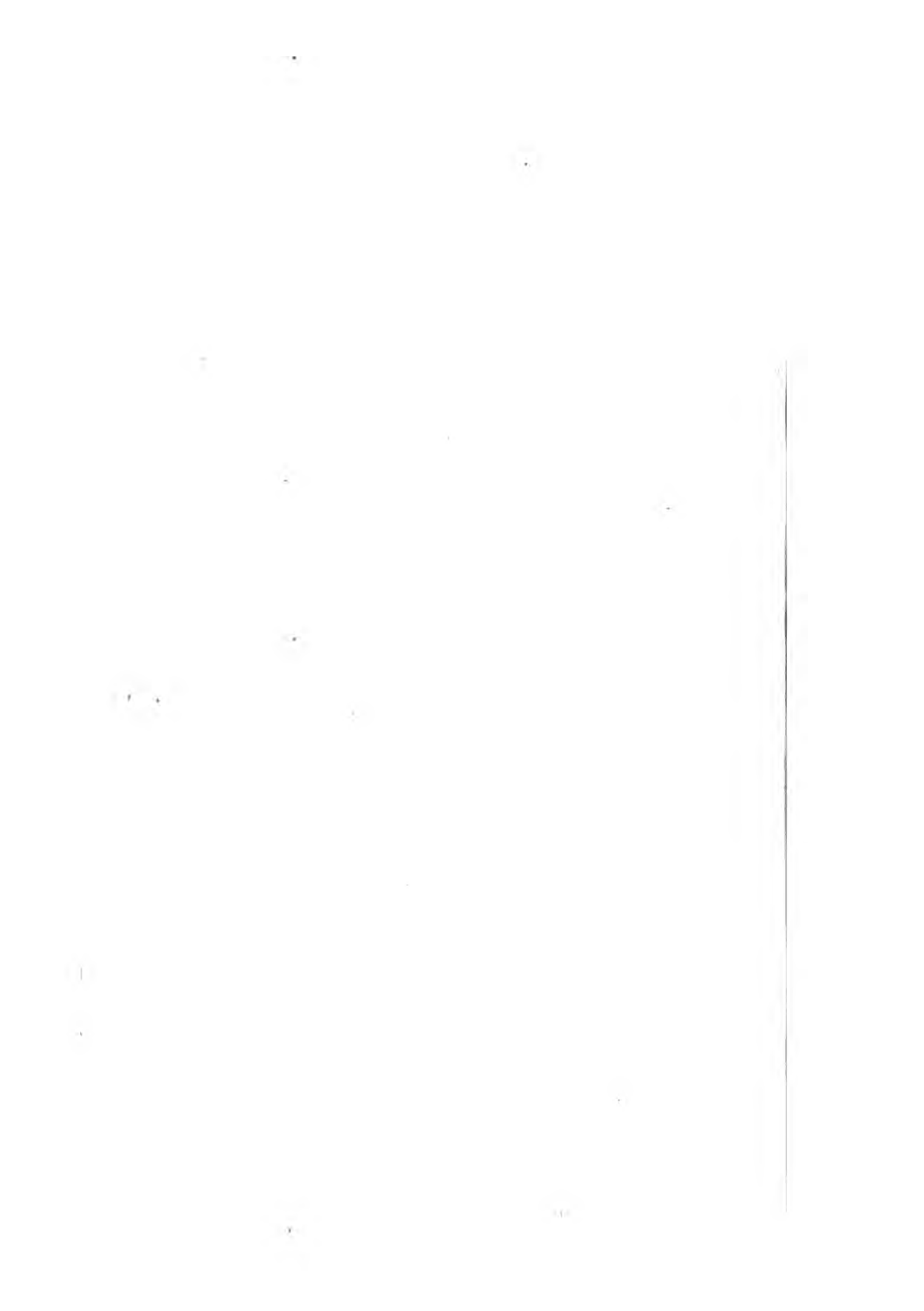
Since the weather has become cooler, the theatres are pretty well attended, but the pieces are of so licentious a description, that my woman-kind can but seldom attend them. I think I do not err when I say that out of ten new pieces, there are rarely more than two that a modest woman ought to be present at. This is a sad disappointment to them, especially to Mrs. B—, who is still old-fashioned enough to like a good play. The number of English here at present, is greater than it has been at any time since the first years of the restoration. We have met with some old



Jos. Robins.



Oct. 1834.



friends whom we little thought of seeing on this side of the water. I think you must remember Hargrave, to whom you gave the name of the grumbler, you would say that he deserved it, if you could hear him now, for I believe from the moment of his landing up to the present hour, he has never ceased to abuse France, and every thing in it. I am often amused at the pompous eulogiums he bestows upon England, which now that he has quitted it, he declares to be the only country on earth that a reasonable man can live in. I have two or three times been malicious enough to recall to his memory some of the phillipics I have heard him utter about its climate, government, &c. &c. but he always cuts me short with a peevish pshaw! Poor fellow, he is one of those unhappy people, who, in the possession of every earthly good, are miserable through temper.

Farewell, dear George,

Always yours,

CHARLES B——.

G. Melmoth, Esq.

Melmoth Hall, &c.

THE LADIES' TOILET.

DINNER DRESS FOR A SOCIAL PARTY.—French light grey *gros de Naples* robe, the *corsage* of the *demi-redingote* form, cut low, and trimmed with a lappel opening on the bosom, so as to form the heart shape, and display a *guimpe* of *tulle* bordered with blond lace. The lappel is bordered with a *rouleau*, above which is placed a row of fancy silk ornaments at regular distances from each other. The sleeves are between the *amadis* and *gigot* form, excessively large at the top. The skirt is trimmed round the border with two *rouleaux*, they are placed high, and at some distance from each other. Head-dress a blond lace cap, the trimming is excessively light, but somewhat deeper than they are in general; it consists of a single row of scalloped blond lace, intermingled with detached sprigs of exotics. A band of rose-coloured gauze ribbon sustains the trimming in front, and passing through it at the sides, forms the *brides*. Enamelled gold neckchain and locket.

EVENING COSTUME.—Straw-coloured crape robe over *gros de Naples* to correspond. The *corsage* cut low and tight to the shape, is marked in the centre of the back and breast by a rouleau, terminating in a bow of gauze ribbon to correspond; it is trimmed round the top with blond lace arranged in a very novel manner on the bust, and the *mancherons*. Short full sleeves. The skirt is trimmed round the border with a row of satin points of the same material, bordered with a satin rouleau. Head-dress, a satin toque to correspond with the dress, covered, and edged with blond lace, and trimmed with two white ostrich feathers, one standing upright, the other drooping in the neck. Necklace and earrings fancy jewellery.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

We observe that both Dunstable and Leghorn straw bonnets appear more in favour in walking dress, than they have been during the last two months, and although it is yet early in the season, both are trimmed with taffetas, or satin ribbon of rich full colours. Black gauze and *tulle* veils, which had gone quite out of favour during the summer months, are again becoming rather general. We have seen also some black lace ones, but as yet they are few in number.

Shawls are beginning to be a good deal adopted in walking dress, particularly with muslin robes, which still continue fashionable. Square shawls of French Cashmere are the most in favour. Those with black grounds, and real cashmere patterns, appear to be preferred.

We see already in carriage dress what may be called the *demi saison costume*, for although the robe or the pelisse is of a light summer hue, yet the accessories are to a certain degree autumnal. Thus with a printed muslin robe, the ground of which is white, and the flowers of light colours, we see satin shawls, with black grounds, richly flowered in full colours; and if the hat or bonnet is of rice straw, which we must observe is still very generally adopted, it is frequently lined with satin of a rich dark colour, and trimmed with ribbons and feathers to correspond. We must observe however, that the *demi saison costume* is but

partially adopted, and should the weather continue fine, it will most probably not become general before the end of the month; at least not for hats and bonnets, which are for the most part of a very light description. Rice straw has lost nothing of its vogue; crape continues to be very fashionable, particularly for drawn bonnets; those of *pou de soie* are in a minority, but by the end of the month, they will most probably have superseded the others. Although light materials continue in vogue in evening dress, they are not the only ones adopted, for rich silks begin already to be partially worn. We have just seen some dresses of Siamese taffetas, the ground a beautiful shade of dust colour, flowered in detached sprigs of roses with their foilage; they are in different shades of red, and the foliage in two strongly contrasted shades of green. The *corsage* made *en guimpe*, is trimmed before with two draperies, composed of four large plaits, *en gerbe*. On each side among the plaits is placed a row of leaves of a very graceful form, small towards the waist, but increasing in width as they approach the shoulders. They are placed two together, and are united in the centre by a small rosette of fancy trimming, from which depends two acorns of the natural size: the sleeves are long, they exceed even the usual width at top, but are plaited in regular plaits at the bottom; they are confined in two places by a band of a novel description, which forms a kind of chain; a narrow band, finished by a double piping, confines the sleeve at the wrist. The skirts of these dresses are even of a more extravagant width than any we have yet seen. The extreme to which this fashion is carried, is in the highest degree ungraceful.

One of the prettiest of the new head dresses is composed of English point lace, which is arranged in front in the cap style, with floating lappets of a moderate length and great richness. The lace in front consists of a double row, it is disposed in a light style, and is not very broad. Small flowers are placed irregularly between the rows of lace, and a delicate wreath is laid on the hair at the left side. This is a very tasteful style of head dress, and one that we think is likely to continue in favour for some time.

Coiffeurs en Cheveux are in majority in evening dress. We

never remember fashion allowing such latitude to her fair votaries in that respect, as she does at present, for we may say that they are all those of fancy, and in general arranged becomingly. We observe that a good many are adorned with knots of ribbon only. Some very pretty ones are decorated with knots formed of ends of foulard gauze ribbons. We have also seen a few trimmed with *ruches* of those ribbons. The *ruche* is put on obliquely, and then wound round the knot of hair at the back of the head. Fashionable colours are rose, green, and dust colour of a great variety of shades, straw coloured lavender, and some fancy colours.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.—White muslin robe, *corsage à la Vierge*; sleeves of extravagant size, confined at the wrist by drawn cuffs. Book muslin *caneton* of the heart form, but without any drapery; it is made quite up to the neck, and embroidered round the top in a Grecian pattern. The *mancherons* are very deep, and almost covered with embroidery; they are surmounted by a deep fold, through which a bright green ribbon is drawn, the *ceinture* forms a knot behind, and another in front, long floating ends depend from the latter. Rice straw bonnet, trimmed with green taffety ribbons, corresponding with the *ceinture*, and a bouquet of bright ruby-coloured dahlias.

FRENCH OPERA DRESS.—The robe is of *bleu Louise taffetas*, *corsage* of the *guimpe* kind, bordered with narrow blond lace standing up. Very large sleeves, trimmed with cuffs, which form an arch in the centre of the arm. Large *pelerine* pointed in front, and descending in the form of an arch on each shoulder; it is bordered with a full double plaiting of ribbon to correspond. A row of the same kind of trimming descends on each side of the front in the apron style, and also edges the pockets. Rice straw hat, the brim of a round shape, short at the ears, and deep over the forehead, the interior is trimmed with a full wreath of exotics, perpendicular crown, adorned with white taffetas ribbons

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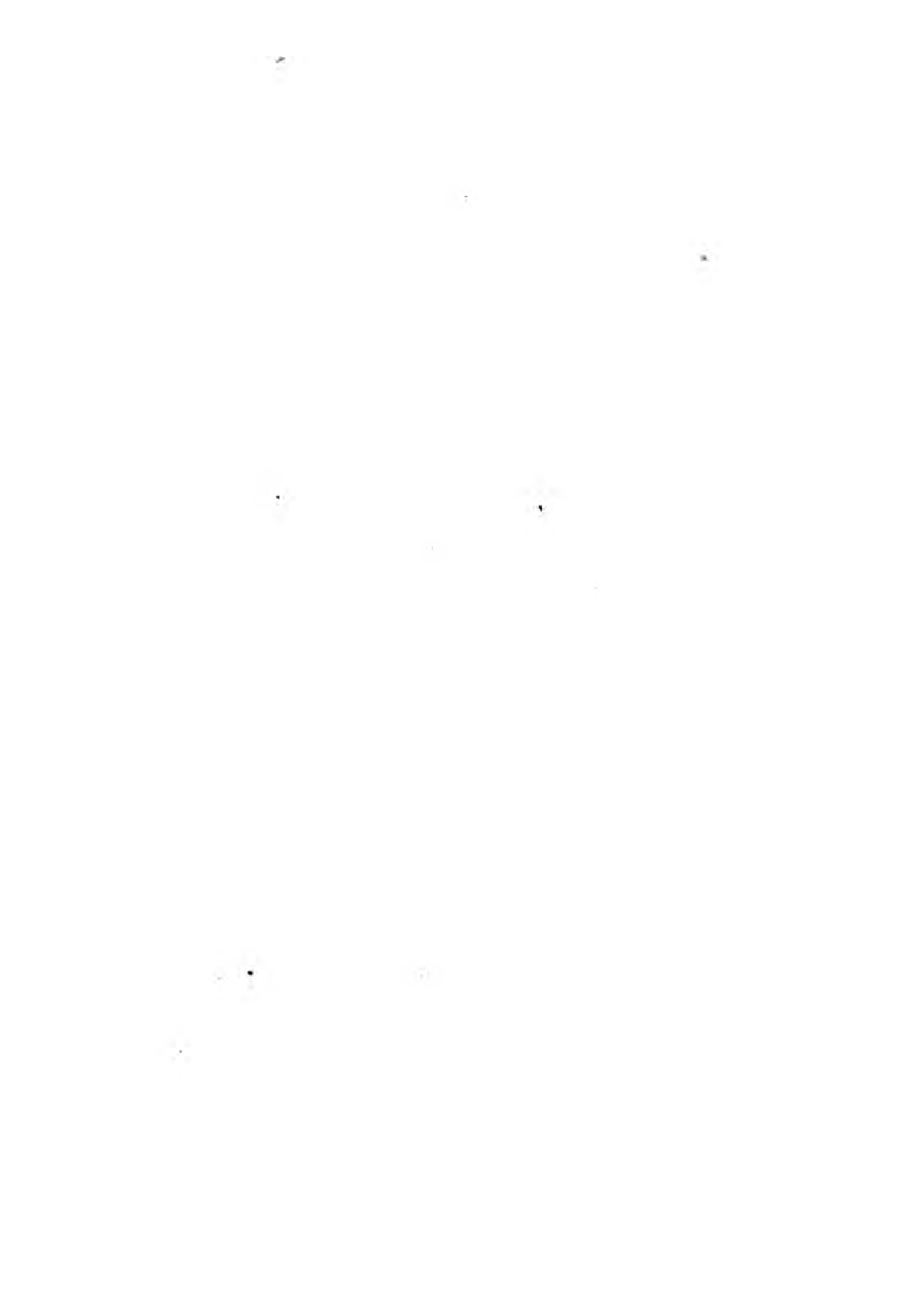


PARIS WALKING DRESS.



Oct. 1834.

FRENCH OPERA COSTUME.



arranged in interlaced bands with a bow behind. The plunage of a bird of Paradise is inserted in the bands on one side of the crown.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

The present month may be considered the commencement of the dead season, and that is a time when promenade dress never has any decided character. When the weather is fine, muslin robes, and light scarfs, are the order of the day. When it is cold, silk dresses and Cashmere shawls are adopted. At present there is one novelty which for a few weeks will be decidedly in favour both for home dress and the morning promenade: we mean printed cambrics of excessive fineness, with black or mahogany coloured grounds, and excessively large patterns. The colours are beautiful, and generally shaded with great delicacy. These robes are all made high. The *corsage* is generally concealed, or nearly so by a pelerine, which is mostly double and of a round shape. The sleeves are the same as those of other dresses, of the imbecile form, but instead of the band that usually confines them at the bottom, there is a tight and rather deep turned up cuff.

If the form of hats has suffered no visible alteration, the materials and the colours are changed; *pou de Soie* and *gros des Indes* of rich or sober hues, have replaced rice straw and crape. Flowers are laid aside, and knots of satin ribbon substituted in their place. As to gauze or *gros de Naples* ribbons, they are now very seldom seen.

Summer hats and bonnets are still the only ones employed for the *spectacle* or for visits. Rice straw is still the most in vogue: those hats are usually adorned with autumnal flowers. We see also a good many crape ones trimmed with foulard gauze ribbons, and feathers.

The dresses at the last representation of *Gustavus* were remarkably elegant. Several of the most striking robes were of India muslin, the skirt adorned with five rows of trimming, *à la Ninon*, very lightly and beautifully embroidered, the *corsages* of these robes were different. Some were cut very low, plain behind, and with the fronts in crossed drapery. Others *à la Vierge*, and a third sort quite high, but rendered dressy by a pelerine set on deep round

the back and shoulders, but very shallow across the bosom. The pelerine was worked to correspond with the trimming of the border. The top of the *corsage* was plain, except round the throat, where it was richly embroidered.

The predominant head dresses were crape, and rice straw hats. Some of the former were black, and of a very small size. One remarked for its elegance, was trimmed with emerald green satin ribbon, and a *ruche* composed also of satin ribbons. One of the rice straw hats, exhibited the revival of a fashion first introduced by the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette. We mean as respects the trimming, for the hat itself was of the present fashionable form, a high conical crown, and the brim extremely *évasée*: it was ornamented with a tuft of peacock's feathers attached on one side by a full knot of satin ribbon; a black ground printed in different colours.

There were few head dresses of hair, and they were chiefly *à la Clotilde*; that is the hair divided on the forehead, plaited, and forming loops on each side. In some instances the hind hair was also arranged in plaits, which were interwoven on the crown of the head something in the style of a coronet; but in general a single round bow on the summit of the head, or three bows, one rising above the other, completed the *coiffeur*. These head dresses were adorned with flowers, chiefly tufts placed over the forehead, and a moderately sized bouquet on one side near the back of the head. There were also some wreaths *à la Ceres*: this fashion so much in favour about two years ago, appears to be revived.

Ceintures with floating ends are almost universally adopted in evening dress; they are in general of rich foulard, or glazed taffetas ribbon, but some have recently appeared of plain white *gros de Naples*. They are made extremely broad at the bottom, but diminish to a moderate breadth as they approach the waist; they are fastened in front without bows by a gold or jewelled buckle, and are pointed round the border in a wreath of rose buds, from which a full blown rose branches out at each corner at the bottom. Fashionable colours are *rose*, *noisette*, emerald, and apple green, Swedish blue, dust colour, lavender, and violet.



THE TAILOR OF LIEBENAU ;

A TRADITION OF THE HARTZ.

THE bosom of the earth, our common mother, has ever been the refuge for hapless love. Mortals, whose destiny in love has been star-crossed, open themselves a way into this retreat by poison or pistol, or such violent means. The spiritual race, however, can return to enjoy the light of heaven as soon as their passion has ceased to torment them; but unhappy mortals are unable to leave the tomb when they have once entered its precincts. When the Gnome had quitted the world, it was with the intention of no more beholding the sun: by degrees, however, time softened his griefs; but a space of no less than nine hundred and ninety-nine years had elapsed before the wound in his heart was completely healed—a circumstance which is infinitely to the honour of the whole race of Gnomes, and which proves that there is more fidelity beneath the earth than upon its surface. It happened upon a day, when Rubezahl was tormented with ennui, that a certain waggish imp, of a droll witty nature, and who filled the office of buffoon at the court of his subterraneous majesty, proposed an airing upon the Riesengeburge, and to which the Gnome agreed. In less than a minute Rubezahl found himself upon the vast lawn of his former park, where stood the magnificent palace, with its gardens

and delightful grounds, but invisible to the eyes of men. This sight made a deep impression upon him, and revived the recollection of the hatred he had vowed against the human race. "Miserable earthworms," he exclaimed, as he looked around him, and discovered, from the eminence on which he was placed, spires, clock-towers, and roofs of the churches, towns, and villages, "you still prosper then in the valley: but I will be revenged; I will teach you what is the power of the mountain spirit."

He had scarcely uttered these words, when he heard human voices at a distance. Three young fellows were travelling across the mountains, and one of them, who was much more bold than discreet, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Come down, Rubezahl, come down, thou rogue, who carriest off young girls." For so many ages had the scandalous chronicles not only preserved the memory of the loves of the mountain spirit, but the tradition, in passing from mouth to mouth, had reached the present generation very much augmented, and very richly embellished. No subject of conversation was more common among the travellers in the Hartz than the loves of the Gnome king. A multitude of stories were current of circumstances which had never taken place, but the mere recital of which would make the hearer's hair stand on end. It may be imagined, however, that Rubezahl, who lived so far under ground that he had never heard any of these stories, was a little astonished at finding himself reproached, after a lapse of a thousand years, with a circumstance, the recollection of which was by no means pleasant. His first impulse, as he sprang over a thick forest of fir trees, was to seize and strangle the miserable person who had insulted him; but it occurred to him that he should then deprive himself of the pleasure of tormenting him more at length, which he contemplated, and he therefore restrained his indignation for the present. At the first cross road the noisy young fellow quitted his companions, and got to Hirschberg, his native village, safe and sound. But an invisible companion followed him to the inn at which he stopped, to know where he might be found when he should be wanted. Rubezahl then returned to his rocky abode, meditating a plan of vengeance. Upon the road he met a rich Jew, who was going to Hirschberg, and whom he resolved to make the

instrument of the punishment which he intended for the fellow who had insulted him. In an instant he assumed his appearance ; dress, figure, features, all were like those of the unlucky traveller ; and in this guise he accosted the son of Abraham. He engaged him in a conversation which, when they arrived at a convenient spot upon the road, he abruptly terminated by seizing the Jew by the beard, knocking him down, and robbing him of a considerable quantity of gold and valuable jewels. He then tied him hand and foot, and took leave of him with a shower of blows, leaving him half dead by the road side. After a short time the Jew recovered ; and, having satisfied himself that he was still alive, he began to cry for help with all his might. A respectable looking man, whom, by his dress, the Jew took for a burgher of one of the neighbouring towns, came running up to his assistance. He asked who had thus maltreated him ; and, without waiting for an answer, began to render him the assistance of which he stood in need. Having loosened his hands, and got him upon his legs again, he conducted him to Hirschberg, took him to the door of an inn, where he recommended him to pass the night, and at parting slipped some pieces of money into his hand. The Jew entered the inn, and, to his astonishment, found in the public room the robber who had pillaged him, sitting comfortably at a table, and drinking very gaily with some young people of his own age, whose mirth was becoming boisterous under the influence of their wine. By the side of the traveller, who had excited Rubezahl's displeasure, lay his bag, and in it the Jew's property. At this sight the Israelite was beside himself ; and, hardly trusting his eyes, he sat down in a corner to consider what was best to be done for regaining possession of his treasure. After having maturely considered, and being quite sure of his man, he glided quietly out of the room, and repaired to the judge, to whom he related his complaint ; and added, by way of quickening the tortoise pace of justice, that the bag contained money enough amply to defray all expenses. The matter was dispatched quickly. All the disposable police, armed with ancient halberds, or stout staves, marched to the inn. The boldest among them entered the public room, and, seizing the poor traveller by the collar, carried him to the court of justice, where his trial was immediately began :—

“ What is your name ?” said the president.

“ Benedict,” replied the young man.

“ What are you ?”

“ A tailor, sir.”

“ Whence do you come ?”

“ From Libenau.”

“ Where do you dwell !”

“ In my master’s house.”

“ Did you not attack this Jew upon the road, and beat him dreadfully, and rob him of money and jewels ?”

“ I never saw the Jew in all my life ; and I never beat or robbed him, or any one else. I am an honest tailor : my needle furnishes me with bread ; and I have no occasion to rob passengers on the highway.”

“ How can you prove all that you say ?”

“ By my certificate of good conduct.”

“ Let us see your papers.”

Poor Benedict opened his bag, and his consternation may be imagined when, in drawing forth his two shirts, and an old pair of breeches, a quantity of gold rolled out upon the floor. The police-officers seized the bag, in which they found the whole of the property which had been stolen from the Jew, who eagerly claimed it. The poor tailor was thunder-struck : he turned pale ; a convulsive motion agitated his livid lips ; his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and his knees trembled under him.

The president’s countenance assumed a severe expression. “ Infamous robber !” he exclaimed, “ do you still attempt to deny your crime ?”

“ Mercy, sir,” cried the tailor, falling on his knees, and lifting up his hands in supplication ; “ I call all the saints in Paradise to witness that I am innocent. I never robbed the Jew ; and heaven only knows how his money is found in my sack.”

“ Your guilt is proved,” replied the president ; “ and you had better confess, before the executioner extorts the truth from you.”

Benedict persisted in declaring his innocence ; but this was only looked upon as a proof of obstinacy. The torture was prepared, and about to be applied, when it occurred to Benedict that this operation would prevent his earning his

livelihood by his needle; and, as he thought it better to be hanged than to die of hunger, and have the torture into the bargain, he confessed the crime of which he was innocent. He was then sentenced to be hanged at daybreak on the following morning, in order to save the town the expense of his breakfast.

To see a man hanged is always a recreation to the rabble: so, at the break of day, a great crowd was collected to see the sentence executed on the poor tailor for the crime which Rubezahl had committed. The Gnome was perched on the top of the gibbet in the shape of a large old crow, with the charitable intention of picking out the tailor's eyes for his breakfast: but for this once he was disappointed. A pious monk, who had undertaken to prepare poor Benedict for the ceremony he was about to undergo, found him so ignorant on all matters of religion, that, for the safety of his soul, he demanded a respite of three days, which, as he threatened to excommunicate the judges in case of refusal, was immediately granted. The monk then led his penitent back to prison, and Rubezahl flew away to his mountains.

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON MAXIMS.

[Among the papers of the great Washington, after his death were found a great quantity of "Maxims" in the General's own handwriting, the pithy morality of which place them on a level with those of the eminent Rochefoucault. We shall occasionally lay a portion of them before our fair readers.]

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any one.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curses nor revilings.

Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time; also in what terms to do it; and in reproving show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

ALAS, I CANNOT LOVE!

A BALLAD.

“’Tis easy weeping with no cause for woe :
Across the plain the streams most smoothly flow.”

Sweet lady, there was nought in me to win a heart like thine;
No stamp of honored ancestry, that spoke a noble line;
Nor wealth, that could that want repay, had I to lure thine
eye,
When all but thee and thine still passed the boy-bard coldly
bye.

Can I forget the blushing hour, when by thee led to dance,
Amid the proud, who on me lower’d with many a haughty
glance?
A radiant smile there was to me—to them a lofty look,
Which graced my very bashfulness, and gave their scorn re-
buke!

Beside thee, in thy kinsman’s hall, amid the banquet throng,
For me was kept the place of pride—from me was sought the
song!

What had I done—what can I do—my title to approve?
Alas! this lay is all my thanks—my heart is dead to love!

It is not that that heart is cold—nor yet is vowed away;
But that, amid the spring of youth, it feels itself decay.
The withered bloom of early hopes, and darings hope above,
Encrust it now, and dim its shine:—alas, I cannot love!

They tell me that my broken lute once wrought on thee its
spell,

They whisper that my voice, now mute, in speech could
please thee well;

Pale brow, blue eye, and Saxon locks, they say, thy heart
could move,

More than red cheek or raven curls—yet ah! I cannot love!

It may be—as I trust it is—that in my willing ear
They poured the dew of flattery, and that thou, lady, ne’er
Had’st thoughts that friendship would not own, for souls like
thine can prove

How much of kindred warmth may glow without a spark of
Love!





Drawn by T. Stothard, R.A.

Engraved by Cha. Heath

IRISH MELODIES.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE,
AND A BRIGHT GOLD RING ON HER WAND SHE BORE

One only passion now will cure this palsy of the heart: —
Ambition's spell, if aught, will lure; but whatsoe'er the
part,
In after life I do or dree—the praise shall all be thine,
And all the fame I e'er may win be offered at thy shrine!

ILLUSTRATIONS TO MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

BY THE LATE THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

No. IV.—RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

“Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

“Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm!
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And bless'd for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor, and Erin's pride!

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—“The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made upon the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.”—*Warner's History of Ireland.*

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY ;

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

BY JAMES HALL, AUTHOR OF "LEGENDS OF THE WEST."

AFTER an absence of several years from my native city, I had lately the pleasure of paying it a visit ; and, having spent a few days with my friends, was about to bid adieu, once more, to the goodly and quiet streets of Philadelphia. The day had not yet dawned, and I stood trembling at the door of the stage-office, muffled in a great coat, while the driver was securing my baggage. The streets were still and tenantless, and not a foot seemed to be travelling but my own. Every body slept, gentle and simple ; for sleep is a gentle and simple thing. The watchmen slumbered ; and the very lamps seemed to have caught the infectious drowsiness. I felt that I possessed at that moment a lordly pre-eminence among my fellow-citizens ; for they were all torpid, as dead to consciousness as swallows in the winter, or mummies in a catacomb. I alone had sense, knowledge, power, energy. The rest were all *perdu*—shut up, like the imprisoned genii, who were lotted away by Solomon, and cast into the sea. I could release them from durance in an instant ; I could discharge either of them from imprisonment, or I could suffer the whole to remain spell-bound until the appointed time for their enlargement. Every thing slept ; mayor, aldermen, and councils ; the civil and the military ; learning, and beauty, and eloquence ; porters, dogs, and drays, steam engines and patent machines ; even the elements reposed.

If it had not been so cold, I could have moralized upon the death-like torpor that reigned over the city. As it was, I could not help admiring that wonderful regulation of nature, which thus periodically suspends the vital powers of a whole people. There is nothing so cheering as the bustle of a crowd, nothing more awful than its repose. When we behold the first, when we notice the vast aggregate of human life so variously occupied, so widely diffused, so powerful, and so buoyant, a sensation is produced like that with which we gaze at the ocean when agitated by a storm ; a sense of the utter inadequateness of human power to still such a mass

of troubled particles ; but when sleep strews her poppies, it is like the pouring of oil upon the waves.

I had barely time to make this remark, when two figures rapidly approached—two of Solomon's genii escaped from duresse. Had not their outward forms been peaceable and worldly, I could have fancied them a pair of malignant spirits, coming to invite me to a meeting of conspirators, or a dance of witches. It was a Quaker gentleman, with a lady hanging on one arm, and a lantern on the other, so that, although he carried double, his burthens were both light. As soon as they reached the spot where I stood, the pedestrian raised his lantern to my face, and inspected it earnestly for a moment. I began to fear that he was a police officer, who, having picked up one candidate for the treadmill, was seeking to find her a companion. It was an unjust suspicion ; for worthy Obadiah was only taking a lecture on physiognomy, and, being satisfied with the honesty of my lineaments, he said, " Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady ? "

What a question ! Seldom have my nerves received so great a shock. Not that there is any thing alarming or disagreeable in the proposition ; but the address was so sudden, the interrogatory so direct, the subject matter so unexpected ! " Take charge of a lady," quoth he ! I had been for years a candidate for this very honour. Never was there a more willing soul on the round world. I had always been ready to " take charge of a lady," but had never been happy enough to find one who was willing to place herself under my protection : and now, when I least expected it, came a fair volunteer, with the sanction of a parent, to throw herself, as it were, into my arms ! I thought of the country where the pigs run about ready roasted, crying, " Who'll eat me ? " I thought, too, of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and almost doubted whether I had not touched some talisman, whose virtues had called into my presence a substantial personification of one of my day dreams. But there was Obadiah, of whose mortality there could be no mistake ; and there was the lady's trunk—not an imaginary trunk, but a most copious and ponderous receptacle, ready to take its station socially beside my own. What a prize for a travelling bachelor ! a lady ready booked, and bundled up, with her

trunk packed, and her passage paid! Alas! it is for a season—after that, some happier wight will “take charge of the lady,” and I may jog on in single loneliness.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, during a pause in the Quaker's speech, and, before I could frame a reply, he continued: “My daughter has just heard of the illness of her husband, Captain Johnson of the Riflemen, and wishes to get to Baltimore to-day to join him. The ice has stopped the steamboats, and she is obliged to go by land”

I had the grace to recover from my fit of abstraction, so far as to say, in good time, that “it would afford me pleasure to render any service in my power to Mrs. Johnson;” and I did so with great sincerity; for every chivalrous feeling of my bosom was enlisted in favour of a lady, young, sensitive, and no doubt beautiful, who was flying on the wings of love to the chamber of an afflicted husband. I felt proud of extending my protection to such a pattern of connubial tenderness; and, offering my hand to worthy Obadiah, I added, “I am obliged to you, sir, for this mark of your confidence, and will endeavour to render Mrs. Johnson's journey safe, if not agreeable.”

A hearty “thank thee, friend, I judged as much from thy appearance,” was all the reply; and the stage being now ready, we stepped in, and drove off.

As the carriage rattled over the pavement, my thoughts naturally reverted to my fair charge. Ah! thought I, what a happy fellow is Captain Johnson of the Rifle! What a prize has he drawn in the lottery of life! How charming it must be to have such a devoted wife! Here was I, a solitary bachelor, doomed perhaps to eternal celibacy. Cheerless indeed was my fate compared with his. Should I fall sick, there was no delicate female to fly to my bedside; no, I might die, before a ministering angel would come to me in such a shape. But, fortunate Captain Johnson! no sooner is he placed on the sick list, by the regimental surgeon, than his amiable partner quits her paternal mansion, accepts the protection of a stranger, risks her neck in a stage-coach, and her health in the night air, and flies to the relief of the invalid.

I wonder what is the matter with Captain Johnson. 001-

tinued I. Got the dengue, perhaps, or the dyspepsia; they are both very fashionable complaints. Sickness is generally unwelcome, and often an alarming visiter. It always brings the doctor, with his long bill and loathsome drugs, and it sometimes opens the door to the doctor's successor in office, Death. But sickness, when it calls home an affectionate wife, when it proves her love and her courage, when its pangs are soothed by the tender assiduity of a loving and beloved friend, even sickness, under such circumstances, must be welcome to that happy man, Captain Johnson of the Rifle.

Poor fellow! perhaps he is very sick—dying, for aught we know. Then the lady will be a widow, and there will be a vacant captaincy in the Rifle regiment. Strange, that I should never have heard of him before—I thought I knew all the officers. What kind of a man can he be? The rifle is a fine regiment. They were dashing fellows in the last war; chiefly from the West—all marksmen, who could cut off a squirrel's head, or pick out the pupil of a grenadier's eye. He was a backwoodsman, no doubt; six feet six, with red whiskers, and an eagle eye. His regimentals had caught the lady's fancy; the sex loves any thing in uniform, perhaps because they are the reverse of every thing that is uniform themselves. The lady did well to get into the Rifle regiment; for she was evidently a sharp-shooter, and could pick off an officer when so disposed. What an eye she must have! A plague on Captain Johnson! What evil genius sent him poaching here? Why sport his gray and black among the pretty Quaker girls of Philadelphia? Why could not the Rifle officers enlist their wives elsewhere? Or why, if Philadelphia must be rifled of its beauty—why had not I been Captain Johnson?

When a man begins to think upon a subject of which he knows nothing, there is no end of it; for his thoughts not having a plain road to travel, will shoot into every by path. Thus it was, that my conjectures wandered from the captain to his lady, and from the lady to her father. What an honest, confiding soul must worthy Obadiah be, continued I, to myself, to place a daughter so estimable, perhaps his only child, under the protection of an entire stranger! He is doubtless a physiognomist. I carry that best of all letters of introduction, a good appearance. Perhaps he is a phrenologist; but

that cannot be, for my bumps, be they good or evil, are all muffled up. After all, the worthy man might have made a woful mistake. For all that he knew, I might be a sharper or a senator, a plenipotentiary or a pickpocket. I might be Rowland Stevenson or Washington Irving—I might be Morgan, or Sir Humphrey Davy, or the Wandering Jew. I might be a vampyre or a ventriloquist. I might be Cooper the novelist, for he is sometimes “a travelling bachelor,” or I might be our other Cooper, for he is a regular occupant of the stage. I might be Captain Symmes, going to the inside of the world, or Mr. Owen, going—according to circumstances. I might be Miss Wright—no, I couldn't be Miss Wright—nor if I was, would any body be guilty of such a solecism as to ask Miss Wright to take charge of a lady, for she believes that ladies can take charge of themselves. After all, how does Obadiah know that I am not the President of the United States? What a mistake would that have been! How would the chief magistrate of twenty-four sovereign republics have been startled by the question, “Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady!”

It is not to be supposed that I indulged in this soliloquy at the expense of politeness. Not at all; it was too soon to intrude on the sacredness of the lady's quiet. Besides, however voluminous these reflections may seem in the recital, but a few minutes were occupied in their production; for Perkins never made a steam generator half so potent as the human brain. But day began to break, and I thought it proper to break silence.

“It is a raw morning, madam,” said I.

“Very raw,” said she, and the conversation made a full stop.

“The roads appear to be rough,” said I, returning to the charge.

“Very rough,” replied the lady.

Another full stop.

“Have you ever travelled in a stage before?” I inquired.

“Yes, sir.”

“But never so great a distance, perhaps?”

“No, never.”

Another dead halt.

I see how it is, thought I. This lady is a *blue*—she cannot

talk of these common-place matters, and is laughing in her sleeve at my simplicity. I must rise to a higher theme; and then, as the stage rolled off the Schuylkill bridge, I said, "We have passed the Rubicon, and I hope we shall not, like the Roman conqueror, have cause to repent our temerity. The day promises to be fair, and the omens are all auspicious."

"What did you say about Mr. Rubicam?" inquired Mrs. Johnson.

I repeated; and the lady replied, "Oh! yes, very likely," and then resumed her former taciturnity. Thinks I to myself, Captain Johnson and his lady belong to the peace establishment. Well, if the lady does not choose to talk, politeness requires of me to be silent; and for the next hour not a word was spoken.

I had now obtained a glimpse of my fair companion's visage, and candour compels me to admit that it was not quite so beautiful as I had anticipated. Her complexion was less fair than I could have wished, her eye was not mild, her nose was not such as a statuary would have admired, and her lips were white and thin. I made these few observations with fear and trembling, for the lady repelled my enquiring glance with a look of defiance, ; a frown lowered upon her haughty brow, and I could almost fancy I saw a cockade growing to her bonnet, and a pair of whiskers bristling on her cheeks. There, thought I, looked Captain Johnson of the Rifle—fortunate man! whose wife, imbibing the pride and courage of a soldier, can punish with a look of scorn the glance of impertinent curiosity.

At breakfast her character was more fully developed. If her tongue had been out of commission before, it had now received orders for active service. She was convinced that nothing fit to eat could be had at the sign of the "Black Horse," and was shocked to find that the landlord was a Dutchman.

"What's your name?" said she to the landlady.

"Redheiffer, ma'am."

"Oh! dreadful! was it you that made the perpetual motion?"

"No, ma'am."

Then she sat down to the table, and turned up her pretty

nose at every thing that came within its cognizance. The butter was too strong, and the tea too weak ; the bread was too stale, and the bacon fresh ; the rolls were heavy, and the lady's appetite light.

" Will you try an egg ?" said I.

" I don't like eggs."

" Allow me to help you to a wing of this fowl."

" I can't say that I'm partial to the wing."

" A piece of the breast, then, madam ?"

" It is very tough, isn't it ?"

" No, it seems quite tender."

" It is done to rags I'm afraid."

" Quite the reverse—the gravy follows the knife."

" Oh, horrible ! it is raw !"

" On the contrary, I think it is done to a turn ; permit me to give you this piece."

" I seldom eat fowl, except when cold."

" Then, madam, here is a nice cold pullet—let me give you a merrythought ; nothing is better to travel on than a merry thought."

" Thank you, I never touch meat at breakfast."

And my merry thought flashed in the pan.

" Perhaps, sir, your lady would like some chipped beef, or some——"

" This is not my lady, Mrs. Redheiffer," interrupted I, fearing the appellation might be resented more directly from another quarter.

" Oh la ! I beg pardon ; but how could a body tell, you know—when a lady and gentleman travels together, you know, it's so *nateral*."

" Quite natural, Mrs. Redheiffer——."

" May be, ma'am, you'd fancy a bit of cheese, or a slice of apple-pie, or some pumpkin sauce, or a sausage, or——"

I know not how the touchy gentlewoman would have taken all this—I do not mean all these good things, but the offer of them ; for luckily before any reply could be made, the stage-driver called us off with his horn. As I handed the lady into the stage, I ventured to take another peep, and fancied she looked vulgar ; but how could I tell ? Napoleon has said, there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous ; and we all know that between very high fashion

and vulgarity there is often less than a step. Good sense, grace, and true breeding lie between. The lady occupied one of those extremes, I knew not which; nor would it have been polite to enquire too closely, as that was a matter which more nearly concerned Captain Johnson of the Rifle, who, no doubt, was excellently well qualified to judge of fashion and fine women.

By this time the lady had wearied of her former taciturnity, and grown loquacious. She talked incessantly, chiefly about herself and her "Pa." "Her Pa was a Quaker, but she was not a Quaker. They had turned her out of meeting for marrying Captain Johnson. Her Pa was a merchant—he was in the shingle and board line."

Alas! I was in the *bored line* myself just then.

Gentle reader, I spare you the recital of all I suffered during that day. The lady's temper was none of the best, and travelling agreed with it but indifferently. When we stopp'd she was always in a fever to go; when going, she fretted continually to stop. At meal times she had no appetite; at all other times she wanted to eat. As one of the drivers expressed it, she was in a *solid pet* the whole day. I had to alight a hundred times to pick up her handkerchief, or to look after her baggage; and a hundred times I wished her in the arms of Captain Johnson of the Rifle. I bore it all amazingly, however, and take to myself no small credit for having discharged my duty, without losing my patience, or omitting any attention which politeness required. My companion would hardly seem to have deserved this; yet still she was a female, and I had no right to find fault with those little peculiarities of disposition, which I certainly did not admire. Besides, her husband was a captain in the army; and the wife of a gallant officer who serves his country by land or sea, has high claims upon the chivalry of her countrymen.

At last we arrived at Baltimore, and I immediately called a hack, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of setting down my fair companion.

"At the sign of the Anchor, — Street, Fell's Point," was the reply.

Surprised at nothing after all I had seen, I gave the order, and stepped into the carriage. "Is any part of the Rifle regiment quartered on Fell's Point?" said I.

"I don't know," replied the lady.

"Does not your husband belong to that regiment?"

"La! bless you, no; Captain Johnson isn't a soldier!"

"I have been under a mistake, then. I understood that he was a captain in the Rifle."

"The Rifleman, sir: he is captain of the Rifleman, a sloop that runs from Baltimore to North Carolina, and brings tar and turpentine, and such matters. 'That's the house,'" continued she, "and, as I live, there's Mr. Johnson up and well!"

The person pointed out was a low, stout built, vulgar man, half intoxicated, with a glazed hat on his head, and a huge quid in his cheek. "How are you, Polly?" said he, as he handed his wife out, and gave her a smack which might have been heard over the street. "Who's that gentleman? eh! a messmate of yours?"

"That's the gentleman that took care of me on the road."

"The supercargo, eh! Come, Mister, light and take something to drink."

I thanked the captain, and ordered the carriage to drive off, fully determined, that whatever other imprudence I might hereafter be guilty of, I would never again, if I could avoid it, "take charge of a lady."

THE LOVER'S STRATAGEM.

(Concluded from p. 114.)

The next morning Jenkyns rode over to Bloom Lodge, attended by his *lacquey*, and Miss Bridget smilingly received him in an elegant *deshabille*.

'her morning dress was dimity.'

A tray of sweetmeats, conserves, and tempting pasties, with some choice liqueurs, were brought in for his refection after his morning's ride; and he had the good manners not only to praise everything, but to eat and drink of all he praised; and, so mutually entertained were they, he with her sweet confections, and she with his gallant converse, that two hours elapsed ere they separated, and the *tête-à-tête* would very probably have endured much longer, had

not the habitual attention of Jenkyns made him suddenly start up at the magic sound of a *bell*. The familiar summons acted upon his watchful ear in an instant, and, momentarily forgetting his assumed character, in the delusive fog which the liqueurs had spread over his brain, he was about to run out of the room, when the tender expression of Miss Burdock's hope that nothing ailed him, recalled his scattered senses, when with great presence of mind, drawing forth his gold repeater, he made a thousand apologies for the unpardonable length of his visit. At the same time insinuating, while he tenderly squeezed her hand, that, with her approval, it should not be long ere he renewed it. Miss Burdock was, of course, overwhelmed with joy. "Never in the whole course of her life," she declared, "had it been her lot to meet with a *man* who was really so much of the *gentleman*!"

Meanwhile Frankly was not less entertained than his *master*.

He soon learned from the domestics, who talked more freely than flatteringly of Miss Burdock, that Emilia was taking her usual morning's stroll in the park. Whither, upon a plea of curiosity, the enamoured Frankly quickly repaired, and was fortunate enough to find her seated in a retired bower, negligently turning over the leaves of a book. Startled with his bold intrusion, Emilia arose, with some displeasure depicted in her lovely countenance, but ere her speech could get the better of her confusion, Frankly was kneeling at her feet. His ready and eloquent explanation—his ardour, supported by his frank and manly demeanour, calmed her apprehension, and won her to listen with some degree of composure and attention to his apologies. His personal pretensions, too, were by no means contemptible; and, notwithstanding the party-coloured habit he wore, the ease and polish of the perfect gentleman outshone every disadvantage.

The romance of the adventure pleased Emilia's mind, while his agreeable speech and manners, combined with his elegant person, made no slight or unfavourable impression upon her heart; and it was not till the summons of Jenkyns tore him away that either thought of the time, so fast and pleasantly had it flown; and, although so new an ac-

quaintance did not allow any expression of regret to pass the lips of Emilia, it was very evident she was not pleased to part so soon with her gallant admirer, and the frown wherewith she had at first greeted him was now changed to a sweet smile, full of hope and joy to Frankly.

The next day Jenkyns repeated the same farce, while his enraptured master enjoyed the uninterrupted felicity of a *tête-a-tête* with Emilia Stanmore. A week—a fortnight—passed in the same routine of morning visits, without arousing the suspicion on the part of Miss Bridget Burdock, who began to be so enamoured of the adept valet, that one morning upon their return Jenkyns very plainly told his master that, if he did not speedily arrange his affairs with Miss Stanmore, he must be under the dire necessity of running away with, or from, the antiquated Miss Bridget, in his own defence, so enthusiastic had the lady become, and candidly confessed that he found himself involved in a most distressing dilemma. It was only on that morning that he had sunk deeper into the difficulty, for Miss Bridget having induced him to walk with her into the grounds, to view a favourite bower, he chanced to catch a glimpse of Frankly's form in the very direction they were going.

Apprehensive of a discovery, he promptly stopped short in the path they were pursuing, and, casting his hat beside him, made a bold and formal declaration of his passion, in order to divert her steps and her attention, in which happily he succeeded, conducting the surprised, agitated, and highly gratified maiden, fluttering like a caught dove, to the cool conservatory they had quitted only a few minutes before.

Frankly, who had lost no opportunity of improving his time in the different interviews he had obtained of Miss Staumore, laughed heartily at Jenkyns's concern; for the shrewd valet, with all his ability, really found his wit over-matched in the overwhelming love which he had wooed and brought upon himself, and indeed could only be induced to pay one more visit in consideration that it should be the last; and this provision was readily assented to, for Frankly confessed that he had already prevailed upon his Emilia (his Emilia?) to elope with him on the following night. There were, however, still a few preliminaries to be

arranged, and Jenkyns was therefore compelled to undergo one more trial; for the terror of Bridget's affection, he vowed, could not now be lulled even with the tempting tray of cordials and conserves which were daily displayed for his refection.

Alas! poor unfortunate Miss Bridget! the next morning brought the unwelcome and astounding tidings of her ward's elopement; and what was her dismay when, upon sending to her own gallant suitor, to demand his knightly service in the recovery of the lost damsel, she learned that he had quitted the town late on the preceding night. Such a coincidence naturally aroused her fear. Her friends flocked about her, and promptly offered their consolation and assistance. But she was not to be appeased, and angrily expressed her firm resolve not to pursue the girl who had ventured to act so clandestinely. A week afterwards the whole town was in a commotion of curiosity at the appearance of a dashing equipage driving up the avenue to Bloom Lodge. It proved, as they anticipated, to be the runaway couple: and, when the names of Mr. and Mrs. Frankly were announced, the afflicted Miss Burdock, contrary to her expectations, beheld a perfect stranger. Her aggrieved heart beat more freely—her brow relaxed somewhat of its severity; and embracing her ward, her bosom was relieved by a copious flood of tears. Pardon and reconciliation followed, and Frankly and his wife were discreet enough to conceal their participation in the cheat which had been practised upon her, taking especial care to keep Jenkyns out of sight, who by no means experienced any pain from such a wished-for separation. His gallantry, however, was never forgotten. He still lived fresh in the old maid's memory, who some years afterwards, conversing with Emilia upon the subject nearest her heart, declared she believed him to have been some foreign prince in disguise, who, from some political motives, had been obliged to decamp in haste; and, in the entertainment of this happy and romantic idea, Miss Bridget Burdock lived and died.

When a man does all he can, though he succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

EMMA.

BY MRS. CAREY.

[In our journey to-day, as we were ascending a long hill, we overtook a gang of gipsies. They were dressed like the natives, and spoke in French; but their countenances were so strongly gipsified, that they could not be mistaken. Our postilion contrived to monopolize their conversation by telling them we did not understand a word they said, which relieved us from their importunity. Several children were with them, whose lineage was written in such legible characters in their faces, that no suspicion could be entertained of their having been stolen from other parents. That these vagrants have been guilty of such practices is notorious; but the thought would probably not have occurred to me on this occasion, if my mind had not been lately directed to the subject by a circumstance of the kind which was communicated to me as having recently taken place in the West of England, and which made such an impression on my feelings, that I related the story in a little poem.—*Mrs. Carey's Journal.*]

POOR EMMA mourn'd her husband dead,
 She mourn'd her lot severe,
 And on her silent pillow shed
 Affliction's bitter tear.

Deeply she mourn'd, though not bereft
 Of every earthly joy;
 Still to her widow'd arms was left
 One little darling boy.

To all a mother's hopes awake,
 In him she lived alone;
 She loved him for his father's sake,
 She loved him for his own.

She gazed upon his cherub face
 With pleasure ever new;
 Would there his father's features trace,
 His eyes so bright, so blue.

And not to outward form or air
 The semblance was confin'd;
 She saw, in early promise fair,
 The virtues of his mind.

It chanc'd in hour of evil fate,
 The child strolled out to play,
 A gipsy, begging at the gate,
 Decoyed him far away.

She dragged him to a secret place,
To none but gipsies known,
There dyed his hair and stained his face,
And call'd the boy her own.

Paler than death was Emma's cheek,
Her look aghast and wild,
And faint and feeble was her shriek
When first she missed her child.

With quivering lip she called his name,
She call'd him o'er and o'er ;
No little voice responsive came,
She saw his face no more.

The sad expression of her fear
Touch'd every breast around,
All join'd her search, in dread to hear
The hapless boy was drown'd.

But who can tell the mother's pain ?
Her heart with anguish bled,
Thick coming fancies rack'd her brain,
Her troubled reason fled.

And still to her bewilder'd view
Her child's loved form appear'd,
She saw his eyes, so bright, so blue,
And thought his voice she heard.

At morning's dawn she'd bid him rise,
And kneel with her in prayer,
Then start with anguish—not surprise—
She knew he was not there.

And bending o'er his little bed
At each return of even,
She'd beg for blessings on his head,
“ Preserve him, gracious Heaven !”

Then wring her hands, whilst piteous sighs
Burst from her throbbing breast :
No tear relieved her aching eyes,
Her temples knew no rest.

Year after year thus pass'd away,
 In woe that mock'd control
 When reason's intellectual day
 Revisited her soul.

She bows to heaven, with thoughts resign'd,
 No longer shuns relief;
 Compos'd is now her shatter'd mind,
 Meekly she bears her grief.

Yet, still as if her child she sought,
 Oft roves her wandering eye;
 'Then, sudden, check'd by painful thought,
 Fixes on vacancy.

And oft she lists the wind to hear
 Sigh in the neighbouring trees;
 As if his accents, soft and clear,
 Were floating on the breeze.

One morn as she pursued her way,
 Two beggars wander'd by,
 The first with locks all silvery grey
 Implor'd her charity.

“Your charity, O! lady grant,
 Nor a small boon deny!
 Pity my age, oppress'd with want,
 Pity this poor blind boy!”

“Think on our sad disastrous state,
 Outcast of human kind!
 I'm poor, and old, and desolate,
 He's motherless and blind!”

The child his sightless eye-balls roll'd,
 And bow'd his little head;
 His face a tale of sorrow told,
 But not a word he said.

“Ill-fated boy! thy mute appeal
 The sternest heart would move!
 E'en silence can thy woes reveal—
 Thus darkling doom'd to rove!”

He startled wildly as she spoke ;
 A gleam of sudden joy,
 Like daylight, o'er his features broke,
 They beam'd with extacy.

And springing from the beggar's side,
 Who check'd his steps in vain,
 " It was my mother's voice !" he cried,
 " Oh ! mother, speak again !

" Oh, speak ! my own, own mother dear !
 Do you not know my face ?
 You used to see my father there !
 His features fondly trace !

" And kiss my eyes, so blue so bright—
 Oh, mother, ever kind !
 My eyes, alas ! have lost their sight—
 Yet love me, though I am blind !"

Quick as the vivid lightnings dart
 Across the trackless wild,
 Conviction flash'd on Emma's heart,—
 She knew—she clasp'd her child.

She clasp'd him closely to her breast,
 Nor word, nor tear, nor sigh,
 The mother's extacy express'd—
 The mother's agony.

Emotions strong, of joy and pain,
 Rush'd crowding on her mind ;
 Her child—her child, was found again !
 But oh ! her child was blind !

[I could learn no further particulars of this story, except that the beggar had purchased the boy from a gipsy in the state he then was. Whether any means had been used to destroy his sight, to render him an object to excite compassion, or whether his blindness had been occasioned by disease or accident, could not be ascertained; as the gipsy had escaped, and effectually eluded the pursuit of justice.]

C H I T - C H A T.

FEMALE BRAVERY.—During the time that the garrison of the town of Vergara was defending itself against the attack on the 5th ult., several ladies of distinction left their balconies and proceeded to the Hotel of the Municipality for fire-arms and ammunition, which they fearlessly distributed to the troops amidst a shower of balls. The Queen, appreciating so noble an action, and which so powerfully contributed to the defence of Vergara, has granted to each of the ladies a medal in enamel, suspended by a light blue riband, bearing on one side the effigy of Isabella II., and on the other the following inscription:—"To the bravery of the ladies, defenders of Vergara.—Marie-Christine, Queen Regent."

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—A letter has been received from this gentleman, dated New York, in which he speaks in high terms of his reception and chance of prosperity.

CONTEMPORARIES AT COURT.—Marie Antoinette, when on the point of giving birth to the unfortunate Dauphin, was overpowered by a melancholy oppression which induced her to withdraw for a time from the dissipation of the court. Her Majesty's Lady of the Bedchamber was accordingly deputed to acquaint the celebrated court milliner, Mademoiselle Bertin, that for the future neither flowers nor feathers were to be introduced into her Majesty's head dress. "About to enter into my thirtieth year," said Marie Antoinette, "such symptoms of coquetry are absurd, and out of season." From that moment flowers and feathers were exiled from court; every lady at Versailles proved her loyal submission by being "about to enter her thirtieth year." Herbault, the present mode-giver of Europe, was at that period a lad attached to the service of her Majesty's warbrobe. Was it he who, by some such well-timed re-introduction of the discarded finery, once more rejuvenized the taste of the Queen?

MUSIC IN ENGLAND.—It has been always a matter of astonishment to me to hear people denying the English to possess that first principle, a musical organization, so indispensable for improving the art in any country. It is principally in France, that this deficiency has been alleged against

the English. I think, on the contrary, that the English, in general *are* possessed of this first great requisite, which enables them sufficiently to feel and appreciate the beauties of music. The proof of it is, that the lowest classes all over England, without any knowledge or study of music, are in general capable of singing rightly and in tune; and that there is scarcely a chapel in the smallest town without its German organ, or in which one may not occasionally hear sacred music performed with some success. It is a fact well worthy of notice, that the English, generally speaking, are possessed of a full, right, and clear voice. Is not this the best proof of a good musical organization? There is not a town in France or Italy where I have ever heard sacred music so well performed as I have in London, nay, almost everywhere in England; and I do not hesitate to say, that the chorusses of the Italian and English Operas, in London, are better than those of the theatres of Paris and Italy, where, in fact, the greater part of the chorus singers have not even the least notion of music. I except here, as to the sacred music, the school of Charon, which is, perhaps, the best in Europe; and, as to the chorusses, those of the German and Italian theatres of Paris, which, nevertheless, do not always satisfy the judgment of the hearer. Inferior as I think England must be *at present* compared to France in the musical art, this circumstance does not affect the question of her possessing the means of becoming hereafter superior to her neighbour.—*Count Albizzi.*

THE PRADO OF MADRID.—The great point of attraction, the Rotton Row of the Prado, is the Salon; and here, on a Sunday and holiday, may the stranger, at a glance, embrace all the lights and shadows of Spanish life. For picturesque effect, not even the Prater of Vienna, during the Congress; the Corso de Milan, in the Carnival; the Champs Elysées, at Longchamps; nor even our own Hyde Park, at the height of the season, ever vied with the Prado of Madrid. Beneath its stately avenue of trees, the tide of human life sweeps by you in endless variety, and with pectorial effect. The tall Castilian, enveloped in his Capa, like a Roman senator in his Toga; the gay Andalusia, in his broad sombrero and embroidered jacket; the unerring conformation of the kilted Valencian; the sturdy, but honest, Gallego; the martial

figure of the lancer of the guard, and other troops of the garrison—their brilliant costumes contrasting with the sombre habiliments of the pale ascetic-looking friars, who leave their gloomy cloisters to mingle in the gay crowd; and, lastly, the bewitching Madrelena, in the graceful mantilla and basquina, and armed with her fan, the sceptre of her power. Both at mass and on the Paseo, this graceful national costume is *de rigueur* with the *belles* of Madrid. So becoming is this dress, that every woman looks well in it; and, where there are a figure and countenance really handsome, the effect is absolutely ravishing. But none but a Spanish woman, or, at least, their South American sisters of Lima, know how to show off to advantage this peculiar costume. The mantilla of lace, or silk, is attached to the hair knot; but so as to show the splendid comb in which the Spanish woman takes such pride. Sometimes, it is let down over the face; but more generally it is folded back over the forehead, and drawn together, under the chin, by the hand. Through the elastic folds of the basquina, her fine form is displayed to excite imagination; it just descends low enough to show off to advantage a delicately turned ankle, and the prettiest foot in the world; and well does the downward look of the Spanish *belle* indicate the care and the pride she takes in it. I defy the inventive genius of a Victorine, or a Maradan, to produce a female costume equal to this; to which the women of Spain are as much indebted for their attractions as to their personal charms. The latter consist of a voluptuous form and animated expression of countenance, lustrous dark eyes, and a witchery of manner, more powerful in their effect upon the heart of man, than the most regular beauty. *Sur le chapitre des mœurs, je ne dirai rien.* The Salon is solely reserved for the promenade *à pied*. The carriage drive is between the Calles d'Alcala and San Geronimo. Here the antiquary may study the art of coach building, '*a bovo usque ad mala*, from the old fashioned vehicle of some Spanish grandee, which leads back the imagination to the days of Charles the Vth, down to the elegant and well appointed equipage of our young minister, Mr. Villiers. Such, *mon ami*, is the Prado, by day. Judge then of its effect when lighted up by the silvery rays of the moon; when the air is perfumed with the exotics of every clime, which bloom in the botanical gardens

of the Retiro ; and when the ear is delighted with the loud breathings of military bands, or the soft tones of the Madri-lena, which fall upon that organ sweeter than even music itself.

BOIELDIEU.—At the sitting of the 17th October, the Municipal Council, at Rouen, decided that a deputation of three of its members should proceed to Paris, to bring back the heart of Boieldieu, which the widow of the celebrated composer has given to the city of Rouen. It is intended to place it in the monumental cemetery, where a column will be erected at the public expense. The Council have voted, for this purpose, the sum of 12,000 francs. On the occasion of the death of Boieldieu, the theatre at Brussels represented, on the 15th instant, the following pieces:—The first act of “La Dame Blanche;” the “Nouveau Seigneur de Village;” and the first act of “Beniowski;” all well known operas of the deceased. At the end of the play there was a grand funeral ceremony.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

*Rue St Dominique, Faubourg Saint Germain.
October 20, 1834.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

PARIS begins to fill, a sudden change in the weather has brought several families from their country seats, and the theatres and promenades begin to be better attended, but winter parties and balls have not yet commenced ; and it is generally thought that the winter will be a dull one. There certainly must be a great change in the national character : dont think that I mean to say the French are grown more rational and sober-minded. I do not think so by any means, but they certainly have lost their vivacity though not their levity : and as to the high polish which I recollect distinguished the few old French that I have seen, you do not meet with it, or at least very rarely among the new. The love of money, for which the present generation are certainly remarkable, and the passion for politics which is so universal among them, have taken much from their amiability. You will wonder what has thrown me into this fit

of ill nature,—it has arisen, I believe, from the remembrance of one of the most interesting beings I ever knew, who was sacrificed by an uncle who was her guardian. Therése d'Aumont, an orphan of noble family, whose parents had emigrated, was in fact a countrywoman of ours, for she was born in England during the time of the emigration. She returned with her parents to France, where they died between two and three years ago, leaving her very slenderly provided for, to the care of an uncle; a man of a common mind, fond of his niece, but incapable of understanding or appreciating her character; and though very desirous to see her happy, he never dreamed that it was necessary to consult her as to what would make her so.

Though beautiful, Therese had reached her twenty-fourth year without any offer of marriage. This could only be accounted for by her want of fortune; for Venus herself would stand a poor chance of getting a husband, in Paris, without one. This circumstance gave her no uneasiness. Her little income sufficed for her moderate wants, and her harp, her pencil, her birds, books, and flowers, afforded her enjoyments greater than the votary of dissipation ever knew. This state of tranquillity and content was put an end to by the Marquis, her uncle, informing her that he had just received an unexceptionable proposal of marriage for her. "He is immensely rich," continued the Marquis before she could speak; "there is no doubt that he will be chosen deputy for his department. He is also good looking, at least rather so, and will make a noble settlement. It is unfortunate that he is a man of no family; but in short, my dear child, we can't have every thing." It was in vain that Therése, after a short interview with M. de Boisville, protested against the match. She declared that his appearance displeased,—his manners shocked her. She felt it impossible ever to be happy with him; and she was happy, perfectly so, with her uncle,—why then should she marry? The Marquis lifted up his hands and eyes at the idea of a girl, without fortune, refusing a match that would make her the envy of half the *belles* of Paris. She was deaf to all his remonstrances; and would have continued so, had she not found that he took the matter so seriously to heart

that his health was affected by it. In an evil hour, she told him that, for his sake, she would sacrifice herself. The Marquis embraced her, saying to himself,—“Sacrifice, indeed! what the plague does she mean by a sacrifice? A noble fortune, a good sort of man, young, and not bad looking; a deputy too! And then her house, her jewels, her settlement! Ah, these sort of sacrifices are not to be made every day.” And, in truth, the Marquis only echoed the general voice. The *trousseau* of Therése was exposed without her consent, and even without her knowledge, to the public gaze. Her cashmeres were declared to be the finest, her robes and laces the most costly, and her diamonds the most splendid that had been seen since the marriage of Mademoiselle Lafitte. In short all who saw her *corbeille* pronounced the possessor of it a happy woman. She did not contradict the assertion; but she went to the altar with a cheek pale as death, and eyes red and swelled with weeping.

That you may not set her down for a romantic miss, I must give you a brief sketch of the bridegroom. His father had, from small beginnings, made an immense fortune, without being very scrupulous as to the means he employed. The son was equally destitute of genius, talent, and sensibility. He was, in every sense of the word, a vulgar-minded man, who married in order to avoid being cheated by his servants, and deceived by his mistress. What a husband for a pure and high-souled creature,—a being of imagination and sensibility!

Even the very mode in which the marriage was brought about, was sufficient to disgust a delicate mind; for it was through the instrumentality of de Boisville’s notary, who happened also to be that of the Marquis. De Boisville had desired this man to look out a wife for him, as he would tell him to look out a house, or an estate. But the character of the husband detracted nothing from the supposed happiness of the wife; for how could she be otherwise than happy, whose houses, equipages, and diamonds were so splendid?

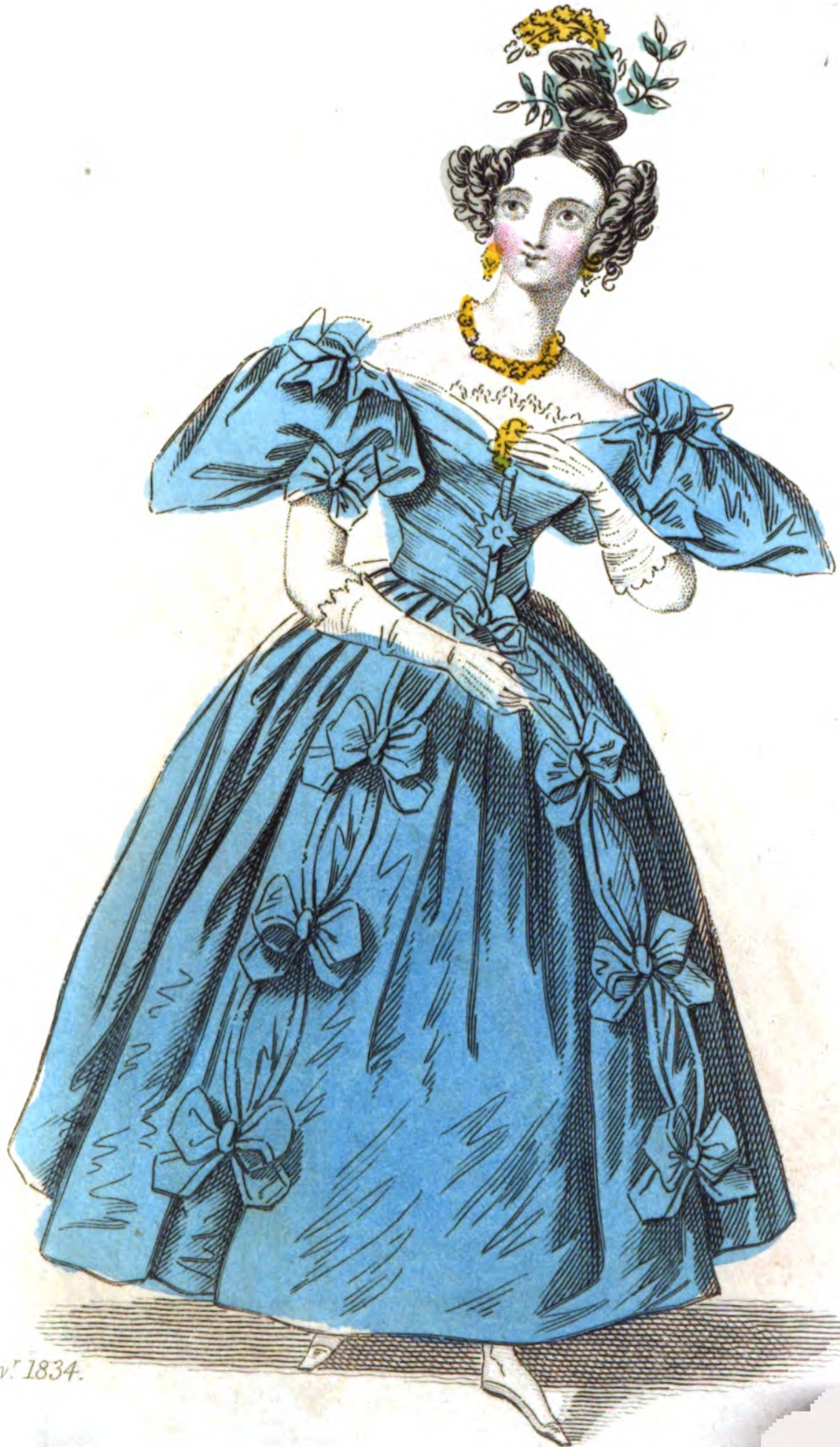
Poor Therése! Her uncle soon found that when she spoke of a sacrifice she spoke the truth, for she drooped from the very day of her marriage. Exemplary in the dis-

charge of her duties, De Boisville loved her as much as he was capable of loving any thing. His affections was literally her bane ; without the smallest taste or capacity for the pursuits in which she delighted, he was constantly at her side ; and if she strove to lose the sense of her misfortunes in books or music, some coarse or stupid observation from him was sure to recall her to a full sense of her fate. In less than a year Therése breathed her last. De Boisville proved his grief for her loss by erecting a most splendid monument to her memory ; it was in all respects worthy of her *corbeille* ; and the Parisians, in whose eyes funeral honours are of no small importance, praised his generosity, and descanted on the happiness his wife must have enjoyed. A single trait will give you a more perfect idea of his character than all I have yet said. He set up the furniture of her boudoir to sale ; there were in it some trifles that had belonged to her mother, which she had promised to leave to a dear friend : something had occurred to prevent her doing so, and when De Boisville found that the husband of that friend was bidding for those articles, he sent his *Maitre d'Hôtel* to bid against him, in order to raise their price. It is just a twelvemonth since she died, but the circumstances have been brought fresh to my memory by the announcement of De Boisville's approaching marriage. He has sent the jewels of his first wife to be reset for his second, whose *trousseau*, it is said, fully equals that of Therése.

Fanny Elssler has created quite a sensation here. There are people who even affect to prefer her to Taglioni, but there are very few who carry their admiration so far. Indeed their style is so different that it would not be fair to institute any degree of comparison between them. Taglioni has been reproached with the monotony of her attitudes, but the most fastidious critic cannot deny their exquisite grace. She is, in truth, the very personification of a sylph. Fanny Elssler, with perhaps more personal claims to admiration, is still a creature of mere flesh and blood. The *Hôtel Lafitte*, which the proprietor has long since been forced to sell, is now opened for public concerts ; it is fitted up in a magnificent style, and will be well attended, at least for some time, for the new proprietor has



LONDON WALKING DRESS



N. v. 1834.

purchased a part of Lafitte's splendid pictures and furniture, which the public flock to see. It is now well known that, during the fifteen years of the restoration, Lafitte's house was the constant theatre of plots against the elder branch of Bourbon. How little did he foresee, when he triumphed in their downfall, that their ruin included his own.

The ladies are just now seized with the Walter Scott mania: our new mantles, dresses, ribbons, &c., are all plaided, and go under names taken from his novels. This is a harmless whim; the Byron mania is a more serious one, at least to the gentlemen; for, since the satanique school has made progress, a fresh complexion and good looks are an actual bar to success with the ladies. A man to please them must resemble Lara or Manfred; at least he must have fascinating black eyes, a livid complexion, and a sardonique smile. Above all, he must be meagre, or become so, for the sake of his *belle*. What strange beings we women are! In the good old times we sent our lovers wandering about, and courting death and destruction in knightly feats, as passports to our favour. At a later period, we contented ourselves with transforming our *preux chevaliers* into *beaux*, who were obliged to ruin themselves in dress and equipage in order to please us. These sacrifices were very great, but to starve oneself into the affections of one's mistress would perhaps be greater; at least I fancy John Bull would think so.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Affectionately yours,

CHARLOTTE B——.

Hon. Mrs. Sutherland,
Fairlawn, &c. &c.

THE LADIES' TOILET.

LONDON EVENING DRESS.—Robe of *bleu Louise pou de soie*, low *corsage*, plain behind, but draped entirely across the front; it is drawn down a little in the centre, displaying a blond lace *guimpe*, and ornamented with knots of ribbon. The sleeve, very short and full, is trimmed on each shoulder, and at the bottom in front of the arm, with a knot

of blue satin ribbon to correspond. The shirt is ornamented *en tablier* with ribbons, which form a chain interspersed with *nœuds*. The hair is dressed in full but light tufts of curls at the sides of the face, and in three bows placed one above another on the summit of the head. A sprig of foliage, partly gold, and partly the natural colour, ornaments it. Necklace and earrings, fancy jewellery. White *gros des Indes* slippers. White kid gloves.

LONDON WALKING DRESS.—*Gros de Naples* pelisse of a new shade of plum color. The body is made quite high, and close to the shape, with a pelerine of two falls, and a falling collar; it is pointed before, rounded behind, and trimmed *en ruche* with ribbon to correspond. Imbecille sleeves finished at the bottom with a *ruche*, forming a *manchette*. The skirt fastens imperceptibly on the left side, which is bordered with a *ruche*. Bonnet of *pou de soie* to correspond with the pelisses, lined with pale *oiseau* satin, and trimmed with rose-colored satin ribbon, and a curtain veil of white gauze.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

The autumn has brought us its usual alterations in materials, and also some slight ones in dresses and millinery. Let us see what is most prominent in the first. We shall begin with printed cambrics, which are already in request both for morning and promenade dress. The most novel have sea-green or very deep blue grounds, thickly strewed with bouquets of flowers in various colours. The bouquets are not so large as the patterns of last year were, but it must be confessed that the colours are equally glaring and very badly contrasted; they are, however, very fashionable. Others of a smaller and much more tasteful kind, though they are not so decidedly the mode, have dark grounds marbled in a light colour, with small sprigs of flowers scattered over them; the flowers are of different kinds, but always small, and the effect is equally striking and novel.

We have not any change as yet to announce in the form of promenade robes, but we have seen some carriage pelisses of plain *gros de Naples*, or *pou de soie*, made in what may be considered a novel style. The *corsage*, quite up to

the throat, was full at the bottom of the back, but plain across the top; and the front of the *corsage* was marked by three folds on each side, which descended also down the skirt, they came from the point of the shoulder, forming a fan on the front of the bust, but descended perpendicularly on the skirt, the centre of which, as well as that of the body, was ornamented with fancy silk buttons of a peculiarly light and elegant form, the pelerine very much thrown back, and of moderate size, is bordered with a light fancy silk trimming, corresponding with the colour of the pelisse, it is partially open on the shoulder, and ornamented with buttons similar to those on the front of the dress. The collar is small, and stands out at some distance from the throat. The sleeves differ from any that we have yet seen; they are as large as ever at the top, but the fullness is gradually contracted, so that they become nearly tight at the wrist.

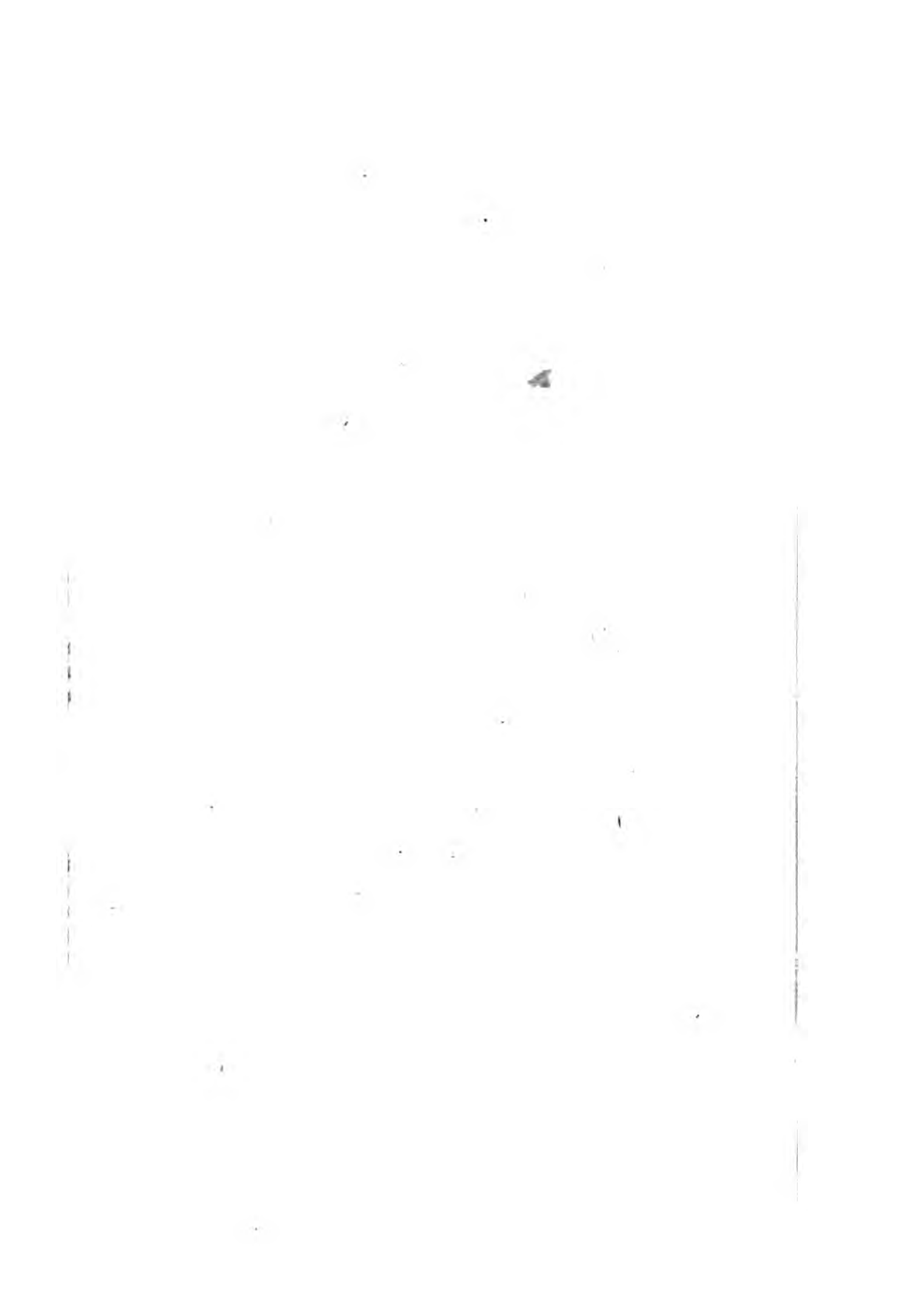
Furs have already made their appearance, that is to say, boa tippets, both of sable, swansdown, and squirrel; and long palatine ones of swansdown only. There is reason to believe that furs will be adopted in every department of the toilette this winter, but it is yet too early to say what will be most fashionable. There is less alteration in millinery than we could have expected. Satin bonnets begin to appear, but they are as yet few in number. Some of the prettiest are of dark dust colour, and trimmed with autumnal flowers; there is no alteration whatever in the shape, but we observe that in many instances, instead of the wreath of flowers which has lately been employed to trim the interior of the brim, blond lace or tulle *mentonnières* are used; they are attached at each side by a single flower, or two or three small ones put close together. The new materials for evening dress are really of a splendid kind, particularly the *satins luxor*, and the plaided satins. These last are not, however, strictly speaking, satins, though they are called so, being a mixture of satin and dead silk, plaided in a great variety both of patterns and colours, some of light grounds, as grey, drab, or green, with squares of two or three full colours intermingled. The grounds of others are very dark, and the squares of ruby, deep yellow, and bright green, also intermingled. This assemblage of colours is

certainly in very bad taste, it has nothing but fashion to recommend it, but what recommendation can be stronger?

The only decided alterations in evening dress are the universal adoption of draped *corsages*, and flounces round the skirts. We must observe that we speak now of muslin dresses, for the materials above described have not yet been made up, and probably will not for some time yet to come; but there is not a doubt that they will be fashionable. *Tissu Cachemire*, a light and beautiful material in present request, is of the chaly kind, but of a slighter fabric. Some dresses of it, recently made up, have the *corsages* draped and the skirts flounced. These are composed of flowered *tissu Cachemire*; but if the material is plain, then the *corsage* and the border are both embroidered. Turbans are likely to be very fashionable in evening dress. We have seen already some of white *gaze de soie*, intermingled with the same material in ruby, dark green, or citron. The folds are arranged in a very light style, and surmounted by a bird of Paradise, the plumage of which corresponds with the hues of the turban. Fashionable colors are some dark shades of green, blue, and grey; some full and some pale shades of rose, dust color, and citron.

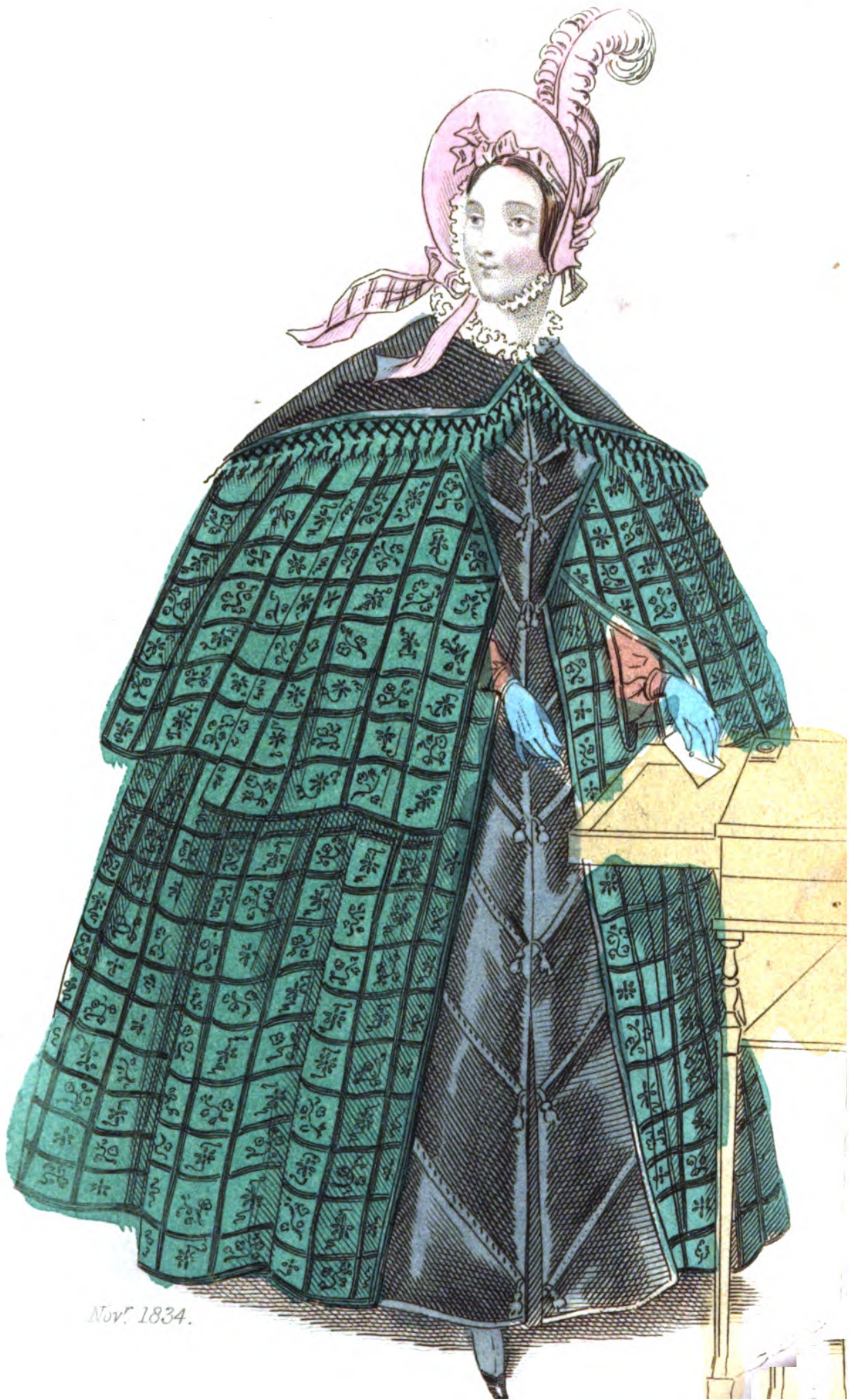
PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS DINNER DRESS.—The under dress is white satin, the robe dark fawn-colored cashmere. The skirt, which is open in front, is trimmed on each side with two rows of blond lace, set on one a little above the other. Plain high *corsage* trimmed *en jabot*, with blond lace. *Manche, à l'Inez de Castro*, made exceedingly wide from the shoulder to the wrist, and opening down the front of the arm in oblong puffs, trimmed with blond lace and a succession of knots of ribbon to correspond. The head dress is a blond lace cap, the caul shaped like that of an infant's, is drawn in bias directions with blue glazed satin ribbon. The trimming of the front consists of a single row of lace, broad at the top but narrow at the sides, it is turned back by a band of ribbon that, descending at the sides, forms lappets. A wreath

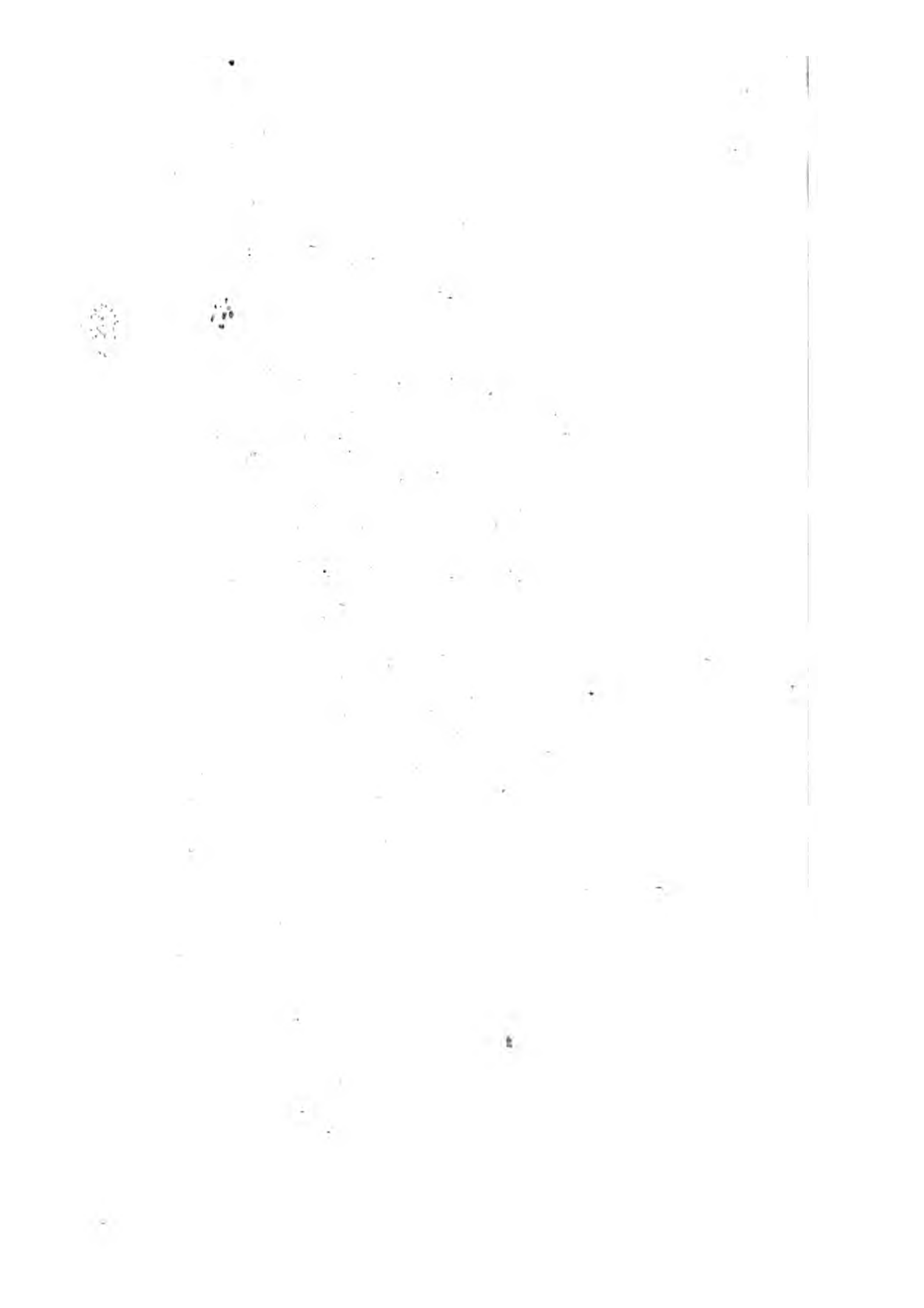




Jas. Robin



Nov. 1834.



of blue flowers, and a very light sprig of white ones, complete the trimming of the front. Square collar of rich blond lace.

PARIS WALKING DRESS —Mantle composed of a new material called *Velours de laine*, it is printed in squares which form columns of bottle green on an emerald ground, which is also thickly covered with single sprigs of dark green. Mantelet cape of the material of the cloak. The collar and the robings are black velvet; the latter are ornamented with fancy silk trimming, disposed in the shape of V's up the front. The collar is edged with fringe. Rose-colored *gros de Tours* hat, long but rather shallow brim, the interior trimmed with puffs and ends of ribbon to correspond; crown of the horseshoe form, trimmed with ribbon, and a single ostrich feather.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

The weather is still so fine that we find in our public promenades a much greater proportion of summer toilettes than of autumnal ones. The hats are for the most part of rice straw, or white *pou de soie*, and either trimmed with feathers or flowers. The latter are those of the season, and quite as remarkable for the delicacy and lightness of their hues as in the spring. The feathers are also white, or of light colors.

Indian muslin, embroidered either in white or colored spots, is still a favorite material both for promenade robes and pelisses; the latter are always lined with colored *gros des Naples*, and trimmed with Mechlin lace, but we do not perceive any novelty in their form, nor indeed can any be expected, since, however mild the weather may be, they must so soon be laid aside.

But the reader will say, what is there to succeed them? That is at present uncertain; but the few autumnal dresses that have as yet appeared are of the pelisse robe form. They are composed either of plain or figured *gros de Naples*, of sober colors, and trimmed only with satin pipings to correspond. The *corsage* is made high, and crossed on one side, and the skirt is closed down the same side by knots of rich ribbon also to correspond. The sleeves are invariably

d la Folle. Some have the pelerines pointed before, but so narrow that they do not at all conceal the shape. The few autumnal bonnets that have appeared are of satin or *pou de soie* of full colours; they have not altered in shape, but they have a little increased in size; they are trimmed with long slender sprigs of autumnal flowers placed in a light and graceful manner.

We must not forget to observe that parasols are still among the indispensables of promenade dress. The most novel are composed of white *gros de Tours*, and lined with rose-colored, blue, or green sarsenet. The stick must be very dark, and the head gold, which in some instances is finely wrought.

We must look to the elegant audiences which the "Tempest" continues to draw to the Opera, for the most elegant style of evening dress. We may notice among the most striking toilettes, those robes of *Chaly-Cachemere*, which is at present the most fashionable material in evening dress. The skirt is trimmed in front with blond lace disposed *en tablier*, the *corsage* draped horizontally, and very low, displays a little of the blond lace *guimpe* worn underneath. The sleeves are either short *bouffant* ones, or else long, open at the sides, and retained at regular distances in four places by knots of ribbon, in such a manner as to form four puffs, each lined with satin, and covered with blond lace. These robes have been adopted by some of our most elegant leaders of fashion; they have a very rich and graceful effect.

Tocquets, and *bonnets à la Jane Gray*, are the most fashionable head-dresses. The *tocquets* are toques of a small size; some are trimmed with ostrich feathers, others with birds of Paradise. The *bonnet à la Jane Gray* is composed of blond lace, the caul is very small, the front is mounted on a gauze ribbon, and turns up in an angular form on the forehead. Some light sprigs of flowers mingle with the lace, and are partially concealed by it. We may cite this as one of the most generally becoming head-dresses that has appeared for several seasons. The colours most in request are for light hues those mentioned last month; for dark ones, iron grey, deep blue, sea green, and dark chestnut.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER ;

OR, THE PRIEST OF RATHDUNAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF IRISH LIFE."

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again. *Shakspeare.*

IN "the good old times," when people had an opportunity of "suffering for conscience sake"—when the omission or admission of a simple monosyllable in abstract matters consigned the Christian to the flames or the halter, the Irish government, in the perfection of wise legislation, compelled Catholic ecclesiastics to imbibe knowledge, religious and profane, from teachers who were the hereditary enemies of the English nation. Whatever were the effects of this juvenile migration upon the loyalty of the Irish priests, it was thought to have a favourable influence upon their manners. The distant view of continental society, to which they were admitted, was supposed to communicate a certain polish to their minds, while it enabled them to cover the offensive barbarism of their original habits with the showy tinsel of French manufacture. At the present day it is the fashion in Ireland, both among Catholics and Protestants, to talk of the elegant manners and mild politeness of the old

priests—and to lament that few of the old school are now to be found, except in the inmost recesses of the country, where there is just as much known of the power of preaching as of the power of steam. All this is amusing, and may pass for truth, except among those who knew the Catholic priesthood of Ireland thirty years since. One of these primeval pastors yet survives: at the present moment he is performing all the sacred functions of an ecclesiastic in the parish of Rathdunan. Its lowly thatch-roofed "House of Prayer" stands conspicuously enough in the little village, through which the mail coach road runs, about thirteen miles south of Cashel.

Father Colfer is just six feet three inches high, perpendicular as his own silver topped walking-stick, and, though bearing about him those protuberances which seldom proceed from ascetic severity, he possesses all that personal activity which generally characterises only the temperate. The word "stout" does not give a sufficient idea of his person, and his face, if painted by his countryman, Shee, would pass in the next exhibition for a representation of the jolly god—so rosy, so full, so humourous is that laughing index of his mind. His dress and figure correspond remarkably well. An unpowdered wig, and a broad-brimmed beaver hat, turned up behind by the frequent collision with the collar, compose the capital of this ecclesiastical pillar; while his blue frieze coat is made so ample that it would fall off his back were it not kept in his place by a constant and peculiar shrugging of the shoulders. His breeches, of real velveteen, smooth and downy as a tabby cat, are subject to the same inconvenient defect; and those who have never seen the fabricator of sheepskin small clothes, shaking a Connaught man into a pair at Ballinasloe, can have no idea of the method by which Father Colfer contrives to keep the waistband of his inexpressibles above his hip joints. As patent braces are luxuries of which he remains ignorant, his breeches and waistcoat, like sundry married people, accord but ill together: between both there is always a great falling out of shirt. The effect, however, is not altogether inelegant, for it appears somewhat like those sashes which the natives of some countries wear for ornament.

Nothing disturbs, for any length of time, the habitual

equanimity of his soul; he baptizes, marries, and anoints, with the same unclouded countenance; and never was known to spend more than fifteen minutes and three quarters in saying mass—the time occupied in vesting and unvesting included; and, while he hastily mutters over the *De Profundis*, he carefully deposits the utensils of the sacred office in his check wallet.

His dispatch on other occasions is equally as remarkable: one evening, at the house of a parishioner, he had just mixed the eleventh tumbler of potyeen punch, when a sick call required his immediate attendance at the bedside of a poor man's wife, who lived at the distance of a mile. There was not a moment to be lost; for the woman was in the agonies of death. Accordingly, Father Colfer mounted his horse *Buckeen*, comforted the departing spirit, and returned in time to drink the illicit potation before it was cold.

Hospitality is the characteristic of the Irish peasant, and Father Colfer is too kind to offend any parishioner by refusing to partake of what is going; consequently his stomach is frequently the depository, at the same time of wine, beer, ale, potyeen, and buttermilk; potatoes—roasted and boiled—black pudding, bacon, and fowl. His digestive organs must be equal to those of the ostrich; for he was never known to suffer any inconvenience from the singular amalgamation that is perpetually going on-within him.

Although possessed of a pair of legs little inferior to those ascribed to Paddy Carey, Father Colfer never walks. Like a South American Gaucho, he may be said to live upon horseback. *Buckeen* is indispensable to the good priest, and the salvation of the parishioners; for, without his services in transporting his master from place to place, many a soul must have winged its flight unconscious of the last rites of the Church. This priest-ridden animal has as much sagacity as an elephant, and more natural affection than generally falls to the lot of bipeds. He knows intimately the disposition of the priest; whenever he meets a traveller he uniformly stands still, knowing that Father Colfer has a word for every one who passes. He knows every road as well as a beggar man; and when a certain *elevation of spirits*—which occurs rather often—throws his rider off the centre of gravity, *Buckeen*, like a juggler, humours his bur-

den ; and, by constantly shifting his position, contrives to keep his ponderous charge perpendicular, notwithstanding his inclination to tumble.

It is true that Father Colfer was educated in France, but he despised the people of that country too much to practice any of their national habits. At any allusion to French cookery he still turns up his nose, and keeps it in that prominent and contemptuous position while he describes the *grass*—in his vocabulary the generic name for all vegetables—which he was obliged to live upon during his sojourn at college. He has been fifty years on the mission, and for the last thirty he has regulated the spiritual concerns of the good people of Rathdunan. The sun of his life was unclouded until the new lights, which began to burn around him, pained his moral vision. Not that he had much apprehension that the arts of *converters* in his parish, but that he disliked all novelties, whether in the cut of coats or creeds. His bishop, too, transmitted him pastorals more frequently than usual ; and the Kildare Street Society opened a school not far from his chapel door. All this was an innovation upon the venerable system which he upheld, and accordingly it displeased him, but nothing more. He read the pastorals from the altar, and merely looked obliquely at the school, until he received positive orders from his superior to prohibit the sending of Catholic children to the branch of the Kildare Street academy. He was on his way, just three years since, to chapel on a fine Sunday morning in May, when this mandatory epistle was put into his hand. Refusal to comply was out of the question, and therefore he darted the spurs into Buckeen's opposite sides, and galloped forward. As he drew near the chapel he heard a confused hum from Jem Donohoe's forge. He reined up the horse, cautiously alighted, made ready his whip, and stole, unperceived, towards the door of the smithy. He was not mistaken ; around the anvil sat a grotesque group of gamblers, playing with a very indistinct pack of cards ; while another circle, equally interested, leaned over the immediate operators, watching the progress of the game. Every thing about this rustic *Hell* was in proper keeping. The mud walls were ornamented with new and old horse shoes, plough chains, and wheel bindings. The bellows, like a tapped

alderman, no longer boasted inflation; and the trough sent forth exhalations, from its medical waters, through the perforated roof. The gamesters, however, could not have been more in earnest had they been handling dice in one of Mr. Crockford's saloons; and all depended upon a single *trick*, when swift and heavy descended upon the circling group the elastic thong of Father Colfer's whip. Those who had most cause to feel turned quickly round with clenched fists, and looks of indignation; but, seeing that the priest was the assailant, the knuckles relaxed, and each sought safety in flight. Some rushed to the door; others, harlequin like, jumped through the hole which served for a window; while the less fortunate, prostrate on the floor, endeavoured to break the blows with their hands and legs. The indignant priest, though no puritan, was scandalised at such unholy doings on the Sabbath, and accordingly gave to every blow the whole force of his muscular arm.

When he had completely cleared the forge, he began to marvel at his ignorance of the persons of those whom he had just so deservedly chastised; he recalled their features, at least such of them as he had sufficiently noticed, and, after a mental pause of half a minute, he came to the agreeable conclusion, that, with the exception of three or four obstinate reprobates, none of them belonged to his parish. This discovery served to tranquillize the pious ecclesiastic's mind; and he would have ascended the altar in his wonted good humour, were it not that, on entering the chapel, he saw his niece arm-in-arm with Luke Moriarty. Luke was the son of an ordinary scollege, or farmer, who had neither a large farm nor much money. The young man himself was unexceptionable; in addition to more useful attainments, he could hurl and kick football, and suspicion had never breathed a stain upon his moral character. But still, he was not a match for the priest's niece. Father Colfer could give her a few "cool hundreds," and had a buckeen in his eye for her, every way in the uncle's estimation, more suitable for such a girl as Ellen. To do the priest justice, he desired only her happiness: she had lived with him since her seventh year, and had been unto him as a daughter; she grew up, under his tuition; a pretty and agreeable girl, and never did aught that displeased the uncle, except in giving a preference to

Luke Moriarty, when he wished her to bestow all her attention upon Miles Grogan. Previously to his leaving home that morning, he had expended some good advice upon her; judge then, his surprise, to see her, in defiance of his express admonition, in company with Luke Moriarty. Occurring so recently, too, after the scene in the forge, it was with much difficulty the good divine subdued his temper, so as to enable him to discharge the duties of his office in a becoming manner.

The evening, however, found him restored to his wonted good humour. He dined at the house of a substantial farmer, and in the rude hilarity of the moment, forgot the card-players and the disobedience of his niece. It was late in the evening when he quitted the hospitable host, and he was trotting along, Buckeen, as usual, playing the part of an expert juggler, when his bridle was seized, the dreaded whip snatched from his hand, and himself rapidly pulled from the saddle, a handkerchief, at the same time, being stuffed in his mouth, to prevent his giving alarm. Being a powerful man, he made a violent resistance; but he was overcome by numbers, and fairly carried off the road; one of the ruffians observing, the "Preest can't have it all his own way here, same as in the forge."

The poor man was not in a condition, exactly, to reflect much upon his situation; nor did he even possess much eloquence in cases of emergency; he usually relied more upon his whip than his voice, and of both he was now totally deprived. The party crossed a few fields, and then stopped in the shade of a furze ditch, for the moon was, at the moment, careering brightly above their heads. They released his arms and legs from their grasp; and, after a short consultation, withdrew the handkerchief from his mouth. "Soggarth," (which means priest) said one of them, "you must do us a piece of sarvice, an for once in your life, gratis."

"What do you want, you villians?" he demanded.

"Troth, nothin in the wide world, ony to splice a couple—a boy and girl."

"Splice!" exclaimed the priest, "and is that the way you've learned to speak of a holy sacrament?"

"Och 'tis too late," returned the fellow, "for you to begin

to do now what you never done—that is, preach ; so just be afther puttin on the *stole*, an doin the job —

“Never,” interrupted the priest.

“Don’t be afther makin a rash vow,” said the fellow, “for sure you don’t know but ’tis a friend, maybe a relation, who wants your sarvice ; an troth you’d betther be stirring, for if not, we’ll be overtaken.”

“Who are you, at all ?” demanded the priest.

“Troth you don’t know us,” was the reply, “though you saw us afore, and that this mornin. You remember the forge—I do, I have a mark upon my shoulder, an will carry it to my grave.”

While he spoke, the virtuous indignation of the priest returned : he clenched his hand, drew in his breath, and when he had collected all his strength, as it were, into one focus, he let fly a blow at his interlocutor, and laid him on the earth. Following up this exploit, he dealt heavily about him. For several minutes it was give and take, and the good father was getting, perhaps, the worst of it, when the wild cry of “Uncle ! uncle !” burst upon his ear. He was perfectly astounded ; it was the voice of his niece ; and, before he had time to knock down another ruffian, Ellen rushed into his arms. Instantly, however, she was forced from her protector, and the party were conveying her out of the field, when they encountered a more formidable enemy, to whom they were obliged to surrender their prize. Her champion, on this occasion, proved to be Luke Moriarty, and the good priest, in his excess of gratitude, forgot his former cause of enmity to Ellen’s lover.

It appeared that the reputation of the priest’s niece, or rather the priest’s money, had crossed a neighbourind mountain, and as there was a gay, tramontane Lothario, who wanted a fortune and a wife, he thought he might as well possess himself of both, without the process of courtship. Accordingly, he apprized his friends of his intention ; they agreed to accompany him, and had that morning arrived at the village of Rathdunan. While waiting to hear mass, they were amusing themselves in the forge, when so disagreeably interrupted ; but they had, as they thought, soon after, ample revenge. When night “had in her sober livery all things clad,” they repaired to the priest’s house, where

they found Ellen and her lover billing and cooing ; but, holding such sentimental nothings in no estimation, they seized upon the damsel, and, *vi et armis*, carried her away. In any other place this would have been an astounding piece of work, but Moriarty was too familiar with such proceedings to be rendered inactive by either alarm or astonishment. He sallied out in search of friends, soon found them, and quickly pursued the fugitives. The mountain gallants found themselves so closely pressed by the enemy, that, despairing of making good their escape, they adopted the desperate resolution of procuring the services of the young lady's uncle, who was then so opportunely approaching them, judging that, in the event of the ceremony being performed, their capture would be good. Fortunately their manœuvre failed, and Father Colfer, considering it no longer prudent to burden himself with the guardianship of so tempting a commodity, resigned her, in a few months, to the care of Luke Moriarty.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

BY THE LATE THOMAS STOTHARD, R. A.

No. V.—COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer !
 'Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here ;
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last.

Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and
 shame !

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast call'd me thy angel in moments of bliss,—
 Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this ;
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too !



Drawn by T. Stothard. R.A.

Engraved by Cha.^s Heath.

IRISH MELODIES.

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM MY OWN STRICKEN DEER.

FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACES.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

BY JAMES HALL, AUTHOR OF "LEGENDS OF THE WEST."

A person of taste may spend a few days very pleasantly at a genteel Watering Place. The continual succession of new faces, the interesting variety of character, and the harmonious intermixture of grades exhibited here, are such, that the mind of desultory man, however studious of change, cannot fail to be amused. I say nothing of the beauties of the landscape, the invigorating breeze of the country, or the medicinal virtues of the mineral fountain—because the last may be imitated in perfection by a bungling apothecary, and the others are easily purchased by the fatigue of a morning ride from the most crowded metropolis. Those vulgar enjoyments, which are within the reach of the whole human race, are very properly disdained by persons of fashion. Much has also been said of the keen appetites which are found at these healthful places of resort. Portly gentlemen, and pale-faced ladies, exult equally in the quantity of fish, flesh, and fowl, which the talismanic effects of the sea breeze or the chalybeate draught enable them to consume. But this is surely false taste. What can be more ungentle than eating, or rather devouring, flesh and vegetables like the locusts of Egypt, or the lean kine of Pharaoh? Can that be styled a polite employment which is common to the philosopher and the savage, the belle and the washerwoman? Eating is certainly a vulgar occupation—and I cannot but marvel that wits and beauties—"the curling darlings of the nation"—should hie to Long Branch or Ballston, for the purpose of gratifying that voracious propensity which gives celebrity to the boa constrictor, and the man who swallows tallow candles for a wager! The preacher condemns the epicure who "fares sumptuously every day;" and the physician lives by repairing the inroads of the cook. Besides, we certainly know, that the literati of every age have deplored the appetite for food as the most impertinent and vexatious of the human propensities. That it has caused many an honest

gentleman to turn author, cannot be disputed : and that it has peopled Parnassus with gaunt forms and hungry aspects, is equally unquestionable. Gentlemen, therefore, who write for bread, should not go to Watering Places. For my part, I have always viewed this subject with the eye of a philosopher, and have never ceased to deplore the inflexibility of that ordinance of our nature, which bestows the best appetites upon those who are least able to supply them. Physicians display a most unfeeling apathy to the sufferings of their fellow creatures, when they inconsiderately administer provocatives to the palate of every one who fancies himself deficient in voracity, without enquiring into the ability of the patient to sustain and cherish the newly-awakened sense. If I was a practitioner of the healing art, I would ask my patient if he was a poet, and if he answered in the affirmative, I should congratulate him upon the delicacy of his appetite, and positively forbid the "exhibition" of tonics. I would conscientiously regulate the appetites of those who had the good fortune to be placed under my care, by the dimensions of their purses. Thus my patients would be rated, like ships of war, by their weight of metal ; he who could compass three full meals a-day, with a lunch at noon, and a hot supper at midnight, should ruralize at Bedford or Saratoga, and have bark and wine to his heart's content ; a less plethoric purse should be placed on allowance ; and where the income was in a low state of debility, meagre diet and nauseating draughts should be prescribed. But as it seems natural that the force of reason should forbid men from pursuing that which, when obtained, would be burthensome, I am in the habit of believing all the visitors whom I meet at Watering Places to be persons of fortune, who purchase pleasure with their superfluous wealth, or seek appetites because they have wherewithal to gratify them.

But a watering place has other uses and attractions. Dashing blades may lawfully resort thither to sport their equipages, and beauties to display their charms. Southern gentlemen find the flavour of a mint julep greatly enhanced by the refreshing coolness of the mountain spring, and city ladies bloom like wild flowers in these salubrious retreats. Your watering place is, moreover, a notable school for

good manners ; for, as the parties are for the most part strangers to each other, all are free and equal ; and thence results that absence of constraint and ease of manner, which is so much admired in high life. There is no herald's office kept here. Here is no balancing of straws, and weighing of feathers—no tossing of heads, and winking, and whispering, to find out *who is who*. One gentleman may wear blue, and another black, but “a man's a man for a' that”—and as every man may place his own name on the books with whatever title or addition he pleases, he has only to choose his own rank, and he passes current accordingly. “Misery,” it is said, “brings us into strange company”—so does misery's opposite, pleasure. Here are singular combinations, not to be explained by any of the established rules of affinity, attraction, or cohesion.

To the lover this is a congenial climate. Is it not strange that a sympathy should exist between the palate and the heart? Will my fair and gentle readers believe that love and hunger—the one a gross vulgar appetite, the other a genteel, delicate, sentimental passion—may be awakened and invigorated by the same stimulants? It is even so. The air of the country is alike salubrious to a feeble frame, or a debilitated attachment. The sight of haystacks, and waving corn, and flowery meads, creates a sweet delusion around the intoxicated senses of the lover, and peoples the fairy scene with nymphs and swains, and all the delightful paraphernalia of pastoral love. Mineral water is as nutritious to the heart as it is invigorating to the body. Why is it that the young lady

Whose soul blithe Cupid never taught to stray
Beyond the coxcombs who infest Broadway,

no sooner gets to Ballston, than her ambition soars to nobler objects ; and she, who a few days before submitted patiently to the addresses of a *dandy*, now aims at the subjugation of a manly heart? No wizard ever invented a love-inspiring potion so potent as the medicated fountain ; but to which of the elements that enter into the composition of the chalybeate draught this effect is to be attributed, I am at a loss to determine. If I were a chemist, I could account for the phenomenon, because a chemical ge-

nus is never at a loss for a theory, and dives into causes with an expertness which, by no means, depends upon any previous or present knowledge of the subject. He who deals in *retorts* can solve any question—though not always by the *retort courtois*. I once, indeed, attempted to philosophise upon this matter myself, and achieved a moral analysis after the manner used and approved by the chemical professors. I carefully examined the various properties of a celebrated spring, and in a few minutes arrived at a conclusion quite as satisfactory as the results of ordinary experiments. “Here is magnesia,” said I, “which corrects acidity, and which by a sympathetic influence upon the mind converts a sour old maid into a well conditioned miss, and neutralizing the acerbities of the bachelor’s temper, leaves his mental system in a healthful state, well suited to the reception of soft and agreeable impressions. And here is sulphur, which, combined with “villanous saltpetre,” commits such havoc in the world under the name of gunpowder. Can ladies who imbibe sulphur water and gunpowder tea, be otherwise than inflammable? Is it any wonder that maidens who take in such combustible materials should “go off” with any spark with whom she comes in contact? Then here is iron—mercy preserve the dear girls! what a collection of mortal engines! what fatal implements of destruction are here assembled!—an artillery officer would be quite at home in such a magazine of ordnance stores. We have only to convert this iron into steel—let it act mechanically upon the flinty heart of the lady, and is it any wonder that Cupid should *strike fire*, or Hymen light a *match*?” Such was my theory, and I will vouch it to be as correct as many of the systems in which the scientific repose implicit faith. If it has not more good sense than the theory of specific gravity, I will forfeit my ears—provided a future generation be allowed to decide the question. But whether I am right or wrong, I shall still exclaim, “if mineral water be the food of love, drink on!” and that it is will, I think, be satisfactorily proved by the following little history. I have suppressed the real names of the parties, but the facts will be instantly recollected by those of my readers, who have been in the habit of visiting the celebrated spot where they occurred.

Miss Simper appeared at Saratoga in an elegant suit of sable. She was said to be in mourning for her father, an opulent broker in Baltimore, recently deceased. Grief had wasted her health, and weeping had washed away her roses, and she was come to recover her appetite, and reanimate her blushes. Miss Simper, of course, was an heiress, and attracted great attention. The gentlemen called her a beauty, and talked a great deal of her real estate, bank stock, and securities. Some of the ladies thought her complexion too sallow, and some objected to the style of her dress. Mrs. Highflyer said she had not the air of a woman of fashion, while Captain Halliard pronounced her a suspicious sail, and declared his belief that she was a privateer in disguise. The fair stranger, however, walked daily to the fountain, modestly cast down her eyes when gazed at, and seemed unconscious of all but her own honours.

About this time Major Fitzconnel appeared upon the busy scene. He was a tall, handsome man, of easy address, and polished manners, who seemed to regard all around him with an air of very polite unconcern. He was announced as an officer in his Britannic Majesty's service, and brother to Earl Somebody in England. It was reported that he had large landed possessions in the west. He did not appear to seek society, but was too well bred to repel any civilities which were offered to him. The gentlemen were well pleased with his good sense, his knowledge of the world, and the suavity of his manners; but as he seemed to avoid the ladies, they had little opportunity of estimating his qualities.

Major Fitzconnel and Miss Simper met by accident at the fountain. The officer, who had just filled his glass at her approach, presented it to the lady, who, in sipping the transparent element, dropped her handkerchief. The gentleman very gallantly picked up the cambric, and restored it to the fair hand of its owner—but the blushing damsel, abashed by the easy attentions of an elegant stranger, in her confusion lost her reticule, which the soldier gracefully replaced upon her wrist, with a most respectful bow. A curtesy on the one side, and another bow on the other, terminated the civilities of this meeting. The gentleman

pursued his walk, and the lady returned to her chamber. That Miss Simper felt duly sensible of the honour of having elicited three graceful congees from the brother of an English earl, cannot be doubted; nor can we suppose, without injustice to that gentleman's taste, that he saw with indifference the mantling blushes which those attentions had drawn forth; certain it is, however, that as they separated in opposite directions, neither of them was seen to cast "one longing lingering look behind." As I had not the privilege of intruding into either of their chambers, I cannot say what fairy forms might have flitted around the magic pillow, nor whether the fair one dreamed of coronets, coats of arms, kettle drums, and epaulets. In short, I am not able to inform the inquisitive reader, whether the parties thought of each other at all; but from the extreme difficulty of again bringing two such diffident persons in contact, I am inclined to think the adventure would have ended here, had not "chance, which oft decides the fates of mighty monarchs," decided theirs.

Miss Simper's health required her attendance at the fountain on the following morning at an unusually early hour; and the major, while others were snoring, had sallied forth to enjoy the invigorating freshness of the early breeze. They met again by accident at the propitious well; and as the attendant, who is usually posted there to fill the glasses of the invalids, had not yet taken his station, the major had not only the happiness of performing that office, but of replenishing the exhausted vessel, until the lady had quaffed the full measure prescribed by the medical dictator of this little community. I am not able to say how often they pledged each other in the salubrious beverage; but when the reader is informed that the *quantum* prescribed to a delicate female varies from four to eight glasses, according to the nature of her complaint, and that a lady cannot decorously sip more than one mouthful without drawing breath, it will be seen that ample time was afforded on this occasion for a *tête-a-tête*. The ice being thus broken, and the water duly quaffed, the gentleman proposed a promenade, to which the lady, after some little hesitation, acceded; and when the great bell summoned them to breakfast, they repaired to the table with excellent appetites, and cheeks

glowing with healthful hues, produced by the exercise of the morning.

At ten o'clock the lady issued forth from her chamber, adorned with new charms, by the recent labours of the toilet, and strolling pensively, book in hand, to the farthest corner of the great piazza, commenced her studies. It happened, at the same moment, that the major, fresh from his valet's hands, bled himself to the same cool retreat, to breathe forth the melancholy musings of his soul, upon his flute. Seeing the lady, he hesitated, begged pardon for his intrusion, and was about to retire—but the lady assured him it was "no intrusion at all," and laid aside her book. The gentleman was soon seated beside her. He begged to know the subject of her researches, and was delighted with the taste displayed in the choice of her author; she earnestly solicited a display of his musical talents, and was enraptured with every note;—and when the same impertinent bell which had curtailed their morning walk, again sounded in their ears, they were surprised to find how swiftly time had flown, and chagrined that the common-place operation of eating was so often allowed to interrupt the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

At four o'clock the military stranger handed Miss Simper into an elegant gig, and drove to the neighbouring village;—where rumour soon proclaimed that this interesting pair were united in the holy bands of matrimony. For once the many tongues of fame spoke truly—and when the happy major returned with his blushing bride, all could see that the embarrassment of the lover was exchanged for the triumphant smile of the delighted bridegroom. It is hardly necessary to add, that such was the salutary effect of this pleasing event, that the "young couple" found themselves restored instantaneously to perfect health; and on the following morning they bade adieu to Saratoga springs.

"This is a very ungenteel affair!" said Mrs. Highflyer. "I never *heard* the beat of it in my born days!" said a fat shopkeeper's lady. "How funny!" cried one young lady. "How shocking!" exclaimed another. "Egad, that's a keen smart girl!" said one gentleman. "She's a tickler, I warrant her!" said a second. "She's a pirate, by thunder!" roared Captain Halliard.

In the mean while, the new-married pair were pursuing their journey by easy stages towards the city of New York. We all know "how the blest charms of nature improve, when we see them reflected," and so on ; and we can readily imagine "how happily the days of Thalaba past by" on this occasion. Uninterrupted by ceremonious visits, unrestrained by the presence of third parties, surrounded by all the blandishments which give enchantment to the rural scene, it is not surprising that our lovers should often digress from the beaten road, and as often linger at a romantic spot, or a secluded cottage.

Several days had now elapsed, and neither party had made any disclosure to the other upon the important subject of finance. As they were drawing near the end of their journey, the major thought it advisable to broach this delicate matter to his bride. It was upon a fine summer evening, as they sat by a window, at an inn, enjoying the beauties of an extensive landscape, that this memorable conversation occurred. They had been amusing themselves with that kind of small talk which new-married folks find so vastly pleasant: as how much they love one another, and how happy they intend to be, and what a fine thing it is for two fond hearts to be dissolved and melted down into one, &c. Many examples of love and murder were related—the lady told of several distressed swains who had incontinently hanged themselves for their mistresses, and the gentleman as often asseverated that not one of those martyred lovers adored the object of his passion with half the fervour which *he* felt for his *own, dear, sweet, darling, precious little Anne!* At last, throwing his arm over his wife's chair, he said carelessly,

"Who has the management of your property, my dear?"

"You have, my darling," replied she.

"I *shall* have, when I get it," said the husband—"I meant to enquire, in whose possession it was at present?"

"It is all in your own possession," said the lady.

"Do not trifle with me," said the gentleman, patting her cheek—"you have made me the happy master of your person, and it is time to give me the disposal of your fortune."

"My face is my fortune, kind sir," said she, laying her head on his shoulder.

"To be plain with you, madam," said the impassioned bridegroom—"I have need of money immediately—the hired gig, in which we came to this place, has been returned, and I have not the means to procure another conveyance."

"To be equally candid with you, sir," replied the happy bride, "I have nothing in the world but what you see."

"Have you no real estate?" said the major, starting on his feet.

"Not an acre."

"No bank stock?"

"None."

"No securities,—no jewels,—no money?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Are you not the daughter and heiress of a rich broker?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Who the devil are you, then?"

"I am your wife, sir, and the daughter of a very honest blacksmith."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the major, starting back with astonishment—then covering his face with both his hands, he remained for a moment absorbed in thought. Resuming his serenity, he said, in a sneering tone, "I congratulate you, madam, on being the wife of a beggar like yourself. I am a ruined man, and know not whence to supply my immediate wants."

"Can you not draw upon the earl, your brother?" said the lady.

"I have not the honour of being allied to the nobility."

"Perhaps you can have recourse to the paymaster of your regiment?"

"I do not happen to belong to any regiment."

"And have you no lands in Arkansas?"

"Not an acre."

"Pray, then, sir, may I take the liberty of asking who you are?"

"I am your husband, madam, at your service, and only son to a famous gambler, who left me heir to his principles and profession."

"My father gave me a good education," said the lady.

"So did mine," said the gentleman—"but it has not prevented me from trumping the wrong trick this time."

So saying, Major Fitzconnell bounced out of the chamber, hastened to the bar, and called the landlord. His interesting bride followed on tiptoe, and listened unobserved. The major enquired "at what hour the mail stage would pass for New York." "About midnight," was the reply. "Please to secure me a seat," said the major, and let me be waked at the proper hour." "Only one seat?" enquired the host. "One seat only!" was the reply. The landlord remarked that it was customary for gentlemen, who set off in the night, to pay their fare in advance, upon which the major paid for the seat.

The major and his bride retired to separate chambers; the former was soon locked in the arms of sleep, but the latter repelled the drowsy god from her eye-lids. When she heard the stage drive up to the door of the inn, she hastily rose, and having previously made up her bundle, without which a lady never steals a march, hastened down stairs. Upon the way she met the landlord, who enquired if her husband was awake.

"He is not," said the lady, "and need not be disturbed."

"The seat was taken for you, then?" enquired the inn-keeper.

"Certainly."

"Oh, very well—we'll not disturb the gentleman—the stage is ready, madam,—jump in." Mrs. Fitzconnell jumped in accordingly, and was soon on her way to New York, leaving the gallant and ingenious major to provide another conveyance, and a new wife, at his leisure.

Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest. Scoff at none, although they give occasion.

THE PHEASANT.

BY J. T. BARKER.

“ Our prospects brighten as they take their flight.”—*Young*.

I've seen a pheasant from a brake
Start up, spring forth, and soar on high ;
Its golden plumage, wide displayed,
Seemed of the lovely rainbow's dye.

Splendid, when cowering on the ground ;
But when upsprung, and stretched for flight,
Oh, never did my wondering eyes
In Nature see so fair a sight !

Then rapid as the lightning's gleam,
Or as the Indian's arrow flies,
Flitted before my eyes the beam
Of joys I since had learned to prize.

In vain I stretched my eager hands,
To press the shadowy pinions down ;
The dear delight eludes the grasp,—
I find the beauteous treasure flown.

 THE SORROWS OF SLEEPINESS.

A PROSAIC EPIGRAM.

BY THE LATE J. ATKINSON.

“ I do not deny, my dearest Jane,” said the blooming, sentimental, and, in spite of herself, buxom Eliza, “ that I seem to enjoy all I could wish—money—society, and if I can believe those wicked creatures, the men—some beauty, and more than three devoted lovers. Yet, I take high heaven to witness (Eliza's half-stifled sobs were here audible)—I am supremely miserable !” “ And wherefore so, my Eliza ?” responded Jane. “ Oh ! my dear girl,” replied Eliza, “ I am such a horrid creature—have such a milk-maid constitution, from the father's side of our family, that I sleep

soundly every night, do what I will ! It is this unfortunate circumstance which prevents my obtaining that elegant languidity, that inexpressibly interesting absence of red in one's cheek—that heroine-like complexion, upon which I doat to distraction. I am as healthy as if I had no feeling ! I read the most delightful novels ; and, though my mind is occupied with the distresses of the hero or heroine, I sleep as soundly—(can you believe it?)—as if I did not at all sympathize with either ! Nay, I even fell asleep last night at twelve o'clock, though I had only two volumes remaining, out of the eleven, to peruse of Clara St. Clair's ' Woes of the Soul, or the Sorrows of Satisfaction.' So inveterate is my propensity, that when Henry laughed, and behaved so cruelly to me the other day, though I wept sincerely about it, yet that very crying set me asleep like a child ; and then my aunt, who knows my infirmity, rallied me so upon it ! " I did not think she would have done a thing so cruel," observed Jane. " It was cruel, indeed," replied Eliza ; " but she tells me a hundred times, that though I try as much as I please, I shall never resemble any of my favourite heroines, so long as I have good health—an appetite for food—ruddy cheeks, and sound sleep. Now, I am determined to part with all these, if she be in the right—as I almost think she is. Heaven knows, my mind is well stored with all the virtues of romances. I constantly fancy myself as being run off with—persecuted—or in some one or other of these interesting situations ; yet I can't, for the life of me, keep my eyes open five minutes, after laying my head on my pillow !

" To be sure"—at this juncture, simpered the blue-eyed and pale-faced Angelina Miranda Drippingsip, who had kept a half pitying, and half scornful silence, during the former part of the conversation, which took place in the saloon of Mr. Bull's library—" to be sure, there is something vastly interesting and romantic in that high souled sensitiveness and delicacy of feeling, which keeps the eyes wide open, through the whole of a long winter's night ; which damps the downy pillow with tears ; strews the feather couch with thorns, and deprives its possessor of the vulgar oblivion of seamstress-like sound sleep !"—" Ah ! my dearest Angelina," replied Eliza, " with what elegance and feeling you

express yourself! I dare say you are not oppressed with this nocturnal invader as I am!"—"No," answered Angelina Miranda Drippingsip; "I rarely sleep above an hour during any night, and that only at intervals."—"Oh!" exclaimed the outrivalled Eliza, "how provoking! This is the way with every body but me;—yet, I am sure, it is not for want of feeling, for, at this moment, I could shed tears by pailfuls! Pray how did you conquer vulgar sleep so far as you have done, my Angelina; and how shall I be able to do so also, and so become worthy of your lofty friendship?" Miss Drippingsip replied—"I drink strong tea, have a nervous habit, and sleep all the forenoon!"

FEMALE SERVANTS.

BY J. M. LACEY.

PERHAPS there is not a more fertile subject of complaint than the waste, wickedness, bad conduct, and fine dressing of female servants; and, especially among the ladies, these matters form the principal topic at many a tea-party. I am sorry to say, that there is but too much truth in a great part of these complaints; yet I have often thought, that much of blame attaches frequently to a master or mistress, as well as to the poor servant. We are too apt to think that the mere act of feeding them, and paying the pittance for which they hire themselves, is the complete exoneration of all that a master or mistress owes to them. What a mistake this is! Next to our children, female servants, especially if young, want our care; temptations should not be thrown in their way; neither should they be allowed, any more than is unavoidable, to go into the way of temptation, in the streets. They should be sent regularly to a place of worship: and truth, above all things, should be inculcated on their minds; for this purpose, no master or mistress should be denied as *not being at home*, when they are; it is a thousand times better that a person should be told that they are engaged, or at that time cannot be seen, than that the servants should be taught to tell an unblushing lie; neither should masters or mistresses, to hide any trifling fault or accident which may have happened to either party, degrade themselves so much

as to suffer a servant to join them in a falsehood to one another ; a *white lie*, as it is called. It may be depended on, that when servants observe these things tolerated and encouraged by their superiors, they too frequently adopt them as a matter of course, and the *whitest* lies long indulged in, soon pave the way for the *blackest*.

Persons are too apt to forget that their servants are of the same flesh and blood with themselves, and treat them accordingly, forgetting how kindness will influence even the worst and wildest natures ; it is frequently by the want of this kindness, by subjecting them to all sorts of contumely and scorn, and by the depriving them of their proper share of rest and pleasure, that servants are driven to such constant changes of place, and become so indifferent to a master's welfare. No doubt there are exceptions, but I speak generally ; and what I mean to contend for is, that there are bad masters and mistresses, as well as bad servants ; and that very often the former make the latter.

With all their faults, we should cut very poor figures without them ; the epicure would miss the cook terribly ; the sickly or feeble mother, the nurse-maid for her children ; the dashing *belle*, her lady's-maid ; and so on. We know not, never having tried, how miserable we should be without them ; but certainly, the fewer any body has, the better ; and those ought not perhaps to be too young : too much care cannot be taken as to enquiring into character, for as changing often is miserable, so it becomes the more necessary to make your choice cautiously and well, especially if you have young children ; for it is well known that young folks being often permitted to do as they please in the kitchen, and to take great liberties with servants, frequently choose their society in preference to that of the parlour. And whether they choose it or not, they are of necessity much with menials while young, and therefore it becomes of the greater consequence that the servants' characters should be as irreproachable as possible ; for when female servants chance to be idle, wanton, or wicked in any way, the children who associate with them are in extreme danger.

Much more might be said on the subject, but at present, this essay shall conclude with an extract from the "Fruits of a Father's Love," written by William Penn ; who, in

speaking of servants, says, "Let them know their business as well as their wages; and as they do the one, pay them honestly the other. Though servants, yet remember they are brethren in Christ, and that you also are but stewards, and must account to God. Wherefore let your moderation appear unto them, and that will provoke them to diligence, for love, rather than fear, which is the truest and best motive to service. In short, as you find them, so keep, use, and reward them, or dismiss them."

THE MOTHERLESS.

BY MRS. HARTWELL, LATE MISS SARGEANT.

I fear'd she would not rise again,
 Our cheerless hearth once more to bless;
 And each fond hope I find was vain:
 Alas! I now am motherless.
 She lingered long, and suffering
 Marked on her frame its sure decay;
 And yet, at times, that hope would fling
 Across my heart a cheerful ray;
 And I would think we still should be
 Blest with her quick recovery.

But no—her spirit bound for bliss,
 Could brook no more the world's control:
 She sought a purer one than this,
 And joyfully her willing soul
 Burst through the bonds which bound her here,
 And launched into eternity.
 She gave one last departing tear,
 For those who watched her tenderly:
 One anxious look, one dying prayer,
 That those she left might meet her there.

And she was gone; but who can fill
 The vacuum she has left behind?
 None, none, my mother, none! Yet still
 My riven heart would be resigned.

For oh, I would not, were it mine,
 To call thy spirit back again.
 My bliss is far less dear than thine,
 And I would not one joy obtain,
 Which cost a pang to thee. Ah, no!
 Nor wish thee in this world of woe.

And yet when once I heard another
 Mention that dear oft-thought-of word,
 And talk of kindness from a mother,
 I wept with anguish whilst I heard;
 And sure such tears may be forgiven,
 For ye who have one cannot know
 How deeply is the bosom riven,
 With keen, though unavailing woe.
 Oh! ye who feel the fond caress,
 Weep for the lonely motherless.

She loved the garden's cooling shade;
 She loved too much those fragrant flowers,
 To pluck the leaves by blight decayed;
 And lead their tendrils round her bowers.
 But, oh! the first bright rose which bloomed
 This spring was fated soon to die;
 'Twas with her own dear form entombed,
 And buried in obscurity.
 I placed it near her deathly brow,—
 Where is its boasted beauty now?

How memory clings to every word
 She uttered with her dying voice;
 Had I her few last accents heard,
 How would my mourning breast rejoice.
 Oh! had I seen her parting smile,
 That smile which chased away regret,
 'Twould oft my sadest hours beguile;
 Deep on my memory's tablet set,
 When thoughts of gloom approach, 'twould bless
 With joy the weeping motherless.

With joy, for such a smile as thine,
 My mother, was a happy token,

(Which gladdened other hearts with mine),
 That when this life's frail chain was broken,
 Thy spirit would ascend to heaven ;
 It seemed as though already there.
 Oh ! 'twas a blessed earnest given,
 To banish from each heart despair.
 Ah ! when such pleasures waited thee,
 How could we mourn thy destiny.

I did not wish thee back again,
 For others, not for thee I wept ;
 How many links were burst in twain,
 The instant that thy spirit slept
 In death's embrace, and as I knelt
 Beside thy couch, and marked thy brow,
 Colder and colder still I felt,
 The clammy hand which touched me now ;
 It welcomed not my fond caress,
 'Twas then I felt most motherless.

I wept not for myself alone,
 For there were others o'er her bending,
 Bosoms as wretched as mine own :
 Bosoms which seemed with anguish rending :—
 One dear loved sister bended near—
 A brother gazed with wild fixed eye—
 A father, on whose cheek the tear,
 Betokened grief's intensity.
 But, oh ! since these are left to bless,
 Grateful would be the motherless.

WASHINGTON MAXIMS.

Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

When you deliver a matter do it without passion and with discretion, however mean the person may be you do it to.

Let your recreations be manful—not sinful.

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

THE TAILOR OF LIEBENAU.

(Concluded from page 149.)

During this interval, as he was rambling about, he perceived a young girl lying beneath a tree ; her head was supported by an arm whiter than alabaster, and with the other hand she wiped away the tears which rapidly flowed down her cheeks. Ten centuries before, the Gnome would not have been able to resist the impression of those two beautiful weeping eyes, and even now he was so much moved at the sight of the poor disconsolate girl, that, forgetting the promise he had made to torment mortals, he resolved to relieve her distress. Under the form of a burgher, he approached, and said in a kind tone, "What brings you here, my child, alone to this desert? Why do you weep? Tell me the cause of your grief; and, believe me, I will assist you if I can." The poor girl lifted up her head, and fixed her blue eyes upon Rubezahl with an expression that might have softened a heart of adamant: the tears which hung upon her eyelids, and the sadness which pervaded her features, gave an irresistible charm to her appearance. "Benevolent stranger," she said, "it is vain that you inquire into the cause of my grief, which nobody can relieve. I am a wretch; I have caused the death of the man I loved, and my heart is breaking with grief and despair." "It is impossible," cried Rubezahl, "that you can have committed a murder; depraved as is the race to which you belong, that is impossible." "It is too true," replied the maiden; "I was brought up with the son of a good widow, whose house adjoined ours: he was the companion of my childhood, and as we grew older we loved each other better; and yet, miserable creature that I am, 'tis I who have induced him to commit the crime for which he is to suffer death! He has robbed a Jew, and has been convicted of the crime at Hirschberg; and to-morrow he is to be hanged." "But how can you be the cause of this?" asked Rubezahl. "I, and I alone, am the cause;" she replied; "the last time he quitted me, he said, 'Farewell, my beloved, be faithful to me; when the apple-tree shall be covered with blossoms for the third time, and when, for the

third time, the swallow shall have returned to its nest, I will return from my journey ; then I swear you shall be my wife.' The apple-tree *was* in blossom, the swallow *was* in its nest, and Benedict returned home, reminded me of my promise, and offered to lead me to the altar. I received him with that affectation which is too common with young girls ; I said, " How can I be your wife ? You have neither house nor home : go, earn money, and when you are rich we will see about it." This wrung the poor lad's heart. ' Ah ! Clara,' he said, ' if you think of nothing but money, you are no longer the honest girl that you were ; did you not promise me, and am I not as rich now as I was then ? Some rich rival has supplanted me—this is the recompense for my fidelity. For three years have I counted the days and the hours ; hope has stimulated my labours, and your contempt is my only reward.' The poor lad said a great deal more to me, but I was inexorable. ' Benedict,' I said, ' I do not despise you ; get wealth, and when you have it I will unite my destiny to yours.' ' It shall be so, since you will,' he replied ; ' I will go, I will work, beg, borrow, or steal, until I procure the wealth which is to ensure me your hand.' He quitted me ; and, in the bitterness of his despair, committed the action which has been his ruin."

The supposed burgher shook his head. " It is a very odd story," he said ; " but why do you make this forest echo with complaints which can do no good either to you or your lover ?" " My dear sir," she replied, " I am on the road to Hirschberg, to implore the judge for my lover's life ; and, if they are deaf to my prayers, at least I will die with him." This speech completely overcame the Gnome's resolution, and he renounced the vengeance which he had resolved against her lover. " Dry your eyes," he said ; " before the sun is set your Benedict shall be free. Be upon the watch to-morrow at cock-crowing ; and, when you hear a knock at your window, open the door, and you shall see your Benedict enter. Take care that you never tease him again ; and, in order to set your mind quite at rest, I tell you that he is innocent of the crime to which you think you have driven him." The poor girl looked at the burgher—there was something in his appearance which inspired confidence. " If what you tell me is true," she

said, "you must be Benedict's guardian angel." "Why, no, not exactly his guardian angel," replied Rubezahl, "but I am a citizen of Hirschberg, and I was a member of the court by which your lover was condemned. His innocence is, however, now satisfactorily proved, and I am on my way back to deliver him from prison. Go home, my child, make yourself perfectly easy, and to-morrow you shall see him again." Poor Clara returned home; and, although hope in some degree lightened her heart, she could not dissipate the fears which gathered there also.

During the three days of respite, the pious monk laboured without stint at the religious instruction of the tailor. He found him, however, so deplorably ignorant, that he had the greatest difficulty in the world to teach him a prayer. Even when Benedict had learnt it, the name of Clara was constantly mingling itself with his devotions; and it was only by giving him a lively description of the torments of that place to which the monk assured him he was hastening, that his attention could be fixed. The monk was just quitting his penitent, when Rubezahl glided invisibly into the dungeon. He had not quite made up his mind as to the shape in which he should present himself to Benedict, when the sight of the monk determined him. He followed him to his convent, stole a frock like his, and returned to the prison.

"My son," he said to Benedict, "although I have only just left you, my care for your soul brings me back again. Tell me, is there any thing still weighing on your conscience? Do you still love Clara, who was to have been your wife?" Benedict was astonished to find that the ecclesiastic knew of his love for Clara, and the sound of her name altogether unmanned him. The thought of being hanged, although it was by no means a pleasant one, had not been able to extract a single tear from him; but the recollection that he should now be separated for ever from his dear Clara, wholly overcame him, and he wept and sobbed like a child. The Gnome was affected at the distress of the poor tailor, and he therefore hastened to put an end to the adventure. "Courage, courage, my son," he said, "you shall not die. I have learnt that you are innocent, and I will deliver you from prison." He drew a key from his

pocket as he spoke, with which he unlocked the fetters, and they fell at the prisoner's feet. The Gnome then changed clothes with the tailor, and said to him, "Now walk out along the passage with a grave slow step, such as becomes a reverend ecclesiastic, and so pass the guards; as soon as you are safely in the streets tuck up your frock, and run for the mountains as fast as you can. Halt not until you arrive at Liebenau, before Clara's door; then knock gently, and you will find her impatiently awaiting you."

Benedict thought he was dreaming; he rubbed his eyes, pinched his arms, and the calves of his legs, to ascertain that he was really awake: then threw himself at the feet of his deliverer to thank him, but his joy had deprived him of utterance. The Gnome raised him up, and gave him a loaf and a large sausage to eat on the road, and then put him by the shoulder out of his cell. Benedict got safely past the guards, although he trembled in every limb. His dress, however, took away all suspicion, and the guards respectfully saluted him as he went by them.

Clara was sitting alone in her little chamber, listening with an anxious ear to the lowest whisper of the wind, and to the slightest noise. At every moment she fancied she heard some one at the door, and ran to open it, but it was only to find that she was mistaken. The cocks of the village had begun to crow, and the grey light of the morning to appear; the bells had tolled for the first matins, and their sound struck upon Clara's heart like a death knell. The lamp which had burnt through the night was about to expire. Seated on her humble bed, she wept aloud, and exclaimed, "Poor Benedict! what a fatal day for both of us is about to commence. She ran to the window; the horizon beyond Hirschberg was blood-red, and sombre clouds veiled the upper part of the sky. Her heart sickened as she looked at this ominous appearance.

Three gentle taps at the door roused her from the painful lethargy in which she was plunged. Trembling with joy, she flew to the door. "Clara, my dearest Clara!" cried a well-known voice, "are you awake!" "Ah! Benedict, my own love!" she cried, but as she opened the door she started back at the sight of the grey monk's frock. The warm embrace of her lover soon convinced her that the

burgher had kept his promise, and that she was in the arms of her Benedict.

Agreeable as all this was, it could not last for ever ; and, when the lovers had recovered from the raptures of their meeting, Benedict told his Clara the particulars of his deliverance. He then remembered that he was almost exhausted with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, Clara gave him some water ; and, when his thirst was satisfied, his hunger began to be extremely troublesome. Clara had nothing to give him but kisses ; and, although Love may live upon them, flesh and blood requires a more substantial repast. Benedict recollected his sausage ; and, drawing it from his pocket, was astonished to find it extremely heavy. He broke it in the middle, and a quantity of gold coin fell from it. Clara was shocked at this sight, for she could not help thinking that Benedict had fallen in with another Jew on the road, and that he was not quite so innocent as the respectable burgher had told her. When, however, Benedict explained to her in his own frank manner that it had been given to him by the confessor, who probably thought it would be useful to him in housekeeping, she was convinced of his honesty. They were speedily married, and lived very happily to a good old age, while a numerous progeny blessed their loves ; but the acquaintance which Benedict had made with the gibbet had such an effect upon him that he was almost the only honest tailor that ever lived, and never suffered himself to cabbage the cloth of his customers in ever so small a degree.

At about the moment that Benedict was rapping at Clara's door, another gentleman was knocking at the gate of the prison at Hirschberg. He was in the dress of a grey monk, who had risen thus early in the morning to finish the pious work of converting a criminal. Rubezahl, having taken the part of the delinquent, thought himself obliged to go through with it. He put on an air of penitence which perfectly delighted the old monk, who made him a beautiful sermon to his great edification. The time soon arrived for finishing the ceremonies which justice had prescribed for dismissing the criminal from this troublesome world. He mounted the ladder like a man who had a proper sense of what was expected from him ; and being turned off, kicked

and struggled as if he was suffering all the pains of strangulation. He rather over-acted this part of his character, and had nearly got the poor executioner into a scrape; for the rabble, who are great connoisseurs on these occasions, proposed to pelt the hangman for putting the culprit to unnecessary torture. As soon as the Gnome heard this, he stretched himself out as stiff as a post, and affected to be dead. The crowd dispersed; but when, about an hour afterwards, some curious lads came to look at the poor criminal, by way of amusing them and himself, he made a few extra contortions. By the evening a report was spread throughout the city, that the tailor had been so badly hanged that he was still alive; and this was considered so scandalous a business, that in the morning a deputation from the city authorities came to examine into the circumstances, when, to their astonishment, they found, instead of a tailor, a figure made of straw, such as they place in the fields to frighten away the birds from the corn. The deputation ordered this figure to be taken down, and as nothing better occurred to them to say, they reported that, in the course of the night, the wind had carried the tailor's body beyond the frontier.

ON INATTENTION TO FEMALES NOT PERSONALLY ATTRACTIVE.

The homage paid to rank, even if unadorned with talent, while genius, if ignoble, is treated with contumely,—and the deference paid to wealth, though its possessor be unworthy, while virtue, if in poverty, is neglected or scorned,—are offences that, in every age, have been either lashed by the whip of the satirist, or denounced by the reprehension of the moralist. But the inattention of men to females who happen not to be handsome, (though an impropriety most unmanly) has seldom been noticed with commensurate severity. It is not the brainless coxcomb only that is chargeable with this glaring rudeness; if it were, animadversion would be unnecessary: butterflies are too insignificant to be “broke on the wheel:” it is perfectly indifferent to a sensible woman whether she be honoured with the back

view of such a creature, or the front,—whether she admire the tapering toils of the tailor and the staymaker *behind*, or the stiffening labours of the laundress *before*; but *men of sense and attainments* are not wholly guiltless of this offence against good manners and correct feeling—enter the drawing or the assembly-room, and you will be convinced of the existence of this disgraceful indecorum.

“How flat you were at our party yesterday,” said Flirtilla to her sister. “My heart was out of tune,” replied Serena, “but I am sure you were the only person in the room that noticed even this circumstance.” “But you cannot expect to be noticed if you don’t talk,” resumed Flirtilla. “Nobody thought it worth while to talk to me, sister,” answered Serena, “and my portrait not appearing to give pleasure to the eyes of the connoisseurs, I thought it prudent to avoid offending their ears.” “Well,” said Flirtilla, “I hope you will be in better spirits to-night at the dance.” “My mamma will be the only sufferer, if I am not,” replied Serena, “as I suppose she, as usual, will be my only partner. It seems odd that the countenance should be the index of agility; but it is certainly the gentlemen’s criterion: they judge the *cuts* of the feet by the *cut* of the face—the one cannot be graceful if the other is not pretty.”

And can men of reflection and sense commit such an outrage on decency and the finer feelings of the sex? What! can attic wit be relished only by a face that is Grecian? Must the contour be Roman to admire what is classic? Are ladies’ smiles worth receiving only when accompanied with a dimple? Is praise unacceptable if from lips not vermilion? Is the voice inharmonious if the teeth be not regular? Is a frown only dreaded when the forehead is high? Is a look inexpressive, when the complexion is not clear?

Ye know these results are not consequent from their premises; wit and taste dwell not always with beauty: indeed, observation will convince you, that more commonly their residence is with its opposite. Providence delights in equalizing its gifts; where deficiency exists there is generally found a compensation—

“What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?”

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?"

Imitate the bee then; she does not pass unheeded the
more homely flowers—

“To kiss the rose’s fairer lips.”

No; and naturalists have found—

“She sucks most sweetness from the humbler flowers.”

Most ladies deficient in personal charms, may say with
Sappho, in Ovid—

“Since outward beauty nature has denied,
It is by beauty of my mind supplied.”

Think not that disregard will give no pain, because it is
the fate of slender charms so frequently to meet with it;
repeated blows may harden iron, but they render the sus-
ceptibility of the heart still more soft. Women are jealous
of their dues; we owe them attentions the most assiduous;
if these be withheld because the object is not attractive,
the neglect is felt the more keenly, as it reminds her of the
cause.

In the name of decency—in the name of gallantry then,
wipe away this reproach from our sex; if exterior beauty
only excite your notice, a caged parroquet will answer your
purpose—pay adoration to it; but let those who prefer the
beauties of the mind recollect, that they lie beneath the
skin. In women, as in mining countries, the richest trea-
sure is commonly found below the least picturesque surface.
Then pay to women of mind your chief homage, you will
find your account in it—your reward will be, regard with-
out coquetry, and sense without affectation. E. B.

PINS.

Pins were brought from France in 1543, and were first
used in England by Katherine Howard, Queen of Henry
VIII. Before their invention, both sexes used ribands,
loop-holes, laces with points and tags, clasps, hooks and
eyes, and skewers of brass, silver, and gold.

METRICAL SKETCHES.

BY M. I. B.

No. 10.—ASUATH.—MESSIAH, BOOK II.*

A gentle slumber seem'd her soul to seize,
 Round which, with motion dubious, hovered
 Its quick'ning dust; so o'er the humid mead
 A moon-lit vapour floats in silv'ry light!

Unconsciously, the *Resurrection-power*
 Felt Asuath, and—"O Guardian Spirit!" sighed
 "With what am I environ'd? What, now glides
 "Before me, in bewild'ring semblances?
 "What new sensations—what perceptions sweet—
 "Unspeakable, are these? Shall I again,
 "Angel of God, *expire*? My trembling voice
 "Proclaimeth it; and, my relaxing SELF
 "From being, wanes like music's dying tones;
 "Yea, Seraph, I *expire*,—whilst on mine ears
 "Swell murm'rings from th' eternal rivulets,
 "And whilst reviving breezes, which pervade
 "The bowers of paradise, encradle me!"

Thus Asuath sunk, by thoughts of pure delights
 Thrill'd, and a sense ineffable of joy;
 Sunk, but arose to IMMORTALITY!
 Thus, Jephtha's duteous doom'd daughter woke
 To LIFE, as flowrets wake in genial spring,
 But, never more to fade!

Then, her new lips
 In tremulous silver tones, emitted praise;
 Which, with her angels' adorations, harp'd
 On pealing strings, sought heav'n in harmony.

* In this beautiful book of Klopstock's divine Epic, the souls of "the saints, who arose, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many," upon our Lord's crucifixion, are represented as visiting their graves, in company with their guardian angels, for the purpose of corporeal re-investment.

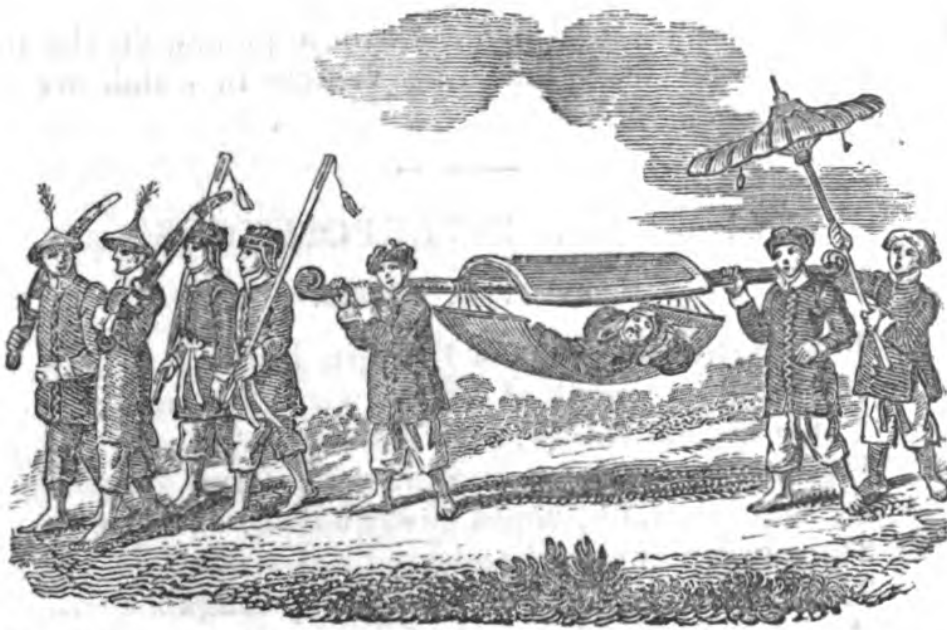
THE BOARDING HOUSE.

The death of a relation, who, unexpectedly, bequeathed me a considerable share of her property, occasioned me to go to London soon after I had written my last letter; and, on my return, I found Prospect-house filled with an entirely new set of inmates; two of these, however, I had before known in town, and an honest, hard-working couple they were. An unlooked-for accession of wealth has placed them, like myself, on the list of the genteel and the independent. Yet I hope, that I shall not, like them, so entirely lose sight of my former pursuits and habits, as to render myself ridiculous; at any rate, I think their example will serve to render me more sensible of the folly of attempting to move in a sphere in which I am neither qualified to shine, nor even to make a respectable appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Hugget, after the bequest alluded to, disposed of their business on advantageous terms; and "having" (as the good lady expressed it) "neither chick nor child to *mislest* them," determined upon "seeing the world and living genteelly." Now as this could only be effected by taking a trip to France, they repaired thither without delay; and after gaping at all that was to be seen for about three weeks, returned by the way of Dieppe, and purposed remaining a short time in this place, which may justly be considered the Versailles of England. The short, and rather ungraceful figure of the lady, was so enveloped and disguised by French finery, that I should certainly not have recognized her, had not her husband, fearful, I suppose, of raising an injurious report, twitched my arm in no very gentle manner, and whispered, "Why gads, Cuss! *Mr. Liny-wate*, don't you know Sukey? Sukey, my dear, have you forgot our good friend?"—"Oh lawk!" exclaimed Mrs. Hugget, raising her enamelled perspective-glass, "sure enough it is *Mr. d'Liny-wate* the *har-tist*, as lodged in our first floor; what a pleasant *rencounter*, as the French say."—I was obliged to pay a few compliments in my turn, after which Mr. Hugget requested my advice as to the eligibility of taking a furnished house, or remaining at a tavern. I, thinking it my duty to serve as far as lay in my power, those who had been kind and obliging to me, mentioned the comfortable quarters I was in, and recom-

mended them to take up their abode with Mrs. Varnish. "But is the company quite select?" asked Mrs. Hugget, dubiously, "for I am told that there is a queer medley in some of them there boarding-houses." I assured her that none but respectable characters were admitted, and that she would meet with most agreeable society, which appeared to satisfy her. Mr. Hugget then enquired the terms, which I had no sooner stated, than his wife exclaimed, "Oh, that is a mere *bag and tail*, as they say in France, I am *afeard* we cannot meet with very *helegant commodation* for that money; *oweever*, I should like to be in the same *ouse* with our good friend; who, I dare say, will *hintroduce* us to the genteelest amongst them." Mrs. Hugget, with her natural vivacity and bustle, has made good use of her time since she has been here, and her remarks on the place, both in matter and style, have been highly amusing to our family circle. Having been on the chain-pier this morning, she was asked her opinion of it: "Why, I will tell you," said she, laughing heartily at her own conceit, "it puts me in mind of the old song, 'Boys, build a bridge to Dover,' for it looks for all the world as if the people of Brighton had been trying to build a bridge to France, and were obliged to stop short, because they *couldn't get no farther*. Not but what it is a most delightful place, for one can stand there and have all the fresh sea-breeze round one, without going out in *they filthy boats* that make one sick." "You must see the new tea-gardens, Mrs. Hugget," said I, "and I think you will be highly gratified, as they are laid out with great taste and judgment; combining recreations which are adapted to every age, sex, and condition." "With all my heart," cried the accommodating Mrs. Hugget, "the sooner the better." We accordingly repaired thither the same evening. The good lady was delighted with the place, and as she lolled at her ease in the swing, kept exclaiming, "Well, this beats all their fine gardens abroad; so snug, so comfortable. I protest, I never enjoyed any thing so much in my life; and then only think what an advantage it is to have one's husband under one's eye, as a body may say; and, while he is enjoying himself at a game of bowls, or billiards, or cricket, to have a little bit of sociable chat with a friend; and then have him within call to go home with one as soon as one

pleases. Ah! this is the place for married folks, or single ones either." These, and such like effusions, are the genuine language of nature, and amuse by their simplicity, but when Mrs. Hugget forgets her former self, and affects to treat with contempt those of her early associates who have been less fortunate than herself, she excites our contempt, while her extravagant absurdity in dress, and her Frenchified airs, which she puts on in what she calls genteel company, expose her to frequent and merited ridicule.

TRAVELLING IN COCHIN CHINA.



Mr. Crawford, in his amusing "Embassy to the Courts of Cochin China and Siam, has given a representation of the mode of travelling in palanquins, as practised in those countries, and of which the above is a correct copy. Mr. C. says:—"This day's journey was performed in palanquins, of the fashion of the country. These vehicles consist of a net, hung from a single pole, and having a pent roof of very light materials. On each side, as well as behind and in front, there are curtains of wax cloth. The weight of a good one is about thirty catties, or forty pounds, and of a small one, not more than half that amount. Two

men, and no more, carry these vehicles ; and four is the greatest number of bearers employed for persons of any weight, including the relief. In this employment, the Cochin-Chinese exhibit a degree of strength, dexterity, and activity, of which I had not believed them capable. They travel at a quick pace, and change the palanquin from shoulder to shoulder, or relieve each other, without even halting. Each of our sets of bearers carried us at least nine or ten miles. In every respect I consider them superior to Indian palanquin bearers. They perform the same work at least equally well, with less than one half the numbers employed in Hindostan. This superiority is, in a good measure, owing to the greater lightness of the vehicle employed, but I have no doubt in some degree also to the superior physical strength of the Cochin-Chinese over the natives of Western India. We found the Cochin-Chinese palanquin the most comfortable and least fatiguing vehicle in which we had ever travelled."

SEASONED INTERPOSITIONS.

BY J. R. PRIOR.

The myrtle blossom, nor the vernal bay,
 Nor fadeless wreath of fancy, twines my brow ;
 Yet, from the willow, after silence long
 Endured by sickness, and the patient eye
 Of heavenly faith, hopes newly blown, and love
 Sincere, supernal and endeared,—I strike
 The harp, feel solace, and renew my songs
 Accordant with the tones of duty. What
 Delightful rings of spring and summer past :—
 Prolific autumn faded gently down
 Into the gelid arms of winter ! How
 Serene the passing of the hemisphere !
 How beautiful the rising, setting, suns !
 How calm the noondays and how sweet the scents
 Of evenings, wild bouquets, and cultured spots
 To wisdom dedicated ; and the views—
 How charming to the florist's eye ! Behold !
 How bright the guardian stars of morn and eve ;

The moon, attended by the journeying clouds
 From shallop of a skiff-like form, as white
 As innocence, increasing to full growth
 And rounded beauty, dazzling in her breadth
 And making shadows on gigantic walls :
 The forest oaks, and tiny boughs o'er brooks
 In dewy silence ; or attuned by birds
 That sit with open eye and trill their hymns
 To Contemplation and Philosophy.
 Concentrated securely in this Isle,
 From foreign discords and untimely feuds,
 The *Year* hath yielded much of every gift
 By Providence designed, to make us rich
 In happiness and bless'd in life. Disease
 Hath been more merciful. Benevolence
 More kind. The hand of Plenty strewn around
 The grains of comfort, like the husbandman,
 That from his seedlip o'er the furrows borne.
 Gives to the ground the sun and rain, the corn
 Which swells to life, and, upward spreading, clothes
 The land a hundred-fold with ripening good.
 But, though I have seen the cause of Mercy flourish,
 And blest, in praise of not unworthy chords,
 The Great Supreme of all the *Seasons*—much
 Of wearing grief, (secluded from the world,
 Gay pleasure, laughing banquet, merry heart,
 Side-shaking, joy-met eye, and gushing spirit,—)
 Much of the sadness incident to those
 Who on reflection cast their thoughtful barks,
 And, steering from the siren Fashion, seek
 The changes that from day to day ensue :—
 Much I have felt, have seen, and understood.
 If self be nature, I have lost, in parts,
 Sighs of affection, crystals from the eye,
 Breath spent in words of anguish, for the love
 Of eyes and lips, now sealed by death. Last year
 Their steps were light, their prospects bright, their hearts
 Warm, gen'rous and confiding: youthful spring
 Dawned fraught with promise ; on their very cheeks
 Health sat in rosy dimples : like the rays
 Pass over flowery meadows, so their smiles

Pass'd o'er their flexile features. Who may trust
 The certainty of this existence?—Time
 So easily diverted from his course
 Falls into death.—Eternity ensues.
 Since, then, the warfare is accomplish'd—since
 Life's instrument,—howe'er so rich in tone,
 So full of harmony, inspiriting,
 Pathetic, and attractive to the senses,—
 By consequence from some deciding cause,
 Slackens from earth's enchantment; it behoves
 All mental gifted mortals to achieve
 The worth of virtue, favour with the skies,
 Glory in excellent attainment;—Love
 In present good that future bliss insures.

Islington.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

BY THE LATE THOMAS STOTHARD, R. A.

No. VI.—COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages and reasoning fools,
 This moment's a flower too fair and too brief
 To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.

Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue;
 But while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
 The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No! perish the heart and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love by a standard like this!

THE STANDARD.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH. BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR.

“The vision that rose to the lord of the world,
When first his bright banner of faith was unfurled.”

Hemans.

The captured camp of Licinus, and that of the victorious Constantine, now mingled in wild confusion, on the late field of battle, a plain near Cybalis in Pannonia,* and to an eye unaccustomed to the aspect of a camp, especially so immediately after an engagement, the scene that presented itself was one calculated to excite the most thrilling and enthusiastic emotions. Night was closing in, and the great warlike multitude, anxious for food, repose, and safety, were, with few exceptions, busily employed in preparing them. Tents had to be pitched, ramparts to be thrown up, the wounded nursed, prisoners guarded, and innumerable care, and precautions taken to restore order amongst the busy and dispersed army, to secure amity within the camp, and to prevent surprise from without. The Roman legions were as capable of using pick-axe and spade, as of darting the pilum, brandishing the finely tempered Spanish blade, and hurling destruction on the foe from Balista, Petrarium, and Trebucheltum, &c. &c. and vasilations of those men, in all the heavy harness of war, and after the fatigue of a long and obstinate contest, were now employed in casting up an embankment at least twelve feet high, a quadrangle not less than sixteen hundred yards in circumference: this, as it was raised, was immediately thickly set with palisades, and broad and deep was the fosse upon which it looked; but the celerity, and apparent facility with which this task, (and similar works,) was affected, appeared little less than miraculous in the eyes of those foreigners and natives, who were but lately enrolled in the Roman army, nor could the busy scene passing within the enclosure fail to attract and arrest the attention of such as either from rawness in the service, wounds, or as captives, were exempted from participating in the general labour. Now, were the tremendous engines of war, with their

* New Hungary.

guards and engineers, posted close to the embankment, so as to continue the defence upwards like a mighty wall; now were the tents of men and their officers pitched in regular lines, and in rows at such distances, that a good Broadway remained like a street between them; now, did the smoke of innumerable fires partially veil the busy multitude; here were soldiery and sutlers preparing the needed repast; there a few straggling devotees fixed two or three brands by way of temporary altars, pouring libations before them; or heaping them with incense and light articles of spoil, as offerings to sundry deities for the victory just achieved; here, a few *Christians*, devoutly thanked, in the secret inarticulated language of the heart, the God of the Christians, the Lord God of Sabaoth, for the signal success which had attended the arms of Constantine, against his late partner in the empire: in one place was poured a libation to the infernal deities for the manes of some beloved relative, or esteemed friend; in another, but without the camp, the spoliation of the dead, and the construction of their funeral pyres occurred at the same moment; here, a band of soldiers divided, with much squabbling, a trifling portion of booty; there was taking place under the direction of proper authorities the fair and equitable division of the *spolia optima*. In certain spots temporary trophies were erected, posts driven into the ground, and tastefully decorated with the arms and armour of the vanquished; and in other places, especially about the grand central camp, or *Prætorium*, (the field palace of the emperor, king, or generalissimo of the forces) the imperial eagle, and various Roman standards were hoisted on high, having those of the vanquished drooping, as in submission, beneath them. The voice of revelry and strife, the clank of arms and armour, the neighing and tramp of steeds, the groans of the wounded and dying, the wrathful clamour of the captives, the hilarious speech of those officers who inspected the works, and cheered the men in their labours, and the notes of various martial instruments, giving signal for the performance of sundry operations, and manœuvres, tumultuously, but not unpleasingly, mingled in the still soft air, and were calculated to produce extraordinary effects on the mind of a novice in war.

The moon had risen peerlessly bright,—the moon of continental skies, large and glorious—and her floods of broad golden lustre laved that camp of Constantine, which, but so lately in hopeless confusion, now presented the aspect of a fortified town, in which all the inhabitants tranquilly slumbered, save those appointed to watch. Metellus, a young prisoner, was also awake, and gazed with an eye of admiration on the magnificent scene around him; he had but recently joined the army of Licinus, “the pomp, and circumstance of war,” was a novelty to his curious mind, as was his present situation,—a prisoner wounded, guarded, lying on the bare ground, surrounded by hosts of tents, towering engines, standards, trophies, cattle, arms gleaming in the moonlight, and armed men, whilst the gorgeous canopy of his hard couch was the deep, blue, lustrous midnight sky. Lamps and torches, still redly blazed in and about the Prætorium, upon which, through an avenue of tents, Metellus fixed his eyes: “O! that I *knew!*” cried he aloud, with great energy, “but know, I *will*, ere from this camp death or ransom deliver me.” Quintus, one of the soldiers appointed to guard the prisoners, hearing his exclamation, softly approached him. “That is it?” continued Metellus, pointing obliquely upwards—“Is not *that*, the new, the Imperial Standard!—the Labarum!—the Emperor’s own favorite banner to which an extraordinary story is attached?” “Young man, was it of that then, you wished to enquire?” “It was; but lately have I joined, as an auxiliary, the troops of your emperor’s partner and enemy; but, a rumour of the supernatural event which caused the formation of your standard, exalted even above the golden eagle of the empire, reached the province wherein I resided, and long have I burned to know the *truth*,” Quintus was silent, but his ardent gaze fixed on the features of the youth, seemed intended to search his soul, and detect, whether sinister motives, or mere boyish curiosity, urged the implied request. The open blue eye of Metellus, quailed not, under the piercing regards of the stern Roman; a slight blush, for a moment, suffused his cheeks, pallid from fatigue and loss of blood, and mortally pale in the cold clear moonlight; but Quintus judged, from his unembarrassed demeanour and ingenuous aspect, that the

fear of having taken an unwarrantable liberty, alone, brought the fitting rosy flush into the youthful captive's cheek, and therefore, lowering his voice, thus addresssd him :—

“ Young warrior, I know not from whence, or who you are, whether a worshipper of the ancient deities of our land, and consequently, upon principle, a persecutor of those who name themselves after CHRIST, the prophet of Galilee, or whether you are a believer in that *more than man*, and a friend to the Christians ; but this I know, that soldierly honour, requires you to be careful, how you commit, by publishing to the worshippers of the ancient divinities, the trust reposed in you by this conversation ; nay, the life perhaps of one who is willing to gratify your laudable curiosity. Our beloved Constantine, nominated by his father Constantius, to the government, on his demise, of the western portion of the empire, met with many rivals, who opposed his claim to the purple ; amongst the rest, Maxentius, who, ere Constantine was aware of his machinations, possessed himself of Rome, and closed her gates against her legal lord and master. This usurper was bigotted to the worship of the gods of the land, and Constantine was not *then* a Christian, though it seems his liberal and enquiring mind frequently led him to consider the points so greatly agitated in those days, and ardently to desire, that if Christianity were indeed a divine revelation, and not a factious jugglery, got up for nefarious purposes, some *miraculous* confirmation of its truth, might be vouchsafed to him. Singular it may appear, but it is yet strictly true, that since the death of Christ, that much-injured Israelite, and since, as his followers aver, his visible assumption into the heavens, almost all the fracles have become silent, omens fail, auguries are daily falsified, and the barnspices insult our understandings, by pretending to an art, which clearly they have lost, if they ever possessed it, and the ridiculous character of which becomes every day more apparent. Miracles also, amongst the Christians, are at this period of rare occurrence, yet I believe, upon them partially rests the claim of their faith to a divine origin. However, the thoughts of Constantine were now forced from polemics into the channel of military tactics, and assembling his army, he determined to attack Maxentius in

Rome, and conquer him, or die in the attempt. His force was considerable, yet did he not, as it afterwards appeared, trust entirely to human aid, but resolving in his mind, the then state of religious opinions in the world, he resolved to become a convert to whichever faith appeared upon candid consideration the most rational and *divine*; his bias was ere long decidedly determined towards the religion of Christ, and he scrupled not to avow, that reflection had shown him the disastrous termination of exploits undertaken by those who were zealous worshippers of the old national divinities, and were most clamorous for the succour of those gods, whom he now began to believe, were in verity malignant *demons*; their career had usually been unprosperous, and their end untimely and dreadful, whilst Constantius, his Christian father, seemed an illustrious example of one, who was cherished and supported by the unspeakable power and goodness of an hitherto *unacknowledged DEITY*!

The sun had nearly attained the third hour of his declension, in a lovely bright day, towards the latter end of October, when the towers of Rome first greeted the sight of our vanguard: they halted, and the main body, rear, and reserve cohorts of the army, pushed on to join them, and to halt also, since the emperor, though resolved to grapple with Maxentius, in the very streets of the imperial city, desired, with the consideration of a humane general, that his soldiers should rest, and refresh themselves, ere they rushed on to the important encounter, and to have some hours in which to prepare for the deadly contest. We halted, and I shall never forget the appearance of the great Constantine, as he sat in glorious panoply on his stately white charger, surrounded by splendidly accoutred officers, a picked body-guard from the Imperial Legion, (itself a picked company), that unequalled corps, glittering helms, flashing lances, waving plumes, many coloured banners, standards, and symbols, military and religious, without number; nor, shall I ever forget the reverence with which the emperor raised the gold and jewelled casque from his head, gazed stedfastly upwards, and breathed forth, in the hearing of all around him, this solemn ejaculation:—

“ Lord God of Constantius, my father! God, whom as

yet I know not! God, whom I *earnestly* desire to know, and to regard as devoutly as he did! Lord God, mighty and merciful! as, with him thou wert, be even so with me; and graciously manifest thyself to thy SERVANT, in storm and in sunshine, for evermore? For thou art holy. Thou only art the Lord, above the gods of the heathen, and the Redeemer of them that believe in, and call upon thee!"

Scarcely had the emperor uttered these words, than a light, crystalline and vivid, beside which the sun waxed dim, and yet it had not the fierce, blinding blaze of that luminary, but might be gazed upon,—a light, miraculous, and inconceivable, broke over the whole vast army; every creature was included in its glory; and not an individual was there, of Constantine's immense force, who did not behold, prostrated in awe, and instinctive adoration, a cross, of inconceivable splendor, and singular form, hung, far in the skies, immediately over the emperor's head, inscribed with strange characters, of which, the interpretation has since been discovered to be—"IN THIS OVERCOME!"

Constantine himself knew not then the meaning of those ciphers; nevertheless, taking the apparition as an answer to his prayer, he reverently bowed his head, exclaiming:—"God of Constantius! Constantine accepts the omen!" and at these words the vision dissolved in air. Now the priests, augurs, haruspices, and such of the noble commanders of the troops as were attached to the old religion, endeavoured to persuade the emperor, that the glorious cross was sent as a token of evil, and to warn him against further proceedings touching Maxentius, whereat he was greatly displeased and disturbed; however, he said he had ordered a halt on that spot, for the purpose of rest and refreshment, and that from it we should not stir that night, but that if upon mature deliberation, he, in concert with his captains, deemed the drawing off his army from Rome advisable, it could be done early on the morrow. We therefore pitched our tents, and by Constantine's desire, the Prætorium was erected on the very spot above which the divine vision had appeared. About dawn, orders were issued to us to keep to our posts, as we should remain encamped all that day, and the succeeding night, preparatory to the grand attack the emperor meditated upon Maxentius;

at the same time, by his command, the most skilful artificers in the craft of working gold, silver, and jewels, were ordered into his presence. Yon glorious standard, is the result of their labours on that day; and Constantine himself sat amongst the workmen, directing, and cheering them on, for, in a vision of the night, He whom the Romans insulted, and the Jews crucified—He, on whom corruption could not breathe, and He whom the grave was powerless to detain, had appeared to the son of Constantius, bearing a standard, of which that is the fac simile, and assuring him that wherever such went before him, he should prove resistless! See! how rich and beautiful it is! how it shines and glitters, even by this light, in a glory peculiarly its own! How magnificent is the sacred legend, written in jewels, within the imitated miraculous symbol? The Labaræ, of our various cohorts have also been formed, to represent the Cross of the heavenly vision, but, you perceive, none are so splendid and rich as this, the superior standard of our army.” “And, I may really credit this extraordinary story?” asked Metellus. “Ay, truly,” replied Quintus. “’tis one, for the truth of which thousands can vouch, and they will, if you believe not me; many are the Christians made in our camp by this miracle, besides Constantine, who now, I should tell you, reads the sacred books, called the *New Testament*, in their original Greek, and knows, that the puzzling inscription on the heavenly Cross, was in that language.” “And is yon miraculous standard, really INVINCIBLE.” “Hitherto,” replied Quintus. “it has proved so.” “’Tis marvellous!” exclaimed Metellus,

* Echard, quoting from Eusebius, describes the fashion of Constantine’s imperial standard; it was made thus:

“A long spear, plated over with gold, with a traverse piece at the top, a little oblique, in the fashion of a cross; to which cross-piece was fastened, a four-square curtain of purple, embroidered and beset with precious stones, which reflected a most amazing lustre, and towards the tops of it were pictured the emperor, and his two sons. On the top of the shaft, above the cross, stood a crown, overlaid with gold and jewels, within which, was placed the sacred symbol; viz. the two first letters of Christ’s name, in Greek, X and P, the one being struck through the other. This device, he afterwards wore on his shields, as not only appears from Eusebius, but also from the coins extant at this day.”—*Vide Ecclesiast. Hist.*

See also the note, “*Labarum*,” in Sir W. Scott’s Count Robert of Paris, Vol. I. ch. 9. of the new edition of Waverley Novels.

“and oh! oh! *how* superior to the lying wonders which attend the *old* religion!” He then added, in a low and impressive tone, those remarkable words, which proved he was at least no stranger to the divine volume, probably as a *literary* study; “*Almost, thou persuadest me to be a Christian!*” “*I am one!*” cried Quintus, in an eager, joyful, but subdued voice, “to my everlasting joy! But, lo! the moon wanes, and the morning dawns; hail! and farewell then, my brother in the Lord, with whom I may not be found thus conversing; but, I have much, *much* to say, and will surely see thy face again!” Then, with a solemn benediction on the intended convert, Quintus, the military neophyte, noiselessly and adroitly backed into the half slumbering ranks of guards, which he had quitted awhile.

Great Marl ow, Bucks.

THE LONELY FLOWER.

BY MARY SAUNDERS,

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF “THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT,”
“SONGS FOR THE MANY,” ETC.

Four thread-like stalks of dewy green,
Which little climbing leaves bedeck,
Each pendent head a pearly speck,
Backward upon the sunlight lean;
Then downwards sloop,
With languid drop
O'er edge of stone half hid with mossy green.

What dost thou here, oh, lonely flower?
Thy sisters sport in yonder bower:
The lonely flower was heard to say,
“My kin are fair and therefore gay,
But I am mean in form—and here.
Must be content to make my bier:
I'm lonely here and sad, you think,
Upon this rugged granite's brink:
But there! what eye would care to dwell,
On me, who am not beautiful;
I should be trampled on—despoiled.”
With that the lonely flower recoiled;

“ No here at least I know no scorn ;
 I watch the rising of the morn,
 For she on me
 Smiles cheerily.

And I do watch Night's million eyes,
 That on the meanest things look down,
 Yet never grieves them with a frown :
 The stars so rife with solemn thought,
 With such mysterious splendour fraught ;
 The crowd of stars ; that one by one,
 Unveil, when bold-faced day is gone,
 And as around their pale beams steal ;
 Ah me ! what wond'rous bliss I feel,
 And in the drowsy sultry noon,
 When stilled each wild Æolian tune,
 Of ev'ry Zephyr—ev'ry breeze
 And silence sits among the trees.
 Then I repose, and then I dream,
 Nor longer am the weed I seem,
 Nor longer dwell in solitude ;
 For beings fair—and gay of mood,
 Come dancing hither grouped in throngs ;
 To praise me in delicious songs,
 To smile fond smiles, and speak fond words,
 And break the dark cold grief that girds,
 And galls me in what times unknown,
 The thought—that I am all alone ;
 And when my charming dream is done,
 I wake—and in the dazzling sun,
 Shines o'er my head most gorgeously ;
 The birds sing glad on every tree ;
 And in the little stream below,
 The fish dance blithely to and fro ;
 While insects each in fine array,
 Are quaintly buzzing 'mid their play ;
 And downy breezes come to bless,
 And fill me with soft happiness,
 Have I not joy ? have I not peace ?
 Then let your idle pity cease.
 My sisters have admiring eyes,
 And many hearts their beauties prize .

But He who made me did not leave,
 Me in my des'late lot to grieve,
 I glad me in the Light and Air,
They love me e'en as I were fair.

Oh none may be more blest than they,
 Who slighted by the proud and gay,
 Look here for friends that ne'er deceive,
 For lovers who will never leave,
 For pleasures that do never fade,
 From song or dance in noonday glade,
 From pensive moonbeams when night keeps
 Its solemn watch 'neath frowning steeps,
 From glorious morn, from thoughtful eve :
 Tis true—the heart will sometimes grieve,
 O'er visioned hopes—but better so,
 Than strive with worldly care, than faint 'neath
 worldly woe,"

THE NOBLE.

BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR.

Nor wealth, nor title, make the truly great ;
 They, who can bear the smiles and frowns of fate
 With equal temper ; whose calm souls, no storm
 Headstrong, of mortal passion, may deform ;
 They, who've a tear for others' misery,
 Yet their own sorrows bear, unshrinkingly ;
 Who, reckless of themselves, are proud to give
 Their utmost meed of *good*, to all that live ;
 They, whose high bosoms, scorn all mean disguise,
 And scorn to *flatter*, whom they must *despise*,
 They, who can smile, secure in conscious worth
 At the vile insults, of the vile on earth
 Nor dream of other *vengeance*, than to do
Good, to the malice-fraught, and evil crew ;
 They, whose pure souls, are rich in golden store
 Of learning's classic, virtue's sacred, lore ;
 Those, are "*The noble*," tho' their title lies
 Veil'd oft, to partial, and misjudging eyes ;
 For ah ! this truth how little understood :
 The only *Noble* are, the *Wise* and *Good* !

C H I T - C H A T.

FIRE AT THE BENEDICTINE CONVENT AT HAMMERSMITH.—A fire lately broke out in one of the sleeping apartments of the Benedictine Convent; and although the building sustained but little injury, we regret to state that one of the inmates, a lady of very advanced years, was literally burnt to a cinder. The Convent of the English Benedictines is of very ancient origin; it is said to have existed before the Reformation, and escaped the general destruction of religious houses from its want of endowment. It was re-established in the reign of Charles II. by Miss Beddingfield, a relation of the first baronet of that family, as a boarding-school for young ladies of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Soon after its institution, the governesses and teachers having voluntarily obliged themselves to the observance of monastic rules, it obtained the name of a nunnery, which it still keeps up, many devotees having from time to time taken the veil, and doomed themselves to voluntary seclusion. In the year 1795, when Robespierre was at the head of the revolutionary government of France, all the nunneries were suppressed, their property confiscated, and the nuns turned out into the world, without resource and without friends. Among others who suffered under the tyranny of that sanguinary monster, were the English Benedictines of Dunkirk, who were placed under arrest, and sent to Gravelines, where they remained in a most perilous situation during eighteen months, subjected to every kind of privation and insult. At length the death of Robespierre effected a change in the Government, and soon after the English Benedictines were allowed to come to England. In Robespierre's pocket-book were found inscribed the names of these ladies, from which it appeared they had been doomed to an early destruction. Soon after their arrival, they settled at this place. The convent is of considerable magnitude, and is approached from the entrance by an arcade, in imitation of cloisters. At the eastern extremity is the chapel, which was rebuilt in 1811, at the expense of 1,600*l.*, defrayed by voluntary subscriptions. It is a handsome edifice, about 50 feet long and 24 feet wide, containing eight windows, bordered with

stained glass. There is a large garden behind, the upper part of which is parted off for a burial-ground, the stones of which are laid flat on the turf. The sisters, as is usual among Roman Catholics, are buried with their feet to the east, the priests alone having their heads towards the altar. At the east end of the burial-ground stands an ancient wooden cross, about five feet high, on which is represented, in twenty-four compartments, the passion of our Saviour. This relic was brought from France, and is held in great veneration by the inmates.

NEW USE FOR A SWORD.—Meo, the Ude of Italy, and chief cook to his Majesty the King of Etruria, used to announce dinner to their majesties attired in full court suit, with a sword by his side, which he contrived to put to better use than that of his immortal predecessor Vatel. Whenever a joint of venison was served at table, Meo used to draw his sword, and, plunging it into the game, ascertain, by passing the weapon under his nose, whether the venison had been kept and roasted to the right minute.

ROYAL VOCATION.—At the epoch of the American war, and the change of ministry to which George III. was reluctantly compelled by Parliament, Charles X. (at that period Comte d'Artois), exclaimed, in the hearing of the British Ambassador, that the Kings of England were mere slaves, and that he would rather be a groom. "Monseigneur," replied his Excellency Lord Stair, that depends on taste and habit."

IMPERIAL LINGO.—There were three or four colloquial vulgarisms—"locutions du peuple"—of which Napoleon was never able to divest himself. In opening the Chambers he invariably used the word "Section" for "Session." He used to call the "Villes Hanséatiques," the "Villes Asiatiques;" and the Philippine islands "les îles Philip-piques."

ROMANTIC LOVER.—Talking with an Arab of Suse, on the subject of their fleet camels, and the desert horse, he assured me that he knew a young man who was passionately fond of a lovely girl, whom nothing would satisfy but some oranges: these were not to be procured at Mogadore, and, as the lady wanted the best fruit, nothing less than Morocco oranges would satisfy her. The Arab mounted his horse at

dawn of day, went to Morocco (about one hundred miles from Mogadore), purchased the oranges, and returned that night after the gates were shut, but sent the oranges to the lady by a guard of one of the batteries. His excited feelings carried forward the Arab lover, and the length of an African day favoured the enterprise.

BIDDY'S MERCHANDIZE.—Walking along a mountain path, I overtook a girl of about fourteen or fifteen years old—I speak by guess, for it is rarely in this country that a girl can tell her age. She carried a basket, in which were from four to five dozen of eggs. I asked where she had got the eggs?—She had been round the country buying them cheap. Where was she taking them to?—She was going to send them, and some dozens more, with Mich O'Sullivan's carts to Cork.—Upon whose account was she buying the eggs?—On her own. On her own account?—Yes. Who gave her the money?—The parson (she was a Protestant) had lent it to her: some time ago, her cousin had sent a basket of eggs with Mich O'Sullivan, to Cork, and he had made three shillings. This was certainly a curious example of enterprise and industry. I returned into the town with the girl, and saw her father: he was a small landholder; and he said, Biddy went, after her day's work was done, and merchandized for herself.—*Ireland in 1834.*

PIG BARGAINS.—The second day I spent at Cashel was market day; and among other sights, I was greatly amused by the country people driving bargains for pigs. A man, a pig-dealer, would come to a countryman who held a pig by a string. "How much do you ask?"—"28s." the answer might be. "Hold out your hand," says the buyer; and the proprietor of the pigs holds out his hand accordingly; the buyer places a penny in it, and then strikes it with a force that might break the back of an ox: "Will you take 20s.?" The other shakes his hand—"Ask 24s. and see if I'll give it ye," says the pig-merchant. The owner again shakes his head. It is probable by this time, some one among the bystanders—for there is always a circle formed round the bargain-making,—endeavours to accommodate matters; for it is another instance of the kindly feeling towards each other, that all around are anxious that the bargain should be concluded. Again, the merchant says, "Hold out your hand,"

and again a tremendous blow is struck, and a new offer made, till at last they come within a shilling perhaps of each other's terms; when the bargain is struck; and the shilling about which they differed, and probably two or three others, are spent in whiskey punch "screeching hot."—*Ireland in 1834.*

FALL OF THE BLACKWATER.—We have "descents" of the Danube, and descents of the Rhine and of the Rhone, and of many other rivers; but we have not in print, as far as I know, any descent of the Blackwater; and yet, with all these descents of foreign rivers in my recollection, I think the descent of the Blackwater not surpassed by any of them. A detail of all that is seen in gliding down the Blackwater, from Cappoquin to Youghall, will fill a long chapter; there is every combination that can be produced by the elements that enter into the picturesque and the beautiful;—deep shade—bold rocks—verdant slopes—with the triumphs of art superadded, and made visible in magnificent houses, and beautiful villas, with their decorated lawns and pleasure grounds. There is Tourin, the seat of Sir R. Musgrave, a fine old place; Drumanna, the magnificent domain of Mr. Villiers Stuart, embossed in a world of foliage. There is Campire, and Strancally, and the fine place of Mr. Ronan, and Ballinatray, and others,—all diversifying these banks, in the short course of the river from Cappoquin to Youghall.—*Ireland in 1834,*

FEMALE PRINTERS.—An extensive printing office has been established at Roanne, in which none but females are employed in composing and reading proofs. An experience of six months has satisfactorily proved the advantage of this new plan, owing to the superior regularity and attention to business manifested by the *female workmen.*

IMPROMPTU ON A TALKATIVE LADY.

Clarissa is admired by all,
 She's fair, mild, beautiful, and young;
 But then her pretty mouth's so small,
 She has not power to hold her tongue!

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rue St. Dominique, Faubourg Saint Germain.

November 20, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The winter, which already promises to be a severe one, has set in, and the good-natured Parisians, who have the happy knack of making their pleasures subservient to purposes of benevolence, have begun to take measures for the relief of the poor. Social evening parties are frequently given for this purpose. The entertainments begin by a lottery; the prizes are knick-knacks, the work of the ladies of the house, or of such of their guests as choose to contribute to it. Each of the guests takes a ticket, and then deposits what he or she pleases in a pretty fancy box that is placed in a corner of the room. By this means the guests are neither tempted to ostentation, nor humiliated on account of the smallness of their gifts. The lottery is then drawn, the prizes distributed, and while the elder part of the company amuse themselves with cards, the younger dance. About half after eleven, light refreshments, of which tea is one of the most favourite, are handed round, and shortly after twelve the party breaks up. I must not forget to say that the money staked at cards, as well as that laid out for the lottery, are distributed next morning to the poor; and the manner in which this is done is really worthy of imitation. The mistress of the house, or her daughters, or some near female connexions, plainly dressed, and on foot, go themselves from house to house among those poor but respectable persons, who, preferring to suffer every privation rather than make their wants known, are often much greater objects of charity than those who solicit relief. They are succoured either in money or necessaries, as the case may be. I have sometimes made one in these excursions, and I have seen with wonder, women, who in society appeared to be the most frivolous and coquettish of mortals, whose whole souls seemed absorbed in the love of dress and admiration, appear in the dwellings of the poor like ministering angels, enhancing a thousand times the value of their benefactions by the kindness with which they were bestowed.

A new charitable association for the same purpose has also just sprung up, it is called the Associations of Misericorde ; it has been set on foot by some ladies of high rank. Each member of the Association pays five francs on entering, and promises to contribute three francs every year. You will say that the funds of the society are not likely to be flourishing at that rate, but of course many will contribute more largely. The members of the association are invited to send any fancy works they please, to a shop in the Rue Vivienne, the owner of which will dispose of them for the benefit of the poor ; and these latter on their part find with her a means of selling the produce of their labour. The Parisian public have been for some time in a state of high expectation respecting Ancelot's drama, Lord Byron at Venice. It has turned out a miserable failure, deficient in every requisite for the theatre. He has transformed the noble Lord into a good, quiet, moral sort of a person, and quite a pattern, father, and husband. I could not help laughing at a French lady of my acquaintance, in whose eyes this change of character appears to be the only fault that Ancelot's production has. She called on me before I had seen the play, and began by blaming, in the most vehement manner, the way in which Ancelot had treated the character of the deceased peer. "God heavens," cried she, "what injustice ! what perversity ! He has done his utmost to disenchant us, to destroy all the fine and touching remembrances associated with the name of Byron."

"How so ?" said I.

"Why he has represented him as a good man. Yes, absolutely virtuous ! Think of that my dear Madame B——, was ever any thing so abominable ?"

I could not controul my risible muscles, at which my fair friend was very seriously offended. And when I considered that she belongs to the ultra romantic school, I did not wonder that she considered the poor poet had been grossly libelled. She has been a widow these three years, and has lately had what I dare say she herself would call a very narrow escape of being married to a very good man, whose only fault was a foolish passion for her. He had paid his addresses to her for some time in vain, but as his anxiety actually impaired his health, she began to think that he grew

more interesting. Still he did not look half unhappy enough. Then his features were decidedly against him. He had a handsome, open countenance, very expressive of sense and benevolence, but not bearing the least resemblance to the Manfreds, Laras, or any of the other heroes who had captivated her fancy. Nevertheless, as she saw him droop daily, and his case was pronounced absolutely consumptive, her heart began to soften. She reflected that he had at least one thing in common with her favourite personages, it was clear that his feelings were preying upon his life, and she mercifully determined that she would not enjoy her triumph to his last gasp, but would relax just in time to save his life. Whether this was actually the case I can't pretend to say, but it is certain that from the time she accepted his addresses, he gradually grew better. But now comes the catastrophe: with security came cheerfulness, as well as health. The pretty widow was astonished and indignant to see that he appeared happy. This was quite against all rules; she determined to break the match, and accordingly she altered her behaviour completely. But madly in love as De C—— was, he was too much a man of sense and honour to brook this behaviour. He wrote her a spirited letter, but as it was not at all in the style of the romantic school, he received an answer which at once determined his conduct: he instantly resigned his pretensions, and quitted Paris without taking leave of her. She affects to rejoice at this circumstance, but it is generally thought that her vanity is deeply hurt at his desertion.

The rage for antique ornaments, dresses, and furniture, is greater than ever. In fact, the silks, satins, and damasks of our great grandmamas are not only revived, but exceeded in splendour. I have seen a guinea and a half an ell given for a *satin moyenne age*, or a *satin luxor*, and as the dresses continue to be made of the most enormous width, and some with the addition of flounces, the quantity of silk used is sometimes more than twenty ells. You may judge then what expense an elegant toilette must be, especially as the accessories are on the same scale of price as the robe. The new jewellery is of the massive kind, rich but exceedingly heavy; gold chains, bracelets, and ceinture clasps. Gold ornaments are also a good deal used for the hair, but they are generally enriched with gems.

As to furniture, we are actually gone back to the middle ages, that of Louis XIV's day, which was a short time ago quite the rage, is now discarded; and a *merveilleuse* is quite *au desespoir* if her apartments are not altogether filled up in the style of the twelfth century. Nothing can shew a greater change in the national character than the influence of fashion in this respect. I am told that some thirty, or even twenty years ago, the furniture of a private gentleman's house was rarely changed until it became necessary to have new. Now people even of moderate fortunes find at the end of three or four years, that their furniture is perfectly old fashioned. The husband perhaps thinks that it might do for a little longer, but the wife, who is absolute queen of the *menage*, is sure it will not. New is therefore ordered, and the chance of its being ever paid for depends in too many instances upon a fortunate speculation in the stocks, or a run of luck at the gaming table.

I had almost forgotten to reply to your question about the theatres. You are right in supposing that the opera is the only one where ladies go in full dress. This is not however absolutely necessary, as a number of elegant women appear in half dress, particularly in the beginning of the season, and towards the end of it. A different style of toilette is necessary for the *Theatre Francais*. The costume should be rich, but grave. Dark colours and high dresses are preferred.

The jewellery should be of diamonds, or coloured gems, but pearls or fancy jewellery are not considered good taste. As to the crowd of minor theatres which here are visited occasionally even by ladies of the first rank, it is the fashion to go to them in promenade dresses, handsome, but rather of a plain kind; any thing beyond that would be considered vulgar. Adieu.

Believe me truly yours,

CHARLOTTE B——.

HON. MRS. SUTHERLAND,
Fairlawn, &c. &c.

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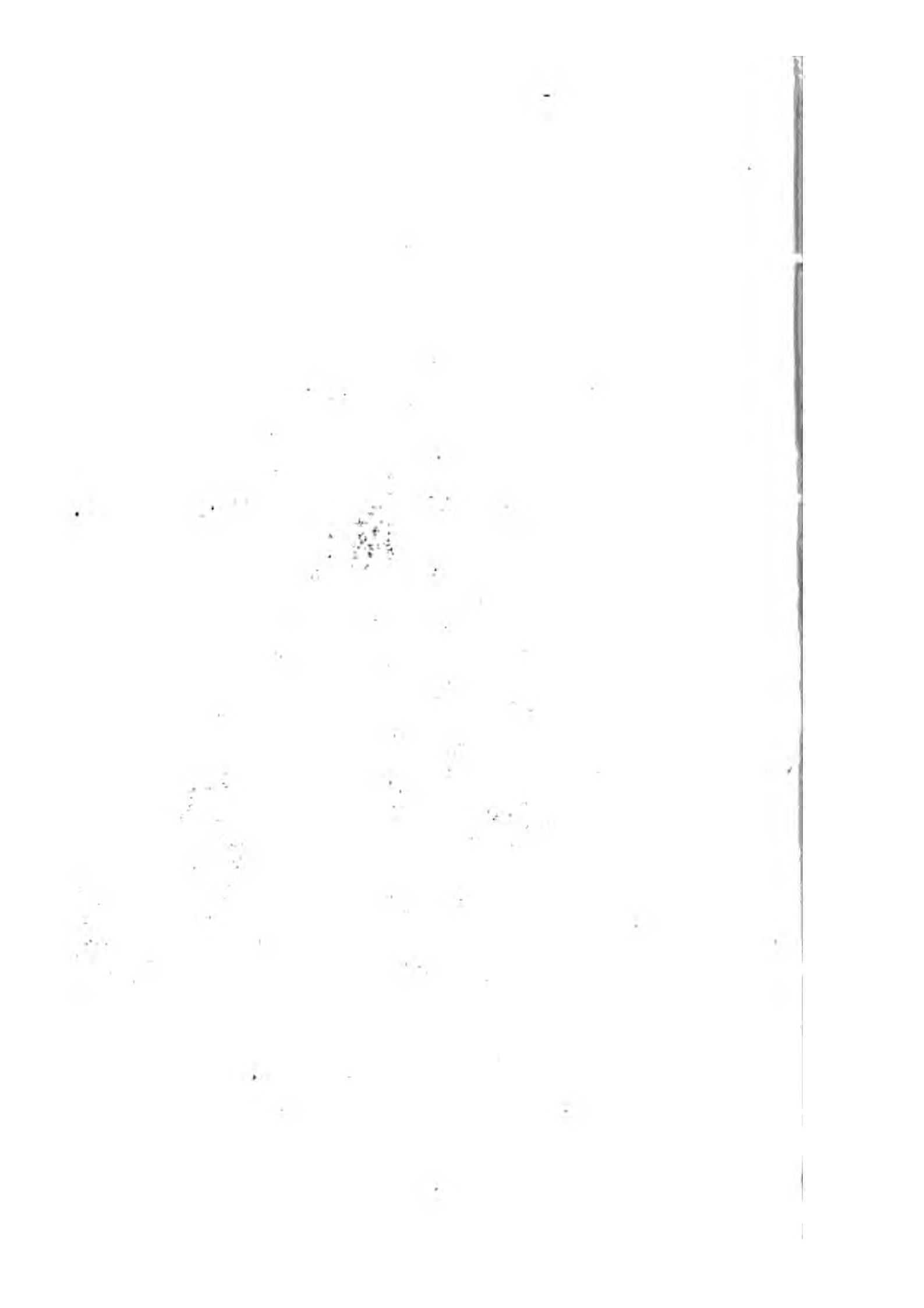


LONDON EVENING DRESS.



Lec 1834.

LONDON MORNING DRESS



THE LADIES' TOILET.

MORNING DRESS.—*Gros de Naples* robe, a light shade of claret colour. *Corsage* made partially high and plain; the sleeve of the usual size at top, but narrowing gracefully towards the bottom, and terminating in a deep cuff. The skirt is trimmed with a single deep flounce. Clear cambric pelerine of two falls, forming a *demi cœur* on the bosom, and with ends which pass under the *ceinture*. The border is embroidered in a light and delicate pattern; it is frilled round the throat, and fastened by a knot of rose-coloured figured satin ribbon. Cottage bonnet of rose-coloured satin, an open and square brim; the interior is trimmed *en comette*, with blond lace; the crown is ornamented only with figured satin ribbon, which, crossing in front, descends at the sides, and ties under the chin. Sable boa tippet.

EVENING DRESS.—*Oiseau* satin robe, a low body, entirely covered by a low pelerine of the same material; it is rounded behind; forms a heart on the bosom; it is trimmed round the top with a row of black blond lace, falling *à l'enfant*, and partially displaying the white blond lace that trims the dress. The round of the pelerine is also bordered with blond, and two scarf ends entirely of blond are attached to it, and pass through the *ceinture*. The hair is parted on the forehead, turned up in a platted braid, which forms a round knot behind, and arranged in a single light bow on one side. Neck-lace and ear-rings gold and pearls.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

Already every appearance of autumnal dresses has vanished, and our fair promenaders have assumed the decided garb of winter, with in some degree the exception of bonnets, but of these we shall speak by-and-bye.

Promenade robes are either silk or merino; the latter are already in great favour; dark colours are the only ones adopted; the favourite hues appear to be green and grey, each very nearly as dark as black. The same colours are

also preferred for silk dresses. The bodies are made quite high, and in general plain. As to sleeves, there is but one form, those formerly called *imbecille*, but now *à la Folle*.

Mantles begin already to be very generally adopted. Silk ones are the most fashionable; but we see several of merino, and when they are of a very fine kind, and trimmed with velvet, they have a very elegant appearance. Several of the silk ones are also trimmed with velvet: we perceive that black ones are in a majority.

Silk and satin pelisses, bordered with fur, have already made their appearance in carriage dress; they are not, however, by any means so generally adopted as those ornamented with fancy silk trimmings. Some of the prettiest of these last have the fronts both of the bodies and skirts embroidered in different fancy patterns with braiding to correspond. One of these patterns, that struck us as particularly elegant, had a cluster of vine leaves on each side, the stalks met in the centre of the pelisse, and were united by a knot of fancy silk trimming, from whence two small silk tassels descended. The trimming formed a cone on the skirt, and was arranged in the stomacher form on the body. Other pelisses are made to fasten down the front by ornamental buttons of different forms. The generality are made with pelerines; those of a large round form are most in favour. Hats and bonnets for the promenade are still, as we have said above, of rather a light description. We have seen several of *gros de Tours*, and other figured silks of different hues: they are trimmed with satin ribbons to correspond, or with rich figured silk ribbons. Winter bonnets are, however, coming in but slowly. We have as yet seen very few dark satin, and no velvet ones. It is otherwise in carriage dress: we see a number of hats and bonnets in figured satin of dark colours, as *marron*, *brun hanneton*, *raisin de Corinthe*, dark green, grey and violet. The ribbons that trim those bonnets are of a very rich kind; the ground corresponds with the bonnet, but it is figured in striking colours. A good many have the edge of the brim trimmed with a *ruche* of ribbon corresponding in pattern with that which trims the crown, but it is of gauze.

Velvet hats and bonnets are also coming into favour: a good many are trimmed with a sprig of flowers, which issues from a knot placed on the front of the crown, and droops over

the brim. Several hats of green or violet velvet are trimmed with sprigs of flowers of the same colour, with velvet hearts. Black velvet bonnets are adorned in general with plaided ribbons, black and red, black and green, or black and blue. We see also some with black grounds figured in colours. The knots that adorn these head-dresses are sometimes made long, and formed into points at the tops; they have no ends depending from them, and are placed in front of the crown, or nearly so; others have small bows and long ends: they are attached on one side. A good many have the ribbons crossed at the top of the crown; they descend and encircle the bottom of it, from whence they form the *brides*.

The crowns both of hats and bonnets are small, and in general of the cone kind. There is as yet no settled form for the brims, some being considerably smaller and shorter than others.

We have but few observations to make this month on evening dress. Nothing positive is indeed yet settled respecting it, but there is every reason to believe that it will be of a most magnificent description. Twilled satin is likely to be in great request, that is to say, those richly flowered. The *satins luxor* that we spoke of last month, and the plaided satins, will no doubt be very generally adopted in full dress. As to the forms of evening dresses, it is certain that the antique style will prevail. It is generally expected that trimmings will be very prevalent, particularly blond lace, both white and black, and it seems a decided thing that pointed bodies, which have been laid aside during the summer, are to be brought in again.

Small velvet hats will be much in favour in evening dress. We have seen some of pale rose color, of the *chapeau toque* form, but with a very small brim, which was ornamented in the interior just over the forehead with a single white rose of a small size; a *bouquet* of three white ostrich feathers placed in front, falls in contrary directions, and a richly figured broad white and rose-coloured gauze ribbon descends in long *brides*. Fashionable colours are *marron*, snuff-color, golden brown, puce, crimson, rose, light green, and lemon color.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS EVENING DRESS.—Robe of a new shade of dove-colored satin, figured in a light running pattern. The *corsage* cut low, square behind, and falling off the shoulders, is draped in full folds across the bosom, displaying in the centre blond lace *guimpe*; long sleeves, forming three *bouffans*, all very large. The shoulders, and one side of the front of the skirt, are ornamented with knots of rose-colored satin ribbon; the latter are placed in an oblique direction. Head-dress of hair disposed in a triple row of horizontal curls at the sides of the face, a *coque* of rose-colored ribbon is placed between each, and one at the bottom, from whence ends float on the neck. The hind hair is disposed in a pointed knot, intermixed with plaited braids, and ornamented with a full knot of ribbon, with floating ends.

PARIS BALL DRESS.—The robe is composed of Indian muslin, the ground is embroidered in *bouquets* of roses and wild flowers. The skirt is finished with a flounce which has a falling heading, the ground of the flounce is embroidered in rosebuds, the border and the heading are worked in a wreath of roses and wild flowers. The *corsage* is low, draped horizontally, and slightly pointed before and behind. Sleeves *à la Maintenon*. Skirts bouffanted in two places, surmounted by an embroidered *mancheron*, which is trimmed with a *nœud de Paye* of light blue gauze ribbons, and terminated by lace ruffles, looped by a knot of blue ribbons in front of the arm. *Coiffure à la Grecque*, ornamented with artificial flowers, pearls, and a gold and pearl comb.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LAST FRENCH FASHIONS.

Winter has not yet set in, and already our promenades are filled with ladies enveloped in mantles, the materials and colors of which offer a great variety. Some are of plaided cashmere, others of plain or figured merino. Those the most remarkable for elegance, are of very rich figured silk or satin. The forms vary less than the materials. The greater part are made with sleeves and *ceintures*, and there is every reason to believe that this form, which is certainly the most graceful,

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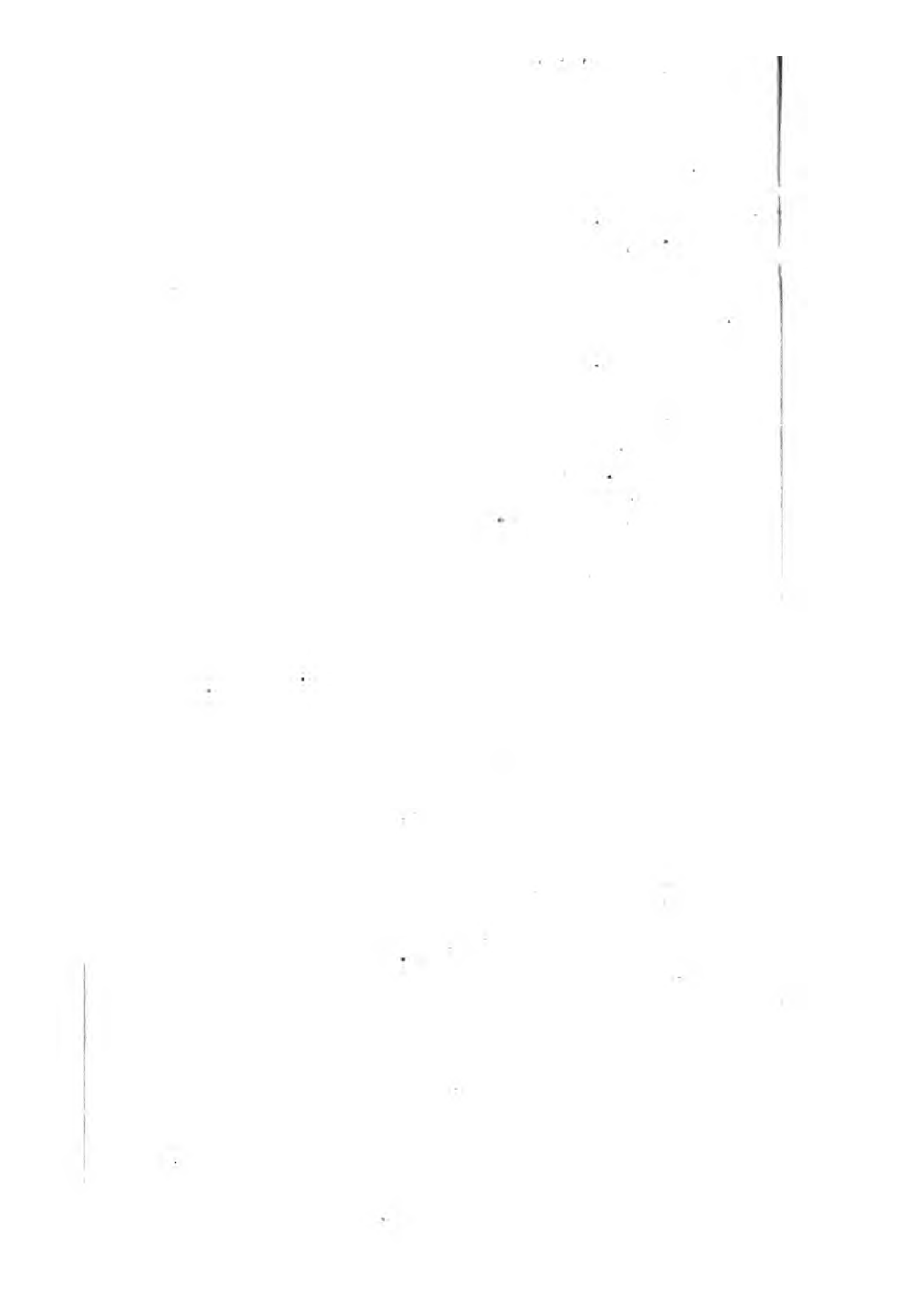
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Jos.^h Robin.



Decr. 1834.



will be decidedly fashionable during the winter. The pelearines are sufficiently short to show the shape; the sleeves turned up like those of a *robe de chambre*, or descending in points in the same form as those worn in the twelfth century, so as to have a free passage to the arm.

Undress bonnets are for the most part of black velvet, or of dark green, or blue figured satin. They are made closer and with larger brims than those of last year; a single flower composed of velvet, and a knot of ribbon, forms the trimming. Some are also adorned with a *ruche* of ribbon round the brim. Those of black velvet are frequently trimmed with *mentonnières* of black lace.

The Opera continues to be the resort of all the good company in Paris, and it is there that whatever is most *recherché* in evening dress is to be found. We may cite among the most elegant a robe of light blue satin, the front of which was trimmed with branches of oak leaves in fancy silk trimmings, broad at the bottom, but diminishing as it ascended to the *ceinture*. The *corsage* was draped; it formed a heart very high upon the bosom; the drapery was retained by a branch of oak leaves, corresponding with those on the front of the skirt. The shoulder-strap was fastened by a diamond button, and the sleeve, somewhat of the Turkish form, and open before, fell very low in a point, displaying a very short sleeve of white satin. Nothing can be more elegant or original than the effect of this robe. Some others of white cashmere, the skirts of which were embroidered in front in an Egyptian pattern in crimson silk, were also very much admired. The *corsages* were cut low, and trimmed with a lappel, narrow on the back and bosom, but deep, pointed, and open on the shoulders. The lappel was embroidered to correspond with the front. The sleeves were *à la Folle*, and terminated with embroidered cuffs. The *ceinture* of *ruban luxor*, white ground, with crimson of the richest kind, was fastened at one side with short bows and long ends.

Hats are more in favour than any other head-dress for the Opera. The prettiest are those of rose-colored satin, with a small turned up brim, edged with narrow blond, which forms a *ruche*. A single Chinese rose placed on one side, gives a finish at once simple and elegant to this pretty head-dress. Plain velvet of the new color, *bleu d'Ecosse*, is

also much employed for these small hats; they are trimmed with plaid ribbons, and white ostrich feathers, *panachies* with blue. The *coiffures au chiffen* are at present much in request, and it is expected will be more so; but being adapted only for full dress, they are less generally used for the *spectacle*, because the toilettes, with few exceptions, such as we have above cited, are in general of the elegant half-dress kind. The *coiffure au chiffen* is a melange of gauze tastefully draped among the hair, and intermingled with flowers or feathers, to which jewellery is sometimes added. Some are composed only of gauze or crape intermingled with precious stones. Fashionable colors are *mar-ron*, *raisin de Corinthe*, *brun hanneton*, rose, beet red, violet, and various shades of grey and green.

THE ROSE.

BY J. T. BARKER.

The fairest flower must fade and die,
 Its fragrance fail, its beauty fly,—
 Deserted, trampled, and forgot,
 Must cease to deck the rural spot.

Yet there's a flower, the pride of fields,
 Tho' wither'd, still a fragrance yields;
 The rose retains its sweet perfume
 Disrobed of all its lovely bloom.

So will the charms of Youth decay,
 And vanish, like the flower, away;
 The fairest form, the loveliest face,
 Must yield to time its every grace.

Then, in the spring of Youth, secure
 Those virtues which will firm endure;
 These shall remain in constant bloom,
 And shed their fragrance round the tomb.

