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LOVE AND REVENGE.

It was in the autumn of 18—, that a Mexican gentleman, Senor Ferdinand Lauza, by name, with his lady, to whom he had been but recently married, and her sister, took-up their residence in a small, but elegantly-furnished villa, at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. Senor Lauza was a Creole, having been born of Spanish parents in Yucatan, where his father, a member of the legislative assembly, possessed mines of considerable value. Having occasion to visit England, on commercial business, Senor Lauza was introduced to the lady, whose hand, after a brief acquaintance, he solicited, and, eventually, with success, notwithstanding a slight discrepancy in their ages,—Lauza being about thirty, and miss Julia Leighton, not then having attained her majority.

Madame Lauza, (as she was usually called) and her sister, Matilda, were the children of general Leighton, an officer who served with distinction in the Peninsular War, and, subsequently, in India, where he died, bequeathing to his daughters his entire fortune, which was very considerable, and appointing, as their guardian, his friend, the Earl Beckenham, with whom Julia was residing at the period of her marriage, for which his Lordship's consent and approbation had been duly obtained.

Two, more elegant, accomplished, and perfectly beautiful girls, than Julia and Matilda Leighton could scarcely be found in any part of Lancashire, whence they derived that 'witchery,' for which, we believe, its guardian Nymphs have long been celebrated.

A.—46.
The Court and Lady's Magazine.

There was a radiant fascination in their countenances, of which neither language
nor limner could convey any adequate idea. In figure, both were tall, and of
faultless symmetry.—Julia's eyes were violet-blue, and her hair, the purest auburn;
while Matilda's orbs and tresses had that Italian shade and brilliancy, more
commonly suggestive of intellect than heart; but, save this slight contrast, there
was a striking resemblance between the 'witches,' upon whom the compliment of
uniting the brightness of stars, to the sweetness of flowers had—not been improperly
or ungracefully bestowed. In disposition, both were so truly amiable, that it would
have perplexed many an anxious enquirer to have determined which was the better
adapted to ensure the perfect harmony of connubial life. Still, if we might be
permitted to draw a distinction,—without involving any personal prepossession,—
we should say that there was more tenderness and sympathy in Julia's countenance,
than the darker glances of her younger sister were calculated to express. In
unaffected elegance—the result of high cultivation, and fine natural endowments,—
the sisters were as secure from rivalry, as in that dazzling loveliness which had ob-
tained for them a celebrity which was certainly not attributable to any premeditated
designs of their own, and whose existence they would have been more alarmed than
gratified to discover.

Senor Lauza had—not been married, many weeks, when he received intelligence
of the death of his father, an event which compelled his return to Mexico, at an
earlier period than he had originally contemplated. In consequence, however, of
madame Lauza's health being exceedingly delicate, the Isle of Wight was selected
for her residence during her husband's temporary absence,—it being his intention
to dispose of his Mexican estates, preparatory to a final settlement in his adopted
country. As soon, therefore, as the necessary arrangements were complete, Senor
Lauza embarked in an American vessel, bound direct to Vera Cruz, leaving his
lady with her sister, Matilda, as a companion, and recommending her to the counsel
and protection of an eccentric, old gentleman, who was also sojourning in the Island,
partly for the benefit of his constitution, but more especially for meteorological
science.

Mr. Middleton was a stout, cheerful and enthusiastic old bachelor, between fifty
and sixty years of age. In early life, he paid-his-addresses to a young lady of
distinguished beauty, who died on the day appointed for their nuptials. Since
then, Mr. Middleton had constantly worn mourning; and though several intelligent
widows had looked upon him with pensive sympathy, yet, true to his first impression,
he had, smilingly, shaken his head at them all, resolved, evermore, to wear the
miniature of his Miranda next that heart, where her memory had so long been
fondly cherished. Having a small independence, Mr. Middleton, who had been
educated for the bar, relinquished his prospects of forensic eminence, in order to
devote-himself, with greater diligence, to the improvement of its glorious constitu-
tion, and the study of those physical agencies, by which it is most generally and
potentially affected, amongst which, meteorology, of course, held a prominent
station. For this purpose, he had travelled pretty nearly over all the continent, to
determine, from personal experience, the relative advantages which various climates
Love and Revenge.

presented to the fastidious invalid. A journal, in which his observations were
daily or hourly recorded, he had long been preparing for publication, and only hesi-
tated respecting the meridian, in whose favor he should ultimately strike the balance
of his sanatory accounts. In order to ensure unquestionable accuracy in his observa-
tions, Mr. Middleton kept a wind-guage and a rain-guage—an anemometer, and a
sympiesometer—and the vigilant watching of these instruments, with the registration
of the phenomena which they disclosed, constituted the principal business of his
life, and caused his authority upon the subjects, which occupied his almost undivided
attention, to be universally recognised and respected.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Middleton made it his universal practice, to call every morning upon the ladies,
at their villa, to enquire after their health, and ascertain if he could execute any
little commission for them in town. One day, madame Lauza was engaged at her
embroidery-frame, and Matilda was practising at the harp, when Mr. Middleton
made his appearance, with much bustle and animation in his deportment—a telescope
under his arm, and bearing a large bouquet of roses, which he had just gathered for
the purpose of presenting it to his fair neighbours.

"Good morning, ladies," cried Mr. Middleton, in his clear and cordial tone. "I
hope you were—not much alarmed at the wind last night."

"Matilda heard it, but I did-not," replied madame Lauza. "Was it, then, very
violent, Mr. Middleton?"

"Not hear it!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with astonishment. "Bless me.
Why, it blew all the blossoms from off our cherry-tree, and played-the-dickens with
Mrs. Maberly's sweet-peas."

"How distressing," observed Matilda. "I hope we shall—not have a repetition
of such unruly behaviour, while we remain upon this sweet, but solitary, little Island."

"The wind has got more round to the south, now," rejoined Mr. Middleton,
approaching the window, and contemplating a gilded vase, which surmounted a
neighbouring dove-cote. "At 2 a.m. it was north-east by east."

"Do you think we shall have any rain, Mr. Middleton?" enquired Julia. "For
we thought of walking as far as St. Lawrence, this afternoon, to make some trifling
purchases."

"I looked at my 'friar,' before I came out," replied Mr. Middleton, "and he
says—no—most emphatically; but my sea-weed prognosticates a decided change
for wet. I fear my friar is somewhat out of order. Mrs. Maberly had some little
folks to see her, one day, last week, and, in my absence, the young rogues got
pulling his cowl over his head; since which, his powers of prophecy have been very
much weakened, as you may naturally suppose. Let the wind only get-round
another point to the south, and we must have a fall of something, there's no question
about that."

"Is it not rather too cold for rain, Mr. Middleton?" said Matilda, who delighted
in drawing-out the old gentleman, upon those crotchets which most interested him.
"My glass stands at fifty-three degrees, in the shade," replied Mr. Middleton, putting-on his spectacles, to inspect a thermometer over the mantle-piece. "Yours, I see, is sixty degrees; that's not very low. I directed Mrs. Maberly, when the glass fell to forty-seven degrees, to have my lambs'-wool socks well aired, fancying I should require them; but, 'pon my word, I think of waiting a little longer, and making forty-eight degrees the signal for change of hosiery."

"Ah! Mr. Middleton," said Madame Lauza, distributing the flowers into little, china vases, "see what it is to be a philosopher, and to regulate even one's personal comforts by rule and figures. But shall we have an opportunity of seeing that grand, lunar eclipse, to-night, which you have so long promised us?"

"The grand, lunar eclipse?" returned Mr. Middleton, with an air of perplexity.
"O!—true. Why, what a blockhead I am—that's the very subject I came to speak to you about; but, first, I must tell you of a little adventure I met-with in my travels, yesterday."

"An adventure, Mr. Middleton?" cried Matilda, placing a lump of sugar between the wires of the brass cage, which contained her favorite canary. "O! let us hear it—if it be ever so little, it will be acceptable. Julia and myself are quite faint from the lack of news. It's six weeks since Mrs. Newton met with that ill-looking man on the highway; and we have-not had a morsel of any kind, since."

"Excepting," said Madame Lauza, "our new curate, having been seen to come-home with an umbrella, which he must have borrowed of one of the Miss Atkinsons—a circumstance which speaks volumes, at least, in Mrs. Maberly's opinion."

"You are depriving us of a most interesting romance," cried Matilda, addressing her sister. "Now, Mr. Middleton, pray favor us with your little adventure, there's a kind creature."

Thus entreated, the meteorologist placed his telescope on the sofa; then, drawing a chair between his expectant auditors, he cleared his voice, and, with pleasure beaming in his benevolent eye, commenced as follows:—

"When I was in Wales, about two years ago, of course I paid a visit to its most stupendous lion, mount Snowden, but not alone, my fellow-traveller, on that occasion, being a highly intelligent, and gentlemanly young man, whom I accidently picked-up at the Inn, from which I started, and who had come thither upon the same errand as myself—namely, to enlarge-his-mind, by contemplating the majestic works of Nature. What he was, then, I do-not know; nor what he is, now, have I been able, exactly, to discover."

"How very mysterious," observed Matilda, who was well acquainted with Mr. Middleton's discursive mode of narration.

"But, from certain hints," pursued Mr. Middleton, with a wink at the lady who had just spoken, "which fell from him in the course of conversation, I suspect that he was engaged in writing a book—a sort of descriptive tour, with illustrations from his own hand. Well! We dined together; we had very nice veal-cutlets, and some thin rashers of bacon. We drank a bottle of port between us—told stories—cracked jokes—exchanged snuff-boxes—lit our candles—bade each other 'good night,' and when I got-up, in the morning, and enquired for my companion, I found he was
gone, having booked his place in the identical coach, by which I had intended to travel, but was prevented, because there was no room for me—a singular coincidence, certainly."

"I suppose he had settled his account, and everything before his departure?" said Matilda, "though his sudden disappearance would seem to imply his omission of that important duty."

"No—no!" returned Mr. Middleton, rapidly taking snuff. "A highly honorable man! but rather eccentric in his movements—the creature of impulse, probably. Well, I saw no more of him; and being constantly occupied with a multiplicity of affairs, I had almost forgotten him, till, yesterday afternoon, as I was strolling down by Shanklin Chine, I observed a gentleman seated on one of the ledges of the rocks, engaged with pencil and portfolio, in making a-sketch of the surrounding scenery, and, on examination, who do you guess this landscape-sketcher proved to be?"

"O, do not impose too severe a task upon our ingenuity, Mr. Middleton," answered madame Lauza, with a smile.

"We do not imagine, for one moment," said Matilda, "that it was the mysterious gentleman, with whom you exchanged snuff-boxes, and whom you so uncharitably thought capable even of writing a book."

"Himself, alone!" exclaimed Mr. Middleton, while his spectacles seemed to sparkle with the radiance of his intellectual glances. "We recognised each other without the employment of any masonic symbols; and, as he is really a very pleasant and gentlemanly fellow, I gave him an invitation to dinner, which he accepted, and will be with us at five p.m. precisely."

"To-day, Mr. Middleton?" said madame Lauza, assuming an expression of surprise.

"To day, madam," replied the old gentleman, with a firm and steadfast look, "unless you know any just cause or impediment, in which case you are bound to declare it."

"Well, then, Mr. Middleton," said Matilda, "if we are bound to declare it, I shall not hesitate to express my opinion, that you had no authority for inviting any gentleman to dine with you to-day."

"On what ground," demanded Mr. Middleton.

"Because you were prohibited, from a prior engagement."

"I am not aware of any prior engagement," rejoined Mr. Middleton; "perhaps, you will explain."

"O, that is very unkind!" said Julia, who, with an ivory stiletto was directing a stream of blue ribbon through the sinuosities of a blond lace cap, "did you not promise that we should have the advantage of your telescope and instruction, this evening?"

"My dear ladies," exclaimed Mr. Middleton, regarding his fair pupils with unquestionable sincerity and good-faith, "you shall not be disappointed; everything shall be arranged to your perfect satisfaction.—Do you really think that I had forgotten the eclipse?"

Matilda shook her head with an expression of distrust, which induced Mr. Mid-
dleton to vindicate, the reputation of his memory, with all his constitutional warmth and earnestness.

"Why, that nothing may be wanting to facilitate our views, on this occasion," said Mr. Middleton, looking around him with feelings of pardonable vanity, "I have had a sort of triangle, or rest, for my telescope, erected in the balcony, and thus I propose to manage; we dine at half-past five—Mrs. Maberly having under-to be ready at that time, under heavy penalties—at half-past six, you and Miss Leighton will drop-in, as it were, accidentally, and, at my pressing solicitation, will stay and make tea for us.—Do not your hearts reproach you, now, for having suspected me of culpable forgetfulness?"

"Your defence is very ingenious, as are those of most counsellors," replied Matilda, laughing; "but it affords but a sorry reparation to the poor complainants."

"How so? demanded Mr. Middleton, arresting himself in the act of opening his snuff-box, "you will-not allow my proposed guest to interfere with the gratification of a laudable curiosity?"

"I should like to see the eclipse, very much, indeed," said Matilda, "but my curiosity does-not extend to gentlemen, who leave their hotels in the abrupt manner which you have already described."

Mr. Middleton was going to rebut this insinuation, when madame Lauza, moved by compassion, released him from the perplexities which he had accumulated upon himself.

"There might be no impropriety," she said, addressing her sister, "in our just calling en passant; we need-not stay—I am sure Mr. Middleton would-not wish us to do so, if we experienced any thing which was-not perfectly agreeable."

Mr. Middleton re-iterated his assurances of his friend’s respectability and unexceptionable deportment, but, notwithstanding the fervor of his eloquence, he could not remove Matilda’s scruples to his generous but eccentric proposition.—With Madame Lauza he was, however, more successful; for, although Julia possessed, in an equal degree with her sister, the good-taste and sense of propriety which might be expected from their education and position; yet, being of a more pliant disposition, and less fastidious, or, perhaps, discreet, in what she considered things of trifling import, Mr. Middleton had little difficulty in obtaining her compliance, upon the understanding that Matilda should consent to accompany her, and that they should be permitted to leave immediately after the performance of the special duty for which their company was solicited.—Prognosticating rain, in less than two hours, Mr. Middleton took-his-departure, highly gratified with the result of his application.

CHAPTER III.

Matilda having consented to accompany her sister to Mr. Middleton’s, would-not retract her promise, though she still adhered to her opinion of the imprudence which such a proceeding involved. She impressed upon Julia, the danger to which she exposed—herself, by mingling with persons of whose principles and circumstances she was equally ignorant, more especially when she considered the disposition of her
husband, in whom were blended the fiercest and most impetuous passions, which distinguish the natives of a tropical clime.

"As we have given Mr. Middleton our promise," observed Matilda, in reply to her sister’s suggestion of relinquishing her intended visit, "of course we cannot do otherwise than keep our appointment; but I do hope, Julia, you will never, again, be led into such a very objectionable undertaking."

"I very much regret having promised, now, Julia," said Madame Lauza, sinking into a chair, while a death-like yellow overspread her beautiful features, "you have no idea how my heart beats. What a poor, nervous thing I am. Your solemn lecture has quite terrified me. I really feel as if something dreadful was about to happen;—but it is silly to give-way to these imaginary fears. Let us go, Julia, if we must—the sooner we are there, the sooner we will return;—and if there is any impropriety in our making-tea for an old friend, like dear Mr. Middleton, why you will have the delightful privilege of scolding me, who am the culpable party, as long as you feel inclined to do so."

A few moments, after these words were spoken, the ladies were on their way to the little, Swiss cottage, which, perched on a gentle eminence, and commanding a delightful view of the sea, stood at, almost, a convenient stone’s-throw, from their own residence. The door was opened by Mrs. Maberly, a tidy-looking, old fashioned dame, in a black-silk coal-skuttle bonnet; black-thread mittens; and black-velvet shoes. She cast-up her hands with an air of agreeable surprise, on beholding the ladies, and in a mysterious whisper informed them, that there was a handsome, little man in the parlour, and so clever, that he was actually engaged in painting Mr. Middleton’s portrait.

She had scarcely finished this interesting communication, when Mr. Middleton suddenly emerged from the parlour, his spectacled countenance beaming with happiness; and, greeting the ladies most cordially—for he had arrived at the second bottle of port, he insisted upon their walking-in, that he might introduce them to a very esteemed friend of his, who would be delighted to make-their-acquaintance.

So saying, he ushered them into the dining-room, where his guest, with a camel’s-hair pencil, and a box of water-colors, was occupied in putting the last finishing touches to the miniature, which he had undertaken, at Mr. Middleton’s own suggestion, and with Mr. Middleton’s grateful consent.

Mr. Middleton hastened to introduce his guest, who rose at the entrance of the ladies, and politely offered Madame Lauza a chair.

"Madame Lauza," ‘Mr. Edwin Stanley Clare,—’Mr. Clare,’ ‘madame Lauza and miss Leighton.’"

Judging from his appearance, Mr. Edwin Stanley Clare might have been between six and eight-and-twenty years of age. His complexion was, perhaps, too fair and delicate, to be quite consistent with our ideal of manly beauty—a profusion of flaxen-hair, falling in curling clusters on his shoulders, while the softer emotions which blue-eyes are best adapted to express, were somewhat at variance with the broad and massive forehead, announcing an order of intellect with which they are not commonly associated. His figure was slender, and somewhat beneath the average
standard, but his erect and graceful deportment, more than compensated for a deficiency, which some few considered rather to increase than detract—from his personal recommendations. He wore a mulberry-colored frock-coat, of exquisite fit, and a plain, black-silk cravat. There was nothing in his appearance, to indicate that he belonged either to the 'house of Peers' or the 'Royal Academy'—his toilet being distinguished by that unstudied simplicity, which good-taste prescribes, when combined with a reasonable deference to conventional models. The only ornament which he exhibited, was a small brilliant, which sparkled on the little finger of a hand, which, by its delicacy and proportions, was the unquestionable sign-manual, of gentle, if-not aristocratic birth.

The formal introduction of Mr. Edwin Stanley Clare to his visitors, having been completed, Mr. Middleton entreated the ladies to go-up-stairs, and take-off their bonnets.

"We cannot stay—we cannot, indeed," said Julia, sitting-down, contrary to her sister's previously expressed injunction.

"You think so," replied Mr. Middleton, giving his guest a significant look; "but, after tea, we'll go into committee upon that question." Then, wheeling-round his easy-chair for Miss Leighton's accommodation, she was, with some reluctance, prevailed-upon to accept it.

"I was having my portrait taken, for the first time these six-and-twenty-years," observed Mr. Middleton, fetching a couple of wine-glasses from the beaupet, and placing them beside the decanters of port and sherry, which already graced the festive board.

"It is a very humble attempt," said Mr. Clare, shewing madame Lauza the production of his pencil, at which she expressed her unqualified admiration.

"Capital likeness—is it not?" cried Mr. Middleton, surveying his *vera effigies* at arm's-length. "Then, ugly old people—aehem!—are so much more difficult to deal-with, than some handsome fellows I could name. If Mr. Clare would only condescend to take you, miss Leighton, his fame," and Mr. Middleton clapped-his-hands, emphatically, "would literally extend from pole to pole."

Madame Lauza and Mr. Clare both smiled at this innocent witticism; but Matilda averted her eyes, and expressed no inclination for the honor proposed.

"I should be most happy," said Mr. Clare, glancing from madame Lauza to her sister, as if he was mentally comparing their personal attractions; "but I have-not sufficient confidence in my own skill, to imagine, for one moment, that I could succeed in a task, where the artist must necessarily fail, unless he can realize perfection."

"Hear! hear!" softly ejaculated Mr. Middleton, tapping the table to notify his approbation of this reasonable compliment.

Perceiving, however, that Mr. Clare had-not made that favorable impression upon Matilda, which he had anticipated, Mr. Middleton did-not repeat his proposition. At all times, averse from the society of strangers—quick in her perception of character, and firm in her sentiments, whether of antipathy or attachment, Matilda detected in the countenance of Mr. Clare, a something which excited her distrust.
and caused her to wonder where Mr. Middleton had found that integrity and candour, which he had ascribed to him as his peculiar characteristics.

Matilda had intended to impress upon her sister the necessity for their immediate departure; but the sudden appearance of Mrs. Maberly, with the tea-tray, at once rendered their present escape impossible. Madame Lauza, on the other hand, saw nothing at all objectionable in Mr. Clare's demeanour or conversation; and feeling, moreover, that opposition, if attempted, would be futile, consented to preside over the tea-urn, the duties of which office, by her graceful manners, she invariably performed in Mr. Middleton's presence, so as to occasion both surprise and enchantment.

"My friend Clare," said the old gentleman, after an application for a supplementary lump of sugar, "met with a very pretty and interesting, little adventure, this morning."

"Now, my dear sir, I beg——" replied Mr. Clare, coloring slightly, and raising his hand in depreciation of the report, which so alarmed his inherent modesty.

"O, do let us hear it, Mr. Middleton," cried Julia, laughing; "you know how long it is since you rendered us your weekly account—and, consequently, how deeply you are in debt to us."

"Well, my friend Clare shall pay my debts—come," said Mr. Middleton, "then you shall hold me discharged and exonerated, henceforth and for ever."

"I should be sorry to withhold any information which might contribute to your entertainment," observed Mr. Clare, addressing the ladies; "but the incident to which, I presume, my friend, Mr. Middleton, alludes, is one of such a very simple and frivolous nature, that it would really be quite unjustifiable for me to spend another word upon it."

"Don't you believe him, madame Lauza," cried Mr. Middleton. "I assure you, that it was so beautifully affecting, that, when I heard it, it absolutely brought tears into my eyes."

"Excited by the severe trial to which your patience was subjected," rejoined Mr. Clare, with one of his politest smiles.

"We must hear this little, romantic incident, Mr. Clare," said madame Lauza, in her sweetest tone. "You know how dangerous it is to excite our sex's curiosity."

"If he won't tell it," returned Mr. Middleton, warmly, "I will tell it for him—that's flat."

"Mr. Clare again urged the triviality of the transaction, which his host had invested with such unwarrantable importance, but finding that Mr. Middleton and his fair visitors, or, at least, one of them, for Matilda still remained discreetly silent, persisted in their requisition for the interesting episode in his adventurous career, Mr. Clare, at last, like a sagacious statesman, judiciously yielded to the pressure from without, and, with evident reluctance, thus described his participation in an adventure, which reflected so brightly upon his kindness of heart, and his artistical genius:—"

"Among the passengers, on board the steam-packet, which brought me from Dieppe to Southampton," he commenced, "was a very curious-looking character, a Parsee or Lascar, I should imagine, from his complexion and costume, for he wore
a twisted turban, a white tunic, and a crimson-and-orange-colored shawl, which gave him a very picturesque and pleasing appearance. He was accompanied by a little girl, about five or six years of age, and whose little, round, tawny face, and lively black eyes, caused her to be much noticed by several ladies on board, from whom she received presents of various descriptions. Though it was a beautiful, sunshiny morning, there was sufficient wind stirring, to occasion an accident, which, however simple in itself, was productive of rather serious consequences. About an hour after leaving Dieppe, as I was conversing with a lady, who was sitting on one of the benches in the after-part of the vessel, holding a small, green parasol over her bonnet, a sudden gust of wind, unceremoniously wrested the parasol from her hand, and sent it floating on the sparkling waters, with the stick uppermost, presenting the appearance of a bark, disguised for some infantile Neptune, or other deity of the briny wave."

Mr. Middleton looked at madame Lauza, and both smiled at a conceit of so much beauty and originality. The author, however, effected—not to observe this token of their approval, and continued his narration, as if nothing had happened to exalt him in his own esteem.

"Though not materially concerned at her loss, the lady, finding her parasol so unexpectedly wafted from her, uttered a slight and involuntary exclamation, as ladies will, under such circumstances; upon which the Lascar, who happened to be standing near, and not being acquainted with our European modes and feelings, put a very serious construction. The result was, that, before I, or any other person could prevent him, he dived over the side of the vessel, into the water, and swimming towards the buoyant parasol, soon succeeded in reaching it, and bringing it safe on board, much, however, to our worthy captain's indignation, who declared that he would'n't have stopped his engines for fifty parasols, had—not that great smoke-dried booby, thought-fit to risk his life to save three-and-sixpence to a lady of fortune."

"He did-not pay your friend's parasol a very high compliment," remarked madame Lauza, who appeared much interested in the story, and could find no fault with the manner or address of the speaker. Matilda's prejudices, however, could neither be removed nor shaken.

"Ladies' parasols," rejoined Mr. Clare, "are things upon which I do-not consider myself competent to place a valuation; but that does-not affect the morale of my story, which now assumes somewhat of a personal aspect, and which, as my kind friend, Mr. Middleton, insists upon my repeating, why, I do so, at his risk, for I am sure it is quite unpardonable to exhaust your patience with anything so frivolous. Upon him, therefore, must devolve the pains and penalties which I should justly incur, were I speaking without his authority."

"Proceed, friend Clare," said Mr. Middleton, stirring his tea with philosophical deliberation, "reserving to yourself the right of apologising, as much as you think proper, when you have finished your tale."

That is a privilege," said Julia, "of which, from consideration to us, I am sure Mr. Clare will-not take-advantage."
"You are very flattering," replied Mr. Clare, with a slight inclination. "May I trouble you for a very small piece of sugar. I believe my hero of the tawny visage had just come on board—had he not?—after his immersion, bearing the recovered parasol—the dripping monument of his untutored gallantry. Having restored the fugitive to its fair and grateful owner, who, of course, rewarded him with a liberal guerdon, the poor, simple fellow was about to descend to the cabin, for the purpose of drying his garments, when he paused, and thrusting his hand into the front of his tunic, with an air of vivid apprehension, he suddenly burst-forth into a paroxysm of grief, in which his little girl, by the force of sympathy, was, naturally enough, soon induced to participate. Happening to know a little of the Hindostanee language, I accosted him, and with difficulty learnt from him the cause of his distress. It seemed that the child which was accompanying him, was his grand-daughter, and that her mother, whom he described in the exaggerated style of oriental eloquence, as a young woman of surpassing loveliness, had died shortly before his quitting Madras on his voyage to this country. In some way or other, which he did-not explain, he had obtained his portrait—a miniature, I should presume—which he had carried about him, with a riband suspended from his neck. This souvenir, unfortunately, in his recent, aquatic performance, had become detached from its place of consignment, and was nowhere to be found,—sunk, most probably, some twenty fathoms deep, never, again, to gladden his fond, parental eyes. In this pitiable dilemma, the poor creature's lamentations were at once ludicrous and affecting, and a friend of mine having suggested that we should open-a-subscription to console him for his loss, I thought the better way to pour balm into his wounded spirit, would be to set-about painting as close a fac simile of the portrait, as his own vivid description of the original would enable us to do, and taking for my guide the child whom he represented as her mother's living picture (assisted of course with a little imagination of my own) would enable me to furnish. Having the requisite materials in my portmanteau, I set-about the task, and, in a few minutes, with some Indian-ink, and a piece of card-board, had dashed-off such an exquisite representation of a Numidian Venus, that the poor fellow was in a transport of ecstasy on beholding it—pressing it to his lips, smiling upon it with passionate tenderness, and pouring-forth the expressions of his admiration, with a volubility that rendered him irresistibly amusing, and perfectly unintelligible."

This long story having been brought to a happy termination, Mr. Middleton hastened to introduce to his fair visitors, the subject which, for a considerable time past, had so frequently engaged their united attention. A protracted shower of rain, however, which set-in shortly before the lunar eclipse was anticipated, completely destroyed the prospect of witnessing the celestial phenomenon, for which he had made such extensive and judicious arrangements. Mr. Clare, however, had no cause to regret the circumstance, as it afforded him the opportunity of escorting home, beneath the shelter of his German, silk umbrella, the ladies, in whose company he felt so much pleasure, although he could-not but perceive that, with respect to one of them, he might as well have wasted his sweetness on the desert air, as to any favorable impression which his intentions were likely to produce. Guided by
the native perversity of womankind, Matilda would not be propitiated, and never despised herself, so much, as when she formally thanked Mr. Clare for his kindness in placing his umbrella entirely at their disposal, and heard, without a dissentient murmur, Julia express her fears of his catching his death of cold.

CHAPTER IV.

We have spoken of the natural perversity of womankind, as if, though unquestionably a formidable, motive power, it was the solitary source of that indifference, with which Matilda treated the man, who left no conversational stone unturned, in order to win her favor and esteem. Let us, however, be temperate in the exercise of our judicial functions, and, as far as truth will permit, blend charity with justice. Apart from, and exclusive, altogether, of the disdain, which any very loquacious person must necessarily excite in one, who is, by nature, pensive and discreet, there was another reason why Miss Leighton should be insensible to those fascinations, which her sister recognised and dilated upon with so much generosity and fervor. Matilda was in love! . . . . Any further apology, we feel would be superfluous. Mr. Edwin Stanley Clare would have acknowledged that, had he been aware of the startling fact—but, as public curiosity may be awakened, to know with whom, and to what extent, the tender sentiment had been cultivated, we propose deviating from the direct line of our story, as far as may be requisite for the purpose of supplying our readers with such information upon these important topics, as we have been able to collect, from a diligent and careful collation of the highest and best authorities.

The honorable Henry Algernon, who had been fortunate enough—for it was no light or simple achievement—to impress Matilda's heart, was a grandson of the venerable earl of Beckenham—a cornet of hussars—tall, handsome, and accomplished, but not very wild, and particularly attentive to his lady-love, (or he would never have attained that position in her regard, which he so worthily occupied). Henry Algernon, though a younger branch of the illustrious house, whose arms he bore, was the favorite of his grandsire, no less by reason of his manners than from his skill in horsemanship. The earl, in his earlier days, had been a keen sportsman, and although now approaching his ninth decade, his constitution was still vigorous, and though his form was slightly bent, and his powdered head drooped a little over the saddle-bow, he could not lay aside the scarlet coat, in which, for so many years, he had been scouring the verdant fields of his native county, making the distant woods echo with that vocal enthusiasm, which is provoked by the heat and glory of the chase.

Attached to the quaint, old family-mansion, where earl Beckenham, having given up his town-house, now almost constantly resided, was an extensive park and paddock, in which the most interesting objects were three old hunters, which being no longer capable of active service, had been here liberally pensioned off by their compassionate master. It was one fine morning in February, when the rime-frost glittered on the bladed grass, that the old earl was taking his accustomed ride,
along the avenue of the chestnut-trees, which generally formed the limit of his equestrian excursion, accompanied by his grandson, when Henry happened, casually, of course, to drop some common-place observations respecting miss Matilda Leighton, of whom it will be remembered his grand-father had been appointed guardian, but of whose attachment to cornet Algernon—for there always is some little difficulty about these things—the old earl had—not yet been made-acquainted.

"Matilda is a nice girl—a very nice girl," replied the earl, whipping-off a blue-winged hornet, that was molesting his horse's sinister ear, "in fact, they are both, remarkably beautiful young women—don't you think so?"

"Yes," returned the candid lover, looking-down with affected indifference, "I don't know that any fault can be found with them—Julia seems to make a very excellent wife."

"And so would Matilda," rejoined the old earl, "what should prevent her, eh?"

"Nothing, sir,—nothing whatever" answered Henry, starting up, and regarding his uncle with an air of anxious sincerity.

"Matilda's got a little spirit," said the earl, laughing, "I like a girl with a little spirit.—You don't. Julia would have suited you best."

A spasmodic smile contracted lord Harry's features. He bit his lip with secret vexation.—How could his old grand-father entertain such a ridiculous notion. He felt more than half inclined to expose his lamentable error.

"Tom Leighton was a fine, dashing fellow, six foot two in his stockings," pursued the old earl, without noticing the chagrin depicted in his grandson's countenance. "I am speaking of their father. You did not-know him, Harry?—it was before your time, considerably."

"It was, sir," replied the cornet, exercising the rowels of his spurs, with unjustifiable severity.

"Perhaps, I never told you, but Tom Leighton and your father were at Oxford, together," resumed the garrulous old earl, with that peculiar twinkle of the eye, which is shunned by haters of long stories. "I remember once calling at the college to see your father.—He and Tom Leighton were very intimate. But Tom was a dull boy at his books; but passionately fond of boating and steeple-chasing, and fun of every sort—Ha! ha! he was a merry dog. Well, when I called, expecting to find your father hard at work at his Gradus ad Parnassum, or his Greek-roots, or his fluxions, or his logarithms, I was informed by his Gyp, that he had gone-out with Tom Leighton, in a tandem,—eh?—do you hear that, Harry?

This enquiry was suggested by the apparent abstraction of young Algernon, who, instead of paying-attention to his grand-father's interesting reminiscences, was engaged spitefully clipping the leaves from off the branches above him, with his riding-whip.

"Plague on that Tom Leighton, said I" continued the earl, "he will be the ruin of my boy if he goes-on at this rate.—Well, I was returning to town, when, just as I got to the three-mile stone, on this side of Uxbridge, what should I see coming along, at a dashing pace, with clouds of dust behind it, but a sky-blue tandem, with two young fellows in it; but who they were, it would have almost puzzled Solomon, himself, to have discovered. They were plastered, literally plastered..."
with mud, or soft clay, from their heads to their heels. Never have I seen such a pair of scarecrows, before or since—eyes—nose—mouth—every thing.—Tom Leighton wore a bottle-green sporting coat, with bright buttons; a white hat, white cord-breeches and top-boots, and, saving the adhesive plaster of mud, he cut a most dashing appearance. 'Hollo!' says I, as I rode-up to the young scamps, who would scarcely stop to speak, pretending they didn't hear me, what have you been after? You incorrigible rascals. Your father looked very sheepish, at hearing my voice, but Tom put a bold face on it, and laughing as well as the mud would allow him, he told me that they had met-with an accident, they had been trying to clear a quick-set hedge, and been capsized into a quagmire.—Do you hear that, Harry?—A heavy—almost painful sigh was the only response which the cornet made to this last interrogation. He would have given worlds to bring the conversation back to the point, whence his grand-father had started, but he knew that that was impossible. Yet, why could-not the proxy old gentleman as well expiate upon Matilda, as chatter about Tom Leighton?

"He entered the army, some time after that, did Tom Leighton," pursued the earl—"went out to India, and fought like a lion, at Seringapatam, and had one of his ears lopped-off, as clean as if it had been done by a doctor, secundum artem. Tom always wore his hat a little cocked on one side;—but he wore it still more so, after he had lost his ear."

The old earl chuckled immensely at the recollection of Tom's auricular deprivation, till he was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing, which afforded the young cornet some temporary relief. His noble grandsire soon, however, recovered-himself, and was about to put his hearer's patience to another severe trial, when he was fortunately frustrated in his design, by the inspiring sound of a huntsman's horn; and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, he perceived a pack of hounds scouring the adjacent hill, in pursuit of poor Reynard, who was, however, considerably in advance of them, and was now swimming across the broad river, by which manoeuvre he probably hoped to elude or perplex his canine pursuers.

"Hang those dogs," cried the earl, rising in his saddle, and watching the scene with vivid anxiety, "they are at-fault—they've lost-scent—d'ye see. Yah!" and here the old earl set-up such a yell of exereration, as could scarcely fail to render the individuals, at whom it was levelled, thoroughly ashamed of their stupidity.

It was as earl Beckenham had anticipated. The dogs having reached the margin of the river, simultaneously halted, and looking-up at the whipper-in, seemed to solicit that instruction from him, which their nasal monitors now peremptorily denied them. The old earl was about to pour-forth a fresh torrent of invectives, when a party of scarlet-coated equestrians, amounting to between fifty and sixty, including some of the keenest sportsmen of the county, appeared in view, the horses, spotted with foam, as they thundered across the downs—urged onwards by the incessant stimulants of whip, spur, and those mellow, but vehement vociferations, with which the jolly-faced huntsman, with hand to mouth, rendered vocal the country which his followers were invading. The scene was one of intense animation. The old earl, who, for more than five years had relinquished the chase, quivered with excitement, as he
looked-upon it; and the old, purblind hunter, on which he was mounted, seemed to participate in his master's enthusiasm.

A consciousness of their kindred infirmities, alone, kept them quiescent, till a 'Yoicks tally ho!' more inspiriting than any that had preceded it, made the welkin ring for miles, around; and ere its echoes had subsided, the old earl, borne-away by impulses, which he could no longer control, was seen galloping across the meadows and clearing a stout, oaken fence, that many of his juniors, with very respectful apologies, would have declined. Astonished, and somewhat alarmed at the unpremeditated temerity of his grand-father, Henry lost no time in following him, by the safer, though more circuitous route of an open gate which communicated with the field, in which, at some distance, he perceived the old earl encouraging his steed to renewed efforts, unmindful of asthma and chronic rheumatism, which were their mutual and most formidable antagonists. At the opposite extremity of the pasture-field, was a clipped hedge, separated, in one place, with a five-barred gate. Perceiving the earl approaching, a farmer's boy pulled open the gate, to allow him to pass with greater facility, but, before he reached it, Henry observed his grand-father suddenly fall forward on the shoulders of his horse, which immediately stopped, and remained motionless, till Henry, riding-up, discovered, what he already apprehended, that his grand-father had been seized with a fit, and was quite insensible. To procure medical aid, was now become a matter of vital and immediate importance, and Harry had just despatched some laboring men for that purpose, when the gentlemen of the hunt repaired to the spot, just in time to learn that the venerable nobleman had breathed his last—he having died without a groan or a struggle.

The shock which Henry Algernon experienced, at this awful visitation, need-not be described, notwithstanding, that, by his grand-father's decease, his fortune was considerably augmented, and the only obstacle to his immediate union with Matilda removed; yet, with the generous affection, which always distinguished him, he sincerely regretted the calamity which had deprived him of a kind friend, and a useful counsellor. As soon, however, as his feelings were sufficiently composed, to enable him to undertake the task of epistolary composition, he wrote a long letter to Matilda, apprising her of the sudden death of her guardian, despatching it by a special messenger—a brother-officer, who voluntarily proffered his services in that capacity. On receipt of the intelligence, at which both madame Lauza and her sister were deeply affected, the latter determined upon starting, immediately, for Stoneheaton, and Julia would have accompanied her, but for the state of her health, which would not admit of the fatigue, which must necessarily attend so long a journey.

CHAPTER V.

It was shortly after Matilda had taken her departure, that madame Lauza was sitting near the parlour-window, engaged in the fabrication of a little basket of seashells, when her attention was diverted by a rapid, but gentle knock at the outer door, announcing that some person or persons, unknown, were about to intrude upon her privacy, much against her then inclination. Before she could form any conjecture,
in reference to the author of this announcement, or give such directions as would release her from the painful necessity of giving-audience to strangers, a gentleman, whose name had almost escaped her recollection, presented—himself before her—owing to the awkwardness of a Welsh servant,—without those ceremonial observations, which no person of any refinement would intentionally have neglected. It was Mr. Edwin Stanley Clare.

On entering the apartment, and finding madame Lauza, alone, his countenance assumed a momentary expression of surprise. He soon, however, recovered his equanimity, and apologising for the abruptness of his intrusion, politely enquired after her health.

"Miss Leighton is not at home, I perceive," he said, with an expression of deep concern.

Though it certainly was not imperative upon madame Lauza to inform Mr. Clare of the reason of her sister's absence, yet, with that ingenuousness, which too often placed her at the mercy of the impertinent, she, at once, communicated to him the death of her guardian, and of Matilda's departure having been caused by that melancholy event.

"I am extremely sorry to hear of Earl Beckenheim's decease," replied Mr. Clare, drawing-off his lemon-colored glove, and displaying one of the smallest and most delicate hands that ever graced masculine humanity, "though, probably, it may, in some degree, release Miss Leighton from that peculiar restraint which, under any circumstances, a young lady, in her position, must experience, however indulgent may be the individual to whose protection she may have been confided."

"Neither my sister nor I ever had any reason to complain of our guardian's behaviour," said madame Lauza—"he was always very kind and considerate, and, indeed, used his authority, if he had any—for I do not clearly know what the powers of a guardian are—with so much gentleness as to render us scarcely sensible of its existence."

"That is very possible," rejoined Mr. Clare; "and yet you will allow that there are cases in which the arbitrary functions of a guardian may be exercised so as materially to interfere with the happiness of those, who may not listen to the promptings of their most tender affections without his consent or authority."

"But there, also, are instances," said madame Lauza, with that serenity of temper which always beamed in her countenance, "not of frequent occurrence, perhaps, but still, the advice which a considerate guardian is qualified to afford, may prevent many an imprudent attachment between young people, who are not so well able to decide for themselves."

Mr. Clare shook his head with a melancholy air of dissent. "I know a young lady," he observed, "of most amiable disposition; she formed an attachment for a person, the son of a baronet, of independent property, and, in every respect, worthy of her. Their union, from some inexplicable reason—caprice or mere brutal obstinacy—was opposed by her guardian. What was the consequence? She sunk into a low, nervous state, and in less than six months she died, it was stated, of consumption, but I truly believe of a broken heart."
"O! that was very sad," replied madame Lauza; "and did the unfeeling
guardian evince no contrition, after the death of the poor girl?"

"None," returned Mr. Clare, and he drew-forth a white, cambric handkerchief,
and passed it across his eyes.

"He must have been a very different person to our poor dear friend, earl Beck-
enham," observed madame Lauza. "I should have thought he would have been
delighted to sanction their union, under such circumstances."

"Might I be permitted to ask one question?" said Mr. Clare, leaning forward,
and in a soft, and slightly tremulous voice, "It will not be deemed impertinent, when
the motive is understood, in which it originates. I am anxious to learn if miss
Leighton is engaged?"

The abruptness and singularity of this enquiry, so much agitated madame Lauza
as to prevent her from making an immediate reply. That Mr. Clare should have
conceived a passion for Matilda, considering the very small encouragement he received
from her, on their first and only interview, was, to Julia, perfectly inexplicable.

"My sister is engaged," she said, observing the intense anxiety depicted in the
speaker's countenance, "and has been so, for some time past."

"Positively?—irrevocably?" rejoined Mr. Clare, throwing-himself back in his
chair, with his eyes fixed upon madame Lauza. There was a pause, during which
Clare seemed absorbed in deep and painful meditation, upon the intelligence which
had, at once, destroyed his fondest aspirations.

"Can you give me no hope?" he said, with a deep sigh.

"I am afraid, not—indeed, I am certain that it is impossible my sister can change
her present intentions."

"But circumstances might arise," suggested Mr. Clare, with growing fervor.
"We see such things, every day—not to speak of wilful dissimulation. We all
know that our feelings, by their very intensity, are exposed to perpetual fluctuations;
and even where parties are most strongly disposed to act with perfect good faith and
sincerity, still, if they do not intentionally mislead others, they are too often the
victims of self-deception, from the ignorance under which they labour, as to the real
state of their own hearts."

So saying, Mr. Clare, with deep dejection impressed on his brow, approached a
miniature which hung above the mantel-piece, and by which his attention was
arrested in a very decisive manner:—"What a charming likeness," he observed,
examining the painting through his eye-glass: then turning to madame Lauza, he
enquired if it had been taken recently?"

"Not very long since," replied Julia; "it was painted when my sister and I were
last in town; but hers is generally considered a much better likeness than mine."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Mr. Clare, with undisguised astonishment, "that this
is not intended for miss Leighton?"

"O dear, no!" replied madame Lauza, smiling at the strange error into which
Mr. Clare had fallen—himself, too, an amateur artist, possessing exquisite taste of
discernment, "do you think it at all like her?"

Mr. Clare looked again attentively at the miniature; then, as if still unconvinced,
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of his mistake, he lifted it from the little hook to which it was attached, and inspected it with an expression of critical acumen, which gradually softened into tenderness, and brightened into admiration.

"Really, madame Lauza," he said, assuming a smile of unquestionable candour, without any ostentatious display of compassion, "I really must pity those who cannot discover, in this admirable little painting, the utmost fidelity to miss Leighton, of which the imitative art is capable."

"Your opinion is singular," replied madame Lauza, "none of our friends have ever remarked it; therefore, whatever merit there may be in the discovery, is entirely your own."

Mr. Clare laughed, and though contemplating the miniature in every point of view, could not emancipate his judgment from the scepticism, by which it was so strangely enthralled.

"May I be permitted to beg a trifling favor?" said Mr. Clare, still retaining the miniature in his hand.

Madame Lauza gave a gracious consent.

"It is to allow me to make a copy of this miniature," returned Mr. Clare; then, as if anticipating the objections that might be offered to his proposition, he continued in a hurried and earnest tone:—"perhaps my request may appear somewhat eccentric, but as you tell me that I may not hope to gaze again upon the living features which are here so vividly and faithfully portrayed, it would, at least, assuage the pangs of my regret, could I only possess this poor memento of one, whose loveliness has made too deep an impression, ever to be obliterated from my heart."

"I should be very sorry," replied madame Lauza, with obvious embarrassment, to refuse anything that would be at all conducive to your happiness, yet..."

"Under any other circumstances, I would not press it for a moment," rejoined Mr. Clare, the impassioned earnestness of whose demeanour seemed quite disproportioned to the insignificance, if not absurdity, of his application, "and if you will but grant me this, my first and last request, be assured I will not betray the confidence with which you honor me. The miniature shall be returned, either by hand or under seal, within one week from the present time. I will not ask for any more explicit permission—that smile assures me that my heart-felt solicitations have not been made in vain.

As Clare uttered these words, there was something in his tone and manner which was not quite compatible with that air of respectful deference, which he had hitherto maintained. Notwithstanding the almost effeminate delicacy of his lower features, his massive forehead wore an expression of decision and mental energy, which could not escape the most superficial observer. His mind was constituted not easily to relinquish any project which it had, once, firmly embraced, as was proved by the pertinacity with which he prosecuted the present request. But, although madame Lauza perceived, almost instantly, the impropriety, not to say danger, of granting this most extraordinary favor, yet she had not sufficient self-possession and nerve to adopt the language which common discretion would have dictated under existing circumstances. Then, the natural kindness and amenity of her disposition—the
Love and Revenge.

fear of giving others pain, which had, more than once, involved her in perplexities, caused her to hesitate, and that hesitation was fatal!

While Clare was returning his acknowledgments for the acquiescence—of which he desired no more explicit token, than that which madame Lauza's silence conveyed—Mr. Middleton was announced, and Clare, begging madame Lauza not to mention his visit, retired into an inner apartment, taking with him the miniature, upon the temporary acquisition of which, he had expended so much anxiety and eloquence.

He had just time to close the folding-doors, which divided his place of concealment from the adjoining parlour, when Mr. Middleton presented his portly figure, accompanied by a juvenile party of some eight individuals, the youngest member of which, attired in full, white muslin raiment, and followed by a nurse-maid, he carried in his tender arms.

"Here's a gratifying sight for a parent," cried Mr. Middleton, striving to allay the querulous strains of his infantile charge, by a little undulatory exercise. "My friend, Juggins, and his lady, have come to stay a week or two in the island, and have brought all their little olive-branches with them. That's Theophilus—this is Caroline—that's my god-son, Peter; that's Benjamin—that's Walter—that's Maria—and this is baby, as fat as a pig, and almost as noisy."

The little people having been thus formally introduced to madame Lauza, were graciously received and entertained with fruits and sweetmeats, of various kinds, to which they administered that summary mode of punishment, for which youthful appetites have long been notorious.

"So friend Clare has gone at last," said Mr. Middleton, wiping-off a small patch of marmalade, which his godson, Peter, had fondly impressed on his black-silk stocking; "he left, this morning, by the ten o'clock boat. Did you see him pass your window? He did not call, I suppose?"

"Did he promise to do so," enquired madame Lauza, who felt embarrassed at the secrecy which Clare had imposed upon her.

"O, no," replied Mr. Middleton; "but I thought he might, perhaps, just to bid you good-bye."

"And Matilda," added madame Lauza, with a significant emphasis.

"Matilda seemed to treat him rather coolly," said Mr. Middleton, "though I'm sure I can't imagine for what reason.

"Mr. Clare, of course, could not but notice it," returned madame Lauza. "Did he seem much hurt at my sister's behaviour?"

"Hurt?" rejoined Mr. Middleton, "why should he be hurt particularly? You don't suppose he was such a goby as to go and fall over head and ears in love with a young lady, who wouldn't honor him with a look, much less with a smile—at least as far as I could observe."

"It would certainly seem rather improbable," replied madame Lauza, with an air of hesitation which attained its intended object—that of stimulating Mr. Middleton to further enquiry.

"Clare, I fancy, is a sort of general lover," said Mr. Middleton—"moving in the
The Court and Lady's Magazine.

gayest circles—flattered—patted and caressed by all. His heart is like my old house-of-parliament snuff-box; if not very valuable, at least, too well known to run much risk of being either lost or stolen."

At any other time madame Lauza might have appreciated this curious simile. At present, her attention was so much engaged with the fact stated, as to allow the illustration to pass unnoticed. Fearing, however, that Clare might overhear the conversation, she lowered her tone, and asked Mr. Middleton if he had apprised his friend that Matilda was engaged.

"Dear me, no!" replied Mr. Middleton, arresting his snuff-laden thumb, in the act of transportation, "why should I trouble him with information which he neither asked for, expected, nor desired? Of what consequence can it possibly be to him, whether your sister be engaged or not."

Madame Lauza turned aside her head, and coughed to hide her embarrassment, which, from so unsophisticated an examiner as Mr. Middleton, (despite his fancied powers of penetration,) was a task of no very difficult attainment.

"We had some conversation about your liege lord," pursued Mr. Middleton, as well as he was able—for one of his indefatigable tormentors having clamped up behind him, was clasping him round the throat, with an affectionate tenacity that threatened immediate suffocation.

"Indeed, replied Julia, "but your friend is not acquainted with Mr. Lauza."

"I rather think he is," returned Mr. Middleton, adjusting his cravat and frill, which had suffered severely in the last, fond embrace of master Peter Juggins,

"Clare has travelled a great deal, you know, and, if I recollect rightly, he mentioned having met senor Lauza in Paris, some two or three years ago."

"Impossible," exclaimed Julia, Ferdinand never was in France—at least, so far as I am aware."

"Then, I must be mistaken," rejoined Mr. Middleton, "perhaps," he might have said Dublin, instead of Paris—however, that's of no consequence, none whatever—he merely enquired how long senor Lauza had been absent—when he was expected home, and so on."

"Why should he make those enquiries," said madame Lauza, while her countenance assumed an expression of painful surprise.

"Oh! merely out of curiosity—nothing more," replied Mr. Middleton, "people only live to learn—the thirst for knowledge is common to all mankind."

"But,—" interrupted madame Lauza tremulously, and she glanced towards the folding-doors, whence she fancied Clare was listening to this interesting conference.

"We shall have him over here, again, I expect, in a month or two," continued Mr. Middleton, smiling at the little, audacious Banditti, who were busily engaged in rifling his coat-pockets, "he hinted about spending the honeymoon in our neighbourhood—but this is a secret;" and the old gentleman affected one of those peculiar winks, which were calculated to torment the very heart of the inquisitive, so replete with mystery was that rapid, little convulsion of the upper eyelid.

"You are jesting, Mr. Middleton," said madame Lanza, turning pale, as an involuntary thrill stole over her, at the reflection of Clare's duplicity.
"No," cried Mr. Middleton, "he is going to marry a French lady, some very rich widow. I'll tell you how I came to know it—quite by accident."

And drawing his chair nearer to the table, the old gentleman, whose eyes sparkled with the consciousness of exclusive intelligence, was about to commence his revelations, when his godson—Peter (aged four years) came running-in, his mouth extended, and his straw-hat almost erect with terror, to announce that there was a man in the back parlour.

Before the words were intelligibly uttered, Mr. Middleton had seized the poker, and assumed the attitude of the defensive.

"A man in the back parlour," he cried, sternly addressing the little, petrified herald, "Peter, you must be dreaming."

Peter shook his head, while his teeth chantered, audibly, but his tongue moved—not—being tied in more senses than one.

Mr. Middleton strode forward, and violently pushing open the folding-doors, in a loud voice, demanded who was there?

There was no reply. He looked around him, but (saving the open bay-window) he could discover nothing to corroborate Peter's unsupported testimony. The posse commissitatus now poured-in, and a rigid investigation took-place; but neither from cupboards, chairs nor sofa, could they extract a robber, and, notwithstanding Peter's renewed and energetic asseverations, he was pronounced by all the Juggins' family, (baby alone excepted) to be a deceiver; and by Mr. Middleton to laboring under an hallucination, which, in so young a child, was very remarkable, and afforded matter of deep interest to the student of psychological enquiry.

The sensation, which this transaction, excited, was—not, however, of long continuance. A splendid rainbow, whose variegated arch, spanning the glittering meadows, awoke the nascent enthusiasm of its gazing admirers, presented Mr. Middleton with an opportunity of imparting to the rising generation around him, some scraps of useful knowledge; he, therefore, straightway commenced a philosophical disquisition, by which he soon divested the celestial phenomenon of all the fantastic mystery with which Poets, in their native innocence, have arrayed it, and showed that, notwithstanding the superstitious admiration of uncultivated minds, it is, to the philosophic eye, a very simple and common-place affair indeed.

CHAPTER VI.

Though madame Lauza concealed her agitation from Mr. Middleton, during his short visit, yet her apprehensions were powerfully excited, on finding that Clare had departed with the miniature, of which he had so unwarrantably taken-possession. The more she reflected on Clare's behaviour, the more her alarm and perplexity increased. How could she reconcile the statements of Mr. Middleton, with the representations which Clare had made to her. If Mr. Middleton could be credited—and she had never experienced any reason to question his veracity, Clare had made no allusion whatever, to Matilda, in his presence, yet Clare had distinctly told her, that he had conversed with Mr. Middleton upon the subject of his attachment to miss Leighton; and that Mr. Middleton had advised him to com-
municate with madame Lauza, and that his visit was in consequence of such recommendation. Mr. Middleton however, apparently, entertained no suspicion from Clare having called-upon madame Lauza, but presumed that he had taken his departure from Ventnor, early that morning; and Clare, himself, had shewn, by his sudden retreat, how anxious he was to keep his visit a secret from Mr. Middleton, his bosom-friend and earnest admirer. But the most extraordinary and inexplicable circumstance, in Clare's conduct, was the fact communicated by Mr. Middleton, of his being on the eve of marriage to a French lady—a rich widow—with whom, notwithstanding the supposed facility and dispatch of such alliances, he must have been acquainted, long before his introduction to her, who was now the professed object of his idolatry. Under these circumstances, how could madame Lauza, for one moment, believe the sincerity of his protestations, in regard to Matilda; and yet, what motive could he have in feigning a passion, which he did not feel; and why should he so earnestly desire to possess a token, like the miniature, which had called-forth his rapturous encomiums, if he had no affection for the person, whose memory it was intended to perpetuate.

These questions occasioned madame Lauza no slight uneasiness, incapable as she was of explaining the inconsistency which they involved. Not that she suspected Clare of any design—her disposition was too charitable for that—beyond what he had openly avowed. Neither did she doubt, but that the miniature, for the loan of which he had, in her own language, so thoughtlessly importuned her, would be returned agreeably to his engagement. But, still, should the circumstance, by any fortuitous mischance, ever came to her husband's knowledge; his fierce passions, and implacable jealousy, caused her to shudder at the resentment which, from prior experience, she anticipated would be its terrible and inevitable result.

It was in the afternoon, of the same day, on which the events took-place, recorded in our last chapter, that madame Lauza was invited to a fête champêtre, for which the delightful pleasure-grounds of lady Seabright had been selected, as the most appropriate arena. Mr. Middleton, the most learned, and eminent personage in the Island—for, in that great man were united those two discordant elements, erudition and popularity,—of course, was present, as the representative of the intelligence of the age, and as the indefatigable old gentleman, was never so happy as when engaged in the prime business of his existence,—mental enlightenment—he gladly availed himself of this opportunity of exhibiting his favorite hobby, in a manner, that must necessarily command universal astonishment and applause. To this end, therefore, imitating the example of Franklin, he provided himself with a gigantic kite, to the string of which, a brass chain, and a leaden vial, and other philosophical adjuncts were attached, such being the apparatus requisite for the attainment of his daring purpose, that of eliciting lightning from the clouds.

Surrounded by a circle of gay and gentle friends—comprising all the youth, fashion and beauty, which such immense preparations were calculated to convene, Mr. Middleton, in his well-known spectacles, was anxiously watching the lowering clouds above him, from which he solicited its electrical tenant to elope; but notwith-
standing his fascinating aspect, and the pleasant little device of jerking the string, by way of encouragement, the bashful fluid could-not be inveigled from its aerial home. In vain, his indulgent friends endeavored to persuade him to relinquish the attempt—in vain, they sympathised with him, ascribing the failure not to inexpertness or deficiency on his part, but, to the peculiar condition of the atmosphere—one, observing, that it was too dry—another, suggesting that it was too humid—a third, suspecting that there was too much wind; and a fourth, firmly believing that an active current of air was indispensable for the success of such experiments, as those which Mr. Middleton had undertaken. None of these soothing arguments could reconcile Mr. Middleton to the non-performance of his self-imposed task; and irritated by the prolonged delay, he gave the string two or three violent jerks, when it suddenly snapt, and away flew the kite, over hedges and trees, no less to the chagrin of its owner, than to the irrepressible merriment of the spectators, who, including some of the juvenile population of the district, amid shouts of laughter, followed the fugitive in its erratic career, till it descended safely on the church-steeple, where it remained, a striking and melancholy memorial of the vanity of human wishes, and of the discomfiture of philosophical aspirations.

Madame Lauza, who was passionately fond of flowers, took-advantage of the opportunity, which the occurrence, above described, afforded her, to inspect the choice exotics, which had been brought, hither, for display, on this interesting occasion. Walking along the gravelled terrace, in a somewhat retired part of the grounds, and which was separated from the high-road by a dwarf-fence, her attention was arrested by a letter on the grass-plat, where it must have been but recently dropped, as it could-not long have remained there without attracting observation. The astonishment of madame Lauza may readily be imagined, when, on picking it up, she found that it was directed, in an unknown hand, to herself. Before she had time to ascertain the purport of this mysterious epistle, a man, having the appearance of a Lascar, and wearing a twisted turban of white cloth, presented-himself on the opposite side of the fence, and, by his gestures—being, apparently, unable to speak any but his native tongue—gave madame Lauza to understand, that he had been the bearer of the letter, which had so powerfully excited her curiosity and surprise.

The letter, in question, ran as follows:—"Madam—you will pardon the liberty of a stranger in thus addressing you, when apprised of the motive which animates him in the performance of a duty, which considerations of the highest moment, alone, could induce him to undertake, regardless of misconception, or of any more direct, personal sacrifice, to which his temerity may expose him, should his confidence be betrayed. The feelings, madam, which urge me to pen the disclosures, which I am about to make—disclosures which must necessarily be painful and distressing, in the highest degree, to one in your position—are those of humanity towards an innocent, but unhappy girl, and of justice towards an unsuspecting wife, whom I would fain awaken to a sense of the wrongs which have been inflicted upon her, by stripping off the mask of hypocrisy, which has so long been worn by him, whose treachery it behoves every man of honor to repudiate, and every woman of virtue and understanding, to regard with scorn and detestation."
"Without further preface, permit me, madam, to lay before you a brief statement of facts, assuring you, at the same time, that the circumstances I am about to describe, have been brought under my observation by those, for whose veracity I willingly hold myself responsible.

"In the month of September, 18—, signor Lauza, (your present husband,) who was then an inhabitant of the island of St. Juan de Umas, became acquainted with a young, Spanish lady, named Leila Idoberez, who, with her widowed mother, resided on a farm, which had been bequeathed to her by her late husband, whose affairs, owing to neglect and mismanagement, were greatly embarrassed, at the period of his decease. Leila was beautiful as light, but guileless and unsuspecting as a child. In short, Ferdinando Lauza, who had long been celebrated for his liaison, became passionately enamoured of her, and one obstacle, alone, prevented him from asking her hand in marriage—the meagreness of her fortune—an insurmountable barrier; for, if Ferdinando Lauza had one propensity—more powerful than another, it was avarice—that lowest and most degrading foible of humanity—and by which he was characterised in all his pursuits. Under these circumstances, Ferdinando Lauza adopted one of the basest stratagems, to attain his nefarious purpose, that the most successful candidate for eternal infamy could devise or perpetrate. What words can express the horror which you must feel, when I assure you, madam, that, on the night of his father's funeral, Ferdinando Lauza, impelled by an execrable passion—deaf to the voice of honor—defying all laws, both human and divine—by the agency of his slaves, set-fire to the dwelling of this wretched girl; and while the flames were spreading terror and consternation among those, who were deprived by this calamity, of all they possessed, his myrmidons carried off the poor young creature, whose shrieks and tears were dimmed in the rude clamor of the demons, in human form, who gathered round the carriage, in which she was rapidly conveyed to a villa, at some miles distance, where Ferdinando Lauza was waiting the result of his atrocious machinations. The victim of this foul plot, finding entreaty fruitless—escape impossible—resigned herself to her miserable destiny.

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"When Lauza left this country, for England, he promised Leila, that, on his return, he would make that reparation, which he acknowledged to be due to one, whose fame and happiness he had so cruelly destroyed. With anxious hope, the poor young girl looked forward to this auspicious era, when, alas! to her despair, intelligence arrived, that Ferdinando Lauza was wedded to another. For days and weeks, poor solitary Leila wept, incessantly; still, she would not believe that the man, who possessed such intense devotion, could be guilty of such heartless ingratitude. Yesterday, however, her doubts were all dispelled, for Lauza, himself, arrived here, and acknowledged that he was not in a situation, now, to redeem his promise. Notwithstanding this, he repeated his protestations of attachment—called Heaven to witness that his heart was still unchanged, and that, although circumstances of a pressing nature had compelled him to bestow his hand upon an Englishwoman, his love for
Leila was as ardent and unchangeable as ever, and that he only waited for the opportunity, which your declining health and speedy dissolution would afford him, to bestow upon her that name and those privileges, to which she had a better claim than any other woman upon earth.

"I need not pursue this sickening theme. I have said enough, madam, to show you, in his proper colors, the man—branded with infamy—who may have become the unworthy object of your affections. The bearer, herself, is one of the creatures employed by Lauza, in the abduction of his victim, and will confirm, in every particular, the statement, which I respectfully submit to your most serious consideration."

The letter was signed with a dagger—thus †—and was dated "Venezuela, South America."

The first impression which this communication made on Julia's mind, was a conviction of its perfect falsehood—that it had been fabricated by some malicious person, who adopted this mode of calumning her husband, in retaliation for some real or imaginary injury. Her confidence in his honor and fidelity, was unlimited; but, even, had it been otherwise, the story by which both were so recklessly assailed, was so extravagant, that Julia would have felt it impossible to give it credence. Again, the allusion to her husband's avarice, (a most ridiculous assertion) proved that the writer was totally ignorant of the character of the individual who had rendered himself obnoxious to his enmity—a man of more liberal disposition, or one who despised every approach to meanness, could not, possibly, exist. Though somewhat averse from promiscuous society—and though his manners were not particularly adapted to conciliate strangers—he was profuse in his expenditure, and boundless in his hospitality. The style, too, of this mysterious communication, was not that of a purely disinterested writer—certain little terms of expression betrayed that his abhorrence of the crime was not altogether unmixed with personal hatred of the criminal. Convinced, therefore, that the letter was undeserving of a moment's consideration, Julia folded it up, and was about to return it to the Lascar, when her attention was arrested by the sound of footsteps, and, turning-round, she beheld Mr. Clare, who had just entered the grounds, by a small wicket, near the terrace, and who was now approaching her with hasty steps.

"I have not a moment to stay," he said, extending his hand, and gently pressing that of madame Lauza; "but, as I was coming along the road, I met this poor man, who shewed me a letter, with your address upon it, and who, being unable to read, had some difficulty in finding-out your residence. I directed him, as well as I was able; but fearing that he might have made some mistake, I thought, upon further reflection, that it would be advisable to follow him, and ascertain whether he had succeeded in his mission."

"You are very kind," said madame Lauza, smiling. "You see the letter has arrived quite safe."

"I hope that you will not deem my interference obtrusive, on this occasion," returned Mr. Clare, with his wonted politeness.

"Not at all," replied madame Lauza; "though the object of your solicitude scarcely deserved so much trouble as you have bestowed upon it. I was just going
to deliver it to the messenger, that he might return it to his master, who is a perfect stranger to me, and whose name, even, I never heard of before."

"Indeed," said Mr. Clare, with surprise; "but why do you wish to return it? Does it contain anything of an objectionable nature?"

"It is a tissue of falsehoods, Mr. Clare," replied Julia, "invented by some evil-disposed person, who wishes to injure Mr. Lauza, and which would be ridiculous, were they not so full of malice; but, to shew my correspondent what value I attach to his amiable communication, I shall send it back opened and unanswered."

"O! I would-not do that," cried Mr. Clare; "I would keep it, certainly, were it merely to enable me to trace the writer."

"There is no necessity for adopting any severe proceedings," returned madame Lauza. "To know that his calumnies are treated with indifference, will be a sufficient punishment for his evil intentions."

"That's true," said Mr. Clare, with great seriousness of manner; "but you should-not condemn, too hastily—there may be some truth in it, though, perhaps, slightly exaggerated. When men write, under the influence of any strong emotion, their impressions are vivid, and their tone may be somewhat too vehement—still, the foundation on which they build, may be substantial, and facts are tangible objects, however much they may be distorted by the medium through which they are brought under our observation."

"O no!" cried madame Lauza, smiling at the earnestness of Clare, which would have done credit to any advocate in a criminal court, "there is-not one word of truth in it, I assure you, from beginning to end."

"I would read it through, once more, carefully," said Clare, "and then——"

"Were I to read it twenty times, Mr. Clare, it would-not alter my opinion," replied Julia. "There is the letter—you can read it, if you think proper. I am sure signor Lauza would-not be angry at my giving you this liberty, for the imputations on his conduct are so very—very bad, that they require no contradiction from him whatever—the poison carries with it its own antidote."

Clare received the letter with apparent hesitation. A slight feeling of delicacy restrained him in availing-himself of the privilege granted him by madame Lauza. He had scarcely time, however, to glance at its contents, when he was interrupted by the report of an approaching multitude, and, presently, Mr. Middleton appeared in the distance, bearing his electric kite, tattered and dismantled, and accompanied by the friends who had assisted him in its recovery.

As Clare had no time to spare for philosophical enquiries, he hurriedly bade madame Lauza, good day, and took his departure by the gate, at which he had entered, while Julia rejoined the festive circle, that always waited upon the inexhaustible philosophy of Mr. Middleton, beguiled by the charms of whose pleasant and edifying discourse, madame Lauza thought no more of the letter, which, as subsequent events will show, was destined to be one of the most powerful agents in accomplishing her ultimate destruction.
CHAPTER VII.

The intention of senor Lauza to dispose of his Mexican estates, preparatory to his final settlement in England, rendered the period of his return, very uncertain. He had many reasons for expediting, as much as possible, the object he had in view, and, amongst which, not the least important, was the precarious condition of madame Lauza’s health. Though no immediate danger was apprehended, still, the opinion pronounced by her medical attendants, left but little doubt, that the tendency to pulmonary disease existed, and justified that anxiety, which Lauza naturally felt for an amiable woman, to whom he had been united but a few weeks, and whose affections he had secured, rather by his tender and unremitting attentions, than by any influence of a more romantic and unintelligible character.

It was about the latter end of March, when Southampton was visited by one of the most violent hurricanes that had been known on that part of the English coast. Several houses were unroofed; one, very ancient and dilapidated tenement completely destroyed—while tiles and slates, accompanied by an occasional sign-board, or graphic symbol of trade—a golden boot—a dog and a porridge-pot—an arm and a mallet—a black doll or a patagonian-pickle-jar, were scattered promiscuously in every direction. In the harbour, the gale had been productive of the most disastrous consequences. Several vessels, which had only dropped-anchor, the previous night, had slipped from their moorings, and run far out to sea, while two or three yachts had been swamped, and a revenue-sloop, which had attempted, in vain, to run-onshore, was reported to have gone-down, having five persons on board, and within sight of numerous spectators, assembled on the pier, who were unable to render any effectual assistance.

Shortly after sunrise, the storm somewhat abated, but the element, upon which it had exercised its greatest violence, was far from having resumed that degree of placidity, which is desirable for excursions of unmixed delight. Many gentlemen, who had passed a sleepless night, at their respective hotels, meditating a voyage to Cowes, postponed their embarkation, from motives, which a landsman can better appreciate than those daring spirits, whose contempt of danger, and internal uneasiness, has been derived from that long familiarity, by which it is proverbially engendered. Among the ‘Exclusives’ of this class, was Mr. Edwin Stanley Clare, who, whatever other qualities he might possess, deserving of unqualified admiration; and whatever pains he might take to conceal the deficiency; it cannot be disputed, that the requisite amount of physical courage, termed heroism, which is necessary to induce an epicure to risk his-life, rather than be twenty minutes too late for dinner, could not justly be included in this catalogue.

Sitting, alone, in a private apartment of the hotel, where he had just breakfasted, Mr. Clare was engaged in penning a letter of unwonted importance and difficulty; for, dissatisfied with his compositions, he tore-up more than one rough-draught, whose fragmentary remains he consigned to the fire-place, and then commenced
another, with no better success. At length, however, having completed his task, with some small degree of credit to his powers of expression, he rang the bell, and, on the waiter making his appearance, Mr. Clare desired him to procure a porter, who could take a packet as far as Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. The hotel-porter was accordingly sent-up, when Mr. Clare, having entrusted to him the packet in question, gave him particular instructions respecting its prompt and careful delivery. He then, enquired, if his groom was below-stairs, and, on being informed that he was, desired that he might attend him, immediately.

In compliance with this request, a mulatto-complexioned man presented-himself, wearing a green livery-coat, and top-boots; and whose features bore a strong resemblance to the lascar, who has already been introduced to the reader's notice.

"Jargal," said Mr. Clare, addressing his servant, I have changed-my-mind, I shall-not have time to go over to Ventnor, as I must be in Town, before eight, this evening—therefore, get my luggage ready, as I intend to take the first coach, which will he here in a few minutes.—Do you understand?"

Jargal made a salaam, and retired to execute his master's commands.

In due course, the 'Hyflyer' was announced, and Mr. Clare having secured an inside place, and his mysterious groom having established-himself comfortably upon the roof, both parties were speedily en route to the great Metropolis.

The little knot of idlers, who, in a provincial town, do mostly congregate at the recurrence of those two important events—the arrival and departure of the London mail, had just thought of returning to their respective occupations, when fresh food for their insatiate curiosity was afforded, by the sudden arrival of a post-chaise, which, impelled by four, steaming horses, was rapidly directing its course to the hotel, where Mr. Clare had so recently been accommodated. In less time than is necessary to record it, the vehicle drove-up to the establishment, just mentioned, and a solitary traveller alighted, upon whom the public attention was instantly bent, and eager speculations entered into, respecting his quality, the general opinion assigning him the honors attaching to a distinguished, Foreign ambassador.

Enveloped in a blue, Spanish cloak and travelling cap, his figure, which appeared to be considerably above the ordinary standard, was a perfect model of strength and manly symmetry. Nothing could be more unaffected and, yet, dignified, than his deportment. His clear, olive complexion, bespoke him a native of the Tropics—he wore neither whiskers nor moustache. His hair was jet-black, smooth, and scanty, presenting a marked contrast to that waving luxuriance, which is often the earliest infirmity of noble minds. The impression which his tout-ensemble made on the observer, was that of power—mental, bodily, and conventional.—Saving a large brilliant on his finger, he displayed none of the ensignia of affluence—his attire was simple—his manner, quiet and self-possessed, rather calculated to command—respect than to invite acquaintance. Had he fallen amongst an uncivilized people, he would, certainly, have been chosen for their chief, as it seemed almost impossible, that one possessing so much pride, intelligence, and determination, could submit to any control, beyond what his own severe sense of honor might prescribe.
Having seen his luggage, which consisted of several portmanteaus, trunks, &c. conveyed into the hotel, he directed his writing-desk to be taken-up to his apartment, whither the proprietor of the establishment quickly attended him.

"When will there be a boat for Cowes?" he enquired, relieving-himself of his cloak, which he threw, carelessly, on the sofa.

The landlord replied that one would start from the pier, in about a quarter of an hour—upon which his guest desired him to send-forward his luggage, without delay.

"In what name?" enquired the landlord.

"Lauza," answered his guest.

"Of Ventnor, sir?" rejoined his host.

"Why do you ask," demanded the guest.

The landlord explained that a gentleman, who had been staying at his hotel, had given the porter a packet, to be delivered to madame Lauza, of Ventnor, and with which he was just about to depart.

"Allow me to see it," said the guest, "I reside at Ventnor,—there is none other person there of that name."

The host brought the packet, as requested, and presented it to senor Lauza. A shade of dark-suspicion seemed to pass-over the usually placid countenance of the Creole, as he contemplated the superscription which embodied the name and address of his wife.—Suddenly, he broke the seal, and tearing-open the packet, in which Julia's miniature was enclosed, hurriedly glanced-over its contents.

The perusal did not detain him many seconds, but in those brief moments was accomplished the resolution of a human soul!—The gentle, flowing current of his love became, suddenly transformed into the turbid billows of indignation, hatred and disgust. His demeanour assumed a darker, and more determined expression—his eye kindled at the revelation of treachery before it, and his muscular frame quivered with irrepressible emotion.

"Order me a chaise-and-four, directly," he exclaimed, thrusting the miniature into his breast, then, hesitating for an instant, he continued in a calmer tone, "but no—not yet. I shall require it on my return."

"And your luggage, Sir?"

"Let it remain," said Lauza, throwing-on his cloak, and preparing to depart. "I shall be here, again, before nightfall—should any enquiry be made respecting this packet, let the party know, that you have given it to the husband of madame Lauza, himself. I will indemnify you from the consequences, and, with this assurance, he quitted the hotel, and proceeded to the pier, which he reached, as the boat was leaving for Cowes. Shortly before sunset, he arrived at his residence, at Ventnor.

Suffering from indisposition, madame Lauza had retired, at an early hour, to her chamber. Her maid was attending upon her, when the sound of a carriage, approaching, arrested their attention—such signals, from the infrequency of their occurrence, never failing to create a marked and general sensation. Madame Lauza had been daily expecting her sister's return, and she, consequently, evinced less surprise, when the vehicle drew-up to the gate, than her attendant, in whose open countenance the marvellous had attained unusual development.
"Where is your mistress?" were the first words which senor Lauza uttered as he entered the parlour, without removing either his hat or his cloak.

"Tell her to come-down, immediately," he said, on learning that she had retired to her room.

The girl, whose astonishment at her master's unexpected appearance, and mysterious manner, almost deprived her of utterance, withdrew to execute his commands; while Lauza paced the apartment, his breast heaving with suppressed emotion; his eyes averted, and his mind brooding upon images of horror.

It was not long, before a light step was heard, and Julia entered his presence.

"Ferdinand," she cried, with a tenderness, which well became her exquisite beauty.

Lauza held forth his arm, while his features assumed an expression of diabolical scorn.

"Do you know that hand-writing madam?" he exclaimed, drawing forth the letter which Clare had addressed to his wife, and presenting it for her inspection.

Fearfully—for, now, a sense of her indiscretion flashed upon her—she looked at the superscription, and answered in the negative.

"You will swear that you never saw that writing, before," exclaimed Lauza, with a sudden ebullition of rage, "never!"

Pale, and drooping with terror, madame Lauza answered, faintly, "never."

"Read it madam," said her husband, placing it in her hands—then, retiring to the window, he waited till she had finished its perusal.

The letter was concluded in the following terms:—Madam—with mingled feelings of gratitude and regret, I return you the souvenir,—of one, whose memory,—alas! that I should be compelled to speak of 'Memory,' but how can I do otherwise, when hope is denied me, I shall ever cherish in my heart of hearts, and whose charms of mind and person, to my last hour I shall dream of and adore. Agreeably to my express intention, I have made as perfect a fag-simile, as my humble artistic skill would allow, but O! how different from the reality of Nature. The features are there, but where is the Sun of Love, which, beaming in that heavenly countenance, sheds light and joy on all that come within the sphere of its effulgence. Form and color, the artist may embody, but the lover, alone, can delineate the soul. But I am wandering in a visionary Paradise, where I am forbidden to glance—much more to stay.

"I have given my best attention to the enclosed letter, which you submitted for my consideration, and the result is, a firm conviction of its authenticity. Deeply am I pained in making this avowal, but as you desired my candid opinion, I am bound to give it, without hesitation or reserve. In order to test the accuracy of the writer's statements, I made some enquiries of the Lascar, who, it appears, was employed by your husband to execute his horrible designs, and upon his testimony, alone, an English jury would be justified in consigning him to a violent and ignominious death! As, however, before you take any decisive proceedings in this melancholy affair, it would be more satisfactory for you to have a personal interview with my informant—I have made arrangements for him to be in attendance at the ——
Hotel, in Southampton, tomorrow afternoon, when, if it meet with your approval, I shall be most happy to meet you at the pier, and accompany you to the place of appointment, where you need apprehend no intrusion upon your privacy, and where you will be perfectly secure from observation or interruption of every kind.

"It was my intention to have waited upon you, in person, but owing to a very pressing invitation from my friend, lady Wilbraham, which has just reached me, I am obliged to return to town, much sooner than I contemplated. Rest assured, however, that any assistance which can mitigate the unhappiness of your present situation, I shall, at all times, and under any circumstances, deem it my noblest privilege, and my highest pleasure to afford. The only true balm for suffering is, sympathy—and callous, indeed, must be the heart which would withhold from unprotected woman, that consolation which friendship should administer, regardless of the sneers of a cold and heartless world. Holding these sentiments, it is almost superfluous for me to subscribe myself—

Your devoted and obedient servant,

EDWIN STANLEY CLARE.

When Julia had finished the perusal of this letter, Lauza again approached her, and waited for her reply.

"Ferdinand!" she said, with a calm earnestness, which reliance upon the purity of her own heart could have, alone, commanded, "I can explain this mystery—if you will but listen—"

"I want but one explanation, madame," replied Lauza, turning his head, aside—"the miniature!"

"It was taken-away without my sanction," replied Julia, earnestly, "indeed—indeed, it was."

Lauza's lip curled with bitter contempt, as he replied:—"You, then, have sought the council of a thief—have made your husband's infamy patent to a mean, petty, low-bred scoundrel, by your own confession. You—that, supposing there was one tittle of truth in this detestable letter—should have concealed it, from regard to your husband's honor; instead of which, you submit it for the consideration of the ruffian, who stole your miniature!"

"Merciful Father!" ejaculated madame Lauza, as she sunk, weeping, on her knees, "what have I done to deserve this—misery?"

"Go, madame," exclaimed her husband, through his clenched teeth. "Take with you the cherished token of your confidence in me—it is a thing that speaks of vile and hateful treachery."

Madame Lauza made a convulsive effort to speak, but her voice failed her, and, clasping the miniature which her husband had thrown to her, resigned herself to an agony of tears.

She wept bitterly—her face covered with her hands, as if she feared to encounter his fearful glance. A sense of unmitigated wretchedness and humiliation prostrated
her energies. She felt that she had acted unwisely—rashly—wickedly; and, in the utter depth and abandonment of her grief, she trusted for her expiation.

At length, with a heart subdued by the force of her sufferings, she raised her eyes—the silence which prevailed startled her into madness—Ferdinand had abandoned her in her wretchedness. She was alone!

* * * * *

It was about ten o'clock on the same night, when a carriage, in which Miss Leighton and Henry Hazlegrove who were being conveyed to Ventnor, had arrived, within about a hundred yards of Rosedale Villa, when the driver perceived some dark object, resembling a female form, lying prostrate in the road. He instantly alighted, and proceeding to the spot, discovered that it was a lady, without either bonnet or shawl. Her eyes were closed, and her beautiful, auburn tresses, streaming over her pale face, were wet with tears. Having summoned to his aid some pedestrians, who were crossing the adjacent fields, guided by the light of a lanthorn—for it was a cloudy night—the unhappy lady was, by Miss Leighton's request, placed in the carriage; but it would be impossible to describe Matilda's astonishment and affliction, when, in the object of her sympathy, she recognised her sister. Madame Lauza was speedily conveyed home, where medical skill and sisterly tenderness, soon restored her to her senses, but only to be attacked by a succession of fainting-fits, when, on enquiring for her husband, she learnt that he had not returned, and that no intelligence had been received, which could afford any clue, as to his place of destination.

CHAPTER VIII.

Taking into consideration the many dazzling qualities which were blended in Clare's character, it is not surprising that he should have been the acknowledged "lion" of a coterie, by whom he was regarded with the veneration which his lofty pretensions were calculated to inspire. Let not, however, Mr. Clare's moral organization be misunderstood. That he possessed vanity, and a laudable desire to make his voice heard above the common chorus, is only to repeat what has been announced already—that he was handsome, clever, little and selfish, in the most fashionable degree. The abstract idea of popularity, he despised as much as any utilitarian Benthamite could do. It was as the means to an end, that he gratefully received the incense, with which folly and infatuation welcomed him in the boudoir or the saloon. It was the influence which he acquired from the prostration of his worshippers, that he valued more than the homage which it conveyed—he wanted not devotion, alone, but sacrifice, and only sought the confidence of those, whom it was his aim to slander and destroy.

The early history of Clare, like the records of the dark ages, is involved in doubt and obscurity. A native of the county of Wicklow, his foster-mother, was the wife of a humblecottier on the estate of the marquis of ——. He received his educa-
tion at Trinity-College, on leaving which, he visited the continent, as travelling-companion to a young nobleman. We next find him conducting a political journal, in a manufacturing town, in the west of England, from which, after having been horsewhipped and threatened with sundry actions of libel, he made a precipitate retreat. From this period, to the time of his introduction to madame Lauza, his career was like an ignis fatuus, brilliant, but never fixed—now coruscating among the élite of Parisian society, and now exercising his pencil, (by which he had attained some celebrity) to illustrate the classic ruins of Italy—the centre of a constellation, embracing rank, beauty and fashion, where he still shone, secure by his altitude, as well as by his undiminished lustre, from comparison or eclipse.

It will be remembered that Mr. Clare, in the letter which we have previously quoted, mentioned having received an invitation from lady Wilbraham, which gallantry rendered it impossible for him to forgo. Lady Wilbraham was the widow of a Welsh baronet, a person of immense pretence, and blessed with three marriageable daughters, only in one of whom the mother’s most prominent characteristics were, already, in full blossom. None of these young ladies being definitively disposed of, notwithstanding, as somebody facetiously observed, there was in their appearance so much to be admired, lady Wilbraham, as an experienced tactitian, was compelled to make her hospitality subservient to a higher purpose; and excellent discrimination did she manifest in the selection of the guests whom she delighted to honor. No officer below a captain—no government official, with less than eight hundred per annum—no younger son of a younger son, ever presuming to darken her festive mansion, with the shadow of his ineligibility.

A question, here, naturally arises, upon what principle Mr. Clare) whose career had, through life, been purely adventurous), founded his right of entrée. His claims, in a matrimonial point of view, would not bear a moment’s investigation; but, then, Mr. Clare was a lion—he had been labelled and exhibited in that character, at the first re-unions of the season; and, as lady Wilbraham deemed it politic to have some attractions, super-added to those which her daughters possessed, in such an exuberant a degree, the lion, Clare, was, occasionally, permitted to range at large among those splendid birds of Paradise, but under proper restrictions—one dance with each, only, being allowed, save under special circumstances, and the next seat at supper being rigorously prohibited.

A person of more sensitive pride than Mr. Clare, might have evinced contumacy under these gallant restraints, but Clare was a perfect man-of-the-world,—he never suffered his dignity to interpose between him and his dinner. As for the misses Wilbraham, they stood in little danger from Mr. Clare’s delicate attentions. His ambition wore a bolder pinion.—A young, Irish heiress, miss Catherine O’Neill, whose dark features, and dark eyes, and darker tresses, were in perfect harmony with a highly romantic and ardent disposition, had captivated the heart of Mr. Clare, while a prospective fortune of twenty-thousand pounds had convinced his understanding, and it was while enjoying a delightful tête-à-tête with this young, Irish heiress, in lady Wilbraham’s Salon de danse, that Mr. Clare received-notice, that a gentleman, below stairs, desired to speak with him, on business of the most urgent importance.

C.—46.
On entering an anti-room, into which the stranger had been shewn, Mr. Clare was accosted by a tall, dark gentleman, who had laid-aside his hat and cloak, and of whose features, assuming that he had seen them before, he had no recollection.

"My name is Lauza," said the stranger, approaching Clare with an expression of any thing but respectful courtesy in his demeanour.

Mr. Clare made a slight inclination—his self-possession being, apparently, not at all shaken by this startling announcement.

"You seem—not to recognise the name," he continued, "yet, I believe you are acquainted with a madame Lauza, of Ventnor, if I am rightly informed—is that so, sir?"

"Slightly," replied Clare, and, for an instant, his cheeks assumed the faintest tinge of crimson; but it passed-away, and he became as composed as ever.

"Slightly," rejoined senor Lauza, and his eyes flashed with a passion which he was evidently laboring to keep under control, "you will admit, perhaps, having addressed a letter to that lady."

"Not before I had received one," answered Clare, turning aside with affected indifference, though his cheek was now pale with the most abject terror.

The Creole, looked down upon the wretched creature, who dared thus to palter with him, as if, but for his diminutive stature, and the effeminacy of his fair complexion, he could have strangled him on the spot, without hesitation or remorse.

"If cowardice is—not essential to the formation of a villain," said Lauza, his powerful frame quivering with fierce emotion, "you will spare me the necessity of creating a disturbance in this house."

"I shall be happy to meet you, sir—where and when you please."

"You shall—not wait long," returned Lauza, "tomorrow morning, at Wimbledon."

"Your time?"

"Six."

This proposition having been assented to, the parties separated, and Mr. Clare rejoined his friends in the saloon.

Notwithstanding Clare’s affected nonchalance, the traits of mental anxiety were too strongly impressed upon his countenance, to escape the observation of miss Catherine O’Neill, who, relinquishing the raptures of the ‘Valse,’ accompanied Mr. Clare in a quiet promenade through the conservatory, which, partially illuminated with colored lamps, shedding a subdued and varied light, was admirably adapted for a ‘lover’s walk’, and was much patronised in consequence, by those interesting members of society.

Remarking the pallid hue of Edwin’s countenance, miss O’Neill tenderly enquired if he were unwell.

"I am rather so," replied Mr. Clare, placing his hand to his knitted brow, "I have just heard of a melancholy accident, which has happened to a friend of mine."

Before Mr. Clare could describe the precise disaster which had befallen the unfortunate object of his sympathy, a light, cheerful laugh was heard, and, turning-round, Clare encountered a handsome and gay-looking young man, with a military moustache, arm-in-arm with two of the misses Wilbraham,—a distinction for which
(considering that they were under mamma’s immediate surveillance,) their preux chevalier, no doubt, possessed a real-property qualification.

Talking of accidents, ha! ha!” said captain Featherstone, laughing, that he might display a fine row of teeth to the best advantage, “reminds me of an affair that happened only yesterday to a particular friend of my cousin’s wife’s brother—he was walking across the Green-Park, towards Piccadilly, when just as he got to the corner, he perceived a gig—you know what a gig is, Clare?”

“Perfectly well,” answered Mr. Clare, rousing-himself by an effort, from the fit of abstraction into which he was sinking.

“Describe,” said captain Featherstone, jocosely.

“O! it’s a vehicle,” replied Clare, who looked as if he was suffering from spasms of negative merits, “wanting, alike, the elegance of the Stanhope, and the comfort of the—”

“I understand what you mean,” interrupted the captain, extricating Clare from his painful attempt at pleasantry, “that’s a gig,—drawn by the hand of a master.”

“Mr. Clare always did draw, beautifully,” remarked miss Celia Wilbraham—a short and stout young lady, withauburn ringlets, and very little poetry, either in her appearance or her understanding.”

“So he did,” rejoined captain Featherstone, with an air of commiseration, “his ‘Pencillings by the way,’ are full of originality and vigor,—eh?” ejaculated the captain, looking askance at Celia, who rewarded his bon-mot with a smile of affection.

“But you were going to tell us of an accident, captain Featherstone,” said miss Susannah Wilbraham, who wore a wreath of white roses, in addition to all her sister’s native charms, and added the superfluous graces of a little pair of rosy arms, (not white roses,) encased in long gloves, edged with swansdown.

“Ah!” replied captain Featherstone, with a wicked leer—for his impartial heart was fluttering between Seylla and Charybdis, or, more correctly speaking, between Celia and Susannah, “you ladies are so fond of accidents—provided they are very shocking.—I verily do believe, that one half—I’ll go further, two thirds of all the shocking events, whereof we read and shudder, in the daily Journals, are, in some measure, directly or indirectly, to be ascribed to the agency of the ladies; but there is no necessity to say more upon that head, because, I believe, it is now pretty generally accepted as a truism.”

The ladies present, were unanimous in their reprobation of this scandalous proposition, and earnestly solicited Mr. Clare to vindicate their innocence.

“Perhaps you will favor us with an illustration or two, in support of your argument,” said Mr. Clare, who, absorbed in his own reflections, had—not the slightest conception of what his loquacious acquaintance was talking-about.

“Certainly,” returned the captain, “twenty, if your scepticism require them. I will take the case of my friend, or rather, the friend of my distant relation, my cousin’s, wife’s brother; he was walking across the park, as I stated before, when he perceived a gig, with a gentleman in it, in a white hat—he was driving at a somewhat rapid pace, when, within ten yards of the horses’ head, a lady, with an attenuated footman behind her, attempted to cross the road. It was a task demanding the quickest eye
— the strongest nerve and the greatest alacrity—in short, such a feat as none but a lady would or could have undertaken—excuse me—I've not finished, yet—the horse in the gig, as I should myself, in his situation, was frightened at the fair-one's temerity—missed his footing—fell, precipitating the gentleman, with the white hat over his ears, into some very soft composition, ordained it—my friend, or, rather, my cousin's relative—by—marriage, friend, instantly sprung to the unfortunate gentleman's rescue, and assisted him to rise, kindly enquiring, at the same time, if he was much hurt, &c. Though very much out of breath, the white-hatted gentleman had sustained no material injury, and my friend, or, I should say, the friend of the brother of the wife, of my father's eldest sister's son, was about to help the gentleman of white-hat celebrity, into his gig, when he looked very hard, in my friend's face,—(pardon the inaccuracy,)—and said, "Is'n't your name Fothergill?—my wrongly designated friend answered, that it was Fothergill—"Thomas Fothergill?" pursued the white hat. The friend—whose exact position in relation to myself you are aware of—made his best bow.—Thomas Fothergill, was his name—"O!—I am sorry to trouble you" returned the white hat, "but—" and here he whispered in Tom's ear, some such soul-withering secret, at which Tom became as white; and, almost, as cold as alabaster."

"Dear me," ejaculated miss Susannah Wilbraham—a sentiment in which her sister, with an enlarged spirit of astonishment, cordially participated.

"And who was that strange gentleman, and what was his dreadful secret," enquired Celia.

"Who do you guess?"

The ladies gave it up.

"Mr. Nebuchadnezzar, principal officer to the sheriff of Middlesex, who, having presented Tom Fothergill with his card, or something analogous, politely invited him to ride home in his gig—an invitation so very pressing, that Tom Fothergill could not refuse it, and, so, away they drove together. Now, this shocking accident was caused entirely by a lady—and proves, beyond question, the truth of the hypothesis which I have advanced.

The denouement of this little, tragic drama, instead of creating a marked sensation, was received by the ladies in solemn silence—they, from their limited experience, being, probably, unable to comprehend the precise dilemma, into which its principal actor had fallen, and being, consequently, incapable of appreciating the mental agony which he was doomed to sustain.

As the company were about adjourning from the saloon to the supper-room, Clare drew captain Featherstone, aside, and intimated that he wished to have a few words with him, in private.

"I have got a little affair-of-honor upon my hands, Featherstone," said Clare, when he had conducted his friend into the garden, where they, alone, could pursue their conference, secure from interruption.

"No?" exclaimed the captain, incredulously. "When is it to come-off, Ned?"

"Tomorrow morning, at six," replied Clare, letting down a heavy sigh, as gently as possible.
“Bravo!” cried Featherstone, with unaffected gratification. “Well, I do like to see a little sport, occasionally; it’s a relief to the cursed monotony of one’s every-day existence. Who is your antagonist? What the *casus belli*—the accident, as one might say, in which there is a lady implicated, of course.”

Clare furnished his friend with the desired information, only modifying the *casus belli*, by alleging, simply, that it originated in his having imprudently borrowed the portrait of a married lady, from motives purely artistic.

“That is quite sufficient,” returned Featherstone, after whistling a few bars of ‘Puritani.’ “Nothing can be more satisfactory. You must see and wing him, Ned. You’ve got a steady hand and a good eye, though, ‘pon my life, as you’ve been so long out of practice, you ought to go to a private rehearsal, at the gallery. Hang it! Why did’nt you appoint tomorrow evening. You’re always in such a confounded hurry with everything you undertake.”

“I may rely on your assistance?” said Clare, whose blanched lips and restless glances betrayed the nervous excitement under which he labored.

“My dear fellow, I wouldn’t disappoint you, for the world,” exclaimed captain Featherstone, taking his friend’s hand, and shaking it cordially.

“What, about having a medical man in attendance?” said Clare. “Don’t you think it advisable?”

“I’ll arrange that, Ned,” replied the captain. “Don’t make-yourself at all uneasy about your outward man—you shall have physic enough, if you require it;” and with this kind and consolatory assurance, Featherstone and his principal, elect, returned to the ball-room, where the Mazourka was just announced; and Featherstone hurried forward to secure an eligible situation for himself and his partner, miss Celia Wilbraham, whom his prolonged absence had rendered very uneasy to herself, and petulant to everybody else.

CHAPTER X.

The clock of the Horse-Guards was striking three, when Mr. Clare, having escaped from the *salon de danse*, as early as circumstances would allow, arrived at his furnished apartments, in Abingdon-street. His groom, (not the Lascar, Mr. Clare had no further occasion for his services), was sitting-up for him, and having given his master a lighted candle, was about to retire, when Clare intimated that he wished him to take a letter as far as Burton-crescent, without a moment’s delay. He accordingly wrote a few hasty lines, and despatched the boy, with instructions to use all possible expedition, and on no account to return till he had delivered the letter into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed.

We have already stated—what, indeed, without our information, would have been inferred, from his previous conduct—that Mr. Clare, so far as courage was concerned, had no pretensions to the dignity of a hero. Nevertheless, his tact and self-possession enabled him to conceal the pusillanimity, which would have exposed a less clever tactitian to ridicule and scorn. Despite of the coolness with which he received Lauza’s challenge, his mind was tortured with the most terrible apprehensions. He
would freely have given five hundred pounds to any person, who could have extricated him from his perilous situation, without compromising his reputation. But, as there was no alternative—as he must fight, or forfeit caste—a price at which his personal safety, highly as he prized it, would have been too dearly purchased—he hastened to adopt those precautionary measures, which any prudent man—and when was Clare not prudent?—would have adopted to soften the asperities between body and bullet—between life and lead.

Investing-himself in a complete suit of mourning, so as to baffle his antagonist's aim, by rendering no one part of his person more conspicuous than another, he next tried-on several hats, from one of which he tore-out a portion of the lining, in order that it might cover and protect, as much as possible, the upper part of his countenance. His watch he placed in his waistcoat-pocket, together with some loose silver. Having bound a handkerchief round the fleshy part of his right arm, he finished his defensive arrangements by encasing his throat in the brass collar of his Newfoundland dog, over which he buckled a black, full-ended stock, which effectually concealed it from observation.

Preposterous and nonsensical as all this may appear to the uninitiated, it is an indisputable fact, that a system of personal fortification, similar to, if not precisely indentical with that just described, has been adopted by parties, whom the once irrevocable laws of honor have compelled to make a public exhibition of their intrepidity.

Having proceeded thus far in the assurance of his valuable life, Mr. Clare took a deliberate review of his tout ensemble in the mirror, and was hesitating about the propriety of retaining his whiskers, when he was interrupted by the arrival of captain Featherstone, accompanied by a thin, dark gentleman, in green spectacles, whom he introduced as Dr. Loden.

The captain, who wore a great-coat, with a fur collar, carried a small, mahogany case, from which he took-out a brace of small pistols, beautifully inlaid with silver. Dr. Loden justly remarked, that they were the neatest things he ever saw.

"I bought them of Frank Singleton's brother," said the captain. "You remember Frank Singleton, Clare? Here are his initials on them. 'F. S.'—one of them was used by him on the morning of his execution, and I have got the mould in which he cast the identical bullet, which was afterwards found under the pia mater of his own brain."

"There was some slight affinity between the two substances, I presume," observed Dr. Loden, with a smile.

"That is the most charitable presumption," replied Featherstone, "though, I believe, the immediate consideration, him, thereunto moving, was, as is customary in these matters, some fair lady, who persisted in saying 'No,' when it would have been just as easy, and much more agreeable for her to have said 'yes.' Are you nearly ready, Ned?"

Clare, who had been 'fidgetting' about his chamber, during the preceding conversation, said that he was "only waiting to get shaved." The truth was, that his messenger had-not returned, and he was in a feverish state of anxiety, lest he should-not have delivered the letter, entrusted to him, according to his instructions.
"Never-mind about shaving, my dear fellow," cried Featherstone, replacing his pistols and locking the case, "that can be done afterwards, (if your widow desire it,) but, seriously speaking, Clare, we have no time to lose—it has gone the half-hour."

"I won't detain you for an instant," replied Clare, hastily collecting his shaving tackle.

"One might fancy, Ned, you were going to a funeral, instead of a ball," rejoined Featherstone, laughing; "you should never put on a good coat, my dear fellow, to fight in—I never do."

"Black is a bad color," said the doctor, drawing on his gloves; "the dye is liable to be absorbed, should it happen to be carried into the wound."

Clare, who was stropping his razor, did not hear this valuable suggestion, and, consequently, made no reply.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Featherstone, looking at Clare, who, having abandoned his design of shaving, from the absence of warm water, put on his hat before alluded to, which nearly covered his eyes, "you are not going to wear that monstrous 'elevation,' surely?"

Clare answered carelessly, that it would do well enough, as he did not expect to meet many persons that he knew,—yet Clare inwardly prayed, that he might, at least, meet one professional gentleman of his acquaintance, and as many more as he might think proper to bring with him; and, after some further parley, and perceiving that he could not longer delay his departure, without exciting suspicion, he reluctantly accompanied his friend to the door, where a chariot was waiting to convey them to the place of rendezvous.

It was about as gloomy a morning for 'pistol practice,' (to speak in the Featherstone phraseology,) as could have been selected. A light, drizzling rain—too trifling, almost, to provoke the anger of an umbrella—had set in, without any prospect either of increase or cessation. A grey mist hung over the plashy fields, where a solitary, rough-coated horse, might be seen standing motionless as the dwarf pollards, which bounded his limited domain. One, melancholy barge, drifted slowly down the river, with its mast and brown sails lowered, for not a breath of wind was moving on land or water. Horses—trees, hedges—the heavily-laden luggage-van, with the dozing guard behind it—all wore a melancholy aspect, which harmonised with the feelings of Clare, if not with those of his less cheerful companions. As for captain Featherstone and Dr. Loden, they were engaged in an animated conversation upon the subject of sabre-cuts and gun-shot wounds, Featherstone asserting, that he would rather have a sword run-through his body, than a ball lodged in the calf of his leg; and the doctor telling a remarkable tale of a French officer, who was found dead, on the field of battle, with his maxillaris carefully bound-up in his handkerchief,—an operation which he must have performed, himself, from no other ostensible motive, than to conceal his possession of a set of false teeth. Mr. Clare had no comment to make upon these remarkable illustrations of a ruling vanity, 'strong in death;' and his friends being able to find amusement enough, without his assistance, he was permitted to chew his sweet and bitter fancies, without interruption or restraint.
In due time, they came within view of Wimbledon-common, when Featherstone let-down the window-sash, and looked-out to ascertain if their antagonists had arrived.

Two gentlemen, on horseback, followed by a mounted groom, were observed, directing their course towards the windmill.

"All right," cried Featherstone, "there they are—we shan't be long, now, winding-up the account; perhaps, we had better leave the coach here, it won't be far to carry—"

A spasmodic smile from Clare, prevented him from pursuing this painful theme, and alighting from the chariot, the Trio proceeded, arm-in-arm, across the common. Clare, ever and anon, turning round, with an anxious look, as if he expected to find somebody there, whose non-appearance, he could-not either account-for or excuse.

On reaching the windmill, senor Lauza's second, an elderly-looking man, in a drab upper-coat, with a small cape, and black-kid gloves, came-forward, and captain Featherstone having informed him, that he appeared as Mr. Clare's friend, the two seconds retired, apart, and held some conversation together, which was inaudible to the parties most deeply interested.

The preliminaries having been arranged, major Yorke withdrew to his principal, and Featherstone rejoined Clare. He was about to communicate to him the result of his conference with major Yorke, when, to the surprise of all present, (Mr. Clare, perhaps, excepted,) a hack cab was observed approaching, at a rapid pace, the spot where they were assembled, and before they could effect their retreat, two stout men, in top-boots, jumped out, each armed with a small, gold-headed staff—that potent emblem of civil authority, and arrested the belligerents, in His Majesty's most excellent and irresistible name.

The captives were forthwith conveyed before a magistrate, at Wandsworth, and bound-over to keep-the-peace towards each other, for twelve, calendar months.

On leaving the magistrate's residence, major Yorke requested to speak a few words with captain Featherstone.

"I presume" he said, that your principal does-not wish to delay the settlement of this affair, till the expiration of the period for which bail has been given."

"Certainly not," replied captain Featherstone, but what can be done? You would-not have us forfeit our recognizances."

"By no means," said major Yorke, "but what is to prevent us from running-over to Boulogne, at once. It is quite impossible to arrange this matter, amicably, and the sooner a meeting takes-place, the better for both parties."

"Why so?" demanded Featherstone.

"To prevent murder," whispered major Yorke, with a look which Featherstone understood, and which convinced him of the expediency of adopting the course suggested by his opponent.

Within one hour, after the preceding conversation, Lauza and Clare, accompanied by their respective seconds, were posting to Folkestone, where, by the aid of good horses, they arrived in time for the packet, by which they were speedily landed at Boulogne. Dr. Loden remained behind, from motives connected with his professional reputation.

The conduct of Clare, from his first meeting with Lauza, to the time of his
arrest, proved, beyond question, the abject cowardice of his heart. But tenacious as he was of his personal safety, there was that antagonistical feeling, which prompted him to brave death, rather than be suspected of timidity. It was, partly, this honorable pride, which induced him to accede to major Yorke's proposition; but not entirely, for captain Featherstone had told him that, as sure as the morrow's sun would rise, so surely would Lauza assassinate him, if he refused to give him that satisfaction which he demanded. Under these circumstances, Clare deemed it useless, to write, again, to his attorney. Bow-street officers could-not, conveniently, be sent to France; and perceiving no prospect of escape, Clare abandoned-himself to his destiny—his very soul wrung by the torturing apprehensions of a speedy and a violent death.

The time appointed for the second meeting, was at dusk; namely, seven in the evening, which allowed about three hours for refreshment and preparation. Clare and his friend repaired to an hotel, where Featherstone, whose spirits were highly elated, by the excitement of his position, ordered a sumptuous dinner, in a private apartment, of which, however, Clare ate but sparingly. Champagne and claret were placed on the table after dinner, and Featherstone having taken-off his coat, lit a cigar—threw-himself on the sofa, and smoking with closed eyelids, presented a charming picture of tranquil enjoyment.

Clare sat quietly by the window, handling his silver tooth-pick, and drinking neat brandy.

"Ned," murmured the captain, emitting a little, blue stream of smoke from his lips, "if things go-on smoothly, as I anticipate they will, I should like to take-a-run as far as Paris, tomorrow; will you go?"

"I would, with pleasure," replied Clare, putting-down his glass; "but I must be in town, before ten."

"Must, eh?" said Featherstone, raising his languid eyelids, and contemplating his stoical friend with calm admiration, "you take-things cool, Ned."

Clare made no reply; but, drawing-out his pocket-book, proceeded to write on a blank leaf, apparently a prescription; at all events, there was the word 'laudanum' in it.

"What are you writing about, Clare?" enquired captain Featherstone, supporting-himself on his elbow, "making your will, like the prudent father of a family. Don't appoint me executor—I detest having anything to do with lawyers."

Clare desired him not to be alarmed, and, stating that he wanted his watch repaired, he left the apartment. He was-not absent more than a few minutes, but when he returned, his countenance wore a more cheerful and animated expression, than it had presented for some time past.

"How do you like the claret?" enquired Clare, pouring-out a glass, and tasting it.

"O, it's passable," replied Featherstone, yawning.

"Passable, you call it," returned Clare, with a wry face. "It's execrable, in my opinion. Why don't you try the brandy, my good fellow?"

"I will, presently," said Featherstone, rising from his couch; "but, first and foremost, I should just like to try the pistols; they have been so long hors de combat, that, perhaps, they don't pull so kindly as might be desired."
And taking one of the pistols, he loaded it, and presented it at the old-fashibned portrait of a Dutch admiral, which ornamented the wainscot.

"What-on-earth are you going to do?" cried Clare, who saw that his friend's judgment was not sensibly improved by the liquids, which he had imbibed.

"We'll just pop a curl off that old fellow's wig," said Featherstone; and scarcely were the words uttered, when he fired. A scream was heard from without, followed by a rapid discharge of anathemas, in the French tongue, and, presently, a folding-door flew-open, and a gaunt, old gentleman, with one impracticable eye, and attired in a night-cap and a pair of nankeen small-clothes, presented his indignant visage before the individuals, by whose outrageous conduct, his life, and that of his consort, a little, pippin-faced old lady, with a variegated satin coiffure and carpet-slippers, who, dumb with astonishment, behind him, would, but for the providential interposition of the bed-post, most inevitably, have been sacrificed.

"Vat for you mean, sare?" cried he of the nankeens, "by your pop—pop at my pillow, in dis manner. I sall make you answere for dis conduct, you base Anglicit man."

"It was purely accidental, monsieur, I assure you," replied Featherstone, with constrained politeness.

"Accidental, sare—bah!" ejaculated the Frenchman, "tell you dat to de mariner, sare, de French government no believe it."

"I can't help that, monsieur," returned Featherstone, surveying the nankeens through his eye-glass.

"No help!" exclaimed the Frenchman, with increased energy. "Vat! you no content vid tramp—tramp, all over de national flag on the sea, but you come here vid your pistole to de bedside, to murder de wife of de bosom, and all me hold most dear; but you sall wipe-off dis stain upon de honner of ma country, sare, for I vill sew you up, sare, in de publique newspaper, and make you tremble all over horriblemint. Yah!" and having thus poured-forth the lava of his wrath, with a convulsive agitation of the crater, from which it issued, he shook-his-fist menacingly at the representative of the 'perfidious Albion,' and followed by the little, pippin-faced lady, in the carpet-slippers, closed the folding-doors and retired into his chamber.

Featherstone burst into a hearty laugh, and taking-up a tumbler, which Clare had filled with diluted brandy, he drank about half its contents.

Suddenly he placed his hand to his forehead, and complained of giddiness.

"What on earth, Clare," he gasped, supporting-himself by a chair, "have you been putting-in that brandy?"

Clare expressed his astonishment at the question."

"By heaven, Clare," cried Featherstone, and his respiration became more and more oppressed, "I think you have given me poison."

"Nonsense," said Clare approaching his friend with great apparent anxiety, "it's a bilious attack—nothing more."

Featherstone tried to speak, but an irresistible languor stole over him—his countenance assumed a livid cast, and sinking, exhausted, on the couch, he was presently wrapt in a profound slumber.
Love and Revenge.

Clare stood silently watching by his side, for a few minutes, then, taking-up his hat, he walked quietly out of the hotel, and proceeded to a spot, near the valley Denacre, where the duel had been appointed to take-place.

Lauza, and his second, major Yorke, were already on the ground.

"I am sorry, sir, to keep you waiting," said Clare, addressing major Yorke, "my friend has, unfortunately, been seized with a sudden and severe fit of indisposition, which rendered it impossible for him to accompany me, as he had engaged, and, under other circumstances, doubtless, would have done."

"That need-not prevent us from proceeding with the business for which we have met," replied major Yorke,冷冷ly.

A slight, and but momentary expression of surprise, passed-over Clare's countenance, at this observation.—Again, was he baffled in his attempts to avoid the painful necessity of fighting his inveterate and sanguinary antagonist, without danger to his reputation. Neither law nor laudanum could shield him from the vengeance of the man, whose peace and happiness he had destroyed.

"Would there be any objection to a postponement, till tomorrow morning?" said Clare, addressing major Yorke, "you see, I am quite unprepared."

"Will he fight, or will he not," demanded Lauza, who stood at a distance, with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon the ground.

"Major Yorke," said Clare, and his cheek crimsoned as he spoke, "I place-myself in your hands, if you consider it to be fair and just that this affair should be proceeded-with, instantly, and that not even the delay of a few hours can be permitted; then, notwithstanding the serious disadvantages, under which I labour, confiding in your candour and honorable intentions, I shall, unhesitatingly, submit to your decision."

Before major Yorke could answer this appeal to his magnanimity, two young men, in the uniform of the National guard, came-up, and guessing the object for which the Englishmen had met, paused to see if they could render any assistance.

Their arrival was a death-blow to Clare's last struggle; for, on major Yorke's application, one of them, with the characteristic complaisance of his countrymen, at once, undertook to officiate on behalf of the gentleman, by whom his services were required.

Lauza and his opponent were quickly placed in their proper positions, and, at the appointed signal, Lauza fired—alone—

Clare, had either mistaken the signal, or had, intentionally, reserved his fire, for he stood motionless, some ten or twelve seconds, after his antagonist's ball had struck him just above the collar-bone; then, with a spasmodic contraction of the facial muscles, he raised his trembling arm, and, as the weapon which it held exploded, fell bleeding and insensible to the earth.

Lauza threw-on his cloak, and, accompanied by major Yorke, hastily walked away. Clare's lifeless body was carried by the Frenchmen, into the road, and placed in an open cart, upon some green rushes, in which state it was conveyed to the Bureau of the Commissary of Police—followed by a multitude—both men and women—eager to obtain a view of the young Englishman, whose fair and handsome features excited their unanimous admiration.
CHAPTER XI.

In a little, shady apartment, which adjoined a more spacious, and better lighted counting-house, whose principal ornaments were sundry copper-colored maps, a library of ponderous ledgers, and a massive Iron-chest, sat Mr. Chandler, the wealthy and eminent ship-owner, of Newman's-court, Cornhill. The old gentleman had just arrived on horseback, from his residence at Norwood, and was engaged in airing 'The Times' at the fire, preparatory to his perusal of the city article, with which his daily, commercial studies invariably commenced.

Mr. Chandler was the senior partner in the firm of Archibald Chandler & Co. and was no less respected for his probity, than esteemed for his unbounded, and, we had almost said, indiscriminate benevolence. One glance at his powdered head,—his glowing countenance, and his twinkling, grey eye, was sufficient to discover the cheerful and kind-hearted disposition, which delighted in works of charity, and felt it a pleasure, rather than merely a virtue, to console the wretched, and succour the distressed. Old Mr. Chandler was much attached to a blue coat, with bright, yellow buttons, a buff-waistcoat, and long, drab gaiters, and proclaimed his faith in the moral uprightness of human nature, by frequently allowing a small portion of his silk-handkerchief to protrude from his coat-pocket, when walking along the streets; for though as much distinguished by good-sense, as good feeling, in most matters, the old gentleman entertained a peculiar notion—the originality of which was never called into question—that no man, woman nor child would commit petty larceny, unless prompted thereto by severe want, in which case he considered the necessity—to extenuate, if not to justify the offence—and could never be prevailed-upon to prosecute, whenever he was made the subject of those experiments, by which his philosophy and his forbearance were oftentimes most severely tried.

The old gentleman had just finished his review of the shipping intelligence, when a neatly-dressed youth entered with a card, which he presented to his master, at the same time announcing, that the gentleman, whose name it bore, desired an audience, and was waiting, for that purpose, in the counting-house.

"Tell Mr. Lauza to walk-in, Charles," replied the old gentleman, and, taking-off his spectacles, he felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, and found that, like many of his predecessors, it had gone to that bourne, (at the foot of Holborn-hill), whence no silky traveller returns.

"I wish," soliloquized the old gentleman, with the smallest indication of petulance, imaginable, "that those poor, misguided people would ask me for a shilling, and leave my handkerchief undisturbed. It was a very old one, and I'm sure they wouldn't get more for it; but, then, I suppose, they are too proud to beg. Ah! pride—pride—silly pride—it does an immense deal of mischief; but, poor things, they can't help it—I suppose it comes-natural to them."

And moralizing in this strain, Mr. Chandler was only prevented from launching-out into a wide field of philanthropic speculation, by the appearance of the gentleman, who had sent-in his card, and to whom he was entirely unknown.

"I am given-to-understand," said senor Lauza, "that you are the owner of a
ship, called the ‘Orient,’ which is about sailing with some female convicts for New-South-Wales.’

"Why," replied Mr. Chandler, shaking his head, and looking unusually grave, "we certainly are the owners, and I am extremely sorry for it; she is, however, chartered by the government, who have both the manning and victualling of her. It was my partners who managed the business, during my absence from town, and I was quite ignorant, till after the charter-party had been signed, for what purpose she was required. I have, however, one, consolatory reflection, and that is, she is thoroughly sea-worthy, and the poor creatures will have better accommodation in our ship, than in many others, which might have fallen to their lot; but, I confess, it makes me feel very uncomfortable, for all that."

"The enquiry I wish to make of you, sir," rejoined senor Lauza, "is this—is it possible, upon any terms, whatever—the amount of remuneration being of no importance to those, on whose behalf this application is made—to send-out a female in that vessel, and amongst those, of whom, I presume, its passengers will exclusively consist."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Chandler, with the greatest agitation and surprise, "who could ever dream of such an act of barbarity?"

"It is no dream, sir—it is a fixed and deliberate resolution, to do it, if it be practicable."

"But my dear sir," reasoned Mr. Chandler; but Lauza interrupted him with an expression of impatience.

"Can it, or can it not be done?" he demanded. "Will a thousand pounds accomplish it? and, if—not one thousand, will two?"

"Really, this is such a very extraordinary application," said Mr. Chandler, his curiosity, for once, checking the first impulses of his humanity, which would have induced him to reject the proposition with unmitigated abhorrence; "but, explain, my dear sir, the circumstances."

"The circumstances, so far as they admit of explanation, are these:—the husband of a lady, to whom I am related, has had sufficient proofs of his wife’s conduct, during his absence abroad, to convince him, that it is impossible she can any longer associate with the other members of his family; and has, accordingly, determined upon removing her, for ever, from the society of those, who would be contaminated and insulted by her presence."

"There are many ways of doing so."

"There is but one way, in which degradation—the vilest degradation, can be combined with perpetual banishment."

"But does your friend wish to cut-off all communication between this poor unfortunate and her friends—would he hold-out no hope of reconciliation, when years of suffering, patiently borne, have proved her sincere contrition, and have atoned, in some measure, for those errors, in which, after all, one must have participated, poor sinner, even more culpable than herself."

"Guilt is—not weighed, sir, by dram’s and scruples; apportion it as you will, enough remains to drag her soul down to perdition."
The tone, so full of bitter animosity, in which his last words were uttered, betrayed the fictitious character which Lauza had, hitherto, maintained. A suspicion instantly flashed upon Mr. Chandler’s mind, that the principal, and not the agent stood before him, and his future proceedings were based upon that assumption.

“Let me entreat you,” he said, “to intercede with your friend, on behalf of this unfortunate lady—we are all partakers of a corrupt and fallen nature, and we all stand much in need of sympathy. If he cannot forgive, he may, at least, forbear. I would—not be the apologiser of evil, under any shape; but, ’ere we cast the first stone, let us remember His injunction, who said to the sorrow-stricken penitent—‘Go—and sin no more.’”

A gloom, more sullen and menacing than before, settled on Lauza’s brow, while the venerable old gentleman proceeded with that gentle fervor, which distinguished him when pleading in a charitable suit.

“Kindness, alone, can soften the heart, and lead the erring wanderer back to virtue and repentance. I will give you an instance. Some years ago, I took a young man, who had been educated at the Blue-Coat School—he was an orphan, the son of a naval captain—into my counting-house; he robbed me, and absconded. In less than a month, he came back, of his own accord—threw himself at my feet, and implored my forgiveness. I said to him—Robert, you have acted ungratefully—foolishly—but I will—not reproach you, as I know your sufferings are sufficiently severe, already. It is, however, but little more that I can do for you. There’s fifty pounds—that will pay your passage to some foreign settlement. Go; and any further assistance you may require, when you get there, write, and you shall have it. He went from this room, sobbing like a child, and is now one of the most zealous and pious missionaries in Demerara, instead of being, by different treatment, a scandal to his friends, and a burthen upon society.”

As the old gentleman finished this instructive little anecdote, his eyes filled with tears—an appropriate tribute to his own judicious clemency!

“Have you done, sir?” demanded Lauza, approaching the table with an expression of fierce determination. “Then, hear me. The woman I spoke of, is my wife; and I have sworn to Heaven, that this right hand shall wither—rot—and crumble into dust, ’ere it be extended, in mercy, to her. I tell you this, that you may see the futility of your expostulations; and that you might as well preach to the winds, as attempt to baffle me in my resolution.”

“Then, may Heaven forgive you,” cried Mr. Chandler, with evident emotion; “for you stand more in need of its pardon, than the defenceless object of your enmity.”

“If you are willing to do what I require, name your terms,” said Lauza; “and rest assured, no sum you may propose, will hinder me from accomplishing my purpose. If you hesitate, from motives of humanity, remember, there are other modes of punishment, more terrible than that which I have submitted for your consideration.

Mr. Chandler was evidently perplexed at this suggestion.

“I have told you, my friend! that it is not in my power.”

“You refuse?” cried Lauza. “Then, I will wish you good-day;” and he was
about quitting the room, when captain Rochfort was announced; and, on his entrance, Mr. Chandler informed him of the business, in which his co-operation was indispensably necessary.

The captain shook his head, and declined having anything to do with such an extraordinary and impracticable proceeding.

While Mr. Chandler and captain Rochfort were conversing together, Lauza took a slip of paper, and wrote a draught on his bankers, for two hundred guineas. This he handed to captain Rochfort, desiring him to make any alteration he thought proper. The captain—a stern, calculating Northumbrian—glanced over it; then, folding it up, said:—"Let her be brought on board by nine o'clock this evening."

Lauza, without making a single observation, bowed and withdrew.

"After his departure, Mr. Chandler held a long conference with captain Rochfort, respecting the disposal of the unhappy lady, who was to be committed to his charge, when it was arranged, that she should be conveyed on shore, prior to the ship sailing, and placed under the protection of an elderly female, where she could remain, unknown to her husband, and secure from his malevolence.

CHAPTER XI.

Several days had elapsed since that fearful interview between Lauza and his wife, which has been described in a previous chapter, and no intelligence of him had been received, beyond what the public-papers supplied. In them, the full particulars of his duel with Stanley Clare were, of course, duly reported. Anticipating the effect, which a knowledge of the circumstances would have on Julia's health, she was kept, by her immediate friends, in ignorance of what had transpired, and still cherished a fond, delusive hope, that Lauza, when the first ebullition of his passion had subsided, would return to her—acknowledge the injustice of his accusations—and all would yet be well."

The moment Mr. Middleton was informed of the conduct of his protégé, Stanley Clare, he was thunderstruck, and boldly declared his conviction, that there must be some mistake—that a more honorable and high-minded man, than Stanley Clare, did not, and could not possibly exist; and, in order to prove the innocence of his friend, and restore all things to their original basis, he posted off to London, and employed his most strenuous exertion to discover the residence of the 'Irish adventurer,' but, without success; and the first intimation which he received of him was from a newspaper, containing an account of the duel, in which he met with his untimely death.

Nor was Mr. Middleton the only person who, moved by the melancholy situation of madame Lauza, and feeling the imprudent nature of the suspicions, which her husband entertained against her, took active measures to effect a reconciliation. Knowing that Lauza was related to a Spanish merchant, in the city, Henry Hazlegrove proceeded thither, and was fortunate enough to meet with him, when an interview took place, of the most exciting character, but of which our limits prevent us giving any minute details. Suffice it, that Lauza refused to listen to the persuasions of his wife's disinterested, but earnest advocate, and announced his
determination never to see her again. This interview took place on the day following the duel at Boulogne, and before Henry was acquainted with its result.

Depressed in spirit at the failure of his mission, and his mind teeming with melancholy forebodings, Henry returned to Ventnor. It was evening when he reached the cottage. Madame Lauza was sitting in an easy chair, supported with pillows, while Matilda, at her desire, was reading aloud from a volume of sermons, till interrupted by one of those passionate fits of weeping, in which Julia abandoned herself to the deepest despair, and which, despite her sister's tender remonstrances, she was unable to control.

The arrival of Henry was looked-forward-to by Matilda, with the greatest anxiety. When he entered the room, however, her heart sunk within her. She saw, before he spoke, that his kind intercession was all in vain. As for Julia, she looked at him, with a sad and pensive earnestness; then, in a faint voice, asked:—

"Have you seen him, Henry?"

"I have," he replied. He paused, hesitating whether he dare repeat the conversation that had taken-place between Lauza and himself.

"And what does he say, Henry," rejoined Julia, in the same tone of calm despondency.

"He was too much excited," replied Hazlegrove, assuming an easy indifference, quite foreign to his feelings, "too much so, a great deal, to enter into anything like argument. We must wait a few days."

"A few days," sighed madame Lauza, with a smile of anguish, "and I am in my grave. There is no—no hope, Henry; and, raising her handkerchief, tears came to her relief, and she wept loud and bitterly.

In vain, Matilda endeavored to console her sister—in vain, she censured the conduct of Lauza, in allowing his judgment to be blinded by the nefarious schemes of an unprincipled adventurer. Julia would-not admit that her husband had acted with unreasonable precipitation—she, alone, was in error, and she, alone, would bear the suffering and the shame.

A morbid fancy, thus constantly feeding the pangs of self-reproach—even the long-expected return of Mr. Middleton, from his tour, who entered, with a countenance more effulgent than when he had made the grandest meteorological discovery, failed to pour one cheerful ray into the solitary bosom of her, on whose account his own experienced such delightful emotions.

"Cheer-up!—cheer-up! my dear madam," he cried, approaching Julia, and pressing her hand, with all his old-fashioned cordiality, "the clouds are passing away—the barometer, which was at 'stormy,' is rising rapidly—there will be a change in the atmosphere, before morning."

"Mr. Middleton," said Henry, somewhat displeased at these figurative and characteristic expressions of their philosophical friend, "if you have anything to communicate, I beg you will do it, at once, and not trifle with the feelings of a lady, whose afflictions merit our deepest and gravest sympathy."

The old gentleman colored at this rebuke; but, notwithstanding his eccentricities, he had too much good-nature to be offended.
Matilda relieved him from his perplexity, by enquiring if he had seen anything of Lauza.

"That is precisely what I was going to tell you, if you would only have a little patience," replied Mr. Middleton; "but young people always are so impetuous; however, we'll say no more about that. I have heard of signor Lauza, and he is at this present moment within almost a stone's throw of us."

"Will he come here, Mr. Middleton," said Julia, languidly.

"No—you must go to him."

"Tell me where he is to be found," rejoined madame Lauza, "and I will go instantly."

"He is in a vessel, lying-off Portsmouth harbour," replied Mr. Middleton. "As I was coming along just now, I met a sailor who enquired if I could direct him to madame Lauza's residence. I asked him his business, when he told me that he had been sent by a gentleman with a message for madame Lauza to come immediately on board the vessel in which he is at present, and which will sail in a few hours."

"O let me not lose an instant," cried madame Lauza, rising-up with a sudden access of energy. "Where is the person, Mr. Middleton, who brings this message?"

"He is waiting, without, for an answer; but he states that the gentleman gave him particular directions that no one should accompany you on board. You must see him, alone, or not at all."

"Impossible" cried Matilda. "Consider the state of my sister's health."

"We might engage a conveyance," suggested Mr. Middleton—"I will accompany her as far as Ryde, and wait there till she returns from the vessel, should she then have occasion for a protector."

"I will go with you, Mr. Middleton," cried Julia, "and I feel most grateful for your kind proposal."

"It is very madness, Julia," exclaimed Matilda. "You must not dream of such a thing. Henry and Mr. Middleton will go together and seek an interview with Lauza on board the vessel, but you must not venture out. I cannot imagine how any person could be so inhuman as to desire it."

"Inhuman! Matilda," said her sister, with deep emotion. "Remember—I have destroyed his happiness, and how can I expect that he should have any regard for mine? I will go Matilda—he may be dying; and if this should be...," she paused, and raising her eyes with an expression of acute anguish, she said in a low and solemn voice "his last breath will tell me I have been his... murderer."

Finding further remonstrance useless, and Mr. Middleton professing to see no reasonable objection to madame Lauza's contemplated visit to her husband, Matilda and Henry contented-themselves with entering their protest against the proceeding; and madame Lauza, accompanied by Mr. Middleton, took her departure in a vehicle engaged for the occasion.

On reaching the town of Ryde, the sailor—a dark, middle-aged man in a pilot-coat, who was to be Julia's conductor—alighted from the box, where he had sat D—46.
during the journey, and informed her that a boat was waiting near the pier to convey her on board the vessel, where he had left the gentleman from whom he had received his instructions.

It was a bleak and cheerless night—a night well-fitted for the unhallowed work to which it ministered. The spirit of a dark and fearful destiny seemed to be embodied in the elements by which its victim was surrounded. Its sullen brow was traced in the murky clouds through which no star—no gleam of hope—could penetrate. Its threatening prophecies were oracular in the winds which swept over the ruffled waves, and in the sounding surge (meet emblem of man's baser passions) which, foaming and chafed and with invading legions, swallowed-up that calm expanse which offered no resistance to its rage.

As the beautiful isle where she had spent so many happy days receded from her view, and as glancing around she saw the boundless mass of waters which heaved beneath the changing shadows of a clouded firmament, Julia felt that the last ties which bound her to all that was dear on earth were severed, and that the scene on which she gazed was but a type of that troubled, dark and solitary waste which henceforth lay between her sorrows and the tomb.

Absorbed in these mournful reveries, she did not observe whether the boat, in which she had embarked, was directing its course, till suddenly roused by the clanking of chains, and the cheerful "Yeo" of sailors weighing-anchor, when looking-round she perceived that they were close to a large vessel, which lay at some short distance from the mouth of the harbour. Several men were actively engaged in unfurling and setting the sails aloft; but the object which principally arrested her attention was a sentinel with fixed bayonet, who paraded the quarter-deck, who, confronting madame Lauza at the gangway, was about to address her, when the sailor in the pilot-coat under whose guidance she had placed herself, desired her to follow him, and passing by his shipmates, who were employed in clearing the decks of casks and cordage, she was conducted to a small cabin which was lighted by a glass lantern suspended from the roof, and whose only furniture consisted of sundry cutlasses, muskets and hand-spikes, where she found her husband in conversation with captain Rochfort, who retired on her entrance, leaving the avenger and his victim alone.

Without speaking, Lauza deliberately fastened the door; then returning to his original position, he folded his arms, and regarded Julia with that look of intense and vindictive hatred, which the contemplation, alone, of the bitterest of his enemies could have engendered.

Madame Lauza fell on her knees, and bursting into tears, with simple but earnest eloquence protested her innocence—her love—her constancy—her wretchedness.

"Wretch!" exclaimed Lauza, as grasping her by the arm he suddenly drew-forth a poniard, while his dark, Moorish eyes flashed with ungovernable frenzy.

"Kill me!" cried Julia, in an agony of grief. "If I am not worthy to live—in mercy, let me die."

Lauza paused for an instant; then threw the weapon from him.

"No," he said, wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead—"you shall live.
Had you shrieked—had you uttered one cry for mercy—had you finched, I would have killed you; but death makes a martyr of the miscreant. You shall live, upon one condition."

As Lauza spoke, he drew aside a panel, which opened upon the hold of the vessel and disclosed a scene which none but the most callous could regard with feelings of indifference. Obscurely discerned by the dim light of a solitary lantern, about one hundred females of different ages, varying from sixteen to sixty, attired in dark, coarse raiment, were engaged in devotional exercises, while the chaplain was offering up a prayer, applicable to the situation of his hearers—one of whom was a young mother with an infant at her breast, and whose sobs and impassioned ejaculations proclaimed the intensity of her sufferings and the sincerity of her penitence. Chained to the deck, an old, grey-headed woman, in whose pale, haggard features were portrayed the workings of a disordered intellect, was mocking by her scornful gestures, those around her who were less experienced in depravity; but with this exception, the demeanour of those unhappy creatures evinced a pious resignation instead of that abandonment which too frequently accompanies the consciousness of degradation and the wreck of all those visions which the aching heart of guilt associates with the unuttered thought of home.

Lauza pointed to the convicts, as bending down he said in a faltering voice "Madam, you shall live—upon this condition—"

Julia raised her despairing eyes and, for an instant only, the avenger seemed to hesitate.

"That you become the companion—that you submit to the punishment of those carrion."

He paused for his wife's reply—a convulsive tremor agitated her frame, and shewed that the arrow which his malice had pointed, was quivering in her heart.

"Shrink—not, madam, with affected horror," said Lauza, closing the panel, "let—not your fine feelings lead you to suppose that you are better than they—you have had infamy enough of your own seeking—the infamy I offer you is—not greater than that which you have chosen for yourself."

"Let me die—Oh! let me die," ejaculated Julia, covering her face with her hands.

"Henceforth, madam, those are your friends—your bosom friends" said Lauza,—and a smile of triumph lit up his sardonic countenance—"for you will know none others—they will sympathise with your afflictions—will cheer and encourage you—will tell you that your husband is a monster—aye, worse than a monster—a fiend incarnate; and that you are as pure and innocent as they themselves have been, and may (time and opportunity permitting) once more become—Go, madam, and embrace them."

A knocking at the cabin-door, accompanied by a rattling of chains, overhead, warned Lauza to retire. Casting a look of fierce indignation on his drooping victim, by a violent effort he unclasped the firmly-fixed but slender fingers which sought to detain him, and Julia with a faint shriek fell senseless on the floor.

Springing into a boat, Lauza was speedily conveyed to Gosport, whence the
vessel he had just quitted, could just be discerned through the dense mist, with her sails set, standing-out to sea.

Immediately after his departure, captain Rochfort, accompanied by Mr. Chandler, who had come from town purposely to carry-out his humane intentions, entered the cabin, where they found madame Lauza lying, motionless. Medical assistance was promptly supplied, but it was too late—a ruptured vessel had suddenly paralized the broken-heart—and her eyes were closed in that calm sleep, whose dreams are of eternity.

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The innocent cause of all this mischief—the fountain-head from which issued such a copious stream of calamities—Mr. Middleton—was the only individual who could not comprehend that he had acted with any impropriety in introducing an adventurer like Stanley Clare to madame Lauza.—He, alone, could not perceive that Clare’s pretended attachment to miss Leighton was a mere ruse to disguise his real designs upon her sister. No argument could convince him that Clare desired the loan of madame Lauza’s miniature for any other purpose than that which he represented: nor could the most conclusive evidence—that of the Lascar whom Clare employed in the execution of his nefarious schemes, induce Mr. Middleton to acknowledge that the letter, purporting to come from a correspondent at Venezuela—and imputing the basest conduct to signor Lauza was a fabrication by which Clare hoped to weaken or destroy the affection which madame Lauza entertained for her husband, and to the last moment of his life he conscientiously believed that Clare was the victim of a jealousy, no less unfounded in itself, than fatal in its consequences.

It may be remembered that captain Featherstone was left at Boulogne, suffering from the effects of the laudanum, so surreptitiously administered to him by his friend captain Clare, for the purpose of postponing the duel, by rendering him incapable of performing the office which he had undertaken. After a long slumber, he was by the application of powerful stimulants restored to himself, and notwithstanding his disgust at Clare’s treacherous and cowardly behaviour he superintended his funeral obsequies in the cemetery at Boulogne, where an immense concourse of persons assembled to witness the interment of one, whose untimely end they lamented with a sincerity commensurate with their ignorance of his deserts.

Agreeably to universal expectation, captain Featherstone in due course solicited and obtained the favorable regards of miss Celia Wilbraham, an acquisition by which his vulnerable heart was healed of those manifold wounds for which her lovely eyes were justly held responsible; and considering the fifteen thousand sovereign remedies which his bride brought with her, we doubt not that his cure was no less miraculous than permanent. The distress of those sentimental invalids, who professed to find in Celia’s smile their sweetest balm— their most esteemed medicament—it would be painful to dilate-upon. Many sought relief in a change of physicians, and addressed their passionate supplications to miss Susannah Wilbraham, who,
her mama's entire acquiescence, eventually took-compassion on the infirmities of an elderly baronet, who groaned beneath the combined agonies of love and lumbago, and who suffered almost as severely from spasmodic asthma as from the tender affection of his sexagenarian heart.

Senor Lauza sailed for Mexico, within a few days of his last interview with his unfortunate wife, and it is a singular illustration of the retribution which frequently awaits those who have committed or countenanced deeds of violence, that shortly after his arrival he was found strangled in his bed. The assassins, who were three of his own slaves, escaped detection for some time, but were ultimately arrested, brought to trial, convicted and hung in front of the plantation, in whose vicinity the murder had been perpetrated.

The nuptials of Matilda and the honorable Henry Hazlegrove, afterwards earl Beckenham, were celebrated with as little delay as the melancholy bereavement which they had experienced would allow. United to one of noble birth, congenial tastes and generous sentiments, Matilda's future was the realization of serene and pure felicity—like a fair Italian lake reflecting only images of sunny loveliness secure from the agencies by which her sister perished—the hostile clouds of calumny and the fierce lightning-flashes of Jealousy and Revenge.

A. A.
DESCRIPTION OF THE

SIX

PARIS-PLATES OF FASHIONS:

Accompanying the present Number.

No. 1295.—FIRST FIGURE.—Young Ladies' Walking Dresses.—Redingote of grey gros Africain, made with a tight body, and high up to the throat; a row of buttons, the same color as the dress, and placed very near each other, is the only ornament on the front of the dress; long, tight sleeve, finished with a lace-ruffle; small, embroidered collar; violet velvet bonnet, trimmed with the same material on the outside, and having bows of white ribbon and strings in the interior.

SECOND FIGURE.—Toilette d'intérieur.—Redingote of green levantine, worn over an under-dress of cambric—the front breadths on each side of the skirt cut in the form of a mitre, and fastened together, at each point, with a button, the mitres decreasing in size as they reach the waist—rows of narrow ribbon-velvet, of the same shade as the dress, are placed on the mitres—one at the edge, the other rather within. The side-breadths are mitred in a similar manner, to the depth of a quarter of a yard; the corsage is mitred in a similar manner, and shews the worked guippe, worn underneath; sleeve demi religieuse, finished with two rows of narrow ribbon-velvet, a lace sleeve being worn under. Cap of point d' Angleterre, trimmed with choux of primrose ribbon.

No. 1298.—FIRST FIGURE.—Ball Dress.—Dress of white-crape, made with a double skirt, both skirts being of the same length, the top one only reaching as far as the front breadth on each side, where it terminates with three folds, on which are placed a wreath of flowers, forming a zigzag; tight corsage, low, and with a very long point; folds of crape form the berthe, which is not detached from the dress: short, tight sleeves, with a rose in the centre. A similar flower is worn in front of the folds. Hair in full bandesaux, crimped, behind which there is placed a plait of the back-hair; over this, a bunch of grapes and roses is intermingled. Untrimmed gloves; bracelet on the left arm, and bouquet.

SECOND FIGURE.—Toilette de Ville, or Visiting Dress.—Robe of violet-colored velvet trimmed with a deep sable round the bottom, which turns-up the front breadth at each side and reaches the waist. The body is tight, and very high, and has likewise fur placed over the side seam, which forms a continuation to the trimming of the skirt. Tight sleeves, with rounded jockeys, trimmed with fur. Paméla bonnet of black-velvet, ornamented with a bird of Paradise. Very small, lace-collar and blue cravate; lace-cuffs, falling-over the hands; pale-yellow gloves.
Description of Paris-plates of Fashions.

Plate No. 1301. First figure.—**Ball Dress.** Dress of White Tarlatane, made with a double skirt, each of which is ornamented with five rows of narrow pink velvet ribbon. Tight body with a very long point, cut with a single seam in the front, short sleeves and berthe composed of folds of Tarlatane and pink velvet ribbon: the sleeves have a similar trimming—a rosette bow of pink is placed in the centre of the berthe. Hair arranged in smooth braids in front, these are turned into the plaits at the back, through which a narrow roll of pink velvet appears at the left side; gold bracelets with stones.

Second figure.—Plate 1301—**Visiting Dress.**

Re dingote of Mauve satin trimmed with velvet of the same color up the front of the skirt, bows of satin ribbon being placed between the velvet: the body is tight, open to the waist in front, and has a velvet similar to that on the skirt; a worked guimpe is worn underneath: sleeves tight with a velvet cuff falling over the hand. Green satin bonnet, trimmed with green and white marabout: white ribbon placed inside, the strings are also white.

White gloves: worked pocket-handkerchief.

Plate 1303—**Evening Dresses.**

First figure.—**Dress** of white satin cut with a short train at the back: a short tunic of lace is worn over. The body is tight, cut with a long point, and finished with a deep lace berthe which entirely conceals the sleeves. Hair in braids, round which a pink-and-white rouleau is twisted, the ends of which are fringed and fall to the left side. White gloves.

Second figure.—Dress of grey guaze, worn over an underdress a shade or two darker. The guaze dress is looped up at the right side with a wreath of white marguerites, which are placed as close as possible, and reach to the waist at the left side of the point. Tight body with a long point and berthe. A row of Marguerites is placed up the front. The hair is dressed similar to that of the first figure—Short white gloves, bracelets and large bouquet.

No. 1305—**Dinner or Theatre Dress.**

First figure.—**Dress** of grey and blue striped damas, plain skirt, tight low body with a long point. Tight short sleeves with a deep ruffle of point d’Angletarre: fichu Marie Antoinette trimmed with two rows and a fall of English point lace, and fastened with a bow of blue and grey striped ribbon, having long ends. Cap of tulle, trimmed with English lace, and a wreath of roses, the hair in thick ringlets. Short white gloves, gold bracelets and bouquet.

Second figure.—**Dress** of lilac poplin, ornamented with six rows of passementerie across the front breadth of the skirt, high tight body, with a rounded point, and trimmed with passementerie. Tight sleeves, with a white under-sleeve. Very small lace collar, and bow of cerise ribbon. Lace cap with flowers at the right side. White gloves, embroidered handkerchief.

Plate 1306. **Ball Dresses.**

First figure.—**Dress** of pink crape worn over a slip of the same color. The skirt is trimmed with three frouces of black lace. The body is made in folds in the centre of the bust, the rest fitting to the figure: very short sleeves, looped up with a gold buckle: blonde cap very low at the ears, and trimmed with pink ribbon and Marguerites. Gold bracelets, bouquet and white gloves.

Second figure.—**Dress** of white crape over satin, the breadths at the left side are open, and held together with a white fringe at each end of which is placed a rose with its foliage; the roses on one side being higher than those on the other which causes the fringe to be placed in a slanting direction: berthe of crape trimmed with fringe, and a bouquet of roses in the centre. Hair in braids, intermixed with gold ornaments: white shoes and gloves; gold bracelets.
GENERAL MONTHLY REGISTER OF BIRTHS,
MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BIRTHS.

Adamson, the lady of Charles —, esq., of a son, at Bushey, Hertfordshire; Jan. 10.
Allan, the lady of Dr. —, of a d. at 22, Milner-square, Islington; Jan. 22.
Allen, Mrs. George, of 49, Toodle-street, Southwark, of a son; Jan. 17.
Andrews, Mrs. John Holman, of a d. at 27, West-square, Lambeth; Jan. 18.
Allen, the wife of B. T. —, esq., of a daughter, at Grafton-hall, Shrewsbury; Jan. 8.
Arnott, the lady of Dr. James —, of a daughter, at 28, Oriental-place, Brighton; Jan. 13.
Blych, the lady of E. H. —, esq., of a son, at Westhill, St. Helier’s, Jersey; Jan. 15.
Bruce, the lady of Henry —, esq., of a d., at Hampton-court-house; Jan. 18.
Boileau, the lady of Lieutenant —, Madras Engineers, of a daughter, at 6, Lower Pembroke-street, Dublin; Jan. 6.
Brown, the lady of Joseph —, esq., of the Middle Temple, of a son, at Bedford-row, Islington; Jan. 18.
Clement, the lady of John Hamilton —, esq., of a daughter, at Tyr-n-Celyn, near Dolgely, North Wales; Jan. 8.
Cormack, the lady of Henry —, esq., of a daughter, at No. 9, Caledonian-place, Clifton; Jan. 22.
Claridge, the lady of Charles —, esq., of a d., still-born, in Aldbrough, Holloway, prematurely; Jan. 21.
Devas, Mrs. Thomas, of a d., at 23, Finchley-road, St. John’s Wood; Jan. 8.
Dawbey, the lady of the Rev. Francis —, of a son, at Woodhall, Norfolk; Jan. 16.
Dowdeswell, the lady of William —, esq., M.P. of a son, at Pall-court, Worcestershire; Jan. 9.
Ellis, the lady of Walter —, esq., of a daughter, at Looseleigh, near Plymouth; Jan. 25.
Fenn, the wife of George —, esq., Streatham-common, of a daughter; Jan. 9.
Forster, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Bowes —, of a daughter, at Madras; Jan. 21.
Gilbert, the lady of Augustus H. —, esq., R.N. of a son, at Badleigh, near Barnstaple, Jan. 16.
Greville, the lady of Rosa, of a daughter, at 47, Eaton-square; Jan. 26.
Gwyn, the wife of Robert —, esq., of a daughter, in Portman-street, Portman-square; Jan. 26.
Hamond, the lady of Commander E. W. Graham, —, R.N., of a son, at Freshwater, Isle of Wight; Jan. 26.
Hennessy, the lady of Frederick —, esq., of Cognac, of a son, in Albemarle-street; Jan. 17.
Hodson, the wife of the Rev. James Stephen —, of a late curate of Sanderstead, of a daughter, at Kingswood-lodge, near Croydon; Jan. 20.
Humble, the wife of William E. —, Doctor of Medicine, of a d., at Islington; Jan. 7.

Hippisley, the lady of the Rev. Robert William —, rector of Stow, Gloucestershire, of a son; Jan. 17.
Hales, Mrs. John, of a son, at North Brixton, Jan. 18.
Hawkins, Mrs. Thomas, of a d. at No. 26 Upper Thames-street; Jan. 19.
Holmes, the lady of William Sancroft —, esq., Gaudy-hall, Norfolk, of a daughter; Jan. 14.
Hunt, the lady of C. Brooke, Esq., of a son, at Bowden-hall, Gloucestershire; Jan. 26.
Jones, the lady of Robert Oliver esq., of Fonmon-castle, Glamorganshire, of a son and heir, at Clifton; Jan. 7.
Kelly, the lady of William R. —, esq., of a daughter, in Montague-place, Montagu-square; Jan. 17.
Lane, the Hon. Mrs. Newton, of a daughter, at King’s Bromley-Manor; Jan. 23.
Longmore, the wife of Mr. William —, surgeon, of a daughter, in Christopher-street, Pimlico-square; Jan. 28.
Lee, the lady of Sir George Philip —, of a son, in Norfolk-crescent; Jan. 7.
Manse, the wife of George —, esq., of a son, at Eton-house, Haverton-hill; Jan. 25.
Mihod, the lady of Henry —, esq., of a son, in Nottingham-place; Jan. 17.
Nilkins, the lady of J. J. —, esq., of a son and heir, at Coblenz; Jan. 8.
North, the wife of the Rev. J. W. —, of a daughter, at St. Mary’s, Isles of Scilly; Jan. 24.
Pocock, the lady of Zachary Pearce —, esq., of a son, at Hobart-town, Van Diemen’s Land; July 19.
Pocock the lady of George Pearce —, esq., of Norfolk-street, Strand, of a son; Dec. 24.
Pollock, the lady of George Kennet —, esq., of a daughter, at Calverley-park, Tonnaigleswells; Jan. 7.
Pepe, the lady of George —, esq., of a daughter, at Stockwell; Jan. 26.
Robinson, Mrs. Thomas Fletcher, of a son, in Doughty-street; Jan. 15.
Scarlett, the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, of a son, at Florence, in Tuscany, Jan. 1.
Seal, Mrs. Samuel, of a son, at Burton-crescent; Jan. 24.
Sheriff, Mr. Francis, of a son, in Belgrave-place, Brighton; Jan. 18.
Slaughter, Mrs., of a son, at No. 5, Duchess-street, Portland-place; Jan. 13.
Sparks, the lady of John —, esq., of a son, at Crewkerne, Somersetshire; Jan. 8.
Shuttleworth, Mrs. G. E. of a daughter, at Mickleburgh-street; Jan. 24.
Templer, the lady of the Rev. Henry S. —, of a son and heir, at Wellington, Somerset; Jan. 6.
Thomas, the lady of Griffith —, esq., of a daughter, at Denmark-hill; Jan. 19.
Wood, the lady of Thomas —, esq., of the Inner Temple, of a daughter, at 16, Hanover-pl; Jan. 16.
Purrer, Mrs. Edward, of a son, in Connaught terrace; Jan. 7.
MARRIAGES.
Agnew, Anna Gibson, eldest d. of Captain Agnew, Ordnance Department, Tipper, Hants, to William, only son of W. Ballock, esq., of the Manor House, Sevenoaks, Kent; by the Rev. T. R. Agnew, Fellow of New College, Oxford, at St. Mary's, Portsea, Jan. 15.
Barsham, Mary Christian, only d. of William James Barsham, esq., of Bow-road, and late of Ixworth, Suffolk, solicitor, to Edward, fourth son of Thomas William Meeson, esq., of Stratford, Essex, and of Meeson, Salop; by his uncle, the Rev. John Stock, vicar of Finchingfield, Essex, at Bow, Middlesex, Jan. 8.
Blackburn, Mary Ann, second d. of Mr. C. P. Blackburn, of Great Portland-street, Cavendish-square, to Mr. John Banister, jun., of Brighton; at all Soul's, Langham-place, St. Marylebone, Jan. 22.
Brown, Emma, only d. of S. Brown, esq., of Westbury, to Mr. George Culmer, esq., Stourmouth, Wingham, Kent; at Westbury, Wiltz., Jan. 13.
Buchanan, Eliza, eldest d. of the late George Buchanan, esq., of Finner Malice, Stirlingshire, to Archibald Sands, esq., Surrreyor, Glasgow; by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A. at Union Chapel Islington, Jan. 20.
Davison, Mary Ann, second d. of William Davison, of Monk Seaton, near North Shields, to Frederick D. Jones, esq., M.D. of the same place; by the Rev. Christopher Thompson, at Tynemouth parish church, Dec. 2.
Fearon, Julia Mary Ann, eldest d. of Major-General P. Fearon, of the army; to Captain John Bentley, of Her Majesty's 22nd. Regiment, at Poonah; by the Rev.—Allen.
Ford, Frances, third d. of the late Alexander Ford, esq., of Bristol, to Frederick William Holder, son of Frederick Miller Holder, esq., and grandson of the Charles Bacon, esq., of Moor Park, Surrey; by the Rev. T. L. Wolley, rector, at Portishead, Somerset, Jan. 22.
Fortescue, Margaret Lucy, youngest d. of Mat. Fortescue, esq. Belvidere, Dublin, and grand-daughter of the late Hon. Matthew Fortescue, to De Winton Martin Corry, esq., Strawhall, county of Carlow; by the Rev. J. F. G. Fortescue, at St. Mary's church, Donnybrook, Jan. 22.
Harris, miss Zelda, d. of the late Robinson Harris, esq., of the Regent-street, to Sally Elyan, merchant, of Hamburgh; in Reudsburg, Dec. 24.
Herbert, Barbara, second d. of the late Robert Hutchinson Herbert, R.N., of Brustonfield, Killarney, to Edward Chads Handcock, esq., of Fareham, Hants; by the Rev. Nathaniel Blind, at Tralee, Ireland, Jan. 6.
Kempe, Anne Eliza, eldest d. of Peter Kempe, esq., captain in the I.E.C. service, and niece of William Courtensy, esq., of Walredden house, Devon, to Benjamin Sampson, esq., of Tollimaar, Cornwall; by the Rev. Charles Trevanion Kempe, Rector of Carhayes, Cornwall, at Whitchurch, Devon, Jan. 1.
Kirwin, Louisa Antoinette, third d. of the late Clement Kirwin, esq., of Kendal-lodge Es-

The Court and Lady's Magazine.
Births, Marriages and Deaths.

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sex, and 17 Upper Wimpole-street, London, to the Rev. Edward Withers, of Lower Philimore-place; by the Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, at St. Mary Abbots's Church, Kensington, Jan. 27.

Lane, Marianne, d. of the late John Lane, esq., to W. H. Allchin, esq., M.B.; by the Rev. F. A. Piggott, at St. Mark's Kennington, Jan. 22.

Leach, Caroline Martha Harriet, youngest d. of William Leach, esq., R.N.; of Colet-house, Stepney, to Mr. Thomas W. Radcliff, of Stepney, solicitor; by the Rev. John Edmund Cox, M. A. at St. Dunstan's Stepney, Jan. 8.

Lancaster, Rebecca, youngest d. of the late Joseph Lancaster, esq., of Stowmarket, Suffolk, to Mr. Forbes, of Southampton; by the Rev. Thomas Pullar, at Albion chapel, Southampton, Jan. 13.


Montgomery Matilda, second d. of the late Sir Henry C. Montgomery, Bart., to the Hon. and Rev. William Twyry Law, Chancellor of the diocese of Bath and Wells, youngest son of the late Lord Ellenborough; by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, at St. George's Hanover-square, Jan. 21.

Morice, Charlotte, second d. of the Rev. H. Morice, vicar of Ashwell, Herts., to the Rev. T. Radcliff, M. A.; at St. George's Hanover-square, Jan. 27.

Morris, Mary, eldest d. of Thomas Morris, esq., of Willow Cottage, Brixton-hill, to Thomas Cooper, esq., of Brixton Villa; by the Rev. James Cooper, M. A. incumbent of St. Jude's, Brixton, at St. Jude's Brixton, Jan. 25.

Nevile, Sarah, eldest d. of the late George Nevile, esq., of Skelbrooke-park, Yorkshire, to Augustus Alexander, youngest son of Town-Pain, Major White, of Portsmouth; by the Rev., Charlton Lane, M. A. at St. Mark's Kennington, Jan. 24.

Norton, the Hon. W. Augusta A., youngest d. of the late Hon. Fletcher Norton, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer, to James Johnstone, esq., of Alva, at Abbey-hill-house, Edinburgh, Jan. 9.

Pennington, Georgiana Isabella, eldest d. of Rowland Pennington, esq., captain and adjutant Royal Cumberland Militia, to Mr. John Henning, merchant; by the Rev. John Jenkins, at Trinity Church, Whitehaven, Jan. 13.

Porrett, miss Mary Gertrude, of the Terrace in the Tower, to Robert Mortimer, esq., solicitor, of Barnstaple, Devon; at the Royal chapel, in the Tower of London, Jan. 13.


Raile, Catherine, the only surviving d. of the late Philip Raile, esq., of New Romney, Kent, to Charles Stewart Hawthorne, esq., eldest son of the late Major Robert Hawthorn, of her Majesty's service; at Trinity church, Lismore, Jan. 22.

Read, Jane Elizabeth Dorothea, fourth d. of the late Thomas Read, esq. of Leeds, to Charles Crompton, son of the late Woodhouse Crompton esq., of Warwick; by the Rev. James Fawcett, at Woodhouse church, Jan. 27.


Russ, Caroline Matilda, youngest d. of the late Mr. William Martin Russ, of Rose-hill, Oxford, to John Cooper, esq., surgeon, late of Singapore, East Indies; by the Rev. W. Cooper, of Epsom, at St. Michael's Highgate, Jan. 1.

Stuart, Maria Elizabeth, youngest d. of the late Henry Stuart, esq., of Sidmouth, to Robert Wick Ball esq., son of the late Robert Ball, esq., of Bath; by the Rev. Henry Anson, at Bathwick church, Jan. 15.


Weaver, Mary Elizabeth, only d. of the late John Walter Weaver, esq., of Sydney, New South Wales, to James Alexander Bird, esq., fourth son of the late Thomas Bird, esq., of Muswell-hill, Hornsey; by the Rev. D. V. Etough, M. A. at St. Mark's, Kennington, Jan. 15.


Yarrow, Sarah Susannah, youngest d. of the late William Smith, Yarrow, of St. John's terrace, Hackney-road, to Mr. George Harris, of Croydon; by the Rev., the incumbent of St. James's, Curtain-road, Shoreditch, Jan. 10.

DEATHS.

Adamsn, John, esq., of Bond-court, Vaux- brook, and 9 Princes-place, Kennington, aged 76; Jan 15.

Addis, Charles, jun., esq., barrister-at-law, late of Lincoln's-inn, at St. Vincent, a few days after his arrival on that island; Dec. 2. His remains were attended to the grave by the members of the bar, and many of the most respectable inhabitants of the island.

Bicknell, Joseph, esq., of Staple inn, Holborn, aged 85; Jan. 27.
Blagrove, Frances, relict of the late John Blagrove, esq., of Calcut-park, in the county of Berks, at Bath, in her 86th year; Jan. 22.

Blayds, Lieutenant Thomas Blayds, 58th Regiment, N.I., eldest surviving son of Thomas Blayds, esq., Castle-hill, Engfield, Surrey, in the prime of life, of intermittent fever, after a few days' illness, deeply regretted by his brother officers and all who knew him, at Jubbulpore; Nov. 21.

Boileau, Georgianna Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Lieutenant Boileau, Madras Engineers, at 6, Lower Pembroke-street, Dublin; Jan. 14.

Buckworth, Lieutenant-Colonel, late of Sandleford, in the county of Bedford, and York-street, Portman-square, who married Lady Payne, relict of the late Sir John Payne, Bart., of Tempsford-hall, in the same county, and daughter of the late sir Philip Monereux, Bart., at Sagdy-place, in his 76th year; Dec. 31.

Burlis, Williams, esq., Brent-lodge, Hendon, aged 60; Jan. 24.

Cameron, Archibald, esq., of Worcester, sheriff, deeply regretted by his family and a large circle of friends, at his residence, No. 16, Priory-street, Cheltenham, aged 64; Jan. 6.


Clarke, Dr. John, K.H., of Speddock, Dumfries-shire, and Deputy-Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, at Naples; Dec. 18.


Davies, Alexander Malcolm, eldest son of David Davies, of Henritetta-street, Covent-garden, Middlesex, solicitor, on consumption, in the 23rd year of his age; Jan. 9.

Elliot, Lieutenant-Colonel William, K.H., in command of Her Majesty's Royal Canadian Rifles, after a few days' illness, at Niagara, West Canada, aged 54; Dec. 17.

Fellowes, Marcella, fourth surviving daughter of Robert Fellowes, esq., of Shastasham-park, Norfolk, aged 20; Jan. 15.


Gent, Eliza Mary, the beloved and affectionate wife of George W. Gent, esq., of Meyns-park, Essex, after a severe and lingering illness, borne with the greatest Christian fortitude; Jan. 18.

Giuseppi, Matthew, surgeon, of 103, Milton-street, and of Trinidad; Jan. 13.

Gregory, Maria, relict of the late Thomas Gregory, esq., after many years of suffering, (dearly beloved and deeply lamented,) at her house, in Porchester-terrace, Bayswater, aged 65; Jan. 21.

Greenfield, Thomas, only surviving son of the late William Greenfield, esq., of Gray's-inn, at the house of his brother-in-law, T. C. Williams, esq., Lynn, in his 52nd year; Dec. 23.

Hough, Mary, relict of the late Captain Hough, of the Royal Waggion Train, at her residence, Sydney-place, Bath, aged 90; Jan. 8.

Hodgson, General, Colonel of the 4th (King's Own) Regiment, only surviving son of the late Field-Marshal Studholme Hodgson, and nephew of Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Sir George Howard, K.B., at his house in Welbeck-street; Jan. 10.


Langsloth, Maria, widow of the late William Langsloth, esq., of Bath, at her house, Great Tichfield-street, Foley; Jan. 29.

Lloyd, Mrs., widow of General Vaughan Lloyd, of the Royal Artillery, at Plymouth, aged 88; Jan. 1.

Manning, Thomas, esq., of Lyme Regis, and late of the Stock Exchange, of oesification of the brain; Jan. 7.

Monger, Mary, relict of the late William Monger, esq., at Ewell Academy, in her 69th year, deeply lamented; Jan. 26.

Morton, Ann, the lamented wife of sir A. Morton, M.D., Cavendish-square; Jan. 9.

Munday, the Rev. Frederic, rector of Winston, in the county of Durham, at Winston, in the 65th year of his age; Jan. 2.

Napleton, George Decimus, fifth and youngest son of the late Rev. T. Napleton, rector of Powderham, in the county of Devon, at Toronto, in the 32d year of his age; Nov. 27.


Olding, Samuel, third son of Stephen Olding, esq., of Dalston, drowned while bathing in the Olifant river, Africa; Nov. 2.

Paiarman, James, esq., late Postmaster of the island of Barbadoes, at Barbadoes, in the 63d of his age; Dec. 6.

Palk, Anna Eleanor, the wife of sir Lawrence Vaughan Palk, Bart., of Haldon-house, in the county of Devon, at Dieppe, in the 60th year of her age; Jan. 25.

Pears, George, esq., surgeon, of 46, Marshall-street, Westminster, deservedly lamented by a large circle of relatives and friends, suddenly; Jan. 7.

Petre, the infant daughter of the Hon. W. Petre, at Ampthill-house, Beds; Jan. 13.

Pooley, Jane, daughter of William Wadbrooke, esq., of Kingston-upon-Thames, and the affectionate and amiable wife of Alexander G. Pooley, esq., after two years' patient affliction. Her end was peace. At Kingston-upon-Thames, Jan. 13.

Read, Amelia, the beloved wife of Christophe R. Read, esq., at Sussex-gardens, Hyde-park, in her 57th year; Jan. 13.

Rogers, Heigham, late of the Admiralty, Somersett-house, at East Grinstead; Jan. 8.

Rowland, David, esq., M.D., F.A.S., and inspecctor of Her Majesty's fleets and hospitals, deeply and sincerely regretted by his numerous relatives and friends, at his house, in Wimpole-street, in his 69th year; Jan. 13.

THE COURT, LADY’S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal,

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

CRIMINAL ADVOCACY;
AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE OF NAPLES.

It was eight o’clock in the morning, and, already, a ragged and filthy populace filled the close and muddy suburbs of the ancient city of Naples. Under the venerable Capua gate the overstocked shops exhibited the most enticing displays, while moveable kitchens spread far and wide their savoury odors from the frying slices of parmesan; and some hundreds of hungry, wretched human-beings, congre-gated round casks laden with old platters and erected into economical sideboards, were prematurely disputing about their relative shares of the yet uncooked maccaroni. The merchants had opened their shops; and the gatatoir—two cymbals indispensably necessary to ensure good luck—was suspended by way of a sign; porters and lazaroni were walking carelessly backwards and forwards, waiting to be hired; mariners, with their red caps and brown mantles, were carrying their fish about in osier-baskets; and the country-people from the environs flocked-in on all sides to market, driving their stubborn mules before them, laden with fruit and vegetables; numerous, also, were the numbered carriages, cars and horses waiting for hire; and inconceivably great were the hubbub and confusion, jesting and quarrelings, which ever and anon evaporated into oaths or less awful vociferations, so that, of those who sold or those who purchased, none could make-themselves-heard,
their marketings were carried on but with signs and signals, and each moment the hubbub and noise seemed to be more awfully deafening.

In the midst of that multitude—where was carried on that brawling conflict, that crowd of buyers and sellers elbowed, jostled and squeezed one another, until it had become a matter of sheer impossibility to advance or retreat a single step—it was amusing to watch a little man, attired in black, who was making a thousand efforts to clear a passage for himself, in order that he might reach a large, square building, which, only to contemplate for an instant, struck-terror into the gazer's heart, so strongly did that sombre and lugubrious mass contrast with the giddy clamor that prevailed before it.

"Corpo di bacco!" angrily exclaimed the little man, "shall I never reach the Vicaria? Did one ever see so many people, such a crowd of rabble in this square? It seems as though they had come expressly to bar my passage thither. . . . Nevertheless, it is absolutely necessary that I should be there early. . . . To-morrow evening, when, as I trust, I may have need of all these rascals, I shall, doubtless, be unlucky enough not to meet with one of them. . . . Come, let us endeavour to get-on."

And, after squeezing about, right and left, with his hands and elbows, he ultimately succeeded in opening-a-passage for himself as far as the chief entrance of the building.

And what a hideous aspect that Vicaria wears! . . . Of a verity, no stranger can be, who passes with such a feeling of security the threshold of that fearful keep.

High and massive walls, blackened with age—so black that the sun's rays are dimmed upon, and unreflected from their surface—drawbridges, battlements and loopholes; along the façade, several heads placed in pots á feu, with fragments of hands and arms nailed in the intervals; windows barred with triple gratings of iron, from which are seen to peer a multitude of yellow, livid faces, moaning with hunger and despair, in dread contrast with the gaiety and levity in the streets below—'tis an exterior which arrests your gaze, and makes you recoil with terror! Oh! truly does the Vicaria present a strange combination of all that is most elevated with all that is most debased; of power the most despotic allied to servitude the most abject; 'tis a trinity of things the most opposite—an ancient royal residence, a prison, and a court of justice!—A fortress in the centre of a city; a fortress ornamented with mangled trophies;—strange attributes wherewith to indicate an ancient regal palace; an abode, wherein tyrants inspired terror and made use of the members of the victims who perished upon their scaffolds by posting them as beacons on their terror-striking portals—narrow apertures, cleft in the thick walls, into which the air can only penetrate through a heavy, iron lattice-work, whence sounds sometimes escape that form-themselves alternately into prayers, curses and blasphemies, such are the indications of that stronghold—a place of expiation, which power rents to society, wherein to immune such of its members who molest or debase it. There truly was nothing before entering which indicated a tribunal, that other important branch of the Vicaria, but it was only necessary to advance a few paces beneath its ancient portals, when might be beheld a
crowd of men, laden with books, portfolios and bundles of parchments, who were passing to and fro on every side, all of whom exhibited equally anxious haste, readily to divine that there was held a species of public market—a more serious sort of traffic—a market of men!!—Can justice, then, ever barter—herself? ... Perhaps so—at least at Naples! And, of a verity, such a hope entertained the individual whom we have seen pressing forwards with so much precipitation beneath those arched roofs. As he advanced, he saluted several persons, attired, like himself, in black, but without stopping for an instant, still moving onward with the same speed; and after having traversed the area which was covered by that ant-nest of lawyers, clients and judges, each of whom was hurrying towards his appointed post, he reached a large, silent and dismal court-yard, which might be thought to be deserted, were it not that, at the bottom of it, beneath a sort of shed, several wearied soldiers might be descried, sleeping upon stone benches: at a door in the rear of this guard-house he knocked, and, in his impatience, having thrice let-fall the heavy knocker upon its iron-plate, as many times did the harsh, dull stroke resound, jarringly prolonging itself as it passed through the long, subterranean vaults beneath. In that sound might be recognized the echo peculiar to prisons—that echo which resolves-itsel into a long plaint—a clash of iron in a pent atmosphere. The door, however, did-not, in the first instance, turn upon its hinges; the wicket, alone, opened, and behind its grating—a barrier equally impenetrable as the massive fabric of the door—a wan visage showed-itself, with eyes gleaming defiance and ferocity, a mouth curved with a forced smile, and words bordering on the good-humoured—a singular contrast to the sullen and savage expression exhibited by the other's features.

"How now? Who knocks so loudly? Folks are-not generally in such a hurry to get-in here! ... Ah! 'tis you, signor Satalani; you come to see us betimes! ... You must be engaged, surely, in some important cause?—Dio! I hope it is so; the lawyers are the defenders of the people; and I always wish them success."

"Thanks, my good Catenio!—thanks for thy good-wishes both for myself and for those whom thou keepest so well and so faithfully!—but this time it is-not on account of one of the latter that I come: 'tis a bad business—the cause of a grandee; and I must own that, perhaps, I shall have need of thy services. But open the door, wilt thou, I cannot speak to thee here, and, besides, it is absolutely necessary that I should take full instructions from my prisoner. Come! Make-haste!"

Two sharp and grating movements were heard in the lock; above and below creaked the bolts; the low and heavy door was slowly flung-back, and Satalani entered.

"A grandee! whispered the gaoler to him, somewhat mysteriously, as soon as they had entered the guard-room, "perchance it is the duke of San Giuseppe, who belongs to that powerful Neapolitan family, which for the last two years has succeeded in putting-off his trial, frustrating the attempts of the victim’s relations to bring him to justice?"

"To speak truly, my good Catenio, 'tis he, himself: the crime has been so strictly sworn to, and so convincing the proofs, that the government can no longer defer
rendering satisfaction to those who cry-for-vengeance; the majority of my colleagues, whom his family have summoned to defend his cause, have-not dared pledge-themselves to save him; and will you believe it, it is I, alone, who am charged with the undertaking! My father, you know—whom you have so often seen here, like myself to defend the common people—has bequeathed to me only his name and his integrity: I ought, then, to tread in his footsteps, and have, therefore, thought of a means which cannot fail to secure success, if I be well seconded. "Tis upon the prisoner and thyself, Catenio, that the success of my plan entirely depends."

"Upon me!" exclaimed Catenio, with astonishment, staring at Satalani with a scrutinizing and suspicious look; "I don't understand how I can be of service to you."

"Nevertheless, it is upon thee, my old friend, and it is the more conveniently to talk it over, that I have come so early this morning. The object is to gain a large sum of money from a noble, and I have fixed upon thee to share it with. So, listen:—If you will assist me—six thousand ducats, the half of which are here in advance—the gratitude of a nobleman—thy fortune made—and no fear of our characters being compromised. . . ."

"Well!"

The gold glittered upon the table, and Catenio replied—not; his countenance at once expressed surprise, distrust, fear and cupidity; and combating with these different sentiments he appeared anxious to read in Satalani's eyes the latter's most secret thoughts, the quicker to surmise his acceptance, or refusal of so tempting an offer. But what a feeble antagonist was he, to compete in finesse with so much astuteness and dissimulation!

The one, sprung from the lower order of the people, one, too, whom chance, or more probably merely physical strength, had converted into the keeper of a gaol, who had no other merit than that of believing-himself of importance, since he had been intrusted with that office, and, for that very reason, easy to be deceived by one who seemed to enter into his notions and opinions; the other, sprung, likewise, from the people, but gifted with address and subtlety, and devoured by an ambition, such as, in order to attain its end, made him capable of sacrificing everything. The one, detesting the nobility, because it despised him, but abject and servile in their presence, through fear and baseness; the other, hating the people, because they reminded him of his extraction, but in his intercourse with them supple and insinuating, with the tactics of those of his craft. The one, conscientious through fear, but too greedy to resist the charms of gain; the other, skilful to peer-into the very depths of the soul; and, in clinking gold in the ear of avarice, certain, beforehand, of its effects.

The struggle, doubtless, was an unequal one; and when Satalani, perceiving Catenio's hesitation, extended his hand, as though to regain-possession of the money and withdraw his proposition, the avaricious gaoler ceased to hesitate.

"Stay a moment," said he, as he, at the same time, arrested the motion of the advocate's arm; "I have-not yet refused . . . But I should like to know . . . ."

"And I, first of all, wish to know, whether or no you accept it. Six thousand ducats—do you understand?—and no fear of being compromised."
"No fear of being compromised . . . six thousand ducats" muttered he between his teeth "six thousand ducats . . . Santa Maria! the sum is a round-one!"

And Catenio glanced around him, as though he feared being overheard.

"By the Madonna! if I accept it," stammered he, at last, though almost in a whisper, "'tis only for you, signor Satalani—only to oblige you; I wouldn't have done it for any other."

"'Tis well! I counted no less upon thy friendship. Listen, then, what thou must do."

And both, as though impelled by the same thought, drew near to each other. There was no one there to overhear them; but plotters have a voice within their own breasts, a voice which it is impossible to silence, even in the securest spots! and there, shut-up in a sort of sealed and padlocked tomb, as it were, which could only be opened from within, they proceeded to converse in as low a tone as though they were in the presence of twenty witnesses: their conversation was prolonged for the space of half an hour.

"What! two hours absent from the prison . . . And if he should happen to be recognized . . . What's to be done, then? . . . Ah! by San Gennaro, you will be punctual! . . ."

These were almost the only words which it would have been possible to have overheard, and those, involuntary exclamations from Catenio's fear and astonishment! As for Satalani, he did-not appear to give-himself the trouble of answering any of his perplexing questions, but to occupy-himself solely in explaining what he ought to do. He ceased-not, however, to shake the bag of ducats;—and the sound was such a tempting one!!!

"Now to the duke of San Guiseppe," said the satisfied advocate to himself, after all had been arranged;—"we have surmounted the greatest difficulty. . . . Commit a crime to purchase exemption from a crime. . . . He will laugh at it! . . . Is he not a duke? and, for a duke, what signifies one man's life? Come!—a stout heart, and all will go well."

Catenio had soon conducted him to the chamber which served as the duke's prison (for his title had exempted him from a dungeon), and made no delay in withdrawing-himself, agreeably to the conversation which had just been entered into between them.

The duke, occupied near the window at his writing-desk, did-not turn his head upon hearing the door open, satisfied in himself, that it was Catenio making-the-round of his prisoners; and Satalani, ord'narily so fearless, in this instance, riveted to the spot by, apparently, an unknown power, remained some minutes immovable, without daring to open his mouth. His features did-not, however, express remorse; but it was, rather, on beholding that man, apparently, so serene, that he feared not finding him sufficiently tractable for his criminal purpose; he would have wished to have discovered more of rage, and less of resignation: that bold, but rash advocate well nigh, therefore, despaired of his colleague!

"Your excellency, your excellency," twice he repeated
“Who are you? What do you want of me? Can I not have a moment’s quiet?”

Satalani’s fears were entirely dispelled; those ferocious and harsh-spoken words had re-assured him. He approached the duke.

“I am Satalani, the advocate, just engaged to defend his excellency. Chosen by his family, I have promised to save him, and I come to endeavour to keep my promise.”

“Save me, save me, indeed! signor advocate; you must surely have reflected but little upon what you have engaged to do. Save me! ’tis impossible; a hundred witnesses depose against me, and no means are left; for during the two long years I have languished here my schemes have exhausted them all.”

“Mine, however, with your excellency’s pardon, had probably escaped you; consent faithfully to execute that which I shall require, and I will assure you of an acquittal and liberty.”

The duke gazed earnestly at Satalani.

“Woe to you, if you deceive me, signor advocate! You know wherefore I am here, and the vengeance of a duke knows-not forgiveness... What must be done, then? I am prepared for anything.”

“Your excellency speaks of vengeance! Good! Exercise it again upon one among the lower orders—upon one of those vile witnesses, it might be, who denounced you as an assassin, and I will guarantee the rest.”

“How! do you jest?” cried the duke, rising angrily from his seat; “are you then ignorant that I cannot leave this place?”

“All is provided-against: Catenio is gained-over for three hours, after which I will re-conduct your excellency to him; to-morrow, at two hours after midnight, your prison-doors shall be unbarred. Let your excellency hold yourself in readiness; attired in the garments which Catenio will furnish, the victory is ours. But I think I already hear Catenio coming to seek me. Would your excellency fear to strike?”

“To-morrow,” replied the duke, “at two hours past midnight.”

“A quarter of an hour afterwards, a little man, attired in black, quitted the Viceraria; he looked serious, and cursed the crowd, which seemed to have increased since the morning; when, suddenly, he began to laugh, and stopped complaisantly, as though to listen. He had just heard a group loudly exclaim:—“There goes signor Satalani, the advocate, who defends the people!”
CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Oh! tis a merry tide that of Christmas, at Naples, and the day before that holiday is the merriest of holidays.

'Tis a day of rejoicing for all classes—a day in which the rich, the poor, the great signors and the Lazaroni take their fill of every-thing that presents-itself in the shape of enjoyment and pleasure; 'tis a fête day equally on the highway as in the palace. Even the poorest are on that day happy! 'Tis twelve hours of continual joy, 'tis the gala of galas, the highest national solemnity!

At day-break, the bells of the three hundred churches peal-forth on all sides a mad and deafening round: Naples awakes; and thousands of crackers respond to the summons, quickly uniting-themselves in one wide-extended chorus, with the shouts of the dispensers—proclaiming, as it were, the wildest delight, the greatest joy.

Each individual attires-himself in his best, and makes-himself-ready to sally-forth: everything must needs wear an air which will harmonize with the universal gaiety, and the streets, even, in some instances, exhibit-themselves no longer to the astonished gazers save under a garb the most dazzling. From one end to the other they are garnished on each side with ambulatory shops of edibles, arranged with an infinity of art and luxury.

There are figs, olives and sweetmeats of all sorts and colors, distributed in different compartments on the counters of their stalls; thousands of lemons and oranges suspended with narrow ribbands, which form festoons round their partitions, and hang in graceful garlands; then, a Madonna, illuminated with a profusion of wax-tapers, is fervently displayed in the centre of these little gastronomic chapels, and adds still further to the quaintness of the gaily decked shops; in another part, the pastry-cooks, and lemonade-sellers follow a similar example, and the jack of the spit serves as a base for an altar to the Virgin Mary; next, all the shopkeepers ornament their houses with flowers and branches of trees; display their most valuable commodities; and even upon, and along the balconies, fowls, ducks, turkeys and other delicacies destined for the ensuing festival are arranged, to attest, as it were, that the inhabitants of the palazzi likewise participate in this grand exposition, and are desirous of furnishing their tribute to the general cheerfulness; and no one troubles-himself about any business or occupation whatever, save such as administers to the general joy: on all sides, an immense crowd presses heavily; but it has no particular object; it moves about to see and be seen, to admire and make-merry—that is all. The dwellers in Naples are no longer the ordinary inhabitants of Naples; its populace have become, as it were, curious strangers, who have but one day to visit it, and the city seems too little to contain them all;—however, they are not all arrived!—for in the evening the crowd will be still greater!

Listen how the uproar increases? What shouts, laughter and din! Look at the
shower of fiery serpents flung hissing from those windows, how they twist, bouncer and explode over that agitated sea of heads? Do you not remark that it increases in terrific progression?—Soon, there will not be left the smallest space to circulate in; and more especially in the Strada Toledo, the very heart of the crowd and fête; tis really a curious sight, so that we must press-forward if possible to see it. But what a squeeze! What confusion!!

'Tis folly to attempt getting through it. That hackney-coachman, yonder, who persists in advancing whether it be possible or not, with oaths and execrations unheeded, shouts-himself-hoarse, in vain; they will never make-way for him. Aye, he has done wisely, at last, to stop there, at the corner of the Strada Vicolo Nardones; it would have been impossible for him to have gone a step further, and those two persons who are getting out of his vehicle will certainly arrive sooner on foot. Is it not ridiculous to be in such haste on a day like this—to have business of importance on Christmas Eve?—nevertheless, it is astonishing how they thread the crowd!—they are already more than twenty paces a-head! The first, with his tall stature and lofty carriage, allows no obstacle to impede him; one might imagine that he found a pleasure in thus pushing and thrusting right and left; and had it not been for his companion, he would not now have stopped before that group of lazaroni—some standing, some reclining on the ground, but all with motionless and open mouths, grouped round a man who addresses them with fire and enthusiasm; not a word, not a syllable escapes them, so interesting are the brave deeds of Rinaldo which that famous improvisatore is exciting! During the moments in which he stops to take-breath, they scarcely venture to exchange a word with their neighbours, lest they should lose the thread of his history. There must, then, be something very extraordinary about that last comer (for his companion has suddenly disappeared) who has just mingled among the auditory, for all their looks are directed towards him! Seest thou how they are all whispering together:—ah! certes, he is not of the lazaroni!

"Didst thou see, Salvatore, that man enveloped in his cloak, who was just now at thy elbow!—if he were not in prison, this long while, I should have thought it had been the duke of San Guiseppe."

"What! he who assassinated his mistress upon the public square, in presence of the whole people; him whom they seized, two days afterwards, at a few leagues from Terracina! . . . Why thou art a fool, Gaétano!—Catenio, thy cousin, holds him fast, and, as thou knowest, he detests the nobles too much to let them escape from his clutches. Go-to—the laeryma-christi* makes thee dream."

"Dream! why, look, thyself—on the other side, almost facing us; look thou!"

"Thou art a fool, I tell thee; I have too good a place to disturb myself."

"Oh! I never saw a more striking likeness!—for I know him well—I have seen him pass-by so often, when, during the summer’s heat, I sought-shelter under the porticos of his mansion!"

Salvatore carelessly turned-himself-round.

"Why, truly, thou art right; 'tis his likeness to a hair . . . only he seems

* Wine made from the exuded drops of full-ripe grapes.
to me somewhat taller. . . Call Viganino; he will recognize better than we, whether 'tis his ancient patron of Ischia who stands yonder.'

"Viganino!" . . . But as the voice of the improvisatore again poured-forth its all-attractive rhapsody, each resumed his place: Viganino, who had partly raised-himself-up, re-settled-himself; silence was re-established, and private conversations yielding immediately to the subject of general interest, were willingly suspended until the next pause.

Gaëtano, however, did not take his eyes from off the tall stranger; in vain did he wish to give his utmost attention to the eloquent recital; yet, in spite of himself, his gaze reverted unceasingly in that direction, and the apparition appeared to him still more miraculous, still more incomprehensible! He doubted whether it were not a spectre, so pallid was that countenance! Then, those large, dark eyes, which slowly wandered over the assemblage, as though in search of some prey, terrified him; he would fain have quitted his place and fled; simpleton that he was! whilst that young Calabrian, close beside him, appeared so tranquil, almost touching his cloak with his goat's-hair vestment.

How free and open was the mien of that poor Zampagnaro! There was so much good-humour in his smile, so much natural wonderment in his gaze, so much expression in all his features! So extraordinary was all that relation to which he was listening! His mother, that year, for the first time, had allowed him to leave the mountains; and, furnished only with his rustic pipe, he had journeyed to the "great city" to go and play before the Madonnas; the singing of the carols would cease that very evening, and, upon the morrow, he would wend-his-way back to the Abruzzi with his companions. Thus was he making the most of his last day, and listening with scrupulous attention; he feared to lose a single word, for he was desirous, in his turn, to relate all that he had heard when he returned to his native hamlet.

Amongst the bystanders, there were a few, also, who might be readily recognized as his countrymen, since the latter, like himself, wore the goat's-hair vestment, the blue coat, red waistcoat, sandals, and the small, conical hat, ornamented with velvet ribands, but none appeared to possess so good and gentle a disposition: over his features an air of good-faith and candor was diffused, which could-not be perceived among the others; then, too, he was so young!—at the furthest, not more than sixteen!

He had no distrust, like Gaëtano, no nothe! He had never done any harm; and why should he have imagined that, for several moments, those large, dark eyes had been riveted upon him with a most deadly expression? On the contrary, "poor lad!" he was just saying, "Come nearer here, you will hear better."

In fact, the man did approach him, and having leaned forwards, as if to hear more distinctly, as the Zampagnaro bid him, his large cloak fell from one shoulder, and was seen for an instant to cover them both.

That instant exceeded in duration scarce the lightning's flash;—but it was too long: a piercing shriek was heard; under that sort of shroud, a man had fallen, mortally wounded! and Gaëtano saw no more than the faint shadow, which fled, and was soon lost in the crowd.
Poor Zampagnaro! he was then stretched, bathing the pavement with his blood, which escaped from a large wound close to the heart; and casting upon his astonished companions a last sorrowful, yet placid look, seemed to say:—"Why has he stabbed me? I never harmed him!"

Poor Zampagnaro!—his eyes must soon close for ever;—death has seized him; and he has only time to exclaim—"My Mother!"

And the assassin, what has become of him? The thunder-stricken bystanders remain motionless, not even daring to interrogate each other. Gaëtano was not the only one who had remarked the man of tall stature, and full twenty besides him would have sworn that it was the duke of San Guiseppe, the same who had been seen two years back to assassinate a female upon the public square. He still wore a similar dress;—it was certainly he;—and yet the duke of San Guiseppe was imprisoned in the Vicaria: how was all this possible?

No one could solve the problem; Viganino only affirmed that he had always thought his old patron of Ischia was innocent.

Exactly as the clock of the Vicaria struck five in the evening, a carriage, passing beneath the Capua gate, stopped a few paces from the former, and two men got out of it, enveloped in their cloaks, looking round them earnestly, as though fearful of being observed.

"'Tis on this side, your excellency, that the postern-gate is situate, where we are to await Catenio."

"To say truly, signor advocate, I cannot see a step; 'tis so horribly dark here; and so brilliant was the light in the Strada Toledo, that my sight remains still dazzled from it."

A few minutes afterwards, the postern-door had closed on the duke of San Guiseppe. An hour after, Satalani attended evening mass at the royal chapel!
CHAPTER III.

THE CRIMINAL TRIBUNAL.

Whither is all that train of brilliant equipages going? Why does it proceed along the coast on the side of the old city, instead of taking, according to custom, the road to Posilipo, by the Strada Nuova? There must needs be some extraordinary fête, for all those elegantly-dressed women to condemn-themselves thus to be detained for an hour in that uncomfortable quarter; and, more especially, seeing that it has been so these four days past, and upon each of those days the crowd has been greater than that of the preceding! Doubtless it is some imposing ceremony—some noble novice about to take-the-veil at the del Carmine church—perhaps, the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Gennaro 'tis also very probable that it may be some famous Pulchinella upon the square del Mercato, for the court, with all its pomp and vanity, has likewise its ordinary likings. But a trial before the criminal tribunal! as those two lazaroni say, who are walking so fast, as if they were behind-hand;—duchesses going to shut-themselves-up in a hall, filled with the common-people, where the atmosphere is suffocating, to be present during all the details of a horrible crime!—Elegant, delicate, tender women sitting to hear sentence pronounced—perhaps of death! Oh! no, those two lazaroni are fools to think that such is the case.

And yet, notwithstanding, it was before the great gate of the Vicaria that the carriages stopped. Those ladies passed laughingly under the ancient portals, jesting about their singular promenade, and the gentlemen-of-the-black-robe whom for the last few days they had patronized.

"Where is Satalani?" exclaimed the duchess of San Theodore; "how happens it that he is not here to offer us his hand? We shall lose ourselves under these long arcades, for this Vicaria is a veritable labyrinth, and I think I might come hither a hundred times, and be unable to find-my-way.

"Truly, the gentlemen-of-the bar deserve to be cited, in their turn, before a court of love, for their lack of gallantry; and we should then see whether Satalani, with all his talent and finesse, would be able to find a pardonable excuse for having neglected us."

"He would tell you, probably, my lady," laughingly replied the marchioness de Loja, "with some change of phrase, what he remarked yesterday in his brilliant pleading for San Guiseppe, that he could-not be in two places at the same time, and that, being compelled to find seats for some other ladies who had arrived before us, he found it wholly impossible to pay-his-court to you."

"Bravo! marchesa, you plead admirably; 'tis the air of the tribunal which inspires you; I shall tell Satalani, whom I recognise yonder approaching us with his complaisant and courtier-like air, that he may hereafter reckon you amongst the number of his colleagues. What say you, ladies? does she not deserve an advocate's cap?"
And the giddy-ones laughed loud and long.

Not one of them had reflected, that, at a few paces thence, their unhappy fellow-creatures were sighing in fetters, and that laughter is misplaced near a tomb; is insulting within the precincts of a dungeon, where it may be responded to by a sob of grief: but not one among them had so reflected!

They had come to be present at the pronouncing of judgment against the duke of San Giuseppe, with the same feelings with which they would have witnessed a theatrical representation—they were in the interval of the fourth and fifth acts—and they laughed-on, without troubling-themselves about the denouement, certain, beforehand, of their capability of assuming a serious countenance and a few tears, in the event of an unforeseen catastrophe.

Satalani’s countenance had, too, nothing of the tragic in it; on the contrary, it seemed certain of triumph.

"Will your ladyship and your noble friends pardon me," said the advocate, on reaching them, "that I did not hand you from your carriages? but the princess Volguerama claimed my services, at the very moment when I awaited your arrival, and I was obliged to escort her to her place and seat her... Will your ladyship accept of my arm? There is such a concourse of people, that it were better for us to pass through a little private door; it is already very late, and I have experienced the greatest difficulty in reserving until now a few chairs. If possible, let us walk a little faster, my lady."

And as Satalani walked along, he raised his head aloft, with an air of self-satisfaction.

The subtle advocate was so proud of having the honor of serving as a cavalier to such high dames—to crawl at the feet of the nobility—that provided he lived by it, that was all he asked-for; and as for future, great clients, he was about to gain the favour of them all, by the acquittal of the duke of San Giuseppe! True, but the means of proving his innocence!... The means! what matters it?... At Naples, as at Lacedemonia, crime is virtue, when it is committed with address and subtility.

'Tis an imposing spectacle, that of a criminal tribunal, at the moment when the judges are about to pass a sentence, which involves in it the life of a human-being. What a still and solemn silence!—mere curiosity exists no longer among the spectators—all experience a sensation of anxiety and anguish; all would extend mercy towards the accused. At that fatal moment, the criminal is forgotten; though, perhaps, a few minutes afterwards, should he happen to be acquitted, the very individuals who felt such compassion, by an inexplicable contradiction would be the first to exclaim:—"'Tis unjust!" But so long as there is uncertainty, it is nothing less than the thread of a fellow-creature's existence, which is about to be cut, and the mind cannot refrain from giving-way to an emotion which is something more than one of pity.

In that immense crowd, amongst whom the duke of San Giuseppe might have counted many enemies, when the grave and unimpassioned judges proceeded towards their seats, and the president, with the sentence in his hand, was about to
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decide the prisoner's fate, certes, not one of those present had preserved his hatred so far as to desire the criminal's condemnation.

The proceedings were now only delayed for the arrival of the accused.

The duke, at length, made-his-appearance; and, this time, his pallid features were yet of a more death-like hue. His conscience, by whose presence he had, on a sudden, involuntarily found-himself confronted, brought-to-mind his two victims! A mortal tremor seized him! and he grasped the railing before him so convulsively, as well-nigh to rend it asunder.

"The duke, his head for a moment drooping upon his breast, at length raised his eyes; his looks wandered over the assembly with a kind of stupid gaze. On the preceding days, he had saluted his family, his friends; thanked with his eyes each of those ladies who appeared to take so much interest in his case, and testified, moreover, a species of benevolence towards some few of the people, who had shewn themselves favorable; but, now, all was changed!

His gaze rested, fixed and dull, upon that multitude of faces, which seemed anxious to congratulate him somewhat prematurely; made-the-circuit of the whole court, and then settled-itself with a horrible smile upon the paper which contained his destiny.

Satalani did-not expect that the duke would have trembled so fearfully.

An usher proclaimed silence; but his doing so was nothing more than a form of justice, and silence prevailed before the voice which ordered it was heard.

At length, the president thus addressed the prisoner:—

"Seeing that the crime perpetrated two years' since, in the public square del Mercator, and that perpetrated a month ago, upon Christmas Eve, have, according to the numerous depositions of witnesses who were present at both, been committed by the same person:—

"Seeing, also, that the duke of San Guiseppe, accused of the first crime, could not possibly be guilty of the second, since it has been sufficiently proved that he was at that time in this prison, without the possibility of leaving it:—

"Seeing that, notwithstanding the closest identity of likeness to the murderer and the aforesaid, the alibi is unquestionable:—

"The tribunal orders that the duke of San Guiseppe be immediately set-at-liberty."

It was curious to see how every one rushed-forward to congratulate the now acquitted prisoner, to testify their joy—kinsmen, friends, servants, all seemed anxious to get near him, and to express the happiness they experienced at finding him innocent and free. What a debt of gratitude did he not owe to Satalani, for having defended him so eloquently!—and what an extraordinary point of evidence the latter had seized upon, from the murder committed in the Strada Toledo, by which to prove a complete alibi, and, thence, his innocence! He was surrounded, overwhelmed with a thousand questions, with a thousand compliments; the enthusiasm which assailed
him was sufficient to make him forget all that he had suffered! Well! the individual, so happily declared innocent and acquitted, gazed upon all that crowd with the same dull and fixed aspect as at the moment preceding his sentence; and his ashy lips wore the self-same unnatural smile.

And thus it happened, that, whilst to save him Satalani had succeeded in imposing upon the judges, and caused them to set the culprit at liberty, according to his promise, Heaven, upon whose omniscience no one can impose, had, also, its judgment in reserve—which cancelled man's decree and inflicted a still more terrible punishment.

The duke of San Guiseppe had become a maniac.

Inscrutably mysterious is the justice of Providence, which, at times, signallly condemns crime, and, at others, allows it, seemingly, to prosper! Two years after the events above narrated occurred, Catenio was living peaceably at Ischia, to all appearance happy with the price of blood; and Satalani, revered by the people, had become chief-advocate to the king and his court.
SIRVENTE;

BY BERTRAND DE BORN, VISCOUNT DE HAUTEFORT.

*Be m play le doux temps de pascer,
Que fau fueslas e fleurs venir;
E play mi quant ang la vaudor
Dels auzels que faun retentir
Lor chan per loi boesatage;
E play me quaus vey sus els pratz,
Tendas e panvallos fermatz;
E plai m' en mon coratge,
Quan vey per campanlas renatz
Cavalliers ab cauals amatz.

The beautiful Spring delights me well,
When flowers and leaves are growing;
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing
In the echoing wood;
And I love to see, all scatter'd around,
Pavilions and tents on the martial ground;
And my spirit finds it good
To see on the level plains beyond,
Gay knights and steeds caparison'd.

It pleases me, when the lancers bold,
Set men and armies flying;
And it pleases me, too, to hear around
The voice of the soldiers crying:
And joy is mine,
When the castles strong, besieged, shake,
And walls uprooted, totter and quake,
And I see the foemen join
On the moated shore, all compass'd round
With the palisade and guarded mound.
Sirvente.

Lances and swords, and stained helms,
And shields dismantled and broken,
On the verge of the bloody battle-scene,
The field of wrath betoken.
And the vassals are there,
And there fly the steeds of the dying and dead;
And where the mingled strife is spread,
The noblest warriors' care,
Is to cleave the foeman's limbs and head,
The conqueror less of the living than dead.

I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer,
Or banqueting or reposing,
Like the onset cry of "charge them" rung
From each side, as in battle closing;
Where the horses neigh,
And the call to "aid" is echoing loud,
And there, on the earth, the lowly and proud
In the foss together lie;
And yonder is piled the mingled heap
Of the brave that scaled the trench's steep.

Barons! your castles in safety place,
Your cities and villages, too,
Before ye haste to the battle-scene:
And Papiol! * quickly go,
And tell the Lord of "yea and nay" †
That peace already too long hath been.

* The name of the Troubadours, Jongleur, or page.
† The Lord of "Oe and No." Richard Cœur de Lion, as duke of Aquitaine and Normandy.
FEBRUARY 10th, 1800.—Ten years' service in India will affect the strongest constitution: marching under a hot sun, sleeping amid dews, heavy as rain, and then, towards morning, actually shivering with cold, have rendered me, at thirty, an old man. Embarked on board the Hindostan, may I reach my native land, and there end in peace the few years I have to live. Long, indeed, is the voyage—the dangers many and great; but the hope of once more seeing the village of my birth, will shorten many a long day, and lighten many a heavy burden.

May 16th.—The Western Isles are now far away in the sea-mist at our stern, and England is almost within our reach: a sail in sight on our starboard-quarter, sailing a parallel course with us. Eight, a.m.: discovered to be a long, low schooner, now about three miles on our weather-beam, sailing close to the wind, and nearing us rapidly. Beat to quarters: muster in all a hundred, including passengers, with these, and eight twelve-pounders, we hope to give the stranger a hot reception, if needed. Nine, a.m.: showed our colors: the stranger run-up the tricolor, and fired a gun; the shot glanced across our fore-foot: tried to edge away, the Frenchman showing fourteen guns in his ports, and a long one amidships: he sails three feet to our two, and at least a point and a half nearer the wind. Another shot from the long gun passed through the waste, and tore a-hole in the main-mast. The fire from the long gun is incessant and very murderous: we cannot retaliate; our cannoneers will not reach half the distance: it is useless to contend, we are sacrificing life without saving honor. We must yield. Adieu my native land.

July, 1808.—Eight years a prisoner; every hope of release gone—my captivity endless. Separated from my friends, cut-off from all communication with my country, the best years of my life are passed in idleness and inaction. My health, indeed, is better, far better than it was: were I once more free, I might again serve my country. Yet I am not without friends—tried, valued friends, and pleasant companions; but we are all prisoners—what solace has the captive? Do we recall the days of our youth, when we rambled together in the green woods, it but increases our captivity. Do we speak of our prospects, we do but recall our state of slavery. May we not escape?—danger!—what dangers will not compensate for the chance of escape from captivity. Severer confinement if we fail—liberty and life if we succeed;—if, indeed, we succeed! Our parol! our word of honor! Our captors have broken their word. They promised us an honorable captivity;—they treat us as felons, on whose word no dependence can be placed: be it so; let us be felons. We have represented to the authorities the unwarrantable severity of our confine-
ment. The result has been—closer confinement in the convent of the citadel of Verdun. We are now determined—myself, Wardlaw—we were boys together at school, and marched together over the plains of India—Montague,—he is but a boy, but an English boy of noble blood—and Ferrers. We have thought on the difficulties, but they only seem to increase our firmness and quicken our ingenuity.

July 3rd.—We have reconnoitered our prison. The old convent in which we are placed, abuts on a church, and is surrounded with a ten-foot wall, a line of sentinels, both within and without the wall, and another cordon on the ramparts of the citadel. Some friends in the town, masons, have promised to send provisions into the woods, and Montague has already a small saw and several yards of rope. Our plan is laid: this night we have to cut a hole in the door that leads from the convent to the church:—the next night we make our attempt. It is quite dark, and we are going to our separate tasks;—Ferrers and Montague to amuse the other prisoners, on whom we cannot depend, I, to attract the notice of the sentinels, until Wardlaw has sawn the hole in the chapel-door. I went to the window, and played a few airs on my flute. The sentinel spoke to me. He was a Swiss. I played the rans de vache; a tear started in his eye; he, too, was an exile. Montague rejoined me in an hour. "The piece is sawn-out," he whispered, "replaced, and the cutting smeared with soot and grease, and undistinguishable." We retired to our hard couches, fatigued through anxiety.

July 4th.—A new prisoner is placed in our room. Can it be that they suspect us? Our project is delayed, and we cannot even solace ourselves by talking of it in the presence of our brother captive. His conversation is of nothing but of escapes; all, however, fruitless. He seems to know every-thing that has occurred in the fortress. But a few weeks' ago, three young men were killed—the rope broke as they descended the ramparts.

July 7th.—This day, the strange prisoner was removed, and our long expected evening arrived. At eleven, the guards paid us their usual visit—every two hours—no sooner were they gone than we commenced our enterprise.—Gliding on tiptoe, we removed the piece that had been cut out, and entered the old church. The flickering light of the moon—it was a cloudy, rough night—showed us piles of lumber, through which we had to grope our way with the utmost caution. Montague displaced a plank; it fell with a stunning noise. In a moment, we heard the qui vive of the nearest sentinel. We remained silent; shortly, all was still, and we approached the window, from which we proposed descending. We could not reach it, even when one was raised on the other's shoulders. Again we stood silent. "Here," whispered Montague, who had been peering among the lumber; he pointed to a large image of the Virgin; we raised it up against the window—it was without glass—the ropes were attached to the bars, and we descended cautiously; we were then on the top of the wall that surrounded the church—shrouded by the gloom, we heard the tramp of two sentinels: we were between them. Carefully removing the loose tiles, with which the wall was covered, we descended in safety, and prepared to cross the open space to the ramparts. We skirted the governor's garden-wall, passed behind the sentry-box in which we heard the senti-
nel snoring, and gained the ramparts: we clambered to the top, fixed our rope, and prepared to descend. I led the way, threw myself over the battlements, and soon found that the rope was too small to admit of my taking a firm hold; after a short struggle, I fell, how far I know not, but I felt that my foot and ankle were injured. I spoke to Wardlaw, and bade him knot the rope; he did so, and they descended with less difficulty. I now felt that I was a tie on them. I prayed them to leave me: they raised me in their arms, and, after one look at the lofty, black ramparts, now dim as night in the darkness of the coming storm, they bore me between them to the wood where our provisions were concealed. It was near dawn when we reached the place of our concealment—the remains of a gravel-pit, long since disused, and thickly overgrown with underwood—our only guides to it from the main wood-path were small crosses carved on the bark of the trees by our masonic friends in the neighbourhood.

How beautifully did the sun rise, the next morning after the stormy night: all nature seemed to rejoice: all nature, but we, poor creatures, to whom the light of day was a curse, the darkness of night, GOD's greatest blessing. We kept close in our hiding-place, talking in low whispers to each other of our present success and our future dangers. Our conversation was broken by the sullen boom of the alarm-guns from the fortress. We knew what those guns spoke—the escape of captives; the reward of red gold to the peasant who should recover a fugitive. Again we murmured together, thought of the busy hands and eyes that would be searching through every wood, and of the guards that would quickly bar every road. We heard voices of men, approaching; nearer and nearer they came; we heard their words—they were in search of us. The boughs above our hiding-place were moved, a hand was hastily put through them—again, it was withdrawn—for a moment, the talking was loud and close to us—again, it was further and further off, and at last the sound of voices and footsteps died away in the distance. We were safe.

Evening was now approaching, and we were preparing to renew our journey. I strove to rise. But the pain of my foot was excruciating, and with a half-suppressed groan, I fell back, faint and heart-broken. Wardlaw again bled my ankle and strove to reduce the swelling. But move, I evidently could not, despite of all their nursing.

"Wardlaw," I said, as the night now came on favorably dark, "It is no good contending any longer. You must leave me."

They shook-their-heads.

"Regard my condition; move I cannot. Sacrifice—not your liberty from a scruple of honor. Neither friendship nor honor demand this sacrifice. Go and GOD prosper you."

"No" rejoined they "as friends we have planned our enterprise; as friends we will execute it; we have provisions enough; how excellent our concealment is, has been proved. And, now, no one would look for us so near the prison. Wherever we go, whether to liberty or to prison, we go together."

It were useless to argue with them. For four days we remained in the gravel-pit; keeping-up our spirits, by talking of home, and plotting against real or imaginary
dangers. On the fifth night, though in severe pain from my uncle, we started, and,
er midwinter, arrived at a small village on the Meuse, from which a bridge reached
to an island in the stream, and thence another bridge led to a similar cluster of
houses on the other bank. Not a light was to be seen, as we hastened through the first
village and gained the island. At that moment, the bells of the village which we had
passed, rang out an alarm, and several shots were fired from the bank: we hastened
on. Hardly had we reached the second bridge, when a musket-shot was fired from
the village, whither we were hastening; the bells again rang out, and we heard
voices of men mustering on the bank. We decided in a moment. Turned from the
bridge-foot, and fled along the bank of the island, under the vague idea of swimming
across from its furthest point. As we ran along the shore, hardly able to keep
our footing in the tall flags and sedges of the bank, Wardlaw, who was leading, sud-
denly fell; he had stepped into a cutting in the bank, and fallen into a boat that lay
concealed beneath the sedges: fortunate accident. We jumped into the boat, and
let her float slowly down the stream, until we were a good mile below the island.
We then made for the shore, gained the bank, and, ere sun-rise, were again con-
cealed in a thick wood, whilst our boat was some miles down the river, borne away
by the stream. We had thus left no trace of our landing-place.

For some days, we wandered on without interruption, sleeping in the woods by
day, and moving at our best pace during the night. At last, we arrived at a
small town on the Mozelle: we reconnoitered it. There was but one bridge, and
that through the town. Pass through the gates we must. We made for the bridge,
and falling into a sauntering walk lounged along the bridge and through the gate.
So far we were successful. As we entered the main street, we met the guard on
their relief; the corporal stopped us, and demanded our names. We gave such
as we had agreed upon, speaking as broad a patois as we could, and, in turn, asked
him for a good but cheap inn; he seemed satisfied and directed us to 'The Emperor.'
We now hastened our march, and made for the end of the town. We hardly
had gone the length of three streets, before we heard the corporal's voice calling to
us:—"You are going the wrong way to 'The Emperor', my friend" said he, as he
same-up with us. "It is to the right" continued he, pointing down a narrow lane
to the now hateful sign as it swung in the wind.

We thanked him, and turned down the lane; he followed us, and began to
question us about our business: at last he asked for our passports.

"Oh!" said Wardlaw, "who was spokesman, "let us but eat a bit of breakfast and
you shall see all our passports—come, friend" continued he "will you not break-a-
flask to the brave Emperor."

"Vive l'Empereur" said the corporal, as he accepted the invitation and ushered us
into the inn, where we soon occupied a sort of parlour.

For a time, our talk about Napoleon and France, aided by a flask or two of thin
wine, distracted the attention of our new companion. At last, however, he de-
manded our passports.

"Eh bien" replied Wardlaw, taking out his diploma from the College of surgeons,
with its array of names and seals, and presenting it to the corporal.
Turning it all ways, in turns, the corporal looked at it with surprise: it was evident he could not read. Still, he thought the thing was not right—there was something wrong, but he did not know what.

He next turned to me and demanded my passport.

"Ah, mon corporal," said Wardlaw with a laugh "How droll you are—you ask Eustache for his passport, when you have read all our names in this already," pretending to point out our names on the paper.

"C'est bien" replied the corporal, unwilling to show his ignorance. "Adieu, mes amis," and the door was darkened with his retreating figure. We were just moving to start again, when an officer of the guard entered the cabaret.

"Messieurs," said he, addressing each of us by our names "I have waited for you some time, you will be pleased to follow me to the gaol. My orders are severe, but I respect you for your dangers. As long as you are under my care, you shall have all that the strictness of your confinement will permit." In another half-hour, we were once more in a prison-cell; and bitter, indeed, was our imprisonment.

Once more in a dark, comfortless cell, we consoled ourselves with the thought, that, unfortunate as we had been, we had nothing to reproach ourselves with. No longer obliged to be on the alert and sleep lightly, we gave-ourselves up to the repose we had so long needed, though at the time we had not felt its want, kept alive by the excitement under which we had passed the last few days. Our march to Verdun was accompanied with every kind of harshness and insult; lashed together during the day, and at night thrown into low, damp dungeons, too comfortless even for vermin wherein to seek to make them their haunts. A similar fate awaited us at Verdun. We were deprived of everything; were confined in separate dungeons, and Wardlaw, as the chief conspirator, was loaded with heavy irons. Under orders of the utmost severity, executed by a governor whose temper was most tyrannical, it may well be believed that our confinement was rigorous.

July 17th.—Stretched upon my straw-bed, I had sought repose, when the door of my cell was opened, about midnight, and the glare of a dark-lantern was thrown upon me.

"Come, get-up" said the bearer, by his dress an officer of the National guard.

"For what" I asked.

"Get-up" he rejoined, "be quick, and follow me."

I followed him to the court of the fortress, where I found Wardlaw and the other two under the guard of a detachment of the National guard. The lieutenant, who had roused me, gave-the-word, and, surrounded by our keepers, we passed over the drawbridge. At its foot, we found a light cart in which we were placed with six of the guard and a corporal.

"Take these men to Bitche" said the lieutenant to his subordinate "and see you deliver them safely to the governor: here are your orders; do not allow them to speak to each other, and every night lock them in some prison: depart."

"For a mile or two we drove on, in silence. At length, our conductor slackened his horse's pace.

"Messieurs," said he, addressing us, "you are British officers—you will respect
your honor. You are my enemies, but honorable. Give me your promise to accompany me to Bitche, and then travel as you please. You have heard my orders."

With many thanks, we accepted his generous and noble offer, and could we have forgotten whither our journey was tending, happy, indeed, would have been the few days we passed with our generous guardian. At length, we arrived at our new prison, a strong fortress, situate on a high, conical rock, on the top of which the barracks were erected, whilst the base was everywhere hollowed, chiefly by nature, into long, low, dark caverns, having a short, partial light from small, deep windows, that were cut through the rock. The ramparts rose and fell with the inequality of the ground. It was in one of these dark caverns that we were placed with about twenty of our countrymen, who had been equally unsuccessful with ourselves in their attempts to escape from Verdun. All hopes of escape were evidently cut-off, so long as we were tenants of those subterranean prisons.

September 3rd.—This day, we were moved to the barracks, above ground, in consideration of our good behaviour: we are one step nearer to England. The ramparts have been sealed, ere now, successfully; but the guards are now doubled. With winter, perhaps, may return carelessness.

November 10th.—We are resolved and already preparing. Winter will soon set-in with its usual severity. Under various pretences of more winter-clothing, we have obtained large supplies of coarse cloth and linen, and unless the ramparts are more than a hundred and fifty feet high, we have rope enough, such as it is, to descend them. We have secreted an old saw and file, and contrived a rude skeleton-key from a piece of iron-wire which we found in one of the court-yards.

November 15th.—Ferrers stole a chisel and a gimlet from the carpenters at work in the prison. Were you a prisoner you would spare a corner for such an entry in your journal.

December 15th.—This night we agreed to make our attempt: we were locked-up at five o'clock, and would-not be visited until eight, when the double guard would be placed in the parade court, through which we had to pass to the ramparts. The inner door of our apartment was soon picked, but, still, the door did-not move, a bolt or bar on the further side held it. We tried it with the saw. It was wood, with a small bar of iron on its lower edge. The wood was soon sawn through, but, still, the iron held the door. We gave one violent push. It gave-way, and we were in the parade court. We hastened across to the ramparts, a dark corner over a steep part of the rock, near which was no sentinel. Our rope was soon placed, when we heard the bell toll eight. Our time had passed rapidly. We heard the guards approaching. Lowering, some on the ground, others beneath the ledge of the ramparts, we escaped their notice, as they passed to the further bastion to place the first additional sentinel for the night. We had-not a moment to lose. Wardlaw seized the rope, flung-himself over, and with fearful rapidity reached the bottom of the ramparts. Regardless of the pain, we all slid down with equal velocity. In number, eight, we were now outside of our prison. Our attempt to disengage the rope failed, and as time was most precious, we divided. Wardlaw, Ferrers and
myself formed one party; the rest made the other. Poor Montague, he had been
sent to another barrack and could not share in our difficulties and trials.

The snow was deep on the ground, but, happily, the driftings from the high wind
obliterated our footsteps, almost as fast as they were formed. It was pitch-dark; the
country was entirely unknown to us, all that we knew was the direction which we
had to take, a northward course, until we fell into some direct track. Our journey
was most arduous; the drift entirely concealed the surface of the country, and many
a ditch received us, where we deemed it was a rising ground. We had no provisions,
except a flask of eau-de-vie, with which we recruited our weary spirits. As soon as the
day began to break, we made for a wood on the side of a steep mountain, where we
secured a sure hiding-place, until hunger drove us from our lair.

About a mile below the wood, we saw a small cottage; hunger compelled us to
approach it, in the hope of obtaining provisions. The old woodsman to whom it
belonged, stood at the door. We solicited some food.

"Poor fellows" said he "I have little to give—little to eat, myself, a few potatoes
and a brown loaf must feed me and my old wife for the next two days."

We thanked him for his good intentions and were passing on.

"Nay, nay," he said "you are poorer and more hungry than we—let us divide
what I have. GOD, peradventure, will remember me."

The small supply enabled us to proceed on our journey. We asked him the way
to Strasbourg.

"Ah!" he said, after our question "I thought it was so. Poor fellows. Auguste
Duval will not betray you. Come, follow me, I will show you the road."

The old man led us across the wood where we had been concealed, and after a
short walk showed us the high-road to Strasbourg, below us in the valley.

"Keep" he said "to the right of that road, until you pass the iron-works—you
see the smoke from here, they love—not the poor, there—especially of another country;
then return to the road and keep straight-forward."

"We thanked the poor old man and offered him money."

"No," he said "Auguste can keep silence without gold."

We pressed it on him; he was in want. It would enable him to get through the
winter.

"You are right—I will take the gold" he replied, "may you be successful."

We parted from our friend—the poor are always friendly to the distressed. They
know what it is to want a friend. Skirting round the iron-works, we reached the
small village, where Ferrers obtained some bread for us, whilst we wandered on
towards Hagenau. At midnight, we saw the ramparts of the fortress, which we
passed-round by a long detour through a wood, and after a long and laborious journey
discovered, at day-break, a village lying in a plain. There was no wood near. At
some distance from the village was a farm; we made for it, and found two men
threshing in a barn. We accosted one of the men.

"We are poor men," said we, "too poor to go to an inn, but sore tired, might
we rest the day among the straw?"

The men eyed us, suspiciously, and, at last, gave-us permission.
"Come, come" said one of them, after we had lain down "you want to cross the Rhine."

We assented.

"Well" he said, "I ask no questions—but I can do it for you, if you could find the money."

We saw it was useless to conceal our intention. "We will gladly pay you well, could you contrive it," we replied. He left us, and we soon fell asleep. How long we slept, I know not, but the creaking of the door awoke me. "Is it you," I said, half-asleep, and entirely forgetting where I was: a shriek was the only answer; the door was slammed-to, and we heard light footsteps running quickly away; before I could arouse my companions, and explain to them the misfortune, we heard loud cries at the farm, as of the farmer summoning his men. Wardlaw looked through a knot-hole, and saw a complete mob, armed with forks, flails and sticks, coming to the farm. There were two flails and a rake in the straw. We armed ourselves with them, and, as soon as our enemies approached, burst-open the door, and pushed into the middle of the mob. Striking-down a stout farmer, who seemed the leader, we pushed through them, threw-away our weapons, and made-away across the country towards the river, at our best pace. We soon arrived at the banks, and finding a small wood, lay perd there, until night. The boldness of our escape had done us service. Our assailants were evidently too glad to let such bold depredators, as they doubtless believed us to be, escape, to think of pursuing us. About midnight, we crept-out of our hiding-place, and made for the river's bank, in search of a boat. We had hardly gone far, before we heard the sound of a horse pursuing us; we were on an open heath, and escape was impossible." The horseman soon arrived. He was a tall, military-looking man, enveloped in a long cloak.

"Ha" he said, as he approached "Hellas—you are unfortunate—you seek to cross the river—be it so—I am poor. What could you give, were I to convey you across the Rhine."

It was useless to attempt concealment or escape; we agreed to reward him with ten guineas, the moment we set our feet on the further bank of the river.

"Agreed" said the man. "Follow me."

"Remember" I said, "we will be revenged, if you betray us. We are desperate, and life must pay for liberty."

He smiled at our words, and with reiterated assurances of protection, proceeded to enter a long, narrow lane, that led from the common towards the ferryhouse, which now appeared in the distance. We were about the middle of the lane, already talking with one-another on our future plans, when a shot was fired from behind the hedge, and our guide's horse sprang-away as if startled by the report. In a moment, we were seized and overpowered by numbers of National guards, who sprang over the bushes on either side, and the horseman, turning his horse's head, rode-up to our captors, and gave-orders for our immediate and secure detention.

"Bind the rascals," he said, "bind them hard with the ropes—they will try again to bribe an officer of the National guards—Hellas! rascals. Life for liberty! Helas!"
Bound in a most cruel manner, and dragged along the high-road, we were soon lodged in the town guard-house, stripped of our money, and subjected to every insult from our captors. The sudden change from the piercing cold, added to the hunger and travail we had endured, and the suffocating heat of the guard-house rendered us so faint, that our keepers, fearful of losing the reward to which they were entitled by returning us alive to our prison, relaxed our bonds, and turned their attention to our many wants. In a day's time, we were able to march, and after three day's marching, we once more saw the ramparts of Bitche, and found-ourselves tenants of its hospital; our wounds once healed, we received the reward of our daring—confinement in a cell, more than twenty feet below the edge of the ditch of the southern bastion, the strongest prison in that strong fortress.

January 1st.—1809. Another year has opened on us, still, prisoners, far away from our native land. Can we now hope for liberty. Surely it were madness to dream of escaping from our dungeon. Yes, madness—to any-one but captives. Three lines of broad and lofty ramparts separate us from the country: five doors of solid iron, covered with bolts and bars, are between, us and the passage casemated to the innermost and loftiest ramparts. A few rays of light struggle through a narrow opening, that looks into the inner ditch. A few rays, lessened by the triple gratings through which they struggle into our cell, and, yet, we are-not without hope. Twice have we tasted of liberty: we will try once more. Already, amid our pains and sorrows we have conceived a new scheme of escape.

January 5th.—We have commenced our new plan. A fresh supply of money enables us to assume the characters of drunken Englishmen, and to secure the goodwill of our jailer, by the lavish manner in which we spend our money in food and wine. Every night, we raise the noise of a drunken revel, during which, on the fatal day, we hope to seize our jailer, and stifling his cries with our accustomed noise, bind him hand and foot, seize on the rope-ladder which he keeps in his room, and endeavour once more to scale-the-ramparts.

January 8th.—Three days are passed, and our plan, all but matured, is defeated: day by day we have sunk-under our confinement, and now, in despite of our earnest struggles against the disease, we are compelled to demand our removal to more healthy quarters.

Our new prison is as unpromising as that which we have left; bolts, bars and gratings shut-us-in on every side. One thing is gained, we are above-ground. No more mole-working.

January 10th.—Joy of joys to the captives. We have just learnt that the cell above us is at present without bars to the windows, preparatory to certain alterations: we have now only a ceiling and floor, between us and Heaven's free air. Our sheets and blankets must gradually be plaited into a rope.

January 15th.—Our rope progresses rapidly. Truly, it is cold, bitter cold, and each sheet and blanket would be a loss to us, did it not go to render our escape more certain. Silently, of a night, we sit at our work. We are once more united. Montague has again become one of us.

January 28th.—We have had a narrow escape. Our rope is nearly completed—
within a few yards. This morning, our laundress came, rather unexpectedly, for the linen, and we had but just time to hide the rope under a coverlid. She had some clean sheets in her hand, and was proceeding to raise the coverlid, when Wardlaw, pretending drunkenness, stumbled towards her and commenced playing-the-gallant to our visitor. With many an oath and blow she resented his approaches and still kept her-hold on the coverlid. We all now joined him in the same kind of conduct, jostling her about between us, and, at length, so thoroughly frightening her with our pretended drunkenness, that, after a few more Sacres, she declared we might make our own beds, and threw-down the clean sheets, as she rushed-out of the cell, evidently too happy at her escape. Another day will see our preparations complete: our old brother-masons have-not neglected us. Our rope is nearly ready. We have a saw, a chisel and a gimlet, and the poker will prove no bad instrument in breaking through the ceiling of our cell.

At dusk, our jailer visited us; we gave him a Napoleon, and ordered more wine for the next day. No sooner was he gone, than we proceeded to our work; drawing one of our bedsteads into the middle of the room, we next commenced laying-bare the battens of the ceiling by means of the poker, previous to sawing through the floor of the room above. The floor was good oak; the labor intense, from the smallness of the saw, and the height of the beams above our heads. How many hours we toiled, I know-not. At last, a small hole was made. We now worked more rapidly, and with greater spirit, until a passage was cut for us to the upper room. One by one, we crawled through the opening, and paused for a moment in the upper room, to decide who should lead the enterprize, the one most likely to fall by the sentinel’s fire. Every-thing was favorable. The snow had been melted by the late rains, so as to leave no track, and the sharp, cold, sleety rain that now rattled along the ramparts drove the sentinels to their boxes. Bending to the storm, we soon reached the ramparts, and by the help of our rope found-ourselves in the outer ditch of the citadel. Moonshine there was none, so we trusted to chance for our direction, and skirted away from the ramparts: by day-break, we had reached a thick wood, several miles from the fortress, and concealed ourselves in the underwood. We had hardly made our scanty meal of the small stock of provisions which we had saved from our daily rations, when the sudden boom of distant cannon, far away to the westward, told us that our escape was discovered. Hundreds of peasants would now be hunting after the fugitives, for the sake of the paltry price placed on our heads by the government. All that day we lay-close. As soon as the sun had well set, we once more moved-out into the open country, and after a toilsome march through heavy drifts of snow, entered a small village, about nightfall. The main street appeared clear, and not a light shone from any house. We entered the place, had arrived at the small market-square, when we saw torches congregating some distance in our front—now dividing, now uniting—as of various parties busily engaged in some search. We hesitated—to advance was to turn into the net spread for us. A small window was suddenly raised close to us. "Mes enfans—mes enfans" whispered a thin, old voice, the speaker was-not to be seen, "au gauche—alerte—allons."

To the left there was a small, narrow passage between two houses, deeming in
private, we had-not thought of trying our escape that way. We now followed our friend's advice, darted down the alley, and soon found-ourselves in a deep lane that bore well away from the village, and then turned in a parallel direction to the road by which we had been travelling. As the moon broke, we entered a small wood, and ascending some of the loftiest trees, made one more demand on our small stock of provisions, and watched and slept by turns, until sun-set.

Another night of wandering and weariness, and another day of roosting in high trees passed away, and our footsteps were nearer to the fatal barrier, the Rhine, the point of our deliverance from our greatest danger or of our return to greater and greater horrors at Bitche. We had now exhausted our store, and hunger compelled us to apply to some-one for food. Could a few more hours' fasting have brought us to the river, we would have held-out, rather than have incurred the risk; but it was at least two days' march and nature could-not endure so long.

As we left the wood, we made for a small cottage that stood, alone, in a deep glade, not far from our hiding-place: we approached the window. A cheerful fire of logs burned within; on one side of the bright blaze sat an old, care-worn woman, pressing her hands against her eyes, and vainly endeavoring to stop her tears: opposite her, stood a tall, military man, her husband; his hair was white, his face drawn with age, scarred with wounds and discolored from exposure to the weather: old as he was, he still bore-himself like a soldier, as he stood resting on his long wood-axe, vainly endeavoring to soothe his aged wife. "Nay, nay, dame" said the old man, "'tis a glorious life, a soldier's—be he but brave, submissive to his leaders, and kind to his comrades. Morbleu—he has committed no wrong; his father was a soldier before him; and though he will-not be led by a Montcalm, yet this young Napoleon is-not a bad general, dame."

"My child—my only child," sobbed the woman "for thirty years my comfort,—my child—my Eustace."

We did-not hesitate a moment, but rapped at the door. In obedience to the old man's commands, we raised the heavy, wooden latch, and entered. The woman started to her feet in fear, at our appearance.

"Ah," she exclaimed "robbers."

"Mille Tonnerre," muttered the woodsman, raising his axe, "Eustache can fight even for his wood-stack."

"Nay," we said "we are no robbers, but poor and unfortunate travellers, desiring to purchase provisions of you."

"Poor and unfortunate" said Eustache, advancing the candle close to our faces "yes—unfortunate—nay, start-not, I know you—I know your nation—'tis a brave nation. Fear-not, Eustache is silent. Dame, bring-out what we have."

We thanked him for his kindness.

"Yes," he continued, "a brave nation. Years have passed—many years, but still I see them now, climbing up the slope of the heights of Abraham; they drove us before them like wind. And yet we were brave—Montcalm was brave, Eustache was brave. Yes, a brave nation, and a kind one."

We led him back to talk of his old wars in Canada.
"A nation of men—of Christian men. I was a prisoner, once, to your nation—an Indian, a blood-loving savage, seized me, he would have scalped me—it was his nature—he knew no better—but a young man, a young officer of your nation, he stood between us—he confronted the savage. He raised his tomahawk; still, the young man stirred—not. Thrice, he threatened his life, and thrice, even, the Indian's eye quailed beneath the steady gaze of the British officer. "Go," he said, "go, White-hawk, thou art brave, be merciful."—"Brave of the pale-faces," said the savage—"the brave hath saved his brother-brave: White-hawk gives thee the white man's life."

We sat an hour in the old people's cottage, and refreshed-ourselves before their fire. Endless were his stories of old French wars in which his praises were about equally distributed between his general, his enemy and himself. He was an old Frenchman, not one of the boasting school of the revolution, who regarded France as the world, and Frenchmen as the only civilized and brave people in it. At length, we parted from our kind friend, who gave us good advice as to our future course.

On the morning of the second day, after we left our friend Eustache, the waters of the Rhine burst upon our sight, as we ascended a lofty hill, in a wood on the top of which we were seeking-refuge. How various were our emotions. Once, before, had we seen its waters, and, since-then, what had been our fate. What was now to be our fortune? another betrayal—another bitter, bitter imprisonment, an imprisonment, yea, even unto death. Much as we required sleep, we were unable to obtain it, so great was our anxiety for the approach of evening. Oh, how slowly did the bright sun seem to draw to the lofty ridge of the hills that stretched away on the further bank of the river. At length, the orb became distinct, the earth's mists arose and received the descending sun, and the shadows grew upon the earth.

We left our friendly wood, and approached the river's bank: to swim was utterly impracticable, the cold and the stream forbade it. At a short distance, we saw a young fisherman; he was returning from the bank. We accosted him, and endeavored to persuade him to ferry-us-over: he hesitated; we rose in our offers, and, at last, arrived at his price: taking him by the arm, we walked to his boat; it lay in sight, under a rock; leapt into it, seized the oars, and soon were on the further bank of the Rhine.

Our work was accomplished. We were away from French ground. In the rear, indeed, of the grand army that was marching towards the Austrian frontiers, and in countries, dependant on France and obedient to her commands—enforced by her armies. But now, all was in our favor—the bustle and confusion ever following a large army, rendered us hardly noticed by the various authorities whom we met. No one knew but that we were part of the grand army. We called ourselves 'courrier panes,' and when this failed to obtain for us the assistance of the peasants, we had but to disclose our real situation, and we were assisted with pleasure.

At length, we crossed the Austrian frontiers, declared our nation, procured passports, and replenished our impoverished exchequer. The credit of our nation was
at its height, and we found no difficulty in obtaining money on our bills. In after years, when I have mentioned with what readiness we were supplied with money, my then wonder has been lessened by repeated instances of similar, and even more extraordinary cases. I have been assured, that when the French squadron made a temporary seizure of the Cape, the admiral endeavored to raise-money for his service, on the credit of his government, and failed, and he was obliged to resort to force. At that time, an India vessel lay in the bay, in ballast; her captain requested permission to purchase her release; it was granted. "You have no money" said the admiral; "plenty," was the reply; the captain drew a bill on his owners in London. It was taken to a great merchant at the Cape, cashed without a doubt or a word, and the vessel released. "Truly," said the Frenchman "your's is a great nation."

After eight years and a half of a French prison, I am now—July 1609—once more by my own fire-side.

G. L. B.

LOVE AND GOLD.*

Not to love is hard; moreover,
Hard it is to be a lover;
But to love, and love in vain,
Is harder far—a sharper pain.
Wit and learning, manners, birth,
Are as things of little worth.
Wealth is looked-to. May he perish—
He who was the first to cherish
Gold!—for which men hate each other:
Brother ceases to be brother;
Son and sire are no more found;
Wars and murders do abound.
But worse than all is to be told—
The lover is undone by gold.—

E. Darby.

* Anacreon, Ode 46,
ELIZABETH VAN THURENHOUTD,

OR,

THE LOVE OF A GENIUS.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ANTWERP.

Among the painters of the school of Flanders, whose works have achieved for
them an undying celebrity, the recollection of none is more proudly preserved in
Antwerp, the city of his birth, than that of Cornelius Schut.* Poet and painter, the
fervent yet graceful outpourings of his muse have been almost forgotten in the
incomparable delicacy and harmony of his pictures. A pupil of the immortal and
princely Rubens, he possessed, like his master, all that power of conception and
creative genius, without which the skill of the mere colorist is but a meretricious and
fleeting charm, and all who have beheld those splendid emblems of his genius, which
the graceful burin of Saringues has multiplied, in memory of his illustrious
countryman, one a Suzanna surprised by the two elders,† the other a Christ calling
unto him the little children, are deeply impressed with the sentiment of admiration
for the mind which could conceive, and the hand which could realize the chaste
feminine terror of the former, and the sublime impersonation of divine love,
expressed in the attitude and face of the Saviour of the world.

At the period in which we would introduce the subject of our narrative to the
reader, Cornelius Schut had just attained his 27th year. Deeply imbued with the
love of the beautiful, and with a highly developed poetic sentiment, bordering
frequently upon the extremes of romance, he also possessed in his person all those
manly attractions, which, heightened by the freshness of youth and a peculiar grace
of manner, threw an irresistible charm around him. Thus formed to please, his
society was eagerly courted, and the first circles of Antwerp’s wealthy burghers
hailed with pleasure the appearance among them of a bright star, that galaxy of
artistic genius, which drew upon their native city the attention of Europe. Up to
the period of which we write, he had lived like the artists and gallant wits of his day
somewhat freely; hurried away, at times, into a fitful vortex of dissipation, to whose
attractive influence the alternating overflow of his generous and susceptible heart
rendered him powerless to resist, he mingled, perhaps, too frequently for the appro-

* Born at Antwerp in 1590; died, about 1637. Vandyck painted the portrait of Cornelius
Schut. It represents a countenance of marked and handsome features, in which a dreamy
expression predominates; the eyebrows are delicately arched; the moustachios proudly turned-up,
exhibit a mouth of exquisite beauty, and the dress has all the nobility of the costume of the
Flemish gentlemen of the 16th century. Cornelius Schut retired to France, see some years in
the latter part of his life, where he became intimate with the author of “La Piéride.” His
singular retreat with Elizabeth Van Thurenhoudt is related by himself and by some historians of
Flemish art.
† We have, probably, a copy, if not the original, of this in our own collection.
val of his graver friends and patrons, in the seductive circles which vied with each other in their allurements for his presence, whose sparkling sallies and poetic gaiety, combined with the unusual attractiveness of his manners, rendered him the observed of all observers. From these again, he would, however, at times, absent-himself, as if ashamed of follies which his nobler sense disapproved, and forgetting awhile his successes and celebrity among the pretty maidens of Antwerp would settle-down, in turn, with assiduity to his labors—one while poet, another painter, as happy at penning a sonnet or turning a madrigal as he was successful in the touch of his inspired pencil.

One evening, when, as was sometimes his custom, seated with a few friends in a small tavern on the quay-side, enjoying the cool, evening breeze from the Scheldt, he appeared less convivial than usual, and, despite the rilleries of his gay companions, seemed absorbed in deepest thought, as he watched the circles of smoke, which, issuing from his pipe, vanished into air, “Why” said he, mentally, “am I thus wasting the bright hours of life—why am I thus scattering to the winds the burning energies of my soul, squandering, thus idly, the warm impulses of my heart, when, with the last moment that fled, to be recalled no more, both name and fame might have been secured for ever?” A sudden resolve shot across his mind,—as suddenly it was adopted—and rising from the table, he slouched his broad beaver smartly and proudly upon his brow, as one bent with unalterable determination to carry-out the thought which he had conceived; and extending his hand to his friends he bade them adieu.

“Whither, then, art thou going?”

“I know—not—but adieu!”

“And when wilt thou return, gay boy?” said Peter Snayers with a laugh.

“Two years hence,” replied Cornelius Schut.

“Two years hence! Ah! Ah! Why that’s the world’s end.”

Cornelius Schut had left the beer-scheuk, and with hurried steps he bent-his-way to the humble dwelling of a maiden, who loved him well. As for him, he had-not hitherto given-himself much leisure to think of the affection with which she had inspired him.—But he now at once resolved to regain the time he had so negligently allowed to pass-by, and decided upon ascertaining at once the real extent of the sentiment, with which he believed he had-not failed to inspire her. She was one of those pretty, classically-featured Antwerpries, whose direct line of descent from the Spaniard was proclaimed by the clear, brunette complexion and dark melting eye, which are yet frequently to be found among the maidens of the humbler classes in that city.

“Elizabeth! cans’t thou love as I alone would be loved.—Dost thou love me with a love that will endure? A love such as I feel.—Such as, alone, I fancy, and would prize o’er all the world.”

“Oh! yes, for ever!” murmured Elizabeth, as she fondly reclined her beautiful head upon the bosom of the painter. Pressing his lips to her forehead, with grateful fervor, and taking the hand which she abandoned to him, in his, he continued:—

“Well! then, prepare to follow me.—We leave this, to-morrow.”
"Whither, then, to go?" asked the maiden.
"If thou lovest me, as thou hast said, why ask the question?"
"Cornelius! thy destiny is mine—thy path, my path."
"Cornelius Schut pressed his lips to the lips and hand of the resigned maiden, and departed.

History has furnished but little detail of Elizabeth van Thurenhoudt's history, further than making particular mention of her exquisite beauty. She was doubtless one of Eve's fairest daughters; to love and be beloved was her dream of life, the sum, indeed, of her existence.

Cornelius Schut repaired immediately to the house of his uncle, Mathew, a wealthy burgher, whose admiration of his nephew's genius, over-ruling even the all-engrossing cupidity of his nature, had gained for him a friendly hand during periods of pecuniary embarrassment, arising from his heedless prodigality, but not, however, without those donations being always accompanied with the usual animadversions upon his nephew's want of economy, which, being admitted by Cornelius with a half contrite expression of face, through which gleamed, still, the irrepressible, joyous smile of the spirit within, o'er which the cold prudence of the world held but a short enduring sway, the uncle would forgive the wayward youth, and with a prophetic shake-of-the-head "bid him go and sin no more."

"Uncle Mathew, I come—not to appeal to your generosity, nor to that affection, of which I have so often experienced the value. I know from your own lips that I am well remembered in your will—of all your future fortune, however, I come, at present, only to ask the gift of my friend Wael, your favorite spaniel.—I am going to banish myself from Antwerp, to complete an important work. Our Reverend Father has given me an order for two Assumptions, one for their church and one for their country-retreat. For this, I require, as you will readily understand, an uninterrupted solitude, to produce a work which shall live. I entreat you, therefore, uncle, spare me your dog. I require nothing further."

The next day, the painter, Cornelius Schut, the all-confiding and beautiful Elizabeth van Thurenhoudt and the sprightly Wael arrived at set-of-sun before the gate of a humble and rustic dwelling, situate on the skirts of a pleasant wood. Hither the painter had already frequently repaired, in the moments of his inspired dreamings. This small but convenient abode had been arranged at once as a shooting-box and as a studio, and with an adjoining farm constituted the whole worldly fortune of Cornelius Schut.

"Elizabeth" said he, as he passed one arm tenderly around the waist of his companion, and prepared to assist her to alight from the vehicle.

"Do you love me, enough, to live with me, here, two long years, without seeing any other face than mine, with my dog Wael for our only friend and companion?"

"Yes!" replied Elizabeth, struggling with an indefinable perturbation.

In a few days, their life was poetically organised. Long and delightful promenades in the woods, and through the flowering meadows, accompanied by the joyous little Wael,—endearing love-discourse, in which soul breathed to soul its boundless sense of ecstasy and happiness; vows, still new, though o'er and o'er replighted
and interchanged, unheard by all, save GOD—labor blessed with that repose, which those, only, feel, who, wrapped in each others’ affections, live but in, and for the loved—one—in readings—songs and duets, in which, like the harmony of their souls, their voices blended, in language more eloquent than the world’s cold prose, to declare the excess of their felicity—dreamings yet sweeter than the vocal expression of those thoughts—the breakfast near the trellised window, looking o’er the glorious meads; their evening repast, beside the silver brook—such was the sweet, unruflled tenor of their lives; such, the delicious picture, on whose rural freshness, day succeeded day, bringing new joys, new hopes, yet sweeter than the past.

Cornelius Schut was happy—happy in heart and mind: his love for Elizabeth had made him a great painter. His love of art had increased the intensity of his passion for his lovely, his gentle, his affectionate partner.

Beautiful she was; but yet, if possible, more fascinating than she was beautiful, from the undefinable expression of ardent tenderness which lit-up the melting radiance of and trembled upon her lips.

Two years had nearly elapsed. Cornelius Schut had finished his Assumptions. When he saw them leave for Antwerp, it seemed as if he had parted with a portion of his existence. “Great GOD!” said Elizabeth to herself, “he loves me somewhat less, since his pictures are no longer here.

The mind of Cornelius Schut began, indeed, at times, to dream over the past pleasures of the city, and, among other things, to dwell on the alcove of the little tavern, where, doubtless, his joyous companions still smoked and caroused. One day, under the influence of such thoughts, he took Elizabeth’s hand, and thus addressed her:—“Do you know that we have been now living two years, thus, in utter forgetfulness of the busy world?”

“I never gave it a thought,” she replied with a sigh.

“You never gave it a thought,” echoed Cornelius Schut, tenderly pressing his lips to the hand of his fond mistress; “never thought of it! and yet, this is the day when we were to return to Antwerp.”

“To-day,” exclaimed Elizabeth, turning deadly pale. “Oh! Cornelius! You love me no longer!” The painter, moved to tears by the intense sorrow and overwhelming feeling which she evinced at these words, fell at her feet and exclaimed in a transport of fond enthusiasm:—“Elizabeth! Loved Elizabeth! Would you then consent to pass yet two years more in this seclusion?”

“Consent?—Oh! and is it not my prayer?”

Fond as ever, they continued to lead their life of silence and bewitching solitude, having no intercourse with the external world, other than through the shepherd of the neighbouring meads, and a farm-servant who came daily to perform the service of the house. Another year glided away in this enchantment; but, in the first month of the fourth year, Cornelius Schut began to count the days.

At Antwerp, he was believed to be in Italy, devoting his time to the study of the best of the masters. No one deemed for a moment that the joyous Cornelius Schut could have retired from the world with such enduring perseverance. The place of his retreat was, however, soon to be betrayed.

H.—46.
Daniel Seghers, studying one day in the open country, suddenly recognised the sprightly, pretty Wael, of whom he had always been an ardent admirer. He called him by his name, Wael recognised immediately the voice of an old friend, and bounding towards him gave-way to every possible expression of canine delight, beneath the caresses of the friend of former days. Daniel Seghers knew that his half-eccentric friend, Cornelius Schut, had taken his uncle's dog away with him; and, since he had found the dog, he thought assuredly that his friend could-not be far distant. In effect, a few minutes only elapsed, and he surprised the painter and his mistress seated beneath the shade of a spreading tree, on the skirts of the wood.

As soon as Elizabeth perceived Daniel Seghers, she rose abruptly from her seat, and said to Cornelius Schut:—"Let us flee! Oh! let us away!—For the thought flashed like lightning upon her mind; if he remain with us, our seclusion is for ever destroyed." But, alas! Cornelius Schut extended joyfully his hand to his old friend; Antwerp soon became the subject of conversation, and Cornelius Schut heaved a sigh.

"What!" exclaimed Daniel Seghers, "why, you must then be, indeed, supremely happy, since you came-not to witness your triumph, to bask in your glory! for, do you not know it, your two Assumptions are the theme of all, the admiration of Antwerp; of every body. People think you are at Rome. Did they know you were here, they would fetch you away and carry you home in triumph."

When the painter and his mistress were again alone, their eyes met, they gazed mutually on each other, for a moment, in sorrowful silence.

"Go" said Elizabeth—"return Cornelius," and as she spoke, the tear, despite her effort to suppress it, stole down her pallid cheek.

Deeply moved by such testimony of intense affection, Cornelius Schut again forgot Antwerp, his friends and his newly-acquired fame.

"Go! Go! without thee! no, no, Elizabeth, never!"

Time had passed on slowly, but now it passed heavily indeed. The evening song; the charming duet, no longer cheered and hallowed the close of day; the long, delightful promenades, which had afforded such unmixed delight, were now less frequented; the very dog, itself, had grown sad and mute.

Sometimes, the faithful, and hitherto so joyous Wael would endeavour to arouse the drooping spirits of his loved friends, and excite them to their wonted cheerfulness by his lively gambols and sportive bark. With instinctive perception, however, he felt that his playfulness was now no longer welcome, and, again, he relapsed into mournful and continuous silence.

At length, the last days of seclusion were about to arrive, and, in his secret joy at the thought of again shortly beholding his friends, or, rather, of again finding his lost self in his friends, the painter did-not perceive that his mistress was fading beneath his eye; since, for him, she had ever the same tender, bewitching smile. The eve preceding the day of departure, he asked her once more to visit their most favorite haunts in the green wood, in whose bosom they had so frequently wandered together. She leaned, then, upon his arm, and walked in silence by his side. It
was a beautiful day, in August; the yellow harvests shone beneath the golden sun, joyous as it were in their ripened fulness; and the clear pipe of the merry blackbird in the woods, seemed to reply to the whistling of the reaper’s scythe among the barley.

“What a glorious day!” exclaimed the enthusiastic Cornelius Schut; “I have a presentiment that we shall leave behind us, here, the recollections of many a delightful hour. Never did nature appear to me more radiant, never speak to my soul more eloquently—this is, indeed, the poesy of GOD—Elizabeth, you see our love does not grow old.”

“Alas!” she murmured sinking her head with a deep sigh upon her bosom.

“We will return,” resumed the painter, “yes, we will often return, for I feel, like you, that it is here we shall renew our youth. One can be happy, once, alone, under heaven. . . .”

“This! why leave this? Why depart? You have accustomed me to live alone with you; happiness is not in the world; the world drives it from them; yonder, all is lost to me.”

“Child, you know, life was not made for love alone; the world has prescribed laws which we must follow; true, we should live for ourselves; but we must, also, live for others.”

“I,” said Elizabeth, with painful emphasis, “I can live for you-alone.”

At that moment, paler yet than usual, she sank upon her knees, before her lover, and raised her beautiful eyes, suffused with tears, to his face:—“Friend,” said she, mournfully and impressively, “will you go?”

He raised her; pressed her to his bosom, and said, as he kissed the raven-tresses, which escaped from their confinment over her brow:—“It must be.”

“Be it so!” said she, in a voice, tremulous with suffering, “then, be it so! We will depart; but reflect upon it well; I—I shall never return.”

The painter did not understand her meaning.

“You will return,” said he, “yes, yes, you will return: let me pass six months at Antwerp with you, ever, always with you; and we will return here, perhaps for ever.”

They had arrived near the centre of the wood.

“Shall we go,” continued Cornelius Schut, and repose ourselves in the meadow by the brook—the spot you love so well?”

“No” replied Elizabeth, “though I would love, too; yet, I have not the strength; let us return; we will go in, for I know—not what I all, to day; no; do not be alarmed to-morrow, I shall be better; to-morrow, I shall be ready to depart.” The following morning was passed by the painter in arranging his pictures, his sketches; compositions and his books. His ungrateful heart experienced something of that joy which is felt by the exile on reaching the frontiers of his native country. Elizabeth, who had remained in her chamber, leaned against the window, gazing with tearful, yet

* The corn-crops are cut in Flanders with a scythe.
half-vacant eyes upon the bright meadows before her; and while thus occupied heard her lover gaily singing the following words:—

"Come hostess dear! Come sweetheart mine
With dimpled hand of snow,
Pour out for us the ruby wine
Our Hebe thou, below!"

There are feelings which no human tongue can express, there are agonies of the soul, no language can convey, and to depict the intensity of grief, which at that moment overwhelmed the heart of Elizabeth, were impossible; for that song was the song which Cornelius always sung with his friends in his days of festivity. Her heart beat audibly in her bosom—collapsed with agony—"twas broken in that pang: she raised her eyes to heaven and breathed a fervent prayer to GOD.

He still sang on, carried-away more and more by the gaiety of his recollections. The poor girl suddenly collected her exhausted strength; she arose from the chair on which she had sunk, and hurried to the door of her beloved's studio. The door was partly open; she stopped upon the threshold. On seeing her appear with her hair disordered; her bosom heaving, tumultuously; her eyes wildly wandering, Cornelius Schut rushed towards her, surprised and alarmed:—"Elizabeth! what ails you?"

She smiled bitterly.

"What ails me! . . . listen to me, Cornelius."

And immediately she began to sing the song which Cornelius Schut had composed for her, in the happiest days of their solitude:—

What, though the daisy soon may fade,
And Winter's breath despoil the grove,—
And strew with leaves the green-wood glade,
It cannot so despoil our love!—

Though his chill breath may strip the tree—
The flowrets fade and disappear,
The Summer of my love for thee
No Winter dreads, my mistress dear!

'Neath thy sweet smile, eternal Spring
Reigns in my heart—and from thine eyes
A sun-light beams whose warmth can fling
A glow o'er Winter's coldest skies.—

I dread—not Winter's bleakest blast
With thee beside me still to cheer
Within thine arms, too soon 'tis past
Elizabeth! my only dear!
One Winter but my heart alarms—
That Winter, whose cold, marble arms
Shall bear us to the darksome tomb,
Where scentless flowers only bloom!

That last, long Winter, which shall chill
Our hearts alone—yet dearest, still,
We'll bear away to yonder sphere
The love of all we loved most here!

At the closing words of the song, Elizabeth sank exhausted in the arms of her lover: she had thrown her whole energies, her existence, into her voice.

He carried her in his arms to the open window; to breathe the cool breeze of the morning; at length, with a deep-drawn sigh, she opened her eyes and said to him:

"Adieu, Cornelius—that song has now lost its power over thine heart! all now is over." Again she murmured:

"One Winter but my heart alarms
That Winter, whose cold marble arms . . . ."

"My beloved one! My own Elizabeth!" exclaimed Cornelius Schut, frantic with fear, and pale as the cheeks o'er which he bent, "my life, my soul, Elizabeth! where art thou?"

"Cornelius!" replied she, with a scarcely audible and dying voice, "thou said'st that we must hence; I go before thee. Yonder, thou wouldst have abandoned me; I love better to die here."

With these words, Elizabeth closed her eyes for ever upon the world. Cornelius Schut clasped her, again, in an agony of despair and terror to his bosom, pressed his pale lips to hers, now closed in the repose of death, and, as though to call her back to existence, breathed his life-breath into her motionless nostrils. All, all restoratives were successively tried, but in vain.

Language is powerless to describe the depth of his despair; that day, that night, was passed beside the lifeless form of his fondly-loved and beautiful Elizabeth; he wept; he tore his hair, his reason tottered. A hundred times, he pressed his adored mistress to his heart, and called in piteous accents on her name—Elizabeth was dead to his endearmments.

He now recollected that, for above a month past, the poor girl had grown daily paler; he now understood that she had died from loving him too fondly; he swore to return no more to Antwerp; to dwell alone, for ever, in the woods, and on the spots which were hallowed by the throbbing recollections of the loved, the sad Elizabeth.

"It was not until after the funeral, that he recollected he had—not a portrait of his beloved. He had never taken one as a portrait, he had always deemed it impossible to render upon canvas full justice to the fascinating charm of her adored countenance. It is true, Elizabeth had been his model for the Virgins in his pictures, but for them he had only seized the purity of her features; he had carefully avoided
giving to the Mother of the Angels, the profaner beauty, the captivating earthly expression of his mistress.

Now that she had disappeared for ever from his eyes; he regretted, with an irremediable despair, that he had—not reproduced upon canvas the character and the charms of his beloved Elizabeth. In his dreams, he still beheld her pass before him, fleeting as the shadow of a cloud over the meadows, or in the recesses of the woods. It was, however, no longer the blooming, the radiant, smiling maiden of the first year; it was the pale and mournful lover, whom death had faded. He endeavored from the study of her every recollection, to transfer her form and countenance to canvas; but every time that it assumed the reality of life beneath his faithful pencil, he started from it with affright, for it was still Elizabeth—dying—that he beheld before him.

During a whole month, Cornelius Schut remained in his solitude, which had become so suddenly a cheerless desert. His uncle, apprized by Daniel Seghers of his retreat, and uneasy at his obstinately protracted absence, set-out for his abode, and surprised him, one evening, reclined on the grave of Elizabeth van Thurenhoudt. The kind-hearted old man was horror-struck at the pallor and despair, so strongly depicted in the countenance of Cornelius Schut. To him the painter related word for word the whole history of his heart.

"Thou wilt return with me to Antwerp," said his uncle to him, with emotion.

"No," replied the painter, "so long as the daisies have—not bloomed upon that grave, will I come here to weep."

He remained. Every morning he repaired to the grave of his mistress, and breathed upon his knees a prayer for her felicity; for her forgiveness. He addressed her as in the days of love and happiness.—"Yes," said he to her with tenderness, "we shall meet again in another retreat, to love and live for ever;—but shall I behold again thy beauteous, peerless eyes, so gentle, so fondly mild, whene'er thou spoke to me!—Poor Elizabeth, behold her sleeping in the tomb, alone, but she is not, lonely, as I am!"

One morning, with an inexpressible emotion of joy, Cornelius beheld two daisies, which had bloomed in the springing grass upon Elizabeth’s grave.

Schut gathered them, kissed them with pious fervor, and placed them upon his heart. At length, he left for Antwerp, with the poor, faithful Wael, who had now long ceased his joyous gambols and, like his master, he, too, was broken-in-spirit. He visited the tavern on the quay-side; his friends endeavored to rally him out of his mysterious passion; but when they beheld him so pale, so wan, so spirit-broken; when they heard his hollow voice choked with constantly deep-drawn sighs, they respected his grief, and all, alike, extended the hand to him in silence and in pity.

Among the poems which Cornelius Schut left behind him, is one which contains the following thought:—"The most impassioned man finds—not his whole life in love; woman, only, can live and die of the heart."

R. G. P.
BOULOGNE IN 1845.

The morning after our arrival in Boulogne, I was musing at the breakfast-table on the interesting details of my 'guide-book', called 'A Guide to Boulogne-sur-mer and its Environs,' by A. H. Monteith, Director of the Robertsonian Institution,' and endeavoring to cull out of it the 'dulce et utile' in the town and neighbourhood. While so engaged, an old gentleman condescended to address himself to me, and after some general comments on the weather and the like, offered-himself as my Cicerone for the day—an offer which I gladly accepted. It was Cobbett, I think, who once said—and he said many clever things—'when a man begins to be over civil, it is high time to button-up your pockets'—the pithy moral of Æsop's fable of 'The sow and the wolf:' indeed, when excessive politeness proffers-itself without any apparent cause to produce it, our intercourse with the world, or it may be the selfishness of our own nature inclines us to suspect that pure and disinterested benevolence is-not at the bottom of it; a suspicion sometimes increased by local associations—yet, to the honor of the human character and the human heart, there are many pleasing exceptions:—there are many men, who, in full content nobly rest unanxious for themselves and actuated but by the noblest impulse of doing good to others; and it is remarkable, too, that where this inestimable quality is to be found, it cannot be mistaken: "fronti nulla fides" was a theory of the ancients, and may in theory or in the dead languages be true; but in practical life who does-not, in most cases, act upon appearances: except in a Red Indian or Onondago, the face is the correct index of the mind, and at a glance determines the affections or dislikes, the confidence or distrust of others.

In Shakspeare (that true mirror of the thoughts and actions of men) scarcely a scene that does-not illustrate the truth of this remark. Goethe, in his 'Fauste Margaret,' says of Mephistopheles (The Spirit of Evil) "I would-not live with the like of him. When he comes to the door, he looks so mockingly, and with fury but half-suppressed; one sees that he sympathizes with nothing—it is written on his forehead that he can love no living soul." Who does-not remember King Stephen's timely rebuke of the would-be Tragedian Liston? 'Sir, you hav'n't a face for Tragedy!' Happy hit in Kemble! This was indeed holding the mirror up to nature! From that moment, Melpomene was thrown as a loathsome weed away, and Thalia weeded and won. The looks of my aged friend were such as at once to disarm suspicion. Honesty and good-nature were written in the plainest and most indelible characters on his face. If ever man came-up to the standard of 'A fine old English Gentleman' it is he, graced, indeed, with a deeper dash of intelligence than is usually seen in that distinguished class of men:—

"The elements,
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand-up
And say to all the world—this is a Man."
The author of 'Adam Blair,' in accounting for the attachment between Luther and Melancthon, Socrates and Alcibiades, Elizabeth and Essex, Johnson and Boswell, Rousseau and Hume, and others, would trace it to original diversity rather than to original identity of character or opinion: of Nature's vagaries, in Nature's eccentricities—their name is Legion!

It is possible, indeed, that great folks' love and attachments may operate by the rule of contraries; Credat Judæus Apella: such philosophic rules we leave to Lockhart or Punch; and lay this flattering union to our souls, that such eccentric emotions had no share in the origin, formation, or cementing of our friendship.

"Well," said my friend "fugit irreparabile tempus" and good-naturedly enquired if I remembered the earl of Wilmington's sarcastic, but jocose remark of the great duke of Newcastle "that he lost half an hour every morning, and ran after it all the day without being able to overtake it." I smiled assent as well as obedience, and we were instantly on the wing. But whither? Not that I, in all the vigor and freshness of youth, was afraid to labour through the day side-by side with him; but there is a pleasing satisfaction in knowing what you are about—darkness is abhorrent to all but rogues and thieves. "Whither," said I "is my Mentor leading me? To the Island of the Goddess Calypso, or the hall of Spells?" "To as commanding a point of view" said he, "as those overhanging battlements which Shelley's phrenzy hath impressed upon your memory; to the summit of Mount Lambert." I was very glad at this announcement, it being in perfect accordance with my own notions of the science of travelling—to study general outlines before attempting the intricacies of detail; to climb the high mountain of some lofty Helvellyn, and thence survey:

"The mighty maze, but not without a plan."

Time and space, under the magic influence of his charming conversation were as nothing. We were by this time opposite the little Stone Cross at the side of the St. Omer road, about three miles and a half from Boulogne, and, in a few minutes more—for the ascent is very easy—at the drawbridge of the fort of Mount Lambert or Mollambert. He had perused Harry the Eighth of England, and was about to enter into the history of the fort, and the strange mutations of fate attending it, when we were saluted by the treble notes of a little, yellow, poodle dog, and the "bon jour messieurs" of an old woman, who turned-out to be the keeper of the Fort, and the familiar acquaintance of my aged Mentor.

At this moment, we were setting-foot on a rickety piece of wooden craft in the form of, and no doubt used, and intended for a bridge of ingress or egress to all who dared venture over it; but so patched, that it had well nigh lost its original character; and so equivocal in strength, as to remind one of the practical truth, that "delays are dangerous." The little poodle, even, appeared sensible of this, as he saluted us, from the end of it, and did-not, like a valiant cur, dispute every inch of ground with his assailants. When safely over, I ventured to breathe, and observed on its frail and dangerous condition. "Ah!" said she "everything to its destined end—you see all that has to use it—myself and that poor dog! But three months ago, it had to
bear another, my poor husband, then on his way to darkness and the worm. Since that ill-fated hour, we have lived alone, and must in all human probability, until we are separated in death." She wiped away her tears—(poor artless soul, that felt relief by bidding sorrow flow!) and let us into the room where she lived. The house, of which it formed a part, stood at the North-West angle of the fort, and seemed as if reared in more modern times out of the ruins of something else, the form whereof is still visible, a few yards from the door: it was divided into two compartments—one, for an old, red cow, and another animal that rejoiced in the name of calf, with as much propriety of language as Peter Priggins's James Job rejoiced in the name of boy, at the age of 'sixty;' the other division for the old woman and her guardian angel, this little, ugly, yellow poodle. The room which these two last occupied was large and well-proportioned; the furniture consisting of a large, four-posted bedstead in one corner;—in the other, a lit de paille for her companion; two French time-pieces—one broken chair—crosses and crucifixes innumerable, and ONE book.—What her crockery and culinary utensils were, did-not appear: these, as far as the eye could discern, were all her worldly goods and chattels. Yet, withal, what a feeling of peace, order, contentment and resignation breathed around! What abundance in that poverty! What bliss in that home! My friend had communicated the secret to me, before, that her library consisted of ONE book and had been enlarging upon the truth of the school maxim:—mecia biblon, meka hakan—who reads the fewest books, reads the most—gave me permission to guess what the book was. My bewildered thoughts led me to repeat Dr. Johnson's anecdote, and Hayley's beautiful language of our immortal Collins:—

"He, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
Sought on ONE book, his troubled mind to rest;
And rightly deemed 'The Word of GOD' the best."

According to Johnson, the only book Collins travelled-with, was the Bible:—and happy would it have been for this aged pilgrim (whose reason had never been impaired) if her hopes and pleasures had so gloriously and divinely centered.

But, alas for poor human nature! Moliere was her Bible!—Never shall I forget the way in which (upon request) she indulged our curiosity;—with what cautious superstition she unfolded her treasure—with what intense feeling and animation she read to us: to read was vivid enjoyment, as if Moliere was her God, and every word instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace. It made a deep impression upon my heart, and often to myself have I said " whence can this fire be? This intense feeling? This apparent elevation of soul? Could religion have shed its vivifying influence over the currents of her heart? Could education have run down into the hem of her garment to have given genius its way, and talent its displays? Or had genius, herself, which so loves to astonish the world with her chance-productions, scattered her seeds to the wind, to take-root and shed their luxuriance over this barren summit?" Religion was a stranger to her bosom: education, she had none—save, just enough, to read that book: she seemed to be the genuine offspring of the Revolution. All its worst influences had grown with her growth
and strengthened with her strength. She seemed to regard history up to 1792 as a mighty void to talk-about, or as a fable—that then commenced the Æra of real social existence—the great Keesh whence issued the glory of France and the universal liberty of man—that wisdom absolute reigned in the Convention on that awful and devoted day when THE ALMIGHTY RULER OF NATIONS was deliberately declared an impostor: that, thenceforth, pleasure became the Supreme Good of life—the theatre her temple—the French her elect. Hence, her unbounded passion for the stage, at so advanced an age, let-loose from her moorings, from religion, from morality—from all that could give energy to the one, or stability to the other. She had been tossed-about on the wild regions of a licentious society, and, at last, found a resting place in the Drama.

But to return; we sallied-forth and walked-round the walls; and a grand sight it was; for it far surpasses any other about Boulogne—in variety, extent, or grandeur. The fine amphitheatre of the surrounding hills—the extensive forests—the dark-blue sea, stretching to the uttermost horizon—the white cliffs of Dover—form a Coup d’œil, highly pleasing and exceedingly beautiful. On rounding towards the chalky bourn, standing in bold relief from the distant waves, my aged Mentor’s eye rested upon Shakspeare’s Cliff:

"Whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep."

and involuntarily burst from his lips, the poet’s patriotic aspirations:

"A fairer Isle than Britain never Sun
View’d in his wide career: a lovely spot
For all that life can ask; its woods and prospects fair
Its meadows fertile and to crown the whole
In one delightful word it is our HOME,
Our native Isle."

and as the sun was in his meridian, and the air so pure and clear that it seemed but a step from one Continent to the other, it was peculiarly appropriate. As he gave-utterance to those verses, tears ran down his cheeks. He spoke as one who dearly loved his native home;—and one, too, whom Fate had destined to live an exile, to see her only at a distance, and speak of her as a land flowing with milk and honey. And, so it was, as I afterwards ascertained, not from any debt (for he prided-himself on this) but because his good-nature had betrayed him many, many years ago into a fatal duel. What a heavenly passion is the love for one’s native country! In an American’s breast it may perhaps be an enlargement of selfishness, but in an Englishman’s it transcends almost, if not every other affection of the human heart, and seems to live when all else is dead around it. A Childe Harold’s misanthrophy; a Shelley’s blasphemy, could-not extinguish its flame! There is something in it that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought of the mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Vice, which overcomes every-thing, even to
sentiments most natural, falls-dead upon this lurking element of life. Many a bitter tear has rolled from the convict’s eye, as he looked towards the home where his boyhood was spent and his doom cast, and in men, too, who under the fatal tree would have stood unmoved.—Nay, the very dog will whine and pine, and die, from the love of home.

Happily, at this moment, the sound of cannon from a vessel, between Cap Grisnez and Dover castle reached our ears: he instantly gazed in that direction—at times, with his naked eye; at times, with his telescope. "I do believe," says he, "that the steamer, there, is the ‘Fairy’ from Antwerp! In the course of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, all doubt was removed, and we had the felicity of seeing our beloved Sovereign sail past on a visit to her old friend, Louis Phillippe, at the Château d’Eu, near Treport. As Goëthe says ‘Children are children, and play is play all over the world.’ Here, both old and young engaged, for once, since childhood, in true nobility we threw our hats into the air—kicked-up our heels, and cried ‘God save the Queen,’ and would have sung it too; ‘the desire was strong but the power was weak.’ Our joy somewhat evaporated—all other scenes forgotten—gazing intently upon the little squadron—watching every ripple that kissed the Fairy’s bow—every breath of air that fanned her sails, we sat and feasted upon the sight. And what a sight! "Could the human eye" (said my friend) "rest upon a more refreshing prospect? The Sun, in his meridian, to light her Majesty on her way—the Heavens one strain of music, from the feathered songsters high in air, on poised wing warbling their hymns of praise—the winds and waves as if for ever hushed to sleep. The wide expanse of waters below the firmament of heaven—above—with purest ray serene. Be glad, ye waters of the dark blue sea. Save when the Gophir wood of old floated with its sacred burthen on the face of the waters, ye never bore so fair a prize! It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir; with the precious onyx or the sapphire; the gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold—no mention shall be made of coral or of pearls, for the price of her is above rubies! The evil imaginations of men and of nations," continued he, "have provoked another deluge, it has lasted not for days, for weeks, for months, for years, but, alas! for centuries.

"Thank Heaven! however, there is now a prospect that the waters of Discord are abating; and that in the Queen of England we behold the sacred Dove sent-forth into distant lands, returning home, laden with the olive-branch of peace. Let us pray that it may be so, that henceforth, through her mediation and example, the mighty monarchs of the world may kiss each other in brotherly love and affection.—That hatred from the world may disappear, and UNIVERSAL LOVE animate every heart. This will be the token of the covenant, that like the Bow of Heaven will encircle the earth with UNIVERSAL HAPPINESS. Away! the modern Ulysses—Great King of the French—and his hospitable family are on the beach, ready to receive you with open arms:

"Sic te Diva potens Cypri
Sic fratres Heleneæ, lucida Sidera
Vendarumque regat pater
Obstrictis aliis preter Iapygi
Navis quam tibi credita
Debes Victoriām; finibus Atticis
Reddas incolorem precor
Et serves animae dimidium meum.”

This seemed addressed to the unsubstantial air, or the distant squadron, but recollecting-himself, and turning to me he said “what an amazing change, of late years, in the thoughts and pursuits of men! Amazing! But yesterday, the habitations of Sovereigns seemed something ideal—some Château en Espagne or castles within the confines of Mahomet’s seventh Heaven, to cross the portals of which and mix with men seemed treason against the Majesty of State. Some porten-tous comet in its eccentric orbit (perhaps that of ‘the rights of man,’ foretold some years ago) has alarmed them, and taught them that their safety lies on earth, and amongst the dwellings and society of men—and that their only hope—their only castle—their only fortress stands on the hearts and affections of their subjects. What share that man (pointing to Napolean’s statue) had in this amazing change, time, the great prover of all things, must demonstrate; the Mephistopheles or the Prometheus of his age! perhaps the latter, who, for his impiety, was chained by Britannia on a barren Caucasus—the prey of eagles and of vultures; yet, methinks, with the fire he stole from the burning chariot of the sun, he scorched up a mass of bigotry, ignorance and superstition, which had overwhelmed and darkened Europe, and with it kindled, a-fresh, the expiring lamp of religion, liberty and law. But more of him when I come to point out to you the monument itself, and its associations.”

“I must now” added my friend “invite your particular attention to details. In the first place, then, cast-your-eyes on the extreme point of the French Coast opposite Dover castle—that is called Cap Blanc nez, Cape white-nose: you will perceive, as the name imports, it is of a white, chalky substance, and is of the same color and stratum as the opposite shore of Albion: of the same strata! In what plain language does great Nature speak to us! What a lesson of harmony and peace does she teach the choice and master spirits of the two countries! Oh that we would but obey her dictates, and act as if we were members of the same great family of man—creatures of the same mould, governed by the same eternal laws of UNIVERSAL love! The little village nearer to us, close upon the shore, is the celebrated village of Ambleteuse. It was there where the cruel Fates drove our ill-fated Sovereign James II., in the Revolution of 1688.—It was there, too, where little more than a century after, a wing of the mighty flotilla, or Quixotic Armada, was prepared

* “So may the Cyprian Queen divine—
And the twin-stars with saving lustre shine:
So may the father of the wind
All but the Eastern gales propitious bind
As you, dear Vessel, safe restore
Th’intrusted pledge to the Gallic shore
And of my soul the Idol save
My much-loved Monarch from the deep, deep wave.
Hor. Ode 3, Lib. 1. (Note by the author).
and harboured, which was to waft the invincible legions of Gaul across the Channel, and place Napoleon on the throne of the House of Brunswick. Monsieur Thiers in his “Histoire du Consulat et de l’Empire” (Liv. 16, Camp de Boulogne) says, “Depuis le dernier siècle, l’idée de terminer par une invasion, la rivalité maritime des deux peuples, était entrée dans tous les esprits. Louis XVI. et le Directoire avaient fait des préparatifs de descente * * * * C’était une sorte de tradition devenue populaire, qu’avec des bateaux plats, on pouvait transporter une armée de Calais à Douvres * * Parmi les modeles de bateaux, proposés par la marine, il y en avait de dimensions différentes, coutant depuis huit mille jusqu’à trente mille francs * * * Cette flotille, capable de porter 150,000 hommes, 400 bouches à feu, dix mille chevaux, et qui faillit un instant opposer la Conquête de l’Angleterre était pour l’Angleterre une cause d’alarmes sérieuses.” Very like a whale, monsieur Thiers! Very like a whale, indeed! I presume, monsieur Thiers, this was the period when the emperor caused to be struck the celebrated medal (La descente en Angleterre) to commemorate his Conquest of England; a medal, by the bye, which I will drag from its lair, for the special examination of the Prince of Waterloo and those who dream in common with him that England was never conquered.

“Oh that Hogarth had been alive to lash this wordy little scribbler! Indeed, by his inimitable series of Plates, styled ‘The invasion’ he has already done it. The foreground of this plate (says Trusler in his ‘Hogarth moralized’), exhibits to our view a forlorn cabaret or alehouse, whose sign is a wooden shoe, with a board, on which is written ‘Soup maigre à la sabot royal,’ Soup meagre, at the Royal wooden-shoe, a broth made of herbs and fat (far unlike the rich gravy soup of England,) meal being, there, to the poor, as great a variety as, here, a joint of venison. This is intimated by the neck-bones of beef, vøïl of flesh, hanging within the window; by the weak, emaciated figures of the meagre Frenchmen; and by the general joy they shew at the sight of the colors, in which is written, in large letters—‘Vengeance avec la bonne bière et bon bœuf d’Angleterre,’ (vengeance with the good beer and the good beef of England; and to which that officer is pointing by way of encouragement, who is roasting a brace or two of frogs before the fire, and to a box of instruments, preparing to be put on board, which contains scourges, gibbets, wheels and other engines of torture, intended for the British Inquisition. Amongst them, are an image of St. Anthony and a plan of a Monastery, preparing to be built at Blackfriars:—

With lantern jaws, and croaking gut,  
See how the half-starved Frenchmen strut  
And call us, English dogs!
But soon we’ll teach these bragging foes,  
That beef and beer give heavier blows,  
Than soup and roasted frogs.
The Priests, inflamed with righteous hopes,  
Prepare their axes, wheels and ropes,  
To bind the stiff-necked sinner;
But should they sink, in coming over,  
Old Nick may fish ’twixt France and Dover  
And catch a glorious sinner!
RE-CAPTURE OF OPORTO.

The month of May, 1809, was rendered memorable by offering an opportunity for the display of the military talents of the duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley). The French had at that period obtained possession of many of the most important places in Spain, and were daily gaining-strength in Portugal.

Marshal Soult had already taken possession of Oporto, and affairs had a very unpromising aspect; whilst the success of the French might in a great measure be butted to the jealousies and want of unity of action between the leaders of the allied army.

The British government, nothing daunted by the unfavorable state of affairs, was resolved not to swerve from its determination to expel the French from this part of the Continent, neither would they abandon the cause of Europe by deserting the Spaniards and Portuguese.

Accordingly, Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the command of the British army with unlimited powers, whereby he would be enabled to put-a-stop to all those jealousies and distractions which had too frequently occurred between the allied leaders. The troops which were to accompany him were mustered at Portsmouth, where the embarkation was to take-place with all possible expedition.

As a matter of course, Portsmouth was at this moment all in a bustle, and although at that period common sailors and common soldiers did not always mingle comfortably together, yet on the whole there were no squabbles, beyond the usual jibing and jeering at such times as the red-coats and blue-jackets met together.

A portion of the crews of the various ships were generally on shore at this time, in order to be ready to take the soldiers on board the various transports. One of their favorite houses of resort was 'The Green Dragon,' where both soldiers and sailors often met together, and here would the grand controversy take-place as to which was the more honorable occupation of the two—a soldier's or a sailor's. The sailor of course stood-up for the navy, while the soldier claimed-preference for the army. One evening, Dennis Leary was holding an argument with one of the marines, who claimed a preference for himself and comrades, because, as he affirmed, he was both soldier and sailor, but Jack Onslow, one of the boat's crew, would-not allow it to be the case. "What?" said Jack, as he forcibly banged his iron fist on the table. "A marine both soldier and sailor? That be hanged. A marine is all very well to stick-up in the tops, and pop-away at the enemy in the heat of action. But when you want to reef-topsails, or hoist-out your flying gib-sheet, or heave-out the lead. when you get into soundings, or bring your ship alongside of an enemy—where's your marine, then? Why, he's nowhere, to be sure."

Then Dennis Leary exclaimed "Give me your hand Jack, that's just what I was thinking, myself. A soldier is a soldier and a sailor is a sailor;—but a marine——"
"Is just as good as either," rejoined the marine. "Och bother to that," ejaculated Leary. "If you put-yourself on an equality with a foot soldier, recollect there is a wide difference between him and a dragoon."

"Indeed?—How do you make it appear?" enquired Jack Onslow.

"Sure, does-not a foot-soldier have to march with his knapsack, and his haversack, and his canteen, and the d—l knows what besides—loaded like a Jackass with his panniers of each side of him—and wade-through mud, and ditches and rivers and all that? While a dragoon dont carry anything but his sword and carbine, for his horse carries all the rest. And as for marching through mud and mire, he has none of that, for his horse does it all for him, and he sits-still all the time he is moving, aud though he may have to march twenty miles a day, d—l a step does he move all the time.

"A Bull! a bull!" roared the marine in exultation—"Oh, never mind, never mind," said Jack,—"an Irishman is always allowed to speak twice."

"I dont wonder at it," observed the marine, "for Irishmen, in general, are such rattlepates, and they talk on so many subjects all in a heap, that they dont recollect half that they have said."

"Aye! aye!" said Jack Onslow, "I understand: you meant to say that Irishmen have bad memories."

"Exactly so,"—said the marine.

"Blood-an-ounds! hark to that!"—exclaimed Leary—"and would you say that an Irishman has a bad memory?—By the powers of Molly Macguire, I can remember myself, before I was able to bite a crust: and my father before me had such a memory that he could remember things before they happened." A roar of laughter at the Irishman's expense followed his speech.

Jack Onslow turned his quid, and looked very knowingly at Dennis Leary—and after a little consideration, said to him—"I tell you what it is, my fine fellow, you may be a very good soldier, and a good horseman and all that, and may ride your twenty miles a day without flinching—but let me tell you that it strikes me when you come to ride the wooden horse that will carry you across the sea, you'll cut a very awkward figure, and wont be able to make head-way without hoisting the sick flag from the mast head.

These were the sallies usually to be heard along the Point of Portsmouth and Gosport beach, when the brave boys met each other.

Sir Arthur Wellesley having reached Portsmouth, set sail from thence on the 15th of April, and arrived at Lisbon on the 22d of the same month. This event turned the tide of affairs, and commenced a new era in the war; it was, indeed, to all intents and purposes a new campaign. The hopes of the Portuguese were raised to the highest expectation, and the British troops were everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. Their stay was but short, and they marched out of Lisbon, escorted and followed by a number of inhabitants of all grades, on their road to Pombal, which they reached on the 1st of May, and on the following day reached Coimbra. Here they were met by the multitude: vivas and blessings were showered upon them; and so great was the concourse of people assembled, that the troops might be said to have marched through an avenue of living persons. After sir Arthur had established his
head-quarters, and made the necessary arrangements, he reviewed the army on the 6th of May, on the great plain below the city. Four of the best Portuguese battalions being incorporated with the English, which were placed under the personal command of marshal Beresford, and sir Robert Wilson with a brigade of Portuguese, was posted at Vizeu.

Soult was at this time at Oporto. He had a full command of the ground on which his troops reposed, but in his front and rear, and, indeed, on all sides, were enemies. His situation was by no means enviable, for conspirators were concealed in his camp, and those of no mean rank. They were French republicans, and being dissatisfied with the existing government would gladly have joined the English and returned to France, and, in conjunction with those disaffected French soldiers, who were at that moment distributed among marshal Soults's force, would have made a bold attempt to overthrow Napoleon, and likewise the then existing government.

D'Argenton, one of the chief promoters of the conspiracy, had the boldness to make his way to the English camp at Coimbra, where he tendered his services to sir Arthur Wellesley; but the brave general scorning intrigue, and thinking the report of the conspiracy to be greatly exaggerated, refused to encourage the project, preferring to place his reliance on his own measures.

Sir Arthur Wellesley soon completed his plan of operations. His first object was to take the most certain methods of preventing the retreat of Soults's army; and to accomplish this, it was necessary that the bridge of Amarante should be blockaded. General Silviera with a Portuguese force obtained and held-possession of this important position. The French troops had repeatedly made desperate attempts to obtain it, but were repulsed by the Portuguese with the utmost bravery and firmness; and in defending it against their repeated assaults, the brave colonel Patrick fell, mortally wounded.

Marshal Soults had directed generals Laborde and Loison to gain it at any risk, but they were repulsed in each attempt. The post was, however, considered of such extreme consequence by Soults, that he brought-forward a strong reinforcement, and attacked it in person; and after a most obstinate resistance from the brave Silviera and his troops, succeeded in gaining-possession of the bridge, from which the Portuguese were obliged to retire.

Sir Arthur Wellesley received the news of this event while he was at Coimbra, on the 4th of May. He was, therefore, obliged to alter his plan of operations; but his mind was soon made-up; and, on the following evening, he directed marshal Beresford, with a brigade of British and Portuguese, and a squadron of heavy cavalry, to march to Lamego by way of Vizeu. On the following morning (May 7th) the main army was in full march towards Oporto, consisting of 14,500 infantry, 1,500 cavalry, and twenty-four pieces of artillery. General Hill moved upon Averio with one division, while the stronger column marched directly upon the Vouga.

General Hill had now reached the borders of the lake, and the advanced guard immediately took-possession of the boats belonging to the fishermen, who at first meditated a fierce attack, and an attempt to regain them; but no sooner were the fishermen informed of the cause for which their boats had been seized than the
Re-capture of Oporto.

utmost good-will and willingness was displayed by them, and they testified the greatest friendship and anxiety for the British and their brothers-in-arms. They mustered their crews with the utmost alacrity, and manned their boats themselves, and worked with such energy and good-will, that the whole of the troops were landed at Ovar by sunrise, where the right flank of the enemy was turned; and marshal Beresford having joined sir Robert Wilson, drove Loison to Amarante and turned the left of the French.

There were several of the fishermen's wives who readily assisted as far as they were able in forwarding the baggage by mules' and other means, and it was no uncommon thing to see some of our brave soldiers followed by women and children assisting to carry any luggage or other things which required speedy conveyance. Their language to each other was of the most friendly description, but almost entirely conveyed in pantomimic gestures, as the Portuguese could speak no English at all, and the English, on the other hand, beyond two or three words which they had picked up on their march, were totally ignorant of the Portuguese tongue.

Sir Arthur Wellesley having come-up with general Paget's division of infantry, attacked and drove general Franeschi from the wood; but although hotly pursued, that active general made a safe retreat to Oliveira, and soon after joined general Mermet at Grijon. Several attacks were made by each party, which continued until darkness put a temporary stop to the combat.

The English forces passed the night in repose, while the French, under cover of the darkness of the night, crossed the Douro, and then destroyed the bridge.

By eight o'clock the succeeding morning, the British columns were assembled at Villa Nuova, behind the Convent of Sarea, completely concealed from the enemy, by the heights on which it stands. The troops were resting at ease, without thinking of any approaching trouble or exertion, while their great commander was pondering over a plan of operations which he intended to adopt, and which, having at length decided upon, he exclaimed to some of the officers who stood near him, "Let a boat be found."

The officers and men were soon on the look-out in various directions, and colonel Waters after a close search, discovered a little skiff lying among some rushes at the water's edge, at a part of the river where a clump of trees concealed it from observation; near the boat stood the Prior of a convent and some peasants. Colonel Waters instantly leaped into the boat, and prevailed on the peasants to accompany him; they crossed unobserved by the French patrols, and shortly returned from the opposite shore, with three barges which they had cut from their moorings. In the mean time, guns were brought-up to the convent of Sarea and planted in battery.

Marshal Soult was well aware that he had no alternative but to quit Oporto. He conceived, that if the British attempted to cross the Douro, their vessels would come round by the sea, as he had already secured all the boats and barges, which he had safely moored along the northern bank of the river, and which being guarded by numerous patrols, left them no other course. Feeling himself, therefore, perfectly secure in this respect, and not being aware that general Loison had been driven from his position, he resolved to remain another day in Oporto, that all things might

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be fully arranged, and his retreat effected with regularity and good order. Yet
spite of all his precautions, colonel Waters thus contrived to cut-out several of them
from their moorings, and bring them safely over to the British side of the water,
without the French patrols knowing anything of the matter.

Soult's observations were consequently chiefly directed down the river, naturally
expecting that the English would approach from that quarter if they meditated any
immediate attack on the city. He had taken a house which commanded a fine view
down the river, and fixed his personal attention on that quarter, in order, if possible,
to discover what the English intended to do: but he was quite ignorant of the
manoeuvres of his enemy and of the bold yet decisive measures so promptly adopted
by sir Arthur Wellesley.

About ten o'clock sir Arthur received the welcome information that one of the
boats had already been brought to the point of passage which he had selected
"Let the men cross without loss of time," said sir Arthur—an officer and twenty-five
of the Buffs passed over immediately to the seminary opposite Sarea; and took-
possession without the least noise or disturbance.

Two other boats immediately followed with general Paget, an intrepid officer, who
now with only three companies of foot threw himself on the French line. They had
scarcely got-on-shore ere the drums and trumpets of the enemy were heard sounding
the alarm. The French troops hastily assembled, and eagerly marched-forth in
masses to destroy the small but brave band that had taken-possession of the seminary.
Marshal Soult was completely surprised and deceived when he found that the
British were crossing the Douro at that point, and he found that his only hope of
success was to drive the enemy from this point before they were strongly re-inforced.
The French attacked the Seminary with fury, but Paget and his party maintained the
fight with steady courage and determination, while the boats kept crossing with a
fresh supply of men, until their little force had increased to a considerable number.

Early in the engagement, general Paget was struck-down by a shot, and severely
wounded; but his place was immediately filled by general Hill, through whose firm
courage and determination the defence was carried-on with undiminished success.

The French force had now assembled in considerable numbers, and having
brought-up some of their artillery began to play-upon the building, which, aided by
their sharp and incessant musketry, kept-up a most galling fire on the brave little
army that possessed the Seminary. The English batteries from the convent of Sarea
now began to play upon the enemy, and kept the bank of the Seminary clear, conse-
quently the great struggle was confined to the area and gateway in front. The
British were momentarily expecting the troops of general Murray, but they had-not
yet appeared—and this was a moment of such anxiety that sir Arthur would him-
self have crossed, had he not been dissuaded from it by those about him. In the midst
of this sanguinary conflict, general Sherbrooke appeared with his division where the
the boat-bridge had been cut-away. A shout of joyful welcome from the citizens
of Oporto, who crowded to the windows and walls, greeted his approach. With the
greatest alacrity, they brought boats across, in which to convey the British troops, and
the guards and the 29th were ferried over, the shouts and acclamations of the people
Re-capture of Oporto.

whilst waving their hats and handkerchiefs, testified a joyous welcome, from the wall, which runs along the city. Their reception in the streets was still more animated, every window and balcony being filled by approving multitudes. The troops, however, passed on quickly in order to form on the right of the enemy. While this was being accomplished, the head of general Murray's columns were seen descending on the enemy's left, from Avintas. This quickly decided the fortunes of the day, and the French were obliged to make a precipitate retreat, pursued by heavy volleys from general Hill's battalions, and from the leading corps of Sherbrooke's. They hastily passed in confused masses along the Valonga road, and were pursued by two squadrons of cavalry, headed by general Charles Stewart and major Hervey.

In this mêlée major Hervey lost an arm, but not until his forces had displayed prodigies of valor.

Thus was the passage of the Douro won, an exploit that must always add lustre to the genius which projected and carried this bold enterprise into effect. The French hurried from Oporto in the greatest haste and confusion, followed by the execrations of the inhabitants, while the triumphal entry of the British was welcomed by the acclamations of grateful multitudes. On the same night, the city of Oporto was illuminated, and a general rejoicing took-place; the British soldiers and the townspeople mingled together like brothers, and our troops were everywhere received with a smiling welcome. A great quantity of military stores, arms and ammunition, fell into the hands of the victors, and so hasty was the retreat of marshal Soult and his retinue, that sir Arthur Wellesley, who took up his quarters in the house so recently occupied by the French Commandant, partook of the dinner which had been preparing for him; and, in many instances, a similar circumstance occurred with the English soldiers, who partook of dinners which had been intended for the French troops, which occasioned a remark from a facetious corporal, who, rubbing his hands in ecstasy exclaimed—"By jingo my boys we've just come in pudding-time."

In the midst of all the rejoicing, it was easy to perceive that the populace were extremely exasperated against the French. In order, therefore, to save the prisoners from the vindictive fury of an enraged populace, sir Arthur Wellesley immediately issued a proclamation to the inhabitants, exhorting them to be forbearing and humane towards those whom they had made prisoners, which appeal had the desired effect. Next morning, the troops were appointed to their several posts; and, by the evening, the city was completely restored to tranquillity, and the inhabitants attended to their affairs of business as coolly as if nothing had occurred; so much so, that a stranger going into Oporto at that juncture, would-not have imagined that a battle of such a sanguinary nature had occurred within at least forty-eight hours. Sir Arthur Wellesley having made all the necessary arrangements for the safety of the city, next turned his attention in pursuit of the enemy: the day following, was devoted to sending out various detachments for that purpose, in order to convince the enemy that British soldiers never paused until they had carried-their point. Thus, in a few, short hours, Oporto was once more wholly freed from the French sway.

M. Carey.
GENERAL MONTHLY REGISTER OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BIRTHS.

Ackworth, lady of Rev. W. —, M.A., of a daughter; at Rothwell Vicarage, April 9.

Adams, lady of Henry —, esq., of a son; of Radnor-place, Hyde-park, April 17.

Arnold, wife of James —, esq., of a son; Cambridge-house, Norwood, Surrey, April 16.

Badeley, lady of Dr. —, of a daughter; at Guy Harlins, Chelsmsford, April 5.

Barlow, wife of Peter W. —, esq., C.E.P.R.S. of a son; at Tunbridge, Kent, April 12.

Barnett, lady of Henry —, esq., of a daughter; in Halkin-street West, April 1.

Bell, lady of Matthew —, esq., of a daughter; in Mortimer-street, April 5.


Broé, lady of P. —, esq., of a daughter; at Upper Montague-street, Montague-square, March 30.

Chester, wife of Captain —, 90th Light Infantry, of a son and heir; at Rowdell-house, Sussex, April 15.

Cockburn, wife of S. G. —, esq., of a son; at Chichester, April 12.

Cockburn, lady of Captain —, Staff-officer of Pensioners, of a daughter; at Norwich, April 15.

Cole, lady of William —, esq., of a son; at Highbfield, Exmouth, April 12.

Dawney, Hon. Mrs., of a son; at 24, Upper Brook-street, April 1.

Dent, Mrs. Hedley, of a daughter; at Shortlands Tower, Northumberland, March 29.

Drummond, lady of Captain Henry —, 3rd Bengal Cavalry, of a daughter; at 35, George-square, Edinburgh, March 24.

Durham, lady of J. A. —, esq., of a daughter; at St. German’s-place, Blackheath, March 26.


Fell, Mrs. John H. —, of a daughter; at the Hermitage, near Uxbridge, April 5.

French, wife of Rev. M. D. —, of a daughter; in Albion-street, Hyde-park, April 6.

Freer, lady of Charles —, esq., of twin daughters; at Poet’s-corner, Westminster, March 29.

Fry, Mrs. Samuel, of a son; at Sydenham, Kent, April 16.

Gardner, wife of James —, esq., of a daughter; at Bushey-hill, Camberwell, March 30.

Gibbons, lady of William B. —, esq., of a daughter; at the Lodge, Lion-hill, Bath, April 14.

Goodlake, wife of Rev. T. W. —, vicar of Broadwell, Oxon, of a daughter; at Filkins, Broadwell, April 9.

Griffiths, wife of Thomas —, esq., surgeon, of a daughter; at Montague-house,HAMMERSMITH, April 11.

Hamilton, lady of Captain Henry George ——, R.N., of a daughter; at 20, Wilton-street, Belgrave-square, April 1.

Hance, wife of Charles —, esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; at 17, Alexander-square, April 5.

Hastings, lady of Henry C. —, esq., of a daughter; at 5, Wilton-place, Belgrave-square, April 4.

Hill, lady of Commander Henry Worsley ——, of a son; at Southampton, April 3.

Howard, lady of Henry —, esq., Secretary to H. M.’s Legation at the Hague, of a daughter; at 47, Lower Brock-street, April 3.

Hillingworth, wife of Henry Stanhope —, esq., of a daughter; at Arlington-street, April 12.

Kennett, lady of Captain Vincent F. —, of Bombay army, of a son; at Château Wiart, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, March 30.

Lacock, lady of a daughter; at Little Oriansby, April 9.

Lloyd, wife of Edward John —, esq., of a daughter; at Cwom’s hill, April 4.

Lousada, lady of George E. B. —, esq., of a son; in Gloucester-road, Hyde-park, April 15.

Mackintosh, lady of George —, esq., of a daughter; at 27, Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, April 13.

Mair, wife of George J. J. —, esq., of a son; at 18, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, April 15.

March, lady of Thomas E. Miles —, of a daughter; at Malpas, Monmouthshire, April 1.

Melliss, wife of David M’Haffie —, of a son; at Brooklyn, New York, March 11.

M’Lean, wife of Dr. M’Lean, 76th Regiment, of a daughter; at Manchester, April 15.

Morgan, lady of John Robley ——, esq., of Bombay Civil Service, of a daughter; at Ahamada-bad, Feb. 2.

Moses, Mrs. Isaac, of a daughter; at 11, Sussex-place, Regent’s-park, April 9.

Murray, Mrs., of a daughter; at Meikleour-house, Perthshire, April 12.

Myers, lady of Henry —, esq., of a son; at 94, Milton-street, Dorset-square, April 15.

Newcomb, wife of Rev. George —, of a son; at Halberton, Devon, April 11.

Newington, lady of S. —, esq., M.D., of a son; at Knole-house, Frant, Sussex, April 12.

Ormerod, lady of Archdeacon —, of a son; at Norwich, April 22.

Penkivil, lady of John —, surgeon, of a son; at Wadhurst, Sussex, April 4.


Posno, lady of Maurice —, esq., of a daughter; at 19, Finsbury-circus, April 17.

Ralli, Mrs. E., of a son; at 17, Hyde-park-square, March 30.

Robins, lady of Richard —, esq., of a son; at Tavistock, Devon, April 8.

Russell, lady of Rev. A. B. —, of a son; at the Vicarage, Wells, Somerset, April 4.

Saunders, lady of Charles —, of a son; at West Derby, near Liverpool, April 8.
Saxton, lady of Edward —, esq., of a daughter; at 4, Highbury-park, April 4.

Skeffington, lady of Hon. and Rev. T. —, of a daughter; at Woolley, Hampshire, April 12.

Sladen, wife of Joseph —, jun., esq., of a daughter; at Little Stanmore, Middlesex, April 4.

Smith, lady of Abel —, esq., of a daughter; in Berkeley-square, March 29.

Tait, Mrs. —, of a daughter; at 43, Upper Gower-street, Bedford-square, April 11.

Taylor, wife of Frederick —, esq., of a daughter, which survived its birth but a few hours; at 25, Westbourne-grove, Bayswater, April 6.

Tweed, lady of John Newman —, esq., of a daughter; at Fort-aux-Prince, Hayti, March 2.

Udny, lady of George —, esq., of a son; at Calcutta, Feb. 28.

Wills, lady of T. G. —, esq., of a daughter; at 17, Fitzwilliam-place, April 14.

Yorke, lady of Captain —, Royal Engineers, of a son; at Bermuda, March 5.

MARRIAGES.

Arnati, Rosalina Albertini, eldest d. of the late Nicomedo Alberto, esq., to Mr. James Collins, of No. 12, Sherborne-lane: by the Rev. W. H. Dickinson, at St. George’s, Hanover-square.


Barnes, Maria, d. of Mr. Barnes, of Oxford-street, to the Rev. J. L. Johnson, B.A., of St. Edmund’s Hall, Oxford; March 31.


Cahill, Caroline, d. of C. Stanton Cahill, esq., county of Galway, and grand-niece of the late Colonel Stanton, C.B., formerly Com- mandant of Ahmednagar, and Aide-de-camp to the Governor-General, to William C. Anderson, esq., collector of revenue, Dhawar district, nephew of the late Governor of Bombay: at Belgaum; Feb. 18.

Chase, Eliza, only d. of the late Henry Chase, esq., of Fulham, to R. Apsley Ranger, esq., of 10, Westbourne-villas, Harrow-road; by the Rev. W. H. Butler, D.C.L., at Trinity church, Tunbridge-wells; April 11.


Clarke, Fanuy Sarah, d. of Henry Clarke, esq., to the Rev. Piers Cloughton, rector of Elton, Fellow of University-College, Oxford: at Leamington; April 16.

Corner, Emma, only d. of the late Lieut.-Col. Corner, to Charles Batburth Woodman, esq., of Edgbaston, Warwickshire: at St. Pancras church, Euston-square; April 4.


Field, Ann, third d. of the late J. Field, esq., of Union-street, Southwark, to Mr. Robert Palmer, of Brompton, Middlesex: by the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, M.A., at St. Paul’s, Knightsbridge; April 15.

Fradelle, Caroline Sarah Louisa, only d. of H. Fradelle, esq., to Thomas Pratt, esq.: by the Rev. F. Braithwaite, at Trinity church, Marylebone; April 16.

Pry, Emily, only d. of the late W. Pry, esq., of Peckham, to Norman, youngest son of T. Morris, esq., of the same place: by the Rev. S. Darvill, at St. Mary Magdalen, Peckham, Surrey; April 16.

Gordon, Charlotte, only d. of W. Gordon, esq., M.D., F.L.S., of Hull, to the Rev. New-
man Hall, B.A., formerly of Maidstone, of the same place: by the Rev. J. Sherman, of London; at Albion chapel, Hull, April 14.


Hensley, Matilda Mawdsley, fourth d. of J. J. Hensley, esq., of Twiston-square, to Percy, eldest son of Ralph Ricardo, esq., of Champion-hill, by the Rev. W. Watts, of Christ church, St. Giles’-in-the-Fields; at St. Pancras church, April 16.

Hooper, Katherine, eldest d. of J. Hooper, esq., of Peckham, to Mr. George Scott Keys, son of G. Keys, esq., of Lombard-street; by the Rev. E. Lilly, M.A., at St. Giles’s, Camberwell; April 4.

Houtum, miss Josephine van, of Rotterdam, to the Hon. Robert Wickhille, jun., Charge d’ A.Llewelyn, of the United States at Turin; at the Chapel of the Prussian Embassy, Turin, in the kingdom of Sardinia, by the Rev. Mr. Bert, pastor of the Protestant Legations; April 7.

Howard, Mary Ann, eldest d. of Mr. W. Howard, of Great Nadwell, to Mr. Charles Hempsell, Herts, to Mr. James Lilly, of Basingbourne, Cambridgeshire; by the Rev. H. Lister, at St. Mary’s, Hemel Hempstead; April 14.

Hudleston, Isabella, eldest d. of W. Hudleston, esq., late of the Madras Civil Service, to the Rev. T. Davis Lamb; at Windlesham; April 16.

Huggons, Julia Hannah, eldest d. of C. Huggons, esq., of Islington, to Edward Ballard, esq., of Gower-street, Bedford-square; by the Rev. J. Sanders, incumbent, at St. Paul’s, Islington; April 7.


Kemp, Caroline, d. of the late T. Kemp, esq., to the Rev. Charles Baring, youngest son of Sir T. Baring, Bart.; at St. Marylebone church; April 14.


Legge, Mary, only child of the late Hon. H. Legge, of Stratwell-house, Richmond, to F. W. Mackenzie, M.D., Fellow of University College, of Chester-place, Hyde-park-square; by the Hon. and Rev. H. Legge, at St. James’s Paddington; March 5.

Lewellen, Fanny Marian, eldest d. of R. Lewellen, esq., of Upper George-square, Bryanston-square, to William J. Little, esq., of Stoke, Davenport, solicitor; by the Very Rev. Dr. Lewellen, Dean of St. David’s, at St. Mary’s, Bryanston-square; March 31.

Link, Charlotte, only surviving child of T. Link, esq., of Cornwall-place, Holloway, to William Boyce, jun., esq., only son of W. Boyce, esq., of Westbourne-grove, Bayswater; at St. John’s, Holloway; April 9.

Little, Mary Anne, eldest d. of P. M. Little, esq., of Michael’s-ftrance, Stoke, to Malcolm Goldsmith, esq.; by the Rev. J. Lampen, M.A., at Stoke church, Devonport; March 31.

Mallaby, Mary, eldest d. of J. Mallaby, esq., of Birkenhead, to Frederick Hand, eldest son of T. Firth, esq., banker, Hartford-lodge, Cheshire; by the Rev. T. Robertson, M.A., late senior chaplain at Calcutta, at St. Mary’s, Bryanston-square; April 15.

Masterton, Mary Ann, widow of Mr. David Masterton, to Edward Barry, esq., late of Exeter-college, Oxford; at Brighton; April 11.


Meates, Sarah Anne, youngest d. of the late T. Meates, esq., of Chapel-square, Belgrave-square, to Robert Lough Harrison, son of G. W. Harrison, esq., of Eden Minster, Kent; at St. George’s, Hanover-square; April 16.

Meredith, Maria, d. of G. Meredith, esq., of Cambria, Great Swan Port, to Lieut. J. H. Kay, R.N., F.R.S., Director of the Magnetic Observatory at Hobart-town; by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Tasmania, at Swansea, Van Diemen’s-land; Nov. 6.

Miller, Emily, fourth and youngest d. of Mr. J. Miller, Vauxhall, to William Lloy, esq.; of the Retreat, South Lambeth; at St. Mark’s, Kennington.

Muirhead, Gertrude Duvernet, d. of the late Lieut.-Col. H. D. G. Muirhead, of Bedoline Lanark, to Thomas Stirling Begbie, of Glasgow at St. James’s Episcopal chapel, Glasgow; April 14.

Nesbit, Elizabeth, relict of the late Major-General Nesbit, H. E. I. C., S., to Colonel Sir Robert Nickle, Knt., K.H.; at All Souls, Longam-place; April 16.

Newsam, Emily Mary, only child of Fowler Newsam, esq., of Stamford-hill, to John William Roberts, esq., of Stamford-hill; by the Rev. H. Thompson, at Trinity-church, Tottenham; April 16.

Osborn, Lucy Matilda, second d. of J. Osborn, esq., of Linslade, Buckinghamshire, to James White, esq.; at Linslade church; April 9.

Parker, Catherine, d. of the late J. R. Parker, esq., to Lieut.-Col. Perceval, late of the Grenadier Guards; at Trinity-church, Marylebone; April 2.

Parsons, Louisa, second d. of Mr. Parsons, to Mr. John Earwaker, of Manchester; by the Rev. F. M. Cunningham, at Petersfield; April 2.

Paul, Louisa Jane, youngest d. of the late Mr. T. Paul, of Gosport, to Henry Ennor, esq., of Sherborne; by the Rev. T. Wallpole, rector, at Alverstoke, Hants; April 16.

Penfold, Jane Wallas, youngest d. of the late W. Penfold, esq., of the Achuda, Madeira, to William Matthews, esq., second son of T. Matthews, esq., of Castle Carey, Somerset; by the Rev. R. Lowe, resident British chaplain at the British Consulate, Madeira; Mar. 17.

Penny, Amelia Ann, second d. of C. Penny, esq., of Aldermere-churchyard, to Alexander Charles Price, esq.; by special licence; by the Rev. J. Routledge, M.A., chaplain in charge, at Cochen, East Indies; Feb. 16.

Pierce, Charlotte, d. of S. Price, esq., Brookhouse, Chester, to the Rev. Lawrence Stuart Morris, M.A., rector of Thornton in Craven, son of the late Col. Morris, of the Bengal Service; by the Rev. T. R. Jones, at St. Oswald's, Chester; April 4.


Russell, Harriet Batten, youngest d. of the late J. Russell, esq., of South Lambeth, to Hugh Statham, esq.; by the Rev. F. F. Statham, St. Paul's, Slaters Lane, Kensington; April 16.

Sanderson, Louisa, youngest d. of T. B. W. Sanderson, esq., of Atherton, Lancashire, to Walter Maberly, fifth son of the late Stephen Curris, esq., of London; by the Rev. Dr. Harris, at the Unitarian chapel, Chowbent, Lancashire; April 16.


Simmons, Ellen Lintorn, only child of J. Lintorn Simmons, esq., of Keynsham, Somerset, to J. L. Arabin Simmons, Lient., Royal Engineers; by the Rev. C. T. Simmons, rector of Shipham, at Keynsham church; April 16.


Thompson, Harriet Lewis, fourth d. of G. P. Thompson, esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, to John Forbes David Inglis, esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, third son of D. D. Inglis, esq., formerly of the Bombay Civil Service at Agra; Feb. 7.


**DEATHS.**

Barwell, Sophia, widow of the late Edward Richard, Esq., formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, at Moor-hill, near Southampton. This amiable and deeply lamented lady survived her husband only five weeks and, one day; May 14.

Barley, Lieutenant Walter Tyler, of Her Majesty's 62d Regt., youngest son of the Major-General Sir Robert Barley, K.C.B. He was sincerely beloved, and deeply lamented. Killed in action, at Sobraon; Feb. 10.

Beale, Lieut. Walter Yonge, of Her Majesty's 10th Regt. of Infantry, third son of the late Thomas Beale, of Heath-house, Shropshire, esq., and grandson of the late Richard Salwey, of Moor-park, in the same county, esq., formerly Major in the 25th Regt. of Light Dragoons, and late Colonel Commandant of the Ludlow Volunteers. Killed in the battle of Sobraon; Feb. 10.


Chitty, Eleanor Jane, wife of Lieut. P. H. Chitty of the 40th M.N.I., at Masulipatam, beloved and deeply regretted by all who knew her; Feb. 13.

Corfe, George Bernard, esq., surgeon, and coroner for the borough of Southampton; May 1.

Cracroft, William, esq., late of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Civil Service, at Naples, in his 60th year; May 3.

Dallas, Hon. Catherine Lady, relict of the late Sir George Dallas, Bart., at her house, in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square; April 5.

Dennis, Thomas Buxton, third son of Phillip Dennis, esq., at King's College, London, of fever, surgeon, of the Northumberland Militia; April 2.

Egerton, Captain John Francis, Bengal Artillery, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, at Ferozeshah on the 22d of December, in his 35th year; Jan. 23.

Farquhar, Cornet Trevor Graham, of the 1st Regt. of Native Cavalry, in Camp, at Alilaw, of
a wound received in the action of the 28th deeply regretted by his brother-officers, in his 19th year; Jan. 31.

Field, Baron, Esq., late Chief Justice of Gibraltar, at his residence, Meadfoot-house, Torquay, Devon, in his 60th year; April 11.

Gordon, Mrs., after an illness of only 24 hours, the beloved wife of James Duff Gordon, at Guildford-street, Russell-square, aged 22.

Griffith, Major George Darby, chief constable of the West Suffolk Rural Police, universally and deeply lamented, at Bury St. Edmunds; April 15.

Nichol, Robert, Major of Brigade to the first division of the army of the Sutlej, in the action of Sobraon; Feb. 13.

Heron, Mrs. Ann, at her house, in Montagu-square, in her 65th year; April 4.

Hill, Lieut.-Col. James Lewis, late of the 6th Dragoon Guards, at Tunbridge-wells, in his 71st year; April 13.

Hillman, Harriet Frances, the wife of Capt. J. C. Hillman, at the residence of her father, Mr. Penny E. Gilding, widow of the terrace, Islington, in her 29th year; March 10.

Hunt, Captain R. M., second surviving son of General Sir Martin Hunt, of Anton's hill. Killed at Ferozeshah, while in command of the 29th Regiment of Foot, in the interval between the battles of Ferozeshah and Sobraon; Dec. 9.

Hunter, Captain R. M., second surviving son of General Sir Martin Hunter, of Anton's hill. Killed at Ferozeshah, while in command of the 29th Regiment of Foot, in the interval between the battles of Ferozeshah and Sobraon; Dec. 9.

Jones, Henry Kidd, esq., late of the Board of Control, deeply and deservedly lamented; April 11.

Langton, Margaret, the wife of S. G. Langton, esq., and second daughter of the late Walter Learmonth, of Russell-square, a week after the birth of a daughter, who survived her two days, at Dresden; March 24.

Lascelles, the infant son of Mr. and Lady Caroline Lascelles, at Campden-hill; April 3.

Lloyd, Edward, Esq., mayor of the city of Worcester, at his house, Barbourne-terrace, Worcester, after a long and painful illness, deeply regretted by his fellow-citizens and an extensive circle of warmly attached friends, in his 67th year; April 8.

MacGregor, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Murray, widow of the late Sir Evan John Murray MacGregor, Bart., and youngest daughter of the late John, Duke of Atholl; April 12.

Mackintosh, Rev. Donald Macduff, assistant chaplain on the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Establishment, leaving a young and disconsolate widow to deplore her early bereavement, after an union of only three months' duration, at sea, on board the Malaca, after a few days' illness; Feb. 28.

Margoty, Captain E., formerly senior officer of the Indian Navy, at his residence, 25, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square; April 12.


Molle, Captain George, of Her Majesty's 29th Regiment, youngest son of the late Lieut. Col. G. Molle, of Her Majesty's 46th Regt., in action, at Ferozeshah; Dec. 21, 1845.

Monson, Hon. Charles John, fourth son of the Right Hon. Lord Monson, at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, in his 10th year; March 30.

Mores, Edward Rowe, Esq., for above 50 years an active magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the counties of Middlesex and Essex, beloved and deeply regretted by his family and friends, at Edmonton, aged 90; April 15.

Neshitt, Mrs., widow of Captain Robert Nesbitt, of the East India Company's Service, at the house of her son-in-law, David Tod, esq., surgeon, 5, Upper Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, March 30

Nichol, Lieut.-Col. William, late of the Bengal army, at his residence, in Beaumont-street, Marylebone, in his 82nd year.

Philips, John Lloyd, esq., barrister-at-law, Registrar of the Supreme Court, &c., Bombay, eldest son of the late Capt. Levi Philips, of Cheltenham, at Cairo, on his way to Syria, for the benefit of his health; March 26.

Read, Mary, the beloved wife of Septimus Read, esq., surgeon, and second daughter of the late Rev. Reginald Ely, rector of Rommaldikirk, Yorkshire, from an affection of the heart; April 1.

Scatcherd, Ensign C. H., 41st B. N. I., 2d division, son of J. S. Scatcherd, esq., Oliver's terrace, Mile-end-road, killed at the battle of Sobraon (Sutlej), in his 18th year; Feb. 10.

Sebright, Sir John Saunders, Bart., of Beechwood, Herts., in his 79th year; April 15.

Sorell, Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas Stephen, K. H. Her Britannic Majesty's General-Adjutant to the Austrian Italian States, most sincerely and deservedly lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, at Venice, in his 70th year; March 24.

Symonds, Edward, esq., late of the Royal Navy, at Monymusk, Jamaica, in his 34 year; March 5.

Tipping, Thomas, esq., at Davenport-hall, Cheshire, in his 75th year; March 27.

Ude, Louis Eustache, after a short illness, at his residence in Albermarle-street, deeply lamented by his numerous circle of friends, in the 78th year of his age. Solemn mass was to be performed for the repose of his soul at the French Chapel in Little George-street, Portman-square, and on Thursday, the 16th of April his remains were to be interred at Kensal-green cemetery; April 10.

Varias, Louisa, the beloved wife of R. A. Varías, esq., surgeon, Woburn-place, Russell-square, of consumption, in her 27th year; April 3.


Wilkinson, Annie Matilda, daughter of the late Col. Alexander Bryce, who was many years in the service of the Hon. East India Company, at Addison-square, Camberwell, after a few days' illness, in her 31st year; April 11.

Woodhouse, Lieut. Francis Edward, of the 1st Bombay European Regiment, ( Fusiliers), youngest son of the late Oleyett Woodhouse, esq., Advocate-General of Bombay, at 5, Cleaver and-row, St. James's; April.
DESCRIPTION OF THE
FOUR

PARIS-PLATES OF SPRING FASHIONS:

Accompanying the present Number.

Plate 1313—Petie-Champetre Dresses.

First Figure.—Dress of embroidered book-muslin, made en reedingotte, the body tight, and nearly open to the waist in front—to show a worked stomacher—a rich border of embroidery forms a trimming on the body, and gets narrower as it reaches the waist; a similar trimming goes down the fronts of the skirt. The sleeve is half tight, and cut open to the elbow on the outside, where it is trimmed with embroidery. Apple-green gros de Naples bonnet, ornamented with white lace and es, on the outside, and bows of white satin ribbon underneath. Pale-buff gloves.

Second Figure.—Dress of cameoen glacé-silk with a double skirt—the upper of which is open in front, and trimmed all round with ruche of the same material. The body tight and rounded a little at the waist in front. Three-quarter sleeve, shewing a white one underneath; a berthe of the silk cut in large scallops, which are trimmed with a ruche of the silk-bow of green: ribbon in front. Guimpe of lace and insertion. Pink bonnet, trimmed with flowers. Pale-yellow gloves.

Plate 1314.—Dress of peach-blossom-muslin. The skirt long and unornamented, tight, low body, made with a point; short, tight sleeves. A white muslin fichu edged with lace, and of a novel cut, forming a berthe over the back and shoulders; the ends crossed on the chest, and knotted at the waist, behind. Cap of tulle, with a single row of lace across the front, and a double border over the ears; it is trimmed with pink-sarcenet ribbon: roses are placed over the ear.

Plate 1314—Second Figure.—Dress of taffetas d'Italia, white and green-striped, having a running pattern over the white stripe. There are two deep flounces of the same material cut at the edge in a scallop, on which is placed a narrow passementerie or gimp, low body, tight at the top, and having a few gathers in the centre at the waist: short sleeves; trimmed with lace. White crape bonnet trimmed with lace. Straw-color gloves, fan, and worked pocket-handkerchief.

K.—46,
Plate 1316.—Toilettes de ville—or visiting dress. Redingote of silk à reflets lemon-color and pink. Skirt open in front with wide revers or facings trimmed with gimp—corsage—gilet three quarters high at the back and over the shoulders, open half-way down the front, and closed the other portion with three rows of silk buttons. A revers trimmed with gimp, goes across the back and terminates at the opening, thus forming a small cape: sleeves half long, with a turned-up cuff, trimmed with gimp, under-sleeves of white fulled muslin; Under-dress of eambric, worked up the front of the skirt, having a tight low body, embroidered and trimmed with lace. Capote of pink crêpe trimmed with three folds of pink tulle, and rosettes of the same material. White gloves and parasol.

Second Figure.—Dress of blueish gray-silk, having a deep flounce; high tight body and short sleeves; carraco of black lace, which descends a little below the waist, and forming a half-high body open in front; it is trimmed all round with lace, and closed in front with a red bow; the sleeves reach nearly to the waist, and have an epaulette or jockey formed of a fall of lace. Bonnet of Paille de riz, ornamented with a half wreath of foliage which terminates at each side with three, full roses. The trimming underneath is green. Gloves, bracelets and bouquet.

Plate 1317. Opera Dresses.—Dress of gray silk having a slight tinge of lilac, plain skirt; low body with point, and a small cape open on the shoulders forming the berthe which has two folds of the same color all round, tight sleeve similarly trimmed. A wreath of roses is placed in the hair, which is braided low over the ears. Black velvet scarf lined with white satin. White gloves, gold bracelets.

Second Figure.—Dress of pale-buff silk, having a plain skirt, tight low body and sleeves. Berthe composed of two falls of application d’Angleterre, finished with three white bows in front. Gauze scarf; coiffure of lace intermixed with very small flowers of different colors. Gloves, bracelets, and bouquet.

Third Figure.—Dress of pink levantine; plain skirt, low body, and berthe of folds of tulle and blonde. Tight sleeves, with a bow of pink-ribbon in each. The hair dressed in a braid at the back, over which is a wreath of small roses. Gloves and bracelets.

Fourth Figure.—Black-satin dress, plain skirt, high body, with a revers descending from the shoulder to the waist; tight long sleeves. Lace-cap trimmed with blue ribbon very small, lace collar.
ULRIC KOFFMANN,

OR,

THE BANDITS OF BOHEMIA.

CHAPTER I.

In one of the stone-paved cells of the castle of Offenbach, which, having survived its reputation as a fortress, was now appropriated for the reception of criminals sentenced to long periods of imprisonment, sat two captives before the pine-wood fire, whose cheerful blaze, illuminating the massive walls of their dungeon, mitigated, if it did not entirely dispel the horrors which solitude naturally invokes when associated with guilt. It was a gloomy, November, night—the wind howled down the capacious, barred chimney, while drops of rain falling on the hissing embers, proclaimed the violence of the storm, but elicited no remark from those who were under this compulsory protection from its inclemency. An iron lamp, attached to a rusty chain in the roof, was suspended over a plain oak-table, on which lay two or three well-thumbed volumes, including a missal and breviary—beside which were a pitcher of water and a small loaf intended for the evening repast of those whose appetites were restricted to so meagre and unsatisfactory a diet.

The elder prisoner was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age. His hair, which was white as snow, hung in clusters on his shoulders, and harmonised with his beard, which having been suffered to grow without interruption during his imprisonment, gave to his visage a patriarchal and venerable appearance. There was, however, a peculiarity in his manner—an endless restlessness—wild, and, occasionally, frenzied glances of his eyes, which were calculated rather to excite compassion than awaken feelings of respect and veneration. His spare, decrepit figure was clad in a loose, grey, morning coat, and as he sat before the fire, in a low-chair, warming his shrivelled hands, an involuntary groan would ever and anon betray the anguish to which his remorseful spirit could give no more explicit utterance.

Opposite to the old man, and engaged in reading, sat an individual, whose age and demeanour strikingly contrasted with those of his fellow-prisoner. Mental energy and decision of character, blended with a scornful air, bordering almost upon misanthropy, were stamped upon his swarthy and expressive countenance. He could scarcely be pronounced ‘handsome,’ yet there was in his large, dark and flashing eye—his finely-sculptured mouth and ample forehead, a penetration, firmness and intelligence, which more than compensated for any trifling irregularity of feature which might be placed to his account. Though his attire was somewhat dégagé—his contempt of artificialities extending even to his wardrobe—his air and manners betokened one who belonged to a much higher grade of society than that
with which, either from crime or by misfortune he was now identified. Judging from his appearance, his age might be five, or six and twenty, but his slender figure seemed scarcely to have attained maturity, and such, indeed, was the case, his precocious intellect, and the manliness of his deportment having conspired with other auxiliaries to reduce him to his present melancholy state of degradation.

The work which engaged this young man's attention, was a collection of those celebrated speeches of Mirabeau* which, like an admonitory peal of thunder, ushered-in the sanguinary horrors of the first French revolution. The occasional smile of indignant scorn which played upon his features, showed that the philippics of the republican were highly relished by his ardent admirer, whose attention was so absorbed by the overpowering eloquence of that tremendous orator, that the entrance of a female into his cell, with a letter in her hand—a young girl, whose simple beauty might have won more favors than the most striking words of the finest oratory, failed for some time to elicit from him any token of recognition. To explain this strange insensitivity, it is, perhaps, only needful to mention that the student was a politician of a wild, inflexible and uncompromising character.

This young girl—the impersonation of Faith, Hope and Charity—whose presence in that abode of crime and misery resembled a rose among some weed-covered ruins—was the daughter of colonel Rimbert, who held the office of Governor of the fortress. Her sweet and cheerful disposition, took-delight in ministering to the comforts of and in consoling those unhappy creatures, with some of whom—and she had attained her seventeenth year—she had been acquainted from infancy!

With an oval countenance, soft, blue eyes, and a complexion of exquisite delicacy, she seemed quite unconscious—and, possibly, was so—that she possessed any qualities to warrant the gentle sighs, which oft-times escaped from one individual in particular, in the course of his conversation with her, and which must have tended rather to aggravate than allay the sorrows incidental to his personal captivity.

Approaching the student, on tiptoe, and entirely concealing the letter which she carried beneath her little, blue-silk apron, the young girl bent over his shoulder, and smiled to perceive the earnestness with which he prosecuted his political studies.

"Is that a very interesting story, monsieur Mirabeau?" she inquired, in a soft, silvery voice, as the young man, raising his eyes, beheld the fair maiden, whose advent always made them sparkle with increased vivacity.

"Exceedingly so" replied the student, turning-round, and regarding his fair interlocutor with a look, more tender than patriotic—"It is a story, Therese, to make men—true men—weep, and tyrants tremble—but why do you call me 'monsieur Mirabeau,'—you know my christian name, and, in a christian spirit, what better title can I have than 'Ulric'?"

"None" said Therese, somewhat abashed; but quickly recovering her confidence, she asked with the prettiest air of naïveté imaginable "What is a tyrant, Ulric, I have frequently heard you speak of tyrants, but I never saw one—some say my father is a

* See the portrait of this ugliest of all ugly men, in our collection of authentic portraits.
tyrant, but you would-not call him so, when he merely does that which is his duty."

"There are many tyrants, Therese" returned Ulric, folding his hands over the back of his chair—there is 'Fashion,' the tyrant of the fair sex."

"We seldom have-trouble to complain of his tyranny, here" observed Therese laughing, who is your next tyrant?"

"A tyrant with a bauble on his head" exclaimed Ulric "but I will say nothing more of him from fear of wounding your loyalty."

"Have you finished?" demanded Therese.

"No" replied Ulric in a subdued, but hurried and impassioned tone "I will tell you who is the greatest and most formidable tyrant—one who consigns his slaves to the most miserable captivity, and inflicts upon them torments such as woman—cruel, cruel woman—only, could devise or administer."

The young girl turned-aside, while her cheek crimsoned before Ulric's earnest gaze.

"His name, Therese, is 'Love,'" whispered Ulric, as, raising her hand, he pressed it softly to his lips.

As soon as Therese had recovered from the shock, occasioned by this unprecedented breach of privilege, she presented Ulric with the letter, to deliver which had been the ostensible object of her intrusion upon his privacy.

"This has-not been opened" he said, looking at the seal, whose appearance fully justified his assertion.

"Do you wish it to be opened?" inquired Therese.

"The Minister" replied Ulric "has thought-proper to direct that all letters addressed to me should be opened before I receive them; doubtless, from a very humane feeling lest they should contain any poisonous preparation, which might deprive the Government of one of their warmest benefactors."

"Really, sir, you are very ceremonious," said Therese, smiling, "but as you will not take your letter in its present state, will you allow me to open it, instead of my father?"

"Certainly" cried Ulric "it is of no consequence to me, by whom it is opened, so long as the Minister's injunctions are obeyed."

Therese smiled, and taking a small pair of scissors, attached to her little, blue-silk apron—she made a very neat incision round the seal, and then delivered it to Ulric for his perusal.

It was interesting to observe the emotions of surprise, indignation, and disdain, which, in rapid succession agitated the young man's countenance, as he hastily glanced over the communication, which, had it been penned with the deliberate aim of insulting the reader, could-not more effectually have attained its object.

"Excellent father—kind-hearted and generous old gentleman" he ejaculated with a smile of bitter contempt, as he paced his cell in a state of excitement, greater than Therese had ever seen him exhibit, "and so he would have me barter my heart—my mind and my soul for that contemptible thing called—Liberty—would have me sacrifice man's noblest privilege of bestowing his affections where, when, and how he would, in order that his son might wipe from the family-scutcheon the odium which a
rebel has cast upon it, and that he might once more become a respectable member of society, and a worthy associate of parasites and fools—Therese! read that letter."

So saying, Ullric gave her the insolent epistle, and throwing himself into his chair, impatiently waited for her opinion of this extraordinary communication which was couched in the following terms.

"My unfortunate Son,—

"The sorrow and disgrace which you have brought upon your family, by your illegal and dangerous conduct, have nevertheless failed to weaken the impulses of parental tenderness, or to destroy the interest which a father must necessarily feel in the welfare of his own child, however unpardonable may be his errors, or however regardless he may have been of the happiness of those, by whom the melancholy consequences of his guilt are felt, with a severity, in all likelihood unknown to himself. You must remember that it was entirely owing to my exertions and influence with a member of the Ministry, that your punishment, instead of being, as was generally anticipated, transportation, for your natural life, was commuted to five years' confinement in the fortress of Offenbach. I fear, however, that you are not sufficiently grateful to the government (of your obligations to me I make no mention) for the lenity with which you have been treated and I am sorry to learn from an official source, that, instead of expressing your profound regret for what is past, you exult and glory in your shame, and arrogate to yourself the honors of political martyrdom. This is folly—this is wickedness—of which I scarcely deemed you capable; but as to the fact, I entertain no doubt whatever.

"It is not my intention to aggravate the pain of your situation, by what I fear would be unavailing remonstrances, my only desire is to bring your mind to a right state of feeling if it be not already too late. Knowing from experience, that a little humanity is sometimes more effectual than harsh measures, in working out the reformation of offenders, whether political or otherwise—and trusting that—if you have no respect for your own reputation,—if your sentiments are still hostile to the peace and well-being of society, you may at least have some few sparks of affection for your mother, who has never ceased praying for your restoration, though I should be sorry to expedite it until assured of a change having taken place, by which your liberation might be granted with benefit to yourself and safety to others—for the preceding considerations, I have, after mature reflection determined upon making a proposition, which would inspire any right-thinking young man with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and delight, convinced that the links by which society is held together, are most firmly riveted by the Institution of Matrimony, I have chosen for you a young lady, in every respect qualified by birth, education and disposition, to be received as a member of our family. In other words, I propose that you should accept the hand of Bertha Fullenbarg, with whom, as your aunt's ward, you are already acquainted, and by whom, notwithstanding the repugnance which an amiable young female might naturally entertain for such an alliance, I believe you are regarded with feelings of no common sympathy and interest. To expiate upon the modesty—the good-sense, the propriety of manner, and all the other virtues by which Bertha is so eminently distinguished, would be a work of supererogation, as they are universally known and acknowledged. In the fullest expectation that this arrangement, made with a view to rescue you from your present appalling state of wretchedness and humiliation, will meet with your active concurrence, I have this morning had an interview with the Minister of Police, and the result is, that, on my giving my undertaking that, immediately after your marriage, you shall quit the country for a period of two years, he will recommend his Majesty to exercise his royal clemency by granting you a free pardon.
Ulric Koffmann.

"I cannot further pursue this subject, as my heart is too full. Ponder, my misguided son, upon what I have accomplished for you, and thank Heaven, that, denying you the power to withstand the evil counsel of political desperadoes, has yet given you a parent, who throws his protecting shield over your guilty spirit, and preserves you from the destruction which properly awaits the enemies of good government and the fomentors of anarchy and rebellion. Your indulgent father,

Justus Koffmann."

"That is a pretty specimen of parental tenderness" exclaimed Ulric, as he tore the letter in fragments, with premeditated malice,—"how conciliatory is his tone!—how delicately he alludes to the errors of his unfortunate son!—what a total disregard there is of Self, throughout!—it is My reformation, My happiness—My moral and political salvation that alone animates him in selecting for me a wife, who is indeed so very much superior to my deserts, and then, with sublime devotion, he calls upon me to thank Heaven for having given me a father, who takes me back to his arms with all my republican sins upon my head, instead of striking me out of his will, as any other parent would have done, or bequeathing me a halter as the most serviceable legacy for an incorrigible rogue and vagabond.

"Will you—yes! comply with your father's wishes?" said Therese, who had suddenly become pensive from some cause, which it would be impossible for us to divine.

"What, marry Bertha?" exclaimed Ulric, and his lip curled with scorn. "Never."

"Your father speaks of the young lady in very high terms" observed Therese, with a little hesitation in her manner.

"I have no doubt of her discretion, good-sense and economical habits" replied Ulric, "but they are qualities for which I have no taste; therefore, can form no estimate of their real value, or determine whether they're really worth marrying or not."

Therese smiled at this innocent piece of pleasantries, though her spirits were evidently suffering from some inexplicable depression.

"Listen to me, Therese" said Ulric, taking her two hands in his own, and regarding her downcast eyes with earnest-devotion, "I am—not one of your demure, soft-speaking, hypocritical fellows, that beneath the garb of sanctity conceals his native selfishness—what I feel that I utter, careless whom it might please, or whom it offend. Now I tell you—not on my honor as a gentleman, but on my faith as a man—that I would—not marry Bertha Fullenberg, not even to save myself from being hanged by the neck, to-morrow morning.

"But why should you so dislike one who has never done you any injury?" said Therese, with deep feeling.

"Think you, Therese, that I ought to comply with my father's wishes, when my heart—my happiness—everything that renders life desirable is the sacrifice that he demands."

Therese was silent—Ulric pressed for a reply.

"It is our duty to obey" she said, with her eyes averted, and a slight tremor in her soft voice.

"Would it be my duty to plunge a dagger into my breast, if my father were to
command it" returned Ulric "and yet I would rather that twenty daggers were planted there, than unite-myself to one whom I hate and despise."

"Do not use so harsh a word, Ulric, as hate" said Therese.

"I like to be candid, Therese" replied Ulric, "I never affect a virtue which I do not possess—once more I tell you, no earthly power shall induce me to marry Bertha Fullenburg."

"Not even to obtain your liberty?" said Therese, looking at Ulric with a tenderness more calculated to confirm than to weaken his obstinacy.

"Liberty—pshaw!" exclaimed Ulric "they cannot deprive me of the liberty of thinking—speaking—laughing—singing—loving——"

How many other privileges and advantages, over which the law can exercise no control, Ulric might have enumerated, it is impossible to estimate, for, at this juncture of his discourse, he was interrupted by the prison-bell, which summoned the captives to their respective cells, prior to their being locked-up, during the hours allotted for meditation and repose.

Addressing the old man, who had remained perfectly silent during the preceding conversations, absorbed in his own, sombre reveries, Therese gently reminded him of the summons which had apparently failed to arrest his attention.

The old man looked with a wild, vacant air at his informant, and raising his clenched and palsied hands, he exclaimed:—"Hark! 'tis twenty-seven years to-night—to-night—this cursed night—that I killed them"—here his voice sank to a hollow whisper—"both" he continued "I killed them both—it was these hands that did it—these old, withered hands—they are pale enough, now, but they were red—crimson-red, then—ha! ha! a wolf came-up and licked them—for wolves are fond of blood—ha! ha!" And the poor lunatic laughed, as, swaying his body to and fro, he brooded over the recollection of his crimes.

"I loved her" he continued in broken accents, while tears started from his eyes "I loved her—aye, to madness.—We had known each-other from childhood, and had even then exchanged tokens of our love:—We parted for a time—she promised, vowed to love me ever—false—lying—perjured Traitor"—he exclaimed,—and his features became suddenly convulsed with passion—"Ere three months had fled, a letter came from one I knew—not, that told me of your perfidy—with heart and brain on fire, I rushed to your father's house: you were not there—but I tracked you—like a hound, I tracked you to the grove, where, with his arm entwined around you, a gallant soldier poured sweet honey into your ear. The moon was shining through the forest-trees. I sat-down and listened to the song of the nightingale, and my heart grew in my breast, till it burst in tears of burning agony. Hark! they come—there is a rustling of leaves—they whisper,—'Dost thou love me, Ida?'

'Yes!' She loves him! Hear that, ye stars in Heaven! ye who know—who witnessed the faith she plighted me—now, look upon the pale and smiling traitress. She quails before me—but she dare-not speak. She shall-not speak but die. I have a pistol in each hand—one would-not suffice—I killed them both, and their blood fa's like crimson-rain in the black pool of that solitary forest, where the Raven danced with joy, for 'twas a merry sight—a merry—merry sight."
The wretched creature's voice died away, and for a few moments he remained plunged in thought, till the governor and three or four gaolers made their appearance, when, rising-up and wrapping his loose coat around him, he allowed them to conduct him to his cell.

CHAPTER II.

Ulric Koffmann was descended from a Swedish family, which settled in Bohemia at the close of the seven-year's war. His father, an extensive manufacturer, was one of the most wealthy and influential citizens in the metropolis of his adopted country. Being destined for the medical profession, his only son, Ulric, was at the usual age sent to the university of Prague. There he distinguished himself, not alone by his aptitude for learning—the acuteness and vigor of his intellect—his dexterity as a wrangler, and his expertise in all gymnastic exercises, but by the liberality of his political views, and the latitudinarianism of some of his theological sentiments. Before he had attained his eighteenth year, he had written a pamphlet of a highly democratic tendency, which was promptly suppressed by the government, and its audacious author given-to-understand that any further attempts to promulgate his peculiar opinions would meet with still less questionable encouragement.

Undaunted, however, by this admonition, Ulric, shortly after the failure of his first publication, formed a secret society, the objects of which were to cast-off the Austrian yoke, and, having secured the independence of Bohemia, to establish a model form of republicanism, for the regeneration of their native country and the admiration of surrounding nations. Of this society, Ulric, by virtue of his oratorical and other qualifications, was unanimously elected president, and performed his duties with an energy and zeal which, if no proof of wisdom, at least afforded incontestible evidence of his sincerity.

Notwithstanding the pledges of fidelity required on their initiation, from every member of this political association, and the precautions taken to secure their proceedings from discovery, the local authorities nevertheless obtained information, which led to the dissolution of the society, and the arrest of those to whom it owed its existence. One night, when the members were assembled in their secret council-chamber—a loft in some obscure part of the city—they were surprised by the entrance of a party of soldiers. The majority endeavored to effect their escape, but Ulric, supported by five or six equally courageous spirits, armed with swords, made desperate resistance, in the course of which, one of their opponents was severely wounded, and carried-away by his comrades, apparently lifeless. Notwithstanding their terrific display of valor, Ulric and his coadjutors were finally overpowered, and conveyed to prison, and having been in due course brought to trial, our hero, as the most distinguished member of the association, over which he had presided, was sentenced to five years' confinement in the castle of Offenbach, where we found him at the opening of our narrative.
Justus Koffmann, the father of Ulric, was a man of irascible temper, and prided himself upon his firmness, which, springing from a firm conviction of infallibility, never relinquished the first position it might happen to assume. The degree of affection which he felt for his son, he deemed it imprudent to evince by his deportment, trusting for obedience to Ulric's sense of duty, rather than to his love of approbation. In his political predilections, Justus Koffmann was a firm supporter of the existing order of things, and it was with indignation and grief that he beheld his son plunging into that vortex of liberalism, which was calculated to bring dishonor on the name which he bore—a name which, if Ulric persisted in his heresy, he determined—and from that tribunal there was no appeal—should be his only inheritance.

To obtain his son's liberation, and to withdraw him from the pernicious influence of those, by whom his loyalty had been corrupted, now became the subject of Justus Koffmann's most anxious consideration, not that he lamented his son's incarceration from any foolish paternal weakness, nor that he deemed his punishment at all disproportionate to his misdemeanours, it was merely from a laudable desire to vindicate his own respectability, that he petitioned the crown for an abridgment of the term of Ulric's imprisonment, and judiciously offered to provide him with a wife, by way of collateral security for his political reformation.

With the success of this appeal, the reader has already been made-acquainted through Justus Koffmann's letter to his son in which he so warmly recommended Bertha Fullenberg to his delicate attentions.

This young lady was fully deserving of the high encomiums lavished upon her in the communication above alluded to. Sedate, self-possessed and somewhat reserved, her manners distinguished, if not by positive elegance, by the most perfect propriety, with an excellent understanding, but no imaginativeness, the elastic impulses by which young persons are frequently hurried into acts of momentary indiscretion, she had never herself experienced, and was, therefore, but little disposed to palliate when exhibited by others. Her person, like her mind was less calculated to dazzle the spectator than to impress him with a sense of its just and rational solidity, not that there was any quality to which decided exception could be taken in either. Both were secure from detraction, by being established on the neutral ground of mediocrity, and though some superficial critics might pronounce her tout ensemble to be uninteresting, their verdict could give Bertha no pain, as she despised coquetry, and before she had attained her twentieth year had made it the object of her nobler ambition to be respected rather than adored.

Though in the formation of a character so truly respectable, much must have been owing to superior natural endowments, yet there can be little doubt that these were cultivated and improved by the excellent education which she had received. Committed at an early age to the protection of a clever, discreet and intelligent lady, it would have been strange had Bertha not profited largely by the instruction and example of one, in whom no many estimable qualities were united, and whose competency for the tutelar office was universally acknowledged.

"Madame Koffmann was a maiden lady of a certain age, that is, she was cer-
Ulric Koffmann.

tainly six-and-forty, and might, perhaps, in a solemn court of judicature have confessed to one year more. She had evidently, at some distant period, possessed considerable personal attractions, and though time had given them somewhat undue expansion, her figure and countenance still retained all that dignity and conscious intelligence, which, in former days must have made them objects of perilous contemplation. That madame Koffmann should have passed through the eager throng which besieged the sunny path of her youth, and have reached the solitary waste of forty-six or seven, without some memorial of her sublime fortitude being impressed, like Egyptian hieroglyphics, on her heart, is almost inexplicable, and was matter of universal speculation. It might be, that her standard of human perfectibility was considerably more elevated than that which her despairing worshippers could, without perpetual watchfulness, ever hope to attain. Like her ward and pupil, she had little or no indulgence for the follies and precipitancy of youth, and could give no credit to people, whose good-deeds emanated from spontaneous feeling rather than from high, moral principle, and deliberate calculation.

Such being the idiosyncrasy of madame Koffmann, it will be easy to understand with what unmitigated reprobation she visited the delinquencies—notwithstanding they partook more of a political than ethical complexion—of which her nephew had been legally convicted. In this sentiment Bertha participated. She was astonished and terrified at the bare suggestion of resistance to any recognised authority. Imagine, then, her terror, when old Justus Koffmann, after a private interview with his sister, formally proposed that Bertha should take Ulric for her husband. Although she never betrayed any sudden emotion, her most tender feelings being always regulated by the rules of right-reason, yet it was easy to perceive that the proposition inspired her with the most painful apprehensions. It was true, that her affections were perfectly dis-engaged, and that, in an economical point of view, considering that she was portionless, and entirely dependent upon the generosity of her guardian, she might have made a much less desirable election. But while she deemed an alliance founded on mercenary views highly reprehensible, she could not altogether assent to what is vulgarly termed a ‘love-match,’ in which she thought there was too little deliberation, calmness and foresight to harmonise with those rational principles of which she had ever been so bright an illustration, and so powerful an advocate.

Though madame Koffmann entertained as great affection and regard for Bertha, as if she had been her own daughter, she seemed inclined rather to support than discourage the proposal of a marriage between her ward and Ulric, whose talents, though perverted by bad example, she had always held in high estimation. The truth was, that madame Koffmann had strong and peculiar opinions upon the corrective influence of matrimony. As an alternative in all affections, either of the head or heart, she contended that no medicine could equal that which a firm and sensible wife was qualified to administer. Animated, therefore, by an earnest desire for her nephew’s reclamation, she warmly seconded the proposition which Justus Koffmann had submitted to her consideration, and as “passive obedience” had been one of the cardinal points in Bertha’s education, and as Bertha, moreover,
from identity of disposition invariably acquiesced in all her guardian’s views and suggestions, after calmly surveying the difficulties of the task she was about to undertake, that discreet young lady consented to become the bride of our hero, “for better or for worse,” but with no misgiving whatever as to the ultimate improvement or deterioration, so far as his moral and political interests were concerned.

A week elapsed, and Bertha learned neither with surprise—for who could expect gratitude in man—nor with regret—for her motives had been purely benevolent—that the sacrifice which she had meditated, Ulric, with singular perverseness, refused to conform. The circumstance which to many weak minds would have proved fatal, had no prejudicial effect on Bertha’s mental constitution, for she resumed her accustomed pursuits with a philosophical composure deserving of universal imitation and applause.

CHAPTER III.

Justus Koffmann, as we before mentioned, possessed that spirit of obduracy and determination, which rather challenges than avoids resistance, and feels its energies refreshed, by surmounting obstacles which would appal and paralyse men of a more pacific disposition. Feeling convinced that the only mode of arresting Ulric in his career of political dissipation was to invest him with connubial responsibility, he never hesitated one moment in the prosecution of his meritorious design. Underordinary circumstances, he acknowledged to himself (his only counsellor) that he should-not have been warranted in assuming his present dictatorial tone, nor would he have considered it requisite to prescribe the qualities which were essential for a wife, who, in addition to her more tender obligations, was required to undertake the duties of a political reformer. As, however, Ulric, by his recent conduct, had shewn his entire want of prudence and discrimination, and was evidently quite incompetent to select a fitting consort for himself, his father had no alternative but to nominate a lady whom he pronounced, unexceptionable, and defied, or rather despised contradiction. Having proceeded so far, he determined, and in this resolution he was supported by all his friends who were lovers of peace and order, that the condition of Ulric’s liberation should be his recognition of Bertha Fullenberg his voluntary bride.

Though frequently led by his stubborn and self-willed temper, into conclusio

that were quite untenable, Justus Koffmann had sufficient penetration to discov

the true reason of Ulric’s unexpected rejection of the proposition for his persona

enlargement. Ulric had been confined in the castle of Offenbach for some months, a period long enough to lay the foundation of a moderately firm attachm

between himself and the governor’s daughter, whose blue eyes and golden tree

had-not escaped the elder Koffmann’s jealous observation. The next step, the

fore, in the execution of his plans, was to remove Ulric from this dangerous a

as any magician might perceive, that, under the then circumstances, his pun

ment was rendered much less terrible than had ever been contemplated by his
secutors. Directions were accordingly given that Ulric should be removed from
the castle of Offenbach, to a stronghold at some considerable distance, where it
was ascertained that the governor had no daughter whose charms of countenance or
manner were likely to abet and encourage him in his resistance to the legitimate
dictates of parental authority.

Nothing could exceed the indignation of Ulric at this attempt to coerce him into
a marriage, which, though sanctioned by prudence, could never awaken the approv-
ing smiles of love. Nor did he hold his father, alone, responsible, for this infringe-
ment upon his most sacred privilege—that which the heart alone should exercise.
Ulric knew his aunt to be a woman of a subtle and intriguing disposition. She had
her own peculiar motives, he felt assured, for bestowing her ward upon one, by
whom, as she knew, Bertha was regarded with indifference, if not with positive
aversion. What those motives were, he could-not, with any certainty, divine, but
of their existence he entertained no doubt whatever. The early history of Bertha
was exceedingly obscure. Ulric had never heard the name, rank or locality of her
parents suggested, nor had any other person, as far as his information and belief
extended. She had lived since she was five years of age with Madame Koffmann,
who assumed the duties of a guardian, but it appeared singular (at least in Ulric's
opinion) that Bertha's father should have confided his daughter to the protection of
a maiden lady, who, when entering-upon her responsible office, must have been
somewhat inexperienced, and, if rumour might be credited, was-not then particu-
larly remarkable for that discretion, which is considered an indispensable qualifi-
cation in one who undertakes the care and instruction of youth.

It was on the evening of the day on which he received notice of his proposed
removal from the castle of Offenbach, that Ulric, who being a political offender
enjoyed certain indulgences not granted to his fellow-captives, was inhaling the
soft, balmy breezes on the summit of the tower, which afforded him a pleasant,
though somewhat limited promenade. The view from the turrets was of the most
charming and romantic description. Winding among the mountains, which,
covered with pine-trees, extended as far as the eye could reach, the river gilded
like a silver thread its smooth, untrodden banks, covered with verdure and wild-
flowers. On the old grey castle which crowned the highest peak of the mountain-
range, the sun shed its golden beams, as it sunk behind the dark clouds which
stretched motionless along the western horizon. Nature seemed hushed into repose
by some mystic influence, as the dreamy spirit of twilight stole along the valley
and the glen, where scarce a zephyr stirred the foliage, whose shadows were wont
to tremble when it passed. On the glistening waters, afar off, a skiff was visible,
whose white sail hung listlessly above the reclining form of some weariest fisher-
man, and saving the sound of a distant waterfall, the woodcutter's axe was alone
occasionally heard ringing in the forest, from which, with a load of billets on his
shoulders, he would presently emerge, and pursue his way towards the valley,
closely followed by his faithful dog, the sole companion of his lonely wanderings.

Ulric, with his arms folded, stood surveying the scene, whose aspect so well har-
monised with the sombre turn of his own meditations. Therese, also, was there
quietly engaged in knitting certain little red and blue articles of hosiery, &c., in which she displayed no ordinary amount of taste and perseverance.

"Therese," said Ulric, turning-round and looking with concern on the fair maiden's countenance, which wore a more pensive expression than usually belonged to it.

"Yes, Ulric," replied Therese, without raising her eyes from the knitting, whether from fear of losing-time or betraying the sorrowful emotions which they portrayed we shall-not pause to enquire.

"I wish" rejoined Ulric "that some kind friend would lend me a rope-ladder, about forty feet long."

"You would escape," said Therese.

"On one condition—can you guess it?"

Therese shook-her-head, sorrowfully. She had vivacity enough at one time, but she had no heart for guessing then. Poor Therese!

"The condition is" pursued Ulric "that we went together. There's a sweet little chapel covered with ivy, on the opposite side of yonder mountain, where an old, white-headed priest may be seen of a summer's afternoon, sitting before his door, occupied in teaching some forty or fifty laughing little urchins. In a few minutes, Therese, that old priest would make us happy for life."

A rosy glow suffused the cheek of Therese, at this ingenious suggestion, and her little ivory needle seemed somewhat perplexed to find its way among the intricate meshes, where, just before, it had been so actively employed.

"See Therese!" said Ulric, looking over the turrets, "it is not very high, and we could easily get-across the moat by means of these stepping-stones."

"Hush," whispered Therese hurriedly, "my father!" and scarcely had she spoken, when the governor, a fine, dark-complexioned man presented himself on the tower. He informed Ulric that, by instructions just received from the minister, his removal would take-place that evening, an escort being momentarily expected to convey him to his destination.

Having made this announcement, the governor retired, leaving Ulric sunk in a state of the most abject despondency. For some minutes, he stood motionless and irresolute, and emotions of fearful intensity agitated his bosom, as, looking at Therese, he seemed to be summoning-up-courage, for a communication which might increase rather than mitigate her distress.

"Therese" he said, at length, in a tone of bitter anguish "there is no hope for me. I am a wretched and abandoned outcast. Separated from you—no longer sustained by your sympathy, and my imprisonment rendered sweeter than freed by your companionship—existence will become a torment and a curse."

"O speak—not so, Ulric" cried Therese. "Your father will relent, and you will be restored to liberty."

"Yes," replied Ulric, and his lip curled with scorn, if I consent to purchase with my heart and my honor, by marrying Bertha Fullenberg."

There was a pause, which was broken by Ulric approaching Therese, addressing her with increased tenderness.
"There is only one thing, Therese," he continued, "that renders this separation so unutterably painful. I fear, when I am absent, my happiness, my destiny, will no longer interest you, even should you remember that such a being lives, who derives his only consolation from the hope of meeting again under happier auspices than those which we at present enjoy."

"I never shall forget you, Ulric," said Therese, while more than one tear attested the sincerity of her declaration.

"Four years is a long time, Therese. I shall be an altered man before my imprisonment expires. Think of that, Therese,—four years—four long, long—weary years. O heaven! It cannot—it must-not be."

Ulric hesitated for a moment, then his eye suddenly kindled, and his countenance became blanched with suppressed passion.

"Why," he exclaimed, knitting his brows, "why should I be made a tool, a slave, a plaything; they have no right to tamper with my feelings, and they yet shall rue their dastardly attempts to force me into a marriage, which my very soul abhors. They command me to marry Bertha Fullenberg or perish in my dungeon. Their mandate shall be obeyed."

Therese looked-up—she spoke-not, but her face had become as colorless as alabaster.

"I will marry Bertha because my father commands it," he pursued, with a sardonic smile, "I will marry her for his pleasure, and I will break her heart for my own."

At this moment, a carriage, driven by two postillions, and followed by a company of mounted huzzars, was observed approaching the castle, and Ulric had just time to embrace his poor weeping Therese, when he was summoned to the courtyard, where, after some short delay, he entered the vehicle, which drove-off, accompanied by its military escort.

(To be continued next month.)
ULRIC KOFFMANN,

OR,

THE BANDITS OF BOHEMIA.

(Continued from last month.)

CHAPTER IV.

Justus Koffmann, though he did not openly acknowledge it, was well-pleased at receiving a letter from his son, announcing his willingness to accept Berthia's hand in marriage. His gratification sprung from three sources: first, because he considered such an alliance desirable; secondly, because he had determined that, in defiance of all opposition, it should take-place sooner or later; and, thirdly, because it verified his prediction, he having repeatedly and confidently asserted, that within one week from the period of Ulric's removal from the Castle of Offenbach and its incidentals, his perverse spirit would yield, and he would surrender his affections, as required by the just demands of parental goodness, wisdom and peace.

Apprehensive of retraction, and knowing that between the cup-and-the-lip accidents will sometimes happen, time was not to be unnecessarily lost, after Ulric's liberation, in making the necessary arrangements for the immediate celebration of his nuptials. As for Bertha, she evinced neither delight nor apprehension at the anticipation of the great change which she was about to experience. Naturally serene, she was never disturbed by those exciting influences, which generally produce such flutterings of hope in little minds; but with such, indeed, she had no connexion or sympathy; and although there are few—very few—who embark on the tumultuous current, without anxious enquiries of the security of the vessel, yet Bertha seemed—such was her placid and enviable temperament—to have no mis-givings whatever; but looking upon marriage, in her peculiar case, as an inevitable dispensation, she was prepared to submit with becoming meekness to her fate.

Nor was Ulric's bearing less consistent with the rules of sound philosophy. Reserved and cool, but not contemptuous or even studiously indifferent, he was evidently keeping his vindictive passions under control, by a strong mental effort and unremitting watchfulness. He offered no remonstrances to his father; made no attempt to violate the engagement to which his honor was pledged—and his deportment towards Bertha, though its frigidity would have been appalling in any ordinary lover, was so respectful and correct as to secure that young lady's unqualified approbation.

The wedding, as might be supposed from the circumstances that preceded it, was of a peculiar, but not very pleasing description. There was no exhibition of tender gaiety in the bridegroom—neither tears nor affectionate reminiscences of home, in the mind of the bride—no interesting sympathies of bridesmaids—no consolatory assurances of future felicity on the part of mutual friends, but the whole...
scene was one of cold propriety, which no one, with a particle of latent heat in his bosom, could contemplate without an involuntary shudder. The wedding-party consisted of Justus Koffmann, and his old clerk in a bottle-green coat and a tiewig, who had been deputed to give the bride away. Madame Koffmann was, of course, in attendance upon her ward, though her supporting arm was quite unnecessary, no less than the condolences of the sole bride's-maid—a middle-aged Swiss lady, who had formerly been Bertha's governess, and whose angular features and severely classical demeanour were in perfect harmony with the ceremonial observances at which she had been engaged to assist. Ulric's mother, whose gentle expostulations, notwithstanding his reckless disposition, never failed to awaken sentiments of filial reverence, was confined to her chamber through illness. She knew her son's failings; his violent passions; his mis-guided enthusiasm; and she lamented them with the deep and silent grief of a broken but unrepining spirit. She had never counselled this heartless, this unholy marriage; and though she durst-not deprecate it in her husband's presence, she looked-forward with terror to its inevitable results.

It will be remembered that Ulric's sentence of imprisonment was remitted, on the express understanding that he quitted the country for a stipulated period. Immediately, therefore, after the solemnization of their nuptials, Ulric and Bertha left Prague in a chaise-and-four, and proceeded towards the frontiers, their destination being, if report told truly, a villa in Upper Lousatia. On reaching the last post-town of Bohemia, Ulric and his bride alighted at an inn; while a relay of horses was being obtained, and their passports examined and renewed, they were promptly ushered into a private apartment, when the following extraordinary scene transpired.

"I hope, madam, you are-not fatigued with your journey," said Ulric, with an air of grave respect, more becoming a courtier than a bridegroom.

"O no!" replied Bertha, throwing-back her veil, and arranging her toilet, which was more distinguished by unobtrusive propriety than by the simple elegance which we naturally associate with a newly-created bride.

"Is there anything, madam, that I can order for you?" said Ulric, *drawing-on a pair of black-kid gloves.*

"A glass of lemonade, if you please," replied Bertha, drawing a lace-bordered handkerchief from her blue-satin reticule.

Ulric bit his lip. Bertha's *non-chalance,* so excellent a foil to his own premeditated politeness, seemed somewhat to perplex him.

"I believe, madam, you are aware," resumed Ulric with strong and deliberate emphasis "that in consequence of my political views not meeting with the approbation of certain parties, I stand in a peculiar position—that of a convicted, but, through your kind sacrifice, a liberated felon."

Bertha made a gesture of assent.

"Liberated, however," pursued Ulric, "on one condition only—expatriation. Madame Koffmann, my honored aunt, has, I presume, made you acquainted with the unfortunate circumstances."
"Your father has done so" replied Bertha; "will you be kind enough to ring the bell?"

"Perhaps, madam, we had better first——"

"I wish for a glass of lemonade, if you please," interrupted Bertha, with a trilling indication of petulance.

Ulric smiled darkly, made a slight obeisance, and rang the bell as desired by his lady.

The lemonade was supplied, and the servant having retired, Ulric made two or three paces across the room, with his eyes averted; then, in a very quiet and affable-manner, he resumed the thread of his discourse.

"I was observing, madam——" he began.

"Might I trouble you," exclaimed Bertha, "just to draw down the blind. Where you are standing there is rather too much sun—thank you."

"I was about observing, madam," repeated Ulric, his temper somewhat ruffled, but not so as to impair a respectful behaviour "that although the Minister has recommended a change-of-air for the restoration of my loyalty, I feel-assured that he would not desire for one moment that a lady should suffer any inconvenience from his official prescription. You understand me?"

"I guess the object of your insinuation, sir," returned Bertha with a slight expression of sarcasm, "and I doubt-not you would be as reluctant as your physician to occasion any inconvenience to the lady to whom you refer."

"Exactly so."

Bertha nodded, with an air of ironical gratitude. Ulric anticipated, even hoped, in the malice of his heart, that she would have wept, but he was disappointed.

"If, therefore, madam, you will permit me," Ulric continued with growing animation, "I will give-directions to the postillions for your safe conveyance back to Prague."

"No, I thank you," replied Bertha, "I will take lunch first."

"Very good, madam," returned Ulric, "in the mean-time I will take-a-stroll through the village; when I return, you will, perhaps, allow me the honor of escorting you to your carriage. For the present, madam, adieu!"

So saying, Ulric took-up his hat, and was about to retire when his attention was forcibly arrested by the sound of music without, and looking into the street, he beheld a motley concourse of men, women and children, amongst whom were six or seven rustic musicians, in round, blue frocks and straw hats, with fiddles and clarionets, whose combined exertions gave-birth to very unusual sensations.

On presenting-himself at the window, Ulric was received with vociferous acclamations; the children clapping their hands, and the men waving their hats, with a sort of mechanical and mercenary enthusiasm. Perceiving that there was only one mode of freeing-himself from those discordant elements, Ulric opened the window, and threw-out a handful of groschen—which created a general scramble, with a sudden forgetfulness of brotherly-love, and the calmer dictates of self-preservation. The result of this largess was to aggravate, rather than subdue the
ebullition of popular feeling. Renewed and long-continued cheers burst-forth, both from the victors and the vanquished. The fiddles and clarionets again broke-forth, with all the wildly furious independence of uncultivated harmony, and, to add to the then horror of the exhibition, another crowd—another amateur band of fiddles and hautboys—was seen advancing at a rapid pace, preceded by a display of garlands, affixed to a crossed hoop, which were elevated on the top of a lofty pole.

Addressing his bride, Ulric inquired whether it was her will and pleasure to give-audience to those m. lodious deputations, or whether she would prefer escaping the prospective torture by immediate flight. The discord having, by this time, become intolerable, Bertha eagerly adopted the latter proposal; and Ulric, with respectful gallantry conducted his bride to her carriage, which she entered—alone. In a few seconds, she was on her way back to Prague, while Ulric, mounting a high-spirited horse, rode-off in an opposite direction, leaving the assembled multitude literally overwhelmed and speechless with astonishment.

CHAPTER V.

It was a beautifully calm and sunny afternoon, at the close of September, as Ulric, on his noble steed, directed his course towards the Black Forest. What his precise intentions were, in taking that route, it would be difficult to conjecture. From the peculiar position in which he was placed, his future policy must necessarily be mainly governed by circumstances. He had performed the engagement which he had entered into with his father—in fact, at least, if not in spirit—and upon that he had been restored to liberty, though some captious commentators might contend that he had merely exchanged one form of bondage for another—more domesticated but not less humiliating and intolerable. He had given Bertha his hand and his name, and he had bidden her farewell for ever. To love her, even, were his affections not pledged irrevocably to another, was impossible. In the deep and bitter resentment which that compulsory union engendered, Ulric had mentally vowed that he would break-her-heart—not by insult, but by that more fatal weapon—neglect, for he felt-confident, and, like his father, he never recalled or modified his first resolves, that Bertha, as well as madame Koffmann, had been a willing agent in the conspiracy to secure his fortune, for to no other motive could he assign her promptitude in accepting for her husband, one, whose proud, vindictive spirit recoiled with feelings of positive detestation from such an alliance—a fact of which she was well-assured before she yielded her assent.

The object which Ulric sought to attain by his present line of conduct would have been more reprehensible than it must be pronounced to be under other circumstances, had not his ardent attachment to Therese rendered him desirous of adopting some means by which his marriage with Bertha could be legally annulled. Of course, this could-not be accomplished without her formal consent. The only question, then, was, the nature of the provocation necessary for that end. His recent
interview with Bertha, it must be acknowledged, had inspired him with considerable distrust and uneasiness. The equanimity which she displayed on that trying occasion, took him somewhat by surprise. He had originally supposed that the bare proposal of separation would have laid-prostrate her tenderest hopes, and reduced her to a pitiable state of melancholy and despair. Little did he anticipate that she would have returned to Prague, not only with indifference but with an appetite rendered unusually acute by her inability to obtain any refreshment at the inn, where they bade each other a polite and coolly-philosophical farewell.

Though occupied with reflections of this nature, the beautiful and romantic scenery around could not fail to command some share of his attention. Throwing the bridle on his horse’s neck, Ulric proceeded at a pace, which allowed him ample leisure for observation. The road which he had to follow lay between some high and rugged cliffs covered with pine and underwood, and a broad, translucent river, in which the blue sky, relieved here and there with a group of snowy clouds, was reflected as vividly as in the brightest mirror. In some places, the cliff approached so near the water’s edge, as to leave scarcely sufficient space for a horseman to pass round the promontory, beyond which the river suddenly expanded, till, from its opposite banks there rose a lofty range of pine-clad mountains, whose gloomy grandeur contrasted strongly with the little, green islands in the middle distance, which detained and charmed the contemplative eye, that delighted to repose on scenes of natural fertility.

It was shortly before sunset, as Ulric, proceeding on his unpremeditated route, approached a deep and narrow ravine, intersecting the great forest, and commonly known as “The Giant’s Glen.” This forest had for ages been infested with banditti, who, sallying-forth from the caverns, with which it abounded, waylaid and plundered travellers who came within their extensive jurisdiction. In cases of resistance, the victims were often suspended from the branches of some convenient tree, as a solemn warning to those who might thereafter feel inclined to oppose the constituted authorities who held absolute sway over those barbarous districts. Ulric had frequently heard of the exploits of these desperadoes, but his mind, at the particular moment, was too busily engaged with matters affecting his heart, to allow him time for reflecting upon the security of his person. Being totally unprovided with any weapon of defence, he had only his dauntless courage to rely upon, in case of his meeting a party of brigands and refusing to become a voluntary contributor to their funds.

Dauntless—both by nature and education—Ulric Koffmann had no clear or definite conception of terror, in its ordinary acceptation. Though possessing the imaginative faculties to some extent, he had as little superstition in his mental composition as the dogmatic ‘rationalist’ could desire. On this occasion, however, his faith in supernatural visitations was destined to undergo a severe ordeal. He had reached the most sequestered part of the glen, when his attention was arrested by the shadow of a human-figure moving along the road, apparently in a crouching position. While he was contemplating this mysterious phenomenon, his horse suddenly paused at a rivulet which crossed the road-way, and looking round to pie-
pare-himself in case of attack, he observed, at some height on the adjoining rock, a man's head, the rest of his person being hidden by the shrubs and brambles in which he was evidently in ambush. Not caring to make-the-acquaintance of any personage in this secluded locality, Ulric put spurs to his horse, with a view to accelerate his progress, when a quick, shrill whistle was heard, and a large block of limestone rolled down the declivity, whether by accident or human design, he could not determine. Ulric inclined, however, towards the latter conclusion, for before he could recover from his surprise, a man sprang into the road, and seized his horse's bridle, while another brigand, who advanced from an opposite direction, carrying a sort of noose, threw it round his body and unhorsed him with such violence as momentarily to deprive him of consciousness, even if he could escape from more serious injuries from his fall.

On recovering his senses, Ulric found-himself sitting on the ground, with his hands securely tied behind him, while a short, square-built fellow, in a ragged brown cloak with a shabby sombrero, whose sinister countenance was-not rendered more prepossessing by a marked obliquity of vision, was employed in examining the contents of his pocket-book.

"These proceedings are highly irregular, gentlemen," said Ulric, who, despite his bruises, could scarcely avoid smiling at the cool assiduity with which he of the brown cloak conducted his peculiar business.

"More love-letters—there's nothing but love in this world," murmured the little man, contumeliously, as he read the superscriptions on the numerous papers in the pocket-book.

"You want notes, I suppose?" said Ulric, "had you asked me for a moderate loan, returnable at your own convenience, you should have had it without any hesitation."

"We don't like to lay-ourselves under an obligation, my friend," replied the robber, thrusting his hand into Ulric's coat-pocket, and extracting a couple of handkerchiefs.

"I admire your delicacy, sir," returned Ulric, rising-up at the little man's bidding, that he might more easily exercise his right-of-search, "but as you seem to be a person of some understanding, I should like to be informed upon what principle you justify those acts of spoliation. In other words, what right have you to my purse and pocket-book?"

"If you wish to argue the case, scholastically," replied the robber, "I'll shog-logic for you. I've had a university education, my friend, as well as yourself; my mother, you see, was bed-maker at a certain college, and I was Gyp."

"O! indeed," cried Ulric, "I had no idea of meeting with such a learned personage in these primitive regions. But concerning the laws of personal property—my pocket-book and purse more especially—will you oblige me with your sentiments thereon?"

"Certainly, my friend," replied the little man, holding-up Ulric's cambric handkerchief, to ascertain if any repairs were needed, "what right have you to your purse and pocket-book as you call them?"—answer me that.
"The right of first possession—can you shew a better?"
"Yes."
"Name it?"
"The right of conquest" exclaimed the bandit, cramming the handkerchief into a sort of wallet, which was filled with similar stores, "conquest, my friend, to which your illustrious ancestors are indebted for their warlike castles and their broad acres; are you satisfied?"
"Not exactly," rejoined Ulric, "I was in hopes that the barbarous system of making might the champion of right was exploded with all persons of moderate intelligence. We'll say nothing about honesty; but treat it merely as a question of public policy."
"That sounds very fine, my friend," returned he of the sinister aspect, appropriating Ulric's silver tooth-pick to his own use, "but it's a species of sophism that won't go-down here. Equality is my motto. I'm an advocate for things in common."
"Your practice don't appear to accord with your professions," replied Ulric, "else why do you not return me one-half of my property? You have-not only taken your own share, but mine also—that's equalization with a vengeance!"
"Never indulge in personalities, my friend," said the little man with a quaint expression of gravity, "it shows bad taste. Without regard to individuals, I stand-up for equality in the abstract."
"And carry-out your theory," added Ulric, "by abstracting from every pocket your can lay your hands on."

The logician was about to reply, but was anticipated by his companion, a gaunt ruffian with a piece of strapping-plaster on his Roman-nose, and a brace of horse-pistols bristling from his buff-leather belt, which enhanced the dignity, if not the elegance of his deportment.

"Stop this specchiifying," he exclaimed, regarding Ulric with a sullen look, "let's proceed to business."

"I like to hear a gentleman talk," observed the collegian, "when he keeps-his-temper, like my friend here."

"You compliment me, sir," said Ulric, "I wish you would permit me to keep my purse as well as my temper."

"Though his arguments," pursued the bandit-professor of logic, without noticing the observation of his friend, "are certainly as nonsensical as anything I ever heard, owing, in some measure, to his having been brought-up in an irrational state of society, he is, in consequence, a mass of prejudices from head to foot."

"Never mind about his prejudices," cried the logician's less-communicative colleague, "I should like to see him swing."

"Swing!" exclaimed Ulric, "what do you mean, sirrah?"

"Hang, if you prefer it," replied the bandit, doggedly.

"You had better think about it, twice, my fine fellow," said Ulric, turning-pale, as the ruffian began deliberately to make a noose in the rope, with which he was provided. "Would you really hang me?"
"It's no affair of mine," said the learned gentleman to whom this enquiry was addressed, "I'm merely cashier. I never interfere with the executive department."

So saying, he threw his wallet over his shoulder and moved away, when Ulric, rendered desperate at the prospect of immediate suspension, by a violent effort disengaged his hands, which were tied behind him, and springing on his executioner-elect, a fearful struggle ensued, which terminated in Ulric-throwing his antagonist; but before he could disarm him, the ruffian drew a pistol and discharged it in his adversary's face. Fortunately, it only flashed in the pan, or the consequences must have been fatal. Ulric staggered a few paces, which allowed the bandit time to regain his feet, when they again closed, and after another violent contest, in which Ulric's resolution and energy served to counterbalance his adversary's superior physical advantages, they fell together on the earth, and, in another moment, Ulric felt the fingers of his sanguinary assailant grasping his throat. Further resistance was useless—a drowsiness, a sense of suffocation, stole over him; life was all but extinct, when a shout was heard, and suddenly a figure in a green mantle, hessian-boots and a conical-shaped hat with a velvet band, sprung forward, and seizing the robber with a powerful grasp flung him to a considerable distance.

"Avant you graceless dog!" he exclaimed, with an air of indignant reprobation, as the huge ruffian stood motionless and abashed in his authoritative presence, is that the way in which you crumple a gentleman's fine linen, mauling and scratching like a miserable, uncultivated Hottentot? As I've told you, repeatedly, you're only fit to associate with butchers and blacksmiths. Such uncouth behaviour would never be tolerated in any decent society."

The bandit folded his arms, and scowled with a sort of sullen contempt for the admonition which he had neither the ability nor the courage to resent.

"I must apologise to you, sir, on behalf of this un-mannerly fellow," said the stranger, addressing Ulric, and drawing-off one of his doe-skin gloves, "he has not been long in the force, and we must make some allowance for his ignorance."

"Are you connected," cried Ulric, "with this detestable gang of robbers and cut-throats?"

"Hush," replied the stranger, "don't speak so loud. You are faint and must need some refreshment; come with me, my country-seat or shooting-box is not far hence, and we'll dine together if you have no particular engagement," and taking Ulric's arm, his deliverer conducted him into the forest, followed at a respectful distance by the frowning bandit, who, by cutting-off the leaves with his stick, as he went along, endeavored to disburthen-himself of those splendid humours, which had been denied any more satisfactory mode of gratification.
CHAPTER VI.

Threading the maze intrincacies of the forest, Ulric and his unknown protector at length reached a thicket, where the latter paused, and stooping down removed some pieces of turf, beneath which was discovered a large, flat stone, with an iron ring attached to it. Raising this stone which moved on hinges, a flight of steps appeared cut in the solid rock, which the stranger descended, followed by Ulric, who, feeling that he had nothing to lose, saving his life, upon which he placed a very low estimate, he neither attempted nor desired to effect his escape.

On reaching the foot of this subterraneous staircase, Ulric found himself in a spacious cavern, dimly illuminated from a fire at one extremity, around which lay, sleeping on the ground, some eight or ten swarthy-visaged robbers, while a Negro boy, with bare feet, was roasting chestnuts, the frequent explosion of which startled echoes throughout the cavern, and caused an involuntary convulsion in the sleepers, which seemed mightily to divert the dark, young gentleman who could not help grinning to see his stalwart masters alarmed at such unfounded and trifling reports.

Approaching the recumbent bandits, Ulric's guide unceremoniously saluted one of them with his toe, which merely elicited a growl of acknowledgment; but on a second application, the individual opened his languid eyelids, and expressing his hopes that the captain was in good health, quietly relapsed into his original state of lethargy.

Without bestowing further notice on his sluggish band, the captain bade Ulric follow him to a sort of recess which was separated from the principal excavation with a crimson curtain, furnished too in a style never before dreamt of by an ordinary bandit's upholsterer.

The ruggedness of the walls was concealed with pink-satin hangings, which, converging in the centre of the roof, gave it somewhat the appearance of a superb tent, such as no military captain ever enjoyed in his most luminant campaign. A collection of water-color paintings, chiefly portraits of distinguished beauties—French, German and Italian—indicated that the proprietor of this subterraneous habitation was a person of no common taste and capabilities. The ground was covered with a rich Turkey-carpet and a very small circular, rose-wood table, not much larger than a dumb-waiter, with two or three ottomans, a set of hanging book-shelves, with some elegantly bound volumes and an ormolu time-piece—an ivory-hilted sabre and a silver-mounted rifle, which completed the appointments of this unique apartment.

"This is my boudoir," said the captain, taking off his gloves, "my furniture is necessarily petite, on account of the limited dimensions of my staircase. But, as some English poet says, 'Man wants but little here below.' Be seated—make yourself at home—we have no ladies to interfere with our bachelor predilections for ease and indolence."

And, laughing, the captain rung a small hand-bell, which was answered by the Negro boy, who brought in a boot-jack and a pair of Morocco-slippers. Having
divested himself of his boots, the captain took a small looking-glass from the table-drawer; and while his valet held it before him proceeded to comb his raven musta-
taches, and concluded by dashing some lavendar-water on his hair, which he
evidently deemed worthy of all the care and expense which he lavished upon it.

The captain, apparently between thirty-five and forty years of age, was tall and
somewhat robust. His complexion was dark—his cheek ruddy—his teeth very
white and regular, and, in his handsome countenance and sparkling eyes, there
was an expression of pride mingled with no small portion of vanity, which announced
him to be one of those pleasant fellows who are endear'd by their social qualities to
all who know them, saving their tailors, whose bills they systematically treat with
unmitigated contempt.

The captain having finished his toilet, his black, shoeless valet, proceeded to
place two elegantly cut wine-decan ters upon the table, with some grapes and filberts,
in plates of green porcelain.

"You'll excuse the simplicity of my ménage, it is so seldom that I have company,
What will you take—here are Burgundy and Moselle?"

"Neither" replied Ulric "I have had one narrow escape, already, of my life."
"I know it" replied the captain, sipping his wine "and am sorry for it, but you
have no idea what a set of uncouth cubs (for I can call them nothing better) I have
to deal with—for nearly two years, I have endeavored to drill them into something
like gentlemanly behaviour, but it is all of no avail, and I begin to be quite disgusted
with the whole fraternity, but I hope you don't class me with those bearish fellows?"

"You seem to be their acknowledged leader" said Ulric "and I presume share
in the produce of their villany."

"True" returned the captain, cracking a filbert, but it don't follow that there
should be any identity of conduct or feeling, from my holding an office, if not gene-
 rally considered honorable, at all events of great influence and responsibility. I not
only act as captain, but as schoolmaster to these rascals, and am daily instructing
them in the "humanities," though with what success you yourself have had unpleasant
experience."

"It is to be regretted" said Ulric, "that you do-not initiate them into the myste-
ries of honesty."

The captain tossed-off the contents of his glass, and laughed heartily at this
ludicrous suggestion.

"They must go to another academy" he said, for that branch of instruction—all
I attempt is to refine and elevate their tastes, so that they may-not disgrace-them-
selves by cutting-throats, merely by way of relief to the more serious occupations of
every-day life."

At that moment, a man in a conical-shaped hat entered, bearing a carbine, which
he presented to the captain, with an intimation that it was loaded agreeably to his
directions.

The captain placed the carbine at his feet, and telling his minion to keep-watch,
dismissed him, and resumed the conversation which had been interrupted by his
entrance.
"You think that I live with these fellows?" said the captain, lighting a cigar.

"Why, 'birds of one feather will flock together'" replied Ulric, "at all events pay neither rent nor taxes."

"Quite a mistake" replied the captain, projecting an extensive stream of smoke from his lips "this is merely my shooting-box; my town-residence is at Ratisbon; I don't visit here, more than once or twice a week to audit the accounts, and see that the business of the association is properly conducted."

"Then you never rob in your own person, but only by deputy?" observed Ulric, whose inherent love of sarcasm, even in his then critical situation predominated over every other passion."

"Certainly" cried the captain, with undiminished assurance "who would think of robbing for himself when he could get other people to plunder for him?"

"Very true—that's pure worldly wisdom and practical philosophy" rejoined Ulric, "and you can persuade these halo and raw-boned fellows to risk their own necks, that you may be supported in idleness and luxury: they must have most generous dispositions and a profound regard for their distinguished commander."

"Not at all" exclaimed the captain "they hate me as poison, and would feel as much pleasure in shooting me as they would in shooting you or anybody else, but from one consideration."

The captain paused and regarded his guest or prisoner (whichever term may be most correct) with a look full of significance.

"Strange as it may appear" he said in a lower tone "they could-not do it with exactly the same impunity."

Ulric experienced an involuntary shudder at this ominous remark, but although he felt dubious whether he should ever quit that cavern alive, he still maintained the air of careless defiance, which was one of his native characteristics, and which he deemed best calculated, under existing circumstances, to intimidate his enemies.

"I rather admire your appearance and manners" said the captain, jocularly, "and therefore will be more candid with you, than I should be with strangers generally—though, of course, whatever I tell you, must be considered a privileged communication."

"I cannot promise," replied Ulric "it will entirely depend upon the nature of it."

"Well! I admire your frankness," cried the robber "and I'll tell you at once how I effect my life-insurance. A certain lady, whose portrait you see there, is alone entrusted with the secret of my profession and whereabouts. If anything should prevent my return by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, that is, if these ungrateful scoundrels were to sever my windpipe, or send a bullet whistling through my peregrinum, my inamorata would instantly give such information to the police as would in less than four and twenty hours effect the destruction of the whole community."

"You are an extraordinary person," returned Ulric, "I must acknowledge, but by what strange concatenation of circumstances did you sink or rise (whichever you prefer) to your present anomalous position in the social scale?"

"Would you like to hear my history?" enquired the captain, "it won't detain you very long."
Ulric smiled at this considerate assurance, and the captain having rung his handbell, the black page entered with a cup of coffee on a salver, which his master accepted; then, assuming an easy attitude, he commenced his auto-biography, which will be found entire in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Man," continued the captain, "in the creature of circumstances. Nature made me a gentleman; fortune, a captain of banditti. My father, who was of German extraction, held the important post of premier cook in ordinary to the duke of Modena, which respectable duchy is distinguished by having given-birth to myself, no less than to many other illustrious personages. My father, whose abilities were of no common order, as you may suppose, for his salary was eight hundred pistoles per annum besides perquisites, had seven sons, six of whom were in due course apprenticed to various handicrafts; but seeing that my gay and airy disposition was repugnant to the dull monotonies of trade, my father wisely determined that I should enter the army, and shed a lustre till then unknown upon our house, of which I was so worthy a representative. With this view, I was sent to an establishment for young gentlemen, in order that my education might be consistent with my future destination and position in society. Here, although I had no taste or inclination for learning, I should have done extremely well, had I been left to my own discretion; but no! an evil genius, assuming the shape of my chum, one night tempted me to climb over the private garden-wall of our head-master to purloin some delicious peaches, which it was arranged that I should throw over to him as fast as I gathered them, upon the understanding that they were to be equally divided when our labors were finished. Heaven save us from our friends! Having gathered peaches enough to last us for a week, I was getting back over the wall, where my assistant and partner was waiting (as I fondly imagined) when, judge of my astonishment, instead of the treacherous Jacopo, I encountered the school-master, who had been cunningly lying-in-wait for me, and had himself received the produce of my illegitimate exertions. You may guess the result. I was committed that night to the black-hole preparatory to a more severe punishment on the morrow. My blood boiled within my veins, when I reflected upon the artifice of which I had been the deluded victim, and my native pride revolting at the thought of personal chastisement, I made my escape from duress before sunrise, and started-off upon my travels.

"I had no money in my purse, or more properly speaking my pocket, and having been deprived of my supper the previous night, before walking many miles I found my condition one of considerable embarrassament. There are some people, however, who, if you were to sew them up in a bag, tied hand and foot, and cast them into the sea, would contrive to get back to shore by some means or other. Such was my case. The first town I entered, with a raging appetite, was Bologna—the bakers were just opening their shops, and as I caught sight of the smoking rolls upon
their counters, my heart began to palpitate violently. I had never before—saving with respect to the peaches—been guilty of a fraudulent transaction, but, now, I felt the spirit of rebellion to constitutional government strong within me. While I was ruminating upon the best mode of attaining my object, a prim-looking, elderly gentleman in a tie-wig, with a nosegay in his hand, accosted me, and enquired if I would like to earn a paolo. On my expressing my willingness to make myself generally useful for a moderate consideration, he entrusted me with a letter, a small packet and a nosegay which he directed me to deliver at a certain house, at no great distance, and bring back any answer that I might receive, as quickly as my nimble legs would carry me. I accordingly set off upon my important commission, delivered the letter, packet and nosegay as directed; and after waiting some little time, the lackey returned me the letter, the packet and the nosegay, with instructions to take them back to my employer, and inform him that the only answer his mistress sent was, 'that she had no answer at all to make to so impertinent a communication.' Being curious to learn what the elderly gentleman's letter referred to, I unfolded it—the seal was already broken—and found it run somewhat in the following strain of epistolary sublimity:

"Queen of my soul—"

"If mercy be the highest gem in the diadem of royalty, listen to the last appeal of one, whose heart, before the tribunal of your regnant charms, pleads guilty of love—suffocant, unswallowed and unalterable—and whose only hope of escaping the fangs of unrequited affection is by prostrating himself at your feet, an humble, penitent and devoted supplicant for your beneficent ele—cacy. Yon, gracious sovereign! to accept the inadequate token which I send by the bearer, and of which your slave, trembling for his presumption, ventures to solicit your condescending acceptance. Write but one line to assure him that he is forgiven, when, pressing the delectable missive to his bosom, he will make but one effort to articulate the name of his benefactress, and then—die happy!"

(Signed)

"Angelo."

"From this letter, I concluded that the old gentleman had fallen desperately in love with some young lady, by whom his pretensions were treated with ridicule and contempt. I had just finished reading it, when my attention was drawn to a crowd assembled to witness the feats of an itinerant conjuror. Impelled by curiosity, I pressed forward, not thinking of the valuable article with which I was entrusted, until after the conjuror had finished his performance, when, on my feeling in my pocket, I found, to my dismay, that the casket was missing—I had been robbed. Scarcely knowing what excuse to make to my employer, I returned to the spot, where I had left him. On seeing me, he immediately exclaimed with great eagerness, 'Well, boy, did you leave my letter and packet?' I answered in the affirmative. 'And she kept them?' I looked at the querist with what I intended as a mute appeal to his forbearance. He, however, construed it differently—'Beautiful,' he cried, and almost dancing with joy at the fancied success of his tender proposals, he gave me a ducat for my pains; and before I could offer any explanation he had danced out of my sight.

"Of course, I was by no means sorry at being spared the painful task of telling him what had happened, and as the old gentleman seemed so well satisfied with the
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notion of his Dulcinea having accepted his present, I thought it would be cruel in me to dispel the illusion. Soothing my conscience, therefore, with this reflection, I walked along the road, when, suddenly reaching the place where the conjuror had been performing, I perceived, half covered by the dirt, into which it had fallen, something that looked very much like the casket which I feared had been stolen from me, and on picking it up I found that my anticipations were correct.

"The position in which I then found myself was one of considerable perplexity. How was I to return the casket to its owner, when I knew-not where he was to be met-with, and even if I succeeded, after much trouble, would he be really thankful to me for destroying those golden dreams which, created by confidence in the recognition of his addresses, constituted the prime happiness of his existence. On the other hand, notwithstanding the pressing exigencies of my situation (all my worldly riches being comprised in the ducat with which my doubtful services had been remunerated) of what use or value were those precious jewels? If I attempted to convert them into money, should I not be immediately suspected of having obtained them by fraudulent means, and, probably, committed to the custody of the police! Under those circumstances, it occurred to me that the most prudent and judicious course I could pursue, would be to wait upon the lady to whom that touching epistle was addressed, and learn from her the address of its infatuated writer, whose protestations she had treated with such inexplicable disdain. There was another motive which animated me in this proceeding. I was curious to see the angelic creature, whose charms had created such a revolution in the old bachelor's sensibilities, and I rejoiced at having an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity without doing violence to the native modesty of my disposition.

"On stating my wishes for an interview with his mistress to the fat butler whom I saw on my first visit, he regarded me with an air of good-humoured surprise, and requested to know the nature of my business. To this application I answered that my business was of a private nature, and such as I could alone communicate to the lady who was interested in the object of my mission.

"After some further parley, the major domo reluctantly proceeded to execute my wishes, and in a few seconds I was ushered into a spacious and elegantly furnished apartment, where he left me, breathless with admiration.

"Seated in a fauteuil of azure-colored satin, a lady, whose age I conjectured to be about six or eight-and-twenty, was engaged in reading, apparently, some pleasing work of fiction, from the smiling complacency of her demeanour. Her hair, arranged with graceful simplicity, was very dark, as also her eyes, which were re-dolent of eloquence and feeling. She wore a dress of purple velvet, which, exhibiting her fine figure in its fullest proportions, left visible a white and delicately-moulded arm, of which a golden snake, set with rubies, was the only ornament. There was in her tout ensemble an intelligence and self-possession which enforced respect, while the unstudied elegance of her manner, and the graceful dignity of her carriage, would have justified much greater extravagances than were contained in that declaration, by which the venerable Adonis, whose messenger I had been, endeavored to win her approbation of his ridiculous suit.
"'I beg your pardon, madam,' I said, with some little embarrassment, for her dazzling beauty had taken me quite by surprise.

'Have you brought another letter from that silly old gentleman who sent me the nosegay this morning?' she enquired with a smile.

'Oh no, madam,' I replied, 'my only object in calling was to learn where the old gentleman resides, if you would be kind enough to inform me.'

'I then stated in a few words the circumstance that had happened, and my anxious desire to restore the lost treasure to its rightful owner.

'The lady seemed much pleased with the intelligence, and caressing a spaniel which had been sleeping at her feet, she said, laughing, 'you have acted very properly, and are much to be commended for your honest intentions, but, really, I think it would only be a proper punishment for this troublesome old gentleman's impertinence, if we were to give the casket and its contents to some poor person, taking care, of course, that it should come to his knowledge what a high value we set upon his presents. I will consult with the count upon it.'

'As the lady spoke, an elegant calèche drove up to the door of the villa, and its driver handing the reins to the groom who sat behind him, entered the house, and was presently ushered into the presence of its fair occupant.

'He was a tall and handsome-looking person, in the prime of life, very fashionably dressed, and had that air of graceful but unaffected dignity which his fine figure, clad in a simple, blue frock-coat was so well calculated to sustain.

'My dear count,' cried the lady, 'I think of doing a charitable action, and I wish you to sanction it.'

'Granted,' replied the count, 'upon one condition—that you keep my authority for your benevolence a profound secret, so as not to irritate my creditors: but who is this young stranger?' and he regarded me with a look of very dubious encouragement.

'Oh! that is the chosen messenger of a certain elderly gentleman, from whom I this morning received a letter.'

'A letter,' ejaculated the count, his cheek glowing with indignation.

'Stop!' said the lady, laughing, 'accompanied with a beautiful bouquet.'

'A bouquet' cried the count, with still increasing astonishment.

'And also a casket containing a necklace and a locket with some charming specimens of his own hair in it.'

'The count answered with an oath, his eyes flashing most fearfully. 'I told you when he so annoyed us at the opera, that I should be compelled to horsewhip him—the miserable old dol!'

'And, agitated by his jealous emotions, the count paced the apartment for moments, in silence, then, suddenly turning to me, he demanded the name and abode of the individual by whom I had been employed. I then fully explained to him what had transpired, upon which he instantly recovered his temper, and laughed heartily, as I described the old gentleman's delight, when, on my returning to him without the casket, he naturally concluded that it had been accepted and retained by the lady, to whom I had been commissioned to deliver it.'
"‘You need not concern yourself any further about this affair’ said the count.
‘I will make that my business—you may go.’

‘This was rather an abrupt and ungracious acknowledgment for the trouble
which I had taken, and so the lady of the house seemed to consider it, for, asking me
if I would not like some refreshment, she gave me in charge to the butler, by whom
I was conducted to the housekeeper’s room, where the servants were just sitting
down to dinner, and where I made a very agreeable and hearty repast.

‘It so happened that the lady’s page—a youth about my own age—had recently
been obliged to leave his situation, on account of ill-health, and, on my expressing a
wish to obtain some employment, which involved no great amount of exertion (for
which by-the-bye I always entertained a decided antipathy) the housekeeper, who
seemed rather prepossessed by my appearance, kindly offered to speak to her mis-
tress in my behalf. The result was, that I forthwith found myself installed in an
office, which, if scarcely consistent with my education, was very well suited to my
disposition, which delighted in smart apparel, good living, and merry society, with
which, and an indulgent mistress, I deemed myself a very happy and enviable
personage, and would not have changed places with the prime minister, had the
opportunity been offered me; but I was always distinguished for contentment and
moderation.

‘My mistress was the widow of a French charge d’affaires who had been dead about
twelve months, but whose loss she did not seem very deeply to deplore. An ele-
gant, gay and fascinating widow, she was extremely partial to the opera, whither
she frequently went, accompanied by Count Belino, her preux chevalier, upon whom
it was reported she looked with feelings of more than common admiration. In fact,
it was only motives of respect for the departed that prevented their immediate union:
and as such meritorious patience is not often found in widow’s weeds, it is therefore
more deserving of commendation; but I am digressing—now then to our subject.

‘The widow, as well by reason of her wealth as her charms of person and manner,
had a long train of admirers, amongst whom the most importunate was the elderly
gentleman I have before spoken of, and whose practice it was to station himself in
the pit-stalls of the opera, and keep his attention constantly fixed upon the widow,
who, of course, was greatly annoyed at this impertinence, as was also Count Belino,
who repeatedly vowed to chastise the delinquent, and, with my humble assistance,
an opportunity soon offered itself of carrying his threats into execution.

‘One night, soon after I entered the widow’s service, my mistress and the count
went to the opera together, and there, as usual, was the elderly gentleman with his
opera-glass directed at the object of his unceasing adoration. Shortly before the
performance concluded, the count came out, and told me that he had arranged for
my mistress to return home in a friend’s carriage, and directed me to wait at the pit-
entrance till the old gentleman came out, and then I was to whisper to him that the
widow would be happy if he would accompany her home in her carriage, an invita-
tion of which we doubted—not the infatuated old beau would avail himself with avidity.

‘The plot succeeded as we had anticipated: the old gentleman almost delirious with
the joy eagerly stepped into our carriage, where the count, whom he mistook for
widow sat muffled in his cloak—the door was slammed to, and off we drove at a rapid pace, down one of the darkest thoroughfares of the city. What transpired in the carriage, between count Belino and his venerable rival, I subsequently learnt, by overhearing the conversation between the count and my mistress, on his arrival at her residence. Being a key-hole report I suppose it must be treated with all the delicacy of a privileged communication.

"So, sir," said the count, addressing the terrified old bachelor, with an expression of malicious gratification "you will persist in annoying a certain lady with your impertinence."

"I amnoy!" stammered forth the poor old gentleman, his knees saluting each other with terror. "I would not be guilty of annoying a lady, if it were to save my life. It's quite a mistake, sir! I'm unfortunately very short-sighted."

"No doubt," replied the count, "or you would have seen, long ago, that your behavior could not be suffered to pass without some sort of acknowledgment."

"But I assure you," cried the old gentleman, with manifest uneasiness, "I am not joking."

"On that point, then," resumed the count, "our feelings are very much in unison, of which I will give you a convincing proof, immediately."

"So saying, the count pulled the check-string, when the carriage stopped on the centre of the bridge which we were crossing, beyond whose parapets shone the broad and rapid-glowing river, on which the full-moon poured its radiance from a cloudless sky.

"Now, sir," cried the count, presenting a pistol at his prisoner, whose teeth chattered like an angry monkey's "take your choice—will you be shot through the head as you are, hung-up on yonder lamp-post, or tied in a sack and thrown into the river? There, don't be afraid to speak—it's a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"Mercy!—mercy!" gasped the old bachelor, clasping his hands, and sinking on his knees, speechless, in the extremity of his agitation.

"Death!" exclaimed the count, knitting his brows "nothing but death will afford security to the lady whom you have insulted, against a repetition of your audacious conduct—decide—quick!—pistol—post or river."

"I swear, on my honor," chattered the miserable old man, with the earnestness of one pleading for his precious life "I swear never—never more to speak to—to look at—to dream of her again—never—never—never" and clasping his enemy's hand, he grasped it convulsively, while tears gushed from his eyes.

"It is too late, sir, your doom is sealed—the river, there, must be your resting-place, to-night: and, throwing off his cloak, the count made a feint of seizing the old gentleman, when, urged to desperation, the poor wretch sprung by a sudden effort over the coach-door and tumbled headlong into the mud, whilst the count, laughing heartily at the condition of his prostrate foe, desired us to drive home, leaving the poor old bachelor to recover himself, and meditate upon his blighted prospects, with a broken head and an exasperating rheumatism, at his own convenient leisure.

"Three weeks after this occurrence, my mistress and count Belino were united.
in the bans of holy matrimony, and set-off for Baden, whither I went, also, and there I had some time afterwards the strange felicity of meeting my first wife—for I have been (and may be now, for ought I know) a respectable married man, though, perhaps, you think neither my manners nor stile of living are quite consistent with the solemnity of connubial life. Marriage is usually considered a serious subject, but on my conscience I can never help feeling merry when I think in what an extraordinary manner my tender heart was slipped into a halter. Listen:—"The count and his lady lived together very happily, notwithstanding that neither possessed what is termed a domesticated disposition. The principle upon which they acted, was that of mutual forbearance. The count permitted his consort to indulge in her taste for gay and fashionable society—operas, soirées, balls, and so on—while she never complained of his neglect, nor sought to divert him from those nocturnal pursuits, in which his prolonged absence from the domestic-hearth pronounced him to be engaged. The fact is, it was matter of universal notoriety, that the count was an experienced and wily gamaster, and one, I fancy, much more likely to divest others of their superfluous plumage than to be made-a-pigeon-of, himself.

"Though there was but little regularity and system in the count's establishment; and though our wages were not paid with much punctuality, I found my situation neither irksome nor disagreeable. I had plenty of leisure—was at liberty to spend my evenings where I pleased, and to take as much pleasure as my finances would allow; and being of an ardent temperament, you may be sure that I did-not let the opportunity slip of seeing life under all its various aspects, thus acquiring that extensive knowledge of mankind, which enabled me ultimately to assume the commanding position which (pardon my egotism) I at present so ably fill. My master's wardrobe being under my exclusive superintendence, I was wont occasionally to disguise-myself in a suit of his most recherché habiliments, in order to recommend-myself to the grissettes and ladies'-maids, whose smiles it was my felicity to secure, and who looked upon me as a man of distinction and property. Of course, my superior manners had some influence in perpetuating this impression, but candor compels me to ascribe the greater importance to my coat—a reflection not much calculated to enhance the moral grandeur of our imperfect humanity.

"Sanguine, volatile and audacious, love-making was, of course the prime business of my life, but I did-not confine my attention entirely to that inexhaustible banquet of honey. Like my noble master, I also cultivated an acquaintance with the mysteries of Rouge et Noir and La Merveille, though on a scale commensurate with my more limited resources. The establishment which I honored with my patronage, was opposite to the more fashionable pandemonium, where the count was, I suspect, accustomed to perform with cards and dice, some eccentric but ingenious feats of legerdemain. It was about two o'clock one morning that I was engaged at the hazard-table, with some twenty or more gentlemen-players, like myself, when we were alarmed by sounds of disturbance proceeding from one of the apartments in the gaming-house, on the other side of the way. On looking out, I could perceive that there was a violent altercation going-forward, and being
anxious to learn the particulars, I hastened down-stairs, and I al just reached the
door of the rival establishment, when I saw my master, with a number of other
gentlemen, in a state of great excitement, amongst whom also was one with a
couple of swords under his arm. On reaching the street, they directed their steps
towards a vacant spot of ground at the outskirts of the town. I guessed, in an
instant, what was about to take-place. My master had quarrelled with somebody,
and they were going to settle their differences in mortal combat. My conjecture
proved to be correct. They soon arrived at the place which I have just mentioned,
where the party paused, and, after some little discussion between their friends, the
intending combatants, stepping-forth in the pale moonlight, deliberately crossed
their swords and proceeded to business. The count’s antagonist, though his
superior in height and strength, was deficient in coolness, address and dexterity.
He made some desperate lunges, which the count parrying, he could have easily
rendered him hors de combat, had he felt so disposed. The count, however, was
not of a vindictive temper, and seemed reluctant to inflict any serious injury upon
his rash and headstrong opponent—till the latter, having by a fierce blow broken the
other’s sword, so as to render it useless for his own protection, he was compelled
to close with his antagonist, and after a severe struggle he succeeded in wresting
the weapon from his grasp, and running it through his body from the point to the hilt,
with what result may be easily divined. The slaughtered giant pressed both his
hands to his heart, and, with a deep groan, fell, to the horror of the spectators,
apparently lifeless on the ground.

"While efforts were being made to staunch the bleeding, count Belino looked-on
in silence, though apparently hesitating what course to pursue, under such embar-
assing circumstances. At this critical juncture, an idea struck me, and stepping-
up to the count, I whispered to him ‘Give me your sword and cloak, I will take
the responsibility of this affair upon myself; and while they are keeping me priso-
ner you will have time to cross the frontiers—flee!’

"The count gazed at me with an air of perplexed astonishment, but there was
no time to be lost, for, presently, some lanterns were seen in the distance,
announcing the approach of the night-watch, hastening to the scene of their fatal
rendezvous. Perceiving that if he remained, he could render no assistance to his
unfortunate adversary, whilst he only compromised his own safety, the count at
length yielded to his friend’s entreaties, and giving me his cloak and sword, which
were still dripping with blood, he forthwith retreated from the ground. A few
minutes afterwards, the watch came-up, and perceiving me with a blood-stained
weapon in my hand, I was instantly arrested and conveyed to the residence of the
burgomaster, where, from respect to my assumed rank (for I took-care to let them
understand I was a count) they allotted me a snug little bed-room, instead of com-
mitting me to a damp and noisome cell, as would probably have been my fate, had
I been a common offender.

"In quitting my chamber in the morning, I was accosted by a portly but affable
gentleman, who proved to be the burgomaster, who in the politest manner expressed
his regret at being the official instrument of my detention, and warmly apologised
for the meagre accommodation which he could afford his distinguished prisoner. He then conducted me into the parlour where breakfast was prepared, and introduced me to a young lady, who presided at the tea-urn, whom he informed me was his niece and housekeeper. By his pressing invitation, I sat-down and made a hearty breakfast, the burgomaster overwhelming me with his obsequious civilities, and informing me that he had had the honor some years before of attesting the signature of my illustrious father, to whom he considered, with all due deference, I bore a marvellous resemblance!

"The burgomaster's niece was a young lady of tall figure and regular features, but with somewhat too sedate a demeanour to excite my unqualified admiration. She was, however, very attentive to me, and when the burgomaster retired, we had a little conversation together, of a very interesting and confidential description.

"What a pity it is," she said, having previously spoken of the unfortunate affair to which I was indolent for the pleasure of her society, "that so many young noblemen should be led-away by designing men, and induced to sacrifice their fortunes and their reputation to the wild delights of gaming."

"It is," I replied, "but what other resource have we—solitary and hypochondriacal bachelors—we cannot live without excitement of some description."

"But are there not," she returned, "more innocent modes of excitement than those which the dice-box and the card-table present to the vivid imagination of youth."

"Yes," I answered, with a sigh "There is love."

"I did-not speak of that," she said, as the blushes mantled on her cheek.

"The most delicious and intoxicating of all," I continued with earnestness, perceiving that I had already made a favorable impression, "but when, by the perverseness, the haughtiness, the coldness, or the faithfulness of woman—"

"She cast-down her eyes, and a visible thrill shot over her features, emanating, probably, from the pangs of self-reproach. Had she been fickle? I suspected it must be so.

"When," I repeated, "we are forbidden by woman's fickleness to refresh our warm spirits at the pure fountain, what wonder is it that we fly to the maddening goblet, with which fortune is ever ready to supply the reckless sons of passion, the devoted victims of a shattered heart and a burning brain."

"But you," rejoined my fair consoler, "have never, I trust, experienced those sorrows which you so vividly portray—you, endowed with all the brilliant gifts which ambition can desire."

"She uttered those words in a tone and with a look of sympathy, which I shall never forget, even to my dying-day.

"I was silent, but my countenance bore-witness that I was struggling with deep emotion.

"Can you not, madam," I said, with melancholy gestures, "see in my wasted frame the effects of that fearful shock to which my tenderest feelings have so recently been exposed?"

"You are very pale," said the lovely soother.
"I drew forth my handkerchief with true dramatic pathos, and held it up to conceal the smiles, which, despite of my strenuous efforts, would insist upon torturing my facial muscles.

"But you should endeavour to banish those distressing reflections,' pursued my sweet charmer, 'let the past be buried in oblivion. Kindle anew the torch of hope; and let imagination's eagle-eye look forward over the dark ocean of present griefs to the rising sun of future happiness; you are young, noble and affluent.'

"I am.'

"'Why, then, despair?'

"'Ah madam,' I exclaimed, pressing my hand to my forehead, 'if I knew but one sympathising spirit in this wide world that would pour the balm of consolation into my wounds—then—then, indeed, I should be happy.'

"As I pronounced those thrilling sentiments, I cast a glance at the burgomaster's niece, that would have pierced a heart of adamant. She was evidently touched with pity for my sufferings, and with admiration for my title. There is something so irresistibly fascinating in the abstract idea of a count, and—manyre the proverbial vanity of valets—I was not such a bad-looking representative of nobility, and judging from my present corpulence, you might readily have imagined me to have been noble.

"The entrance of the burgomaster, accompanied by a short gentleman in black with silver buckles, whom he introduced as a notary, competent and willing to render me professional assistance, prevented our conversation from pursuing that sentimental course into which it had so strangely been directed. In consequence of my supposed antagonist not being yet pronounced out of danger, it was proposed by the burgomaster and willingly assented to by me, that I should remain at his house, instead of being removed to the county-gaol pending the result of this unfortunate affair of honor.

"I had, therefore, frequent opportunities of conversing with the burgomaster's niece, and every interview drew closer the ties of our mutual attachment. 'Pity,' they say, 'is akin to love!' and having first established a claim upon her sympathy, it was not long before I could discover that a more tender feeling had taken possession of her bosom, and that she was, 'the ministering angel,' who was prepared to console me for those afflictions which sprang from woman's 'faithlessness' and of which the appalling tokens were my drooping spirits and my 'wasted frame.'

"To make a long story short, by impassioned protestations of love, I succeeded in the brief space of one week, in prevailing upon the burgomaster's niece to elope with me, by which means I at once regained my liberty, and secured a wife with some twenty-thousand golden recommendations. She had conceived a violent affection for my title, and I was animated by a glowing passion for her real and personal estate, so you see there was not much loss of sentimentalism between us.

There was one little difficulty, however, in the execution of our project, and it was the want of funds on my part—a deficiency which I at once candidly communicated to my expectant bride, and which she cheerfully and generously supplied, by placing in my hands, just before we departed, all her jewels, and a small amount
of acceptable hard-cash. We were married in some romantic, little, whitewashed chapel among the mountains, whence we started for the spas of Kissingen to spend our honeymoon, which fate decreed should be sweet, but of woefully short duration.

"It was a beautiful evening, a fortnight after our nuptials, that I and my ador-able Felicia were sitting on a rustic-bench in the pleasure-grounds of those delightful spas, watching the promanaders and listening to the dulcet strains of an instrument-al band, which proceeded from the contiguous saloon, where the votaries of Terpsichore might be seen in dreamy ecstasy performing the rapid gyrations of the delirious waltz.

"Suddenly, as I was sinking into a moralising mood—impressed, I suppose, with the awful responsibilities of married life—I was startled by receiving a smart salute with a cane on my shoulder, from behind, and turning round perceived an elderly gentleman, in a white hat, and a green jacket, with an uplifted ratan, to which I was evidently indebted for the blows, of which I forthwith demanded an explanation.

"'What, you don't know me—eh, you scamp?' exclaimed the elderly gentle-
man, in a towering passion, and shaking his cane menacingly.

"'You seem, sir, to be laboring under some extraordinary hallucination,' I re-
plied, for I could hardly help smiling at his mistake, while I was smarting from it 'pray have you not just made your escape from a lunatic asylum? you evidently have no acquaintance with the person whom you have so unwarrantably attacked.'

"'Haven't I?' returned the old gentleman with a savage grin 'were you not some time since in the service of count Belino?'

"'Good Heavens!' I exclaimed, perfectly thunderstruck at the accusation.

"'Perhaps' rejoined the malicious old fellow 'you have forgotten the trick which you and your scoundrel master played me, by inviting me to ride home in madame Lucilla's carriage?'

"What unaccountable stupidity prevented me from recognising my assailant, be-
fore, I cannot imagine, but, at those words, the truth suddenly flashed upon my mind. Here was the identical sexagenerian, whose importunities had provoked the count to adopt that summary mode of chastisement, on his return from the opera, which you have doubtless not forgotten.

"'The poor gentleman is evidently insane' I said, addressing my wife, 'let us
leave him to his own reflections.'

"'What does he mean by such insolence?' demanded Felicia with an air of
haughty indignation.

"'Mean?' exclaimed the old bachelor grinding his teeth, as if his tumble out of
the count's carriage was still vividly impressed upon his bones 'I mean that that
saucy varlet, who was lackey to count Belino——'

"'Lackey?' cried Felicia, clapping my arm convulsively, and turning pale with astonishment and terror' this, sir, is the count Belino himself.

"The old gentleman folded-his-hands behind him, and looking at Felicia with a
smile of malicious commiseration, absolutely chuckled in her face. I could have re-
duced him to impalpable atoms, had it not been for a concourse of inquisitive people
who, attracted by the irritable tone of our conversation, were attentively watching our proceedings.

"'He, the count?" cried the miserable old sinner, with a cachination that almost choked him 'that's capital! and I suppose you are the countess?'

"I could restrain my indignation no longer, but tearing myself away from my shrieking Felicia, I grasped the spiteful old villain by the collar, and was about to shake him to pieces, when I was arrested by loud exclamations of 'shame,' and several gentlemen advancing, compelled me to relinquish my hold and levelled at me the most degrading epithets for my cowardice in laying hands upon one, whose age and infirmities should have protected him from punishment, notwithstanding the amount of provocation which might have been offered to his assailant. On looking round, I discovered that Felicia had fainted in the arms of some tender-hearted young ladies, who were busily engaged in applying their smelling-bottles to accomplish her restoration. Before this desideratum, however, was attained, I had effected my retreat, and jumping into a diligence, before the sun rose, next morning, I was many leagues distant from the vengeance of Felicia and the spas of Kissingen.

"My subsequent career—though quite as adventurous as my former—it would at present occupy too much time to narrate. A strolling player—a government inspector, vulgo, spy—a contrabandist—a lottery projector—a matrimonial agent—I at length assumed the command of a regular, well-disciplined and intelligent corps of banditti, in which high office you now behold me, as happy as a prince, and quite as much respected by all on whom I levy contributions. After this compliment to myself, I will give you a toast 'Here's success to the rogues who have courage and wit to deserve it'—huzza!"

So saying, the captain tossed-off a bumper of Burgundy, and having rung the hand-bell for his sable-valet, desired him to serve coffee, immediately.

CHAPTER VII.

Ulric, who had been much entertained by the bandit captain—captain Gilstper's narrative, was nevertheless inclined to suspect there was some exaggeration in his account of his extraordinary marriage. To satisfy himself upon this point, he proceeded to make a few enquiries of his gallant host.

"Your marriage said Ulric' must have then taken-place some eighteen or twenty years ago."

"About that time" replied the captain—lighting his cigar "I am eight-and-thirty now, and have not a single grey hair either in my head or my whiskers."

"Have you no idea what has become of the lady you so cruelly deceived?"

"I understand " replied the captain " that she is residing at Prague, along with her daughter."

"Her daughter?" exclaimed Ulric, "you are jesting."

"Fact" returned the captain, laconically.
"I come from Prague, myself" said Ulric, "perhaps I may happen to know her—what name does she bear?"

"Why, I believe, she goes by her maiden name—Madame Koffmann."

"Madame Koffmann?" exclaimed Ulric, starting-up with an air of astonishment, of which language can convey no adequate impression—"Madame Koffmann? why, that is my aunt."

"Your aunt?" returned the captain, laughing, "is it possible—I, then, am your uncle, and my daughter—"

At this observation, Ulric sunk into his seat, completely paralysed by this extraordinary discovery. For some minutes, he remained buried in abstraction. A new light broke in upon his mind—the plot of which he had been the victim, now appeared in all its inherent baseness. No wonder that madame Koffmann had exercised all the arts of an experienced intriguer to effect an union between her ward and the son of her brother—the issue of a sui-dominant count, of a quandam inferior and an existing robber; madame Koffmann was naturally anxious that Bertha should form an alliance with her nephew, in preference to uniting herself with a stranger, by whom impertinent inquiries might be instituted, which might ultimately lead to the detection of her unenviable paternity. His excitement, as these reflections pressed upon him, would have prompted Ulric, had time and opportunity permitted, to have taken the most signal revenge which could be engendered from a sense of persecution and duplicity.

The captain, whose curiosity was excited by Ulric's eccentric behaviour, demanded the cause of his agitation, upon which Ulric made an unreserved communication of all the circumstances connected with his recent union with Bertha, and concluded by expressing his satisfaction at the information he had received, and his determination to make it available for the accomplishment of his revenge. Captain Giltspur, having cordially consented to promote his views, it was arranged that Ulric should write a letter to his aunt, desiring her to meet him on the following day, alone, at some hotel within a few leagues of Prague—a request with which madame Koffmann, presuming it was for the purpose of being reconciled to Bertha, would, he doubted not, unhesitatingly comply.

The condition upon which captain Giltspur undertook to render his assistance, was, that Ulric should insist upon madame Koffmann paying to him, forthwith, under pain of exposure, the sum of five thousand florins, leaving Ulric at liberty to make such further stipulations for his own benefit, as he might deem expedient, and which, if not directly anticipated by the reader, will presently appear in the conference between madame Koffmann and her son-in-law, which we shall have occasion hereafter to describe.

This matter having been arranged, Ulric wrote the proposed letter, which the captain despatched by a messenger on horseback, with proper instructions for its delivery, it being deemed neither requisite nor expedient that the bearer should wait for a reply.

It was interesting but painful to observe the sudden change which had taken-place in Ulric's manner. His gloomy depression had been succeeded by a state of high
and almost unnatural exhilaration, which, however, his frenzied eye shewed to proceed rather from the anticipation of revenge than from any mirthful or benevolent emotion. He pledged the bandit in copious draughts of Burgundy—laughed, with pedantly-singer, sang, smashes of warlike airs, and concluded by rising-up—his countenance flushed with excitement,—and boastfully vowing that he would humble the pride of unsame Koffmann, or devote himself to a course of eternal perdition—a declaration which the bandit loudly applauded, and shaking Ulric's hand with unaffected cordiality, he pronounced him to be one after his own heart and offered him a lieutenantcy in his band, with all the honors and emoluments of right thereunto appertaining.

Suddenly, while Ulric and his jovial host were in the height of their Bacchicalian enjoyment, they were startled by a shrill whistle, which the captain recognised as the signal of impending danger, from some of his followers, who were on guard, without. Snatching-up his rifle, he hastened to join his men in the cavern, all of whom, aroused from their slumber, were actively but silently engaged in loading their muskets, and preparing to resist any threatened attack. In a recess of their stronghold was a magazine containing powder and other combustible materials, from which, by Giltsper's direction, a train of gunpowder was laid to a dark and narrow passage, which formed an inlet from the cavern, and by which its occupants could effect their escape from an enemy, and afterwards obtain admittance by the ordinary means of ingress. The bandits had just completed their defensive preparations, when the sound of voices was heard, immediately overhead, from which they ascertained that it was a military detachment endeavoring to discover their place of concealment. All eyes were bent upon their leader, with looks which spoke of confidence in their powers of resistance, and determination to forfeit their liberty only with their lives. A solemn silence prevailed, broken only by the crackling of the faggots, from which one of the robbers extracted a brand, and stood prepared to fire the train, should the exigencies of their situation render that proceeding necessary. Motioning his men to be silent, captain Giltsper advanced to the foot of the rocky staircase, and listened, as the sound of a pickaxe announced that the enemy was about to invade his secret territory. Not a moment was to be lost. Returning to the cavern, he desired three of his ablest men to follow him with loaded arms. The order was promptly obeyed. Ascending the rugged steps, they crouched-down with their muskets pointed upwards, in order that, immediately an opening was made by the besiegers, they might fire upon them with fatal effect. In a few seconds, the stone which covered the mouth of the cave was removed, and the two soldiers were about to descend, when they were repulsed by a discharge of musketry, when one, if not both fell mortally wounded. A shout from their comrades was answered by the banditti below, while, rushing back to the cavern, Giltsper directed his men to prepare for flight; then, snatching the flaming brand from the man who held it, he applied it to the train of powder which was laid in a zig-zag direction, for the purpose of affording time for escape. As the robbers rushed along the narrow passage, a vivid blaze shot up; but before it reached its destination, their pursuers had arrived at the cavern, and, startled by
the flames, which were increased by the ignition of some brushwood and other loose fuel, were about to retire, when a sudden and loud explosion was heard, followed by several others in rapid succession. The cavern was instantly filled with dense volumes of smoke, which, penetrating the fissures in its roof, arrested the attention of those who remained, without; when, alarmed for the safety of their comrades, they descended into the cave, and found that ten of their number had already perished—their blackened corpses being strewn on the earth, and several others being in a condition which rendered their immediate removal necessary, and which was only accomplished with considerable difficulty and delay. In the mean time, the bandits had effected their retreat, and, aided by the increasing darkness, and the obscure entanglements of the forest, without fear of being successfully pursued.

CHAPTER VII.

On the following day, Ulric repaired to the hotel at Ratisbon, where he had appointed to meet madame Koffmann. Captain Gilsper, for obvious reasons, had no desire to be present at the conference; but he lent Ulric a miniature-portrait of himself, in order to assist madame Koffmann's memory, should it be requisite, and arranged with Ulric to rejoin him, and learn the result of his negotiations, so far as the captain was personally concerned.

From the peculiar tenor of Ulric's letter to his aunt, which contained certain mysterious hints sufficient to excite curiosity, without affording any precise information, Ulric felt confident that his summons would be obeyed; nor was he less sanguine in his expectations of accomplishing the object of his interview. His heart still fondly clung to the remembrance of Therese, and he now saw with feelings of ineffable delight, a prospect of being released from his union with one to whom he had never given any other assurance of affection, but that implied in the ceremonious presentation of his hand. Once emancipated from that degrading thralldom, he would hasten to throw-himself at the feet of her whose love could alone tranquilize his mind, and effectually subdue that wild spirit of political speculation, from whose effects he had so long and so severely suffered.

At the hour appointed, madame Koffmann's carriage drove-up to the hotel, when she was immediately ushered into the apartment where Ulric was waiting her arrival.

The demeanour of madame Koffmann was cold, haughty—almost disdainful—while Ulric was in a remarkable degree affable and complaisant. He was evidently only sustaining a character, but the assumption was too transparent to escape the quick penetration of his auditor.

Ulric, in obedience to the demands of etiquette, commenced the colloquial overture:—"I presume" he said, with a bland smile, when his aunt was seated "that you can guess the motive which suggested this interview to-day?"

Without deigning to look at him, madame Koffmann coldly desired him to explain-himself.
"I will," said Ulric, with a glance of fire that betrayed the volcano which was ready to burst within his bosom, "though, perhaps, madame Koffmann, I have no claim upon your sympathy, yet I do-not hesitate, in confidence, to tell you, that I am unhappy."

"It is the punishment due to your own indiscretion" replied his aunt "the remorse which is sooner or later experienced by a wanton and malicious heart."

"Thank you" returned Ulric, "for an explanation which reflects equal credit upon your candor and your understanding, but, madam, if it would-not be deemed impertinent in me to ask the question, is it not matter of reasonable surprise, that having formed so flattering an estimate of my moral qualities, you should have permitted your ward to enter into an alliance which was not likely to be attended with very felicitous consequences?" "I did hope" rejoined madame Koffmann, that, when united to a young and amiable woman, your disposition would be ameliorated, and that you would have made-atonement for the errors of your former life—but we have been cruelly—most cruelly deceived."

"Cruelly deceived" said Ulric, in a tone of sardonic irony "is this the first time, madame Koffmann, in the whole course of your extensive experience, that you have been cruelly deceived?"

"I neither heed nor understand your taunts" exclaimed madame Koffmann, indignantly "and if your object in appointing this interview was merely to add insult to injury, rest assured, sir, that you will have cause to repent of your insolence, for no power which the law can afford shall be wanting to punish you for your profligate baseness—your heartless treachery."

So saying, madame Koffmann rose-up, and was about quitting his presence, when Ulric, perceiving that his natural tendency to sarcasm had carried him further than prudence warranted, lost no time in allaying his aunt's resentment.

"Sit down, madam—do-not let us part so abruptly" said Ulric, with an air of anxious deference, I had no intention of wounding your feelings—far from it. When laboring under momentary excitement, our words must-not be too minutely criticised."

Madame Koffmann resumed her seat, but her looks indicated a watchful suspicion, which Ulric observed with much satisfaction, as it tended to confirm the authenticity of captain Giltspur's extraordinary statement. He already felt-persuaded that his aunt's sensitiveness sprung from reminiscences of a tender nature, and that she had, indeed, been cruelly deceived.

"You are aware, madame Koffmann" said Ulric with solemn gravity "that when I married Bertha Fullenburg I loved another."

"I knew it not, sir" replied madame Koffmann, firmly.

"It is false" exclaimed Ulric with passionate vehemence "and, more than that, madam, you knew that it was a marriage of necessity."

"A marriage of necessity" returned madame Koffmann "what do you mean by that scandalous imputation?"

"To explain my meaning" answered Ulric "would require an historical summary
upon which it would, at the present moment, perhaps, be neither convenient nor agreeable to enter."

Ulric paused, and regarded his aunt with a look, so significant, that its import could scarcely be misconstrued by the most obtuse spectator.

"It is my wish," pursued Ulric, "and my determination, also, to be divorced from the person to whom you stand in the assumed relation of guardian."

"Assumed!" cried Madame Koffmann with astonishment.

"Assumed," said Ulric, calmly, as he drew forth the miniature lent him by the captain of banditti. He presented it to his aunt, and said: "Do you recognize that portrait, madam?"

Madame Koffmann took the miniature, and became suddenly pale and agitated.

"You acknowledge, madam," continued Ulric, with a scornful turn of his lip, "that I did not employ the term which so greatly excited your surprise, improperly or unadvisedly?"

"Ulric Koffmann," cried Bertha's mother, grasping her nephew's arm, with fearful earnestness, "tell me, I conjure you, from whom did you obtain this portrait?"

"From its original, madam," replied Ulric, "from your husband."

"Who lives?" ejaculated Madame Koffmann, in extreme agitation.

"Who lives?" returned Ulric, "and whose presence I can command within five minutes, if you wish it?"

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Madame Koffmann, almost fainting with terror; "can it be possible?"

A smile of vindictive triumph lit up Ulric's expressive features, as he gazed upon his humbled foe.

"You see, madam!" he said, in a subdued and taunting tone: "that your secret is in my power, but although my heart be so wanton and malicious as you represent it, I will not presume upon the intelligence I have acquired: be reasonable, and so will I—accede to my proposition, and you are safe—reject it, and—you know the consequences."

"Speak!" said Madame Koffmann with emotion; "what—what do you desire?"

"An immediate divorce from your daughter."

"It shall be done!" replied Madame Koffmann, only promise nevertwo divulge one syllable.

"There is another stipulation, which, though not personally interested, I have undertaken to enforce for his benefit—the sum of five thousand florins must be paid forthwith, to ensure his and my secrecy for ever."

"Five thousand florins!" exclaimed Madame Koffmann with amazement; "I cannot—you know my circumstances! Ulric—it would be my ruin."

"Then you refuse?"

"Say, 'one thousand,' Ulric, and it shall be paid immediately."

"Five thousand is his demand," replied Ulric; "and I know that he will not abate one silver."

Madame Koffmann placed her handkerchief to her eyes and wept—not for her deserted daughter, but for the sacrifice of her riches.
"Give me pen and paper" she said faintly.

The materials were supplied, and madame Koffmann wrote an undertaking to pay the sum of five thousand florins on demand. She then rose-up, and signified her wish to depart, when Ulric, with urbane alacrity, conducted her to her carriage and respectfully bade her farewell.

Having accomplished his purpose, Ulric hastened to keep his appointment with captain Gillspur, whom he found by the side of a brook, contemplating the reflection of his exquisite form in the liquid mirror. Ulric communicated to him the result of his conference, and delivered to him the promissary note obtained from madame Koffmann, for which the captain returned his warmest thanks, and telling Ulric that he should be happy to see him at any time he could make it convenient to favor him with a call, either at his town-residence or his ‘shooting-box’ in the country, the two friends shook hands and parted with much apparent cordiality.

CHAPTER IX.

It was with a light heart that Ulric mounted his horse to return to the castle of Offenbach and the smiles of his beloved Therese. A delicious sense of liberty pervaded his mind, and gave animation and brightness to his countenance. He was free, not alone, to think, to speak, to act, but, most delightful privilege of all—to love. His heart had renounced its involuntary vassalage, and, like a bird released from captivity, now flew back, the willing slave of those sweet eyes to whom it owed its first and willing allegiance. A new existence seemed about to dawn upon him; his life had hitherto been dark and tempestuous, but now the soft, calm sunshine of domestic peace gladdened his mental vision, and Therese, smiling beneath the trellised porch of a woodbine cottage, awoke an ecstatic palpitation of his bosom, which rendered him impatient of the delay which must necessarily ensue, ere he could realise his ardent aspirations.

The shades of evening were gathering round him, some time before he came in view of the castle, which it will be remembered was formerly the place of confinement allotted to him for his political transgressions, and where, despite of the sadness which a dungeon was calculated to engender, he had experienced, in company with Therese, so much pure and exquisite felicity. All was calm and silent—the stars were peeping forth from a serene sky, but their queen had not yet quitted her crystal palace to bathe the tranquil earth with mild effulgence. The breeze that stirred the forest-leaves was soft and balmy, and seemed, as it sighed along the twilight grove, to whisper thoughts of peace and holiness; while, from some distant cope, the lonely nightingale detained and charmed the ear with its outpourings of voluble and plaintive melody.

Ulric was by nature of a sombre and reflective temperament, and though he had faith in the efficacy of time and human intelligence to correct those social evils which, in his youthful enthusiasm he had so inconsiderately sought to arrest, his contemplation of the present was fraught with darkness and despondency. His natural melancholy had been nursed by solitude, and however brilliant he might
occasionally appear in the arena of political debate—to which, at college, he had been so earnestly devoted—there were times when his heart would sink beneath the depression engendered by his habits of philosophic and protracted meditation. On starting, he had felt an unusual elevation of spirits;—the prospect of again enfoldin his arms one whom he loved so tenderly, inspired him with gladness and gratitude, but the long and solitary road which he had traversed, had gradually subdued his pleasurable excitement, and given birth to sundry vague but gloomy forebodings which had no foundation but in his own morbid fancy. Two months had elapsed since he had parted from Therese, and who could tell what might have happened during that eventful period? Perhaps, if she really loved him—and had he not her own confession as a warrant for his faith?—she might, on hearing of his marriage, notwithstanding the assurance of his unalterable devotion—which he gave her at their last meeting—have pined away and died, or been reserved for a more terrible calamity: her gentle mind, unable to sustain the wreck of her dearest hopes, might have been shattered irretrievably, and he might behold her the isolated victim of mental aberration—lost forever to memory and to love.

Brooding over those fantastic fears, which he strove in vain to dismiss from his morbid imagination, Ulric unconsciously drew near to his place of destination—the castle on the hill—over which hung a mass of dark clouds, which strangely contrasted with the severity of the firmament around it, and which was regarded by Ulric as an omen of mysterious import. As he looked up at the frowning embattled-towers, and reflected on the history of that formidable fortress, his musings were suddenly arrested by a distant sound, of such a peculiar description, that he almost insensibly drew in his rein, and listened with an anxious eye and a palpitating heart. It was a silvery voice which, giving utterance to some wild but plaintive air, awoke in Ulric's bosom a thrill of unutterable emotion. It was the voice of Therese; and as he turned and gazed in the direction whence the sounds came, he perceived on the brink of a distant precipice, a slender figure clad in a loose, white robe, down which her beautiful tresses fell in that picturesque dispersion which we commonly associate with the image of maiden bewilderment and despair.

Leaving his horse at the gates of the castle, Ulric directed his steps towards the precipice, but, before he attained it, Therese had disappeared. At the foot of the rock, whose rugged surface terminated in a precipitous declivity, spread a broad and tranquil lake, beyond which rose a chain of mountains, from whose blue summits the crested moon, shining in mellowed splendor, diffused a silvery haze through the soft atmosphere, and shed upon the placid bosom of the waters a stream of quivering light. As Ulric approached the verge of the cliff, those wild but gentle tones, by which his senses had before been charmed, again burst upon his startled ear, and he paused to listen to the sentiment which was no less simple than the melody in which it was conveyed:

Ye sweet stars, that smile
In your innocent joy,
No grief and no guile
Can your brightness destroy.
To fond hearts above
Nought but gladness is giv'n;
For the home of true love
Is the sweet stars in heaven.

The voice died away in a soft and plaintive cadence, and Ulric, hastening onward to the brink of the cliff, beheld a spectacle which paralysed him with feelings of unutterable anguish. About half way down the rock, whose jagged side Therese had descended in safety, was a rustic bridge which spanned the darkling chasm, at whose base the collected waters of the mountain-springs fell in a foaming torrent, and from which the spray, ascending in a transparent mist, and irradiated by the pale moon-beams, had that visionary aspect from which romantic scenery derives so much of its interest and its power.

On this rude bridge, which was formed by the junction of the branches of two trees, on opposite sides of the chasm, Ulric perceived Therese slowly advancing, while the fragile structure bent and quivered beneath her steps, and the mountain torrent, roaring below, rushed onwards, foaming in its impetuous course. Unable to pursue—scarcely daring to breathe, Ulric watched with strained eyes her perilous progress. There was a smile on her pallid countenance, as looking-up to Heaven and clasping her hands together, as if in adoration, a sudden crash was heard—the frail branches snapped asunder, and the unhappy Therese sunk one hundred fathoms down into that foaming cataract, on whose swift current her helpless form was hurried away, never more to re-appear but in the icy embrace of Death.

Words cannot paint the agony of him who saw his beloved idol perish, without the power to make one effort for her rescue. In the madness of despair, Ulric was about to precipitate himself into the precipice, and share the fate of her who was lost for ever to his sight. Suddenly, however, his attention was arrested, by the approach of strangers, bearing lighted torches, and, at the head of them he recognised the afflicted and venerable father of Therese. Every means which human ingenuity could devise or manly courage accomplish, was adopted to rescue the unfortunate girl, and, after surmounting numerous fearful obstacles, the body was recovered, and borne to the castle, but all hope of reviving animation was extinguished. Therese had perished, and Ulric felt himself an outcast—the world a desert, and his heart shattered, but burning for revenge upon those, whom in his bitter enmity he regarded as the deliberate and responsible authors of his wretchedness.

For some time, Ulric stood before the castle-gates, his head bowed-down, as in a state of stupefaction. At length, a sigh relieved his overcharged bosom—he pressed his hands to his throbbing temples, and wept long and passionately. The paroxysm passed, he mounted his horse, and, without casting another glance behind him, rode at a rapid pace towards his native city, which he reached about an hour before midnight.
CHAPTER X.

In honor of the crown-prince—— whose nuptials had that day been solemnized, the principal houses and public establishments of the city were brilliantly illuminated—the streets, across which were suspended emblazoned banners, with devices of various kinds, presented a continuous throng of carriages, in which fair and sprightly countenances had come-forth, regardless of the chill night-air, to participate in the gaiety and excitement which so generally welcomed such an interesting occasion. On the banks of the Moldau, a grand display of fireworks had attracted an immense concourse of spectators. The sky seemed as if discharging perpetual showers of gold, and at each successive feu d’artifice the acclamations of the multitude were of the most enthusiastic and deafening description.

Leaving the main thoroughfare, where his progress was impeded by the number of revellers whom he encountered, Ulric proceeded with rapid strides to the residence of madame Koffmann, which occupied a more obscure and secluded situation, than that from which he had recently escaped. It should here be observed, that Ulric, in common with the secret society to which, in former days, he had lent his strenuous support, usually carried a dagger about his person. That weapon, before presenting himself at madame Koffmann’s dwelling, he concealed within his sleeve, having previously examined it with careful deliberation.

On enquiry, he learnt to his surprise that madame Koffmann and Bertha were both from home, having been invited to a bal masqué at the mansion of one of the principal ministers of state, whither Ulric proceeded, his air and manner being that of one who had formed a resolution, which, whether for good or evil, no earthly power could induce him to abandon.

Absorbed in the ulterior execution of his design, Ulric had forgotten, that, to gain access to the scene in which he desired to appear, it would be necessary to provide himself with an appropriate costume. His deficiency was, however, easily supplied from one of the repositories which he had patronised on former occasions; and having obtained a mask and domino, he hired a carriage, and was speedily set-down at the stately edifice, whose gleaming windows and the strains of music blended with sounds of gentle laughter within, announced that the Queen of folly had there established her dominion, and that her “loving subjects” neither few nor far between, were bowing to the enchanted sceptre, which she waved above them with a grace and fascination peculiarly her own.

The saloon presented a spectacle of the most brilliant and fantastic description. Turks, Circassians, Greeks, monks, and characters of a more grotesque order, including the universally-renowned “Punchinelle,” were gathered in motley groups, or whispering soft and innocent badinage to those lovely representatives of oriental beauty, whose eyes, glancing as it were from a ‘masked’ battery, proved fatal to the peace of many infatuated worshippers. But amongst all the figures which composed this kaleidoscopic scene, there was one which excited more than common attention, from the singularity of her appearance, and the novelty of the character
which she personated. This was one assuming the character of a nun—with
manners duly sedate and composed. She wore a black mask which concealed the
upper part of her countenance; but her large dark eyes were not unobserved of
the many candidates, who, as she walked alone, solicited her attention to their
penitential confessions, but, in vain. A gay troubadour, however, in a scarlet
mantle, with a guitar, was more successful than those who had preceded him.
Flattered by the "soft nothings" which he breathed in her ear, the fair devotee at
length rewarded his perseverance with a smile, which emboldened the minstrel
to enquire if the rules of the cloister forbade a participation in the elegant delights of
the mazourka. Failing to induce the fair incognito to compromise the austerity of
the order whose garb she had assumed, he nevertheless succeeded in inducing her
to accompany him to an anti-room, opening from the grand salon, where they sat
don an ottoman, and were soon apparently engaged in very deep and earnest
conversation.

From the moment that Ulric, had entered the saloon, his attention, by some latent
and inexplicable sympathy, had been drawn to, and concentrated upon the masked
nun and her gallant cavalier. When they retired to the adjoining apartment, he
followed them, and placing himself behind a pillar, contiguous to the seat they
occupied, he was able to overhear some portion of their conversation, without his
presence being observed. A few minutes sufficed to confirm him in his first antici-
pation. It was Bertha Koffmann, his wife, who, in the disguise of a 'fair peni-
tent' was listening to the perilous flattery which, in her own proper person, she had
always affected to despise. Ulric instinctively grasped the stiletto beneath his
eap, but he paused before he drew it forth, not from any vacillation of purpose,
but to hear from Bertha's lips something that might stimulate and inflame his resent-
ment, if it did not justify the sanguinary deed which he was about to perpetrate.

On the opposite side of the apartment was a large mirror, and at the instant
that Bertha's eyes fell upon it, she beheld the reflection of a masked figure, with an
uplifted dagger immediately behind her; uttering a faint cry of terror she sunk
senseless on the floor.

"Villain!" exclaimed the troubadour, as he arrested Ulric's arm, and strove to
wrest the weapon from his grasp. Ulric, however, quickly overpowered his anta-
gonist, and was making his-way towards the door, when he was interrupted by a
party of masqueraders, who, alarmed by the struggle in the anti-room, were
anxious to learn the cause of the rencontre.

"Seize the assassin!" cried the troubadour, pointing at Ulric, as he was forcing
himself through the crowd.

A dozen hands were instantly laid upon him; but as the mask dropped from his
face they recoiled with astonishment, for in the 'assassin' they recognised one
with whose person and political adventures they had long been familiarly ac-
quainted.

"Ulric Koffmann!" ejaculated the astounded spectators, as they glanced from
him to the form of his intended victim, who, supported by some attendants, still
remained in a state of insensibility.

N—46.
Pale and panting with excitement, Ulric stood silently surveying the crowd which surrounded him, till the troubadour, surprised at their apathy, came forward and urged his immediate arrest.

"He has a dagger concealed beneath his cloak," cried the troubadour.

"And have not you an equally formidable weapon," demanded Ulric with a sarcastic smile, as he pointed to a poniard which depended from his accuser's girdle.

"But he was about to stab that lady, yonder," exclaimed the votary of song.

Ulric folded his arms and laughed.

"Pshaw," he said, contemptuously, "you forget, sir minstrel, that here we are but mimes and mummers. I stab that lady! Did your lively imagination never prompt you to perform a practical joke, even at the risk of frightening some venerable maiden aunt into fits?"

And turning to his audience, whose risible faculties were strongly excited by the retort, Ulric treated his opponent with such overwhelming expressions of derision, that the minstrel was soon compelled to retire, abashed and mortified, from the discussion; and Ulric, resuming his mask, watched a favorable opportunity, and departed without exciting observation, the company being too much engaged in the passing follies of the hour to note his proceedings, even had they entertained any suspicion of the unsatisfied revenge which he cherished in his breast, and of which that night was to behold the complete and final execution.

The conversation which Ulric had overheard between Bertha and her unknown companion, gave additional intensity to the resentment which prompted him to wreak that signal vengeance, in whose accomplishment, for the present, he had happily been frustrated. Though his judgment of Bertha's moral qualities might have been slightly biassed by the aversion, resulting from a compulsory alliance, yet Ulric had never entertained any suspicion calculated to affect or impair her reputation. Recent experience had, however, removed the veil, and Ulric now regarded her whom he had ever thought deserving, at least, of his respect, with feelings of unqualified detestation and contempt. The prudent decorum of manner—the sedateness of demeanour—the guardedness of her language—had merely been assumed by a disposition naturally prone to dissimulation and intrigue. And this was the woman, cold, calculating and perfidious, to whom his faith was irrevocably pledged. For her, he had sacrificed his first and dearest affections: for her, he had deliberately abandoned one, in whom were combined the rarest virtues of woman's angelic nature, who had perished in her despairing love, without even a murmur regarding his base and heartless ingratitude. The reflection that he had been cozened, deceived and betrayed, stung Ulric's sensitive spirit to madness, and raising his clenched hand, he swore that ere yon moon had disappeared from the calm heaven which spread above him, to be avenged upon the authors of his sufferings, his wrongs and his dishonor.

Absorbed in meditation, Ulric had wandered into one of the most secluded thoroughfares of the town, when he was suddenly startled from his reverie by a sound resembling the dying groans of a human-being, and proceeding to the spot
whence they issued, he discovered an old man apparently in the agonies of death. At the same moment that Ulric approached him, two men in dark cloaks came-up, of whom Ulric enquired if they were acquainted with the unfortunate person who, from the blood which trickled from his breast, had apparently received a wound of a very serious, if not fatal description.

"It's old Hedwig, the miser," said one of the strangers taking a dark-lantern from beneath his cloak and presenting it at the face of the dying man.

"Leave him alone," cried his companion, "why should we trouble ourselves about him, who would not have given a stiver from his purse to have saved his best friend from perdition. I have no notion of assisting those who have neither will nor power to return the obligation."

With this charitable sentiment, the speaker, who was a tall, dark-complexioned man with black ringlets extending to his shoulders, stepped over the miser's body, and followed by his companion proceeded on his way, occasionally turning round to notice what course Ulric's humanity, under those discouraging circumstances, would induce him to pursue.

The voice of this person had, however, awakened in Ulric's mind an impression of its familiarity, and another moment's reflection marked it as one of the robbers whom he had encountered in the Black Forest, from whose hostility he then experienced so narrow and providential an escape. Determined to ascertain if his conjecture was well-founded, Ulric hastened to follow the suspected personages, which being observed, they paused and waited till he had arrived within speaking distance, when the individual with the raven ringlets abruptly demanded his business.

"What now?" he cried, folding his arms, and surveying Ulric with an air of contemptuous defiance, "you look as if we had borrowed money of you and you were afraid of not getting it punctually repaid, in which latter surmise I fancy, my friend, you are not greatly mistaken."

"I know you both," replied Ulric with firmness, "you are robbers."

"Robbers!" exclaimed the fellow with a laugh of derision.

"Be not alarmed," said Ulric, approaching nearer and gazing steadfastly in the bandit's lowering countenance "although we have met before, I do not wish to revive old grievances; and as you will acknowledge when you have heard my proposal I am rather inclined to render you a service than to get you hanged."

"Thanks," cried the bandit, with an inclination of much humility, "and pray in what fashion does your generous disposition please to bestow itself for our advantage? Can you introduce us to the mansion of some respectable and sound-sleeping family, where we may pick-up some little traps that, without much interfering with the comforts of other people may very considerably increase our own?"

"If you will accompany me," returned Ulric, "within one hour your wishes shall be realized."

The robbers looked at each other, and then at Ulric, with an air of evident distrust; but when he repeated his proposition with earnest assurances of sincerity, their suspicions gradually disappeared; and vowing summary vengeance if their
confidence were betrayed, they agreed to engage in the undertaking for which their services were required. Before, however, they finally committed themselves to the perilous enterprise, they expressed a desire to communicate with their colleagues, and suggested that Ulric should accompany them for that purpose, to which he willingly assented. Following, therefore, his conductors through several dark and intricate thoroughfares, he at length reached the ruins of an abbey, which had been destroyed by fire, at some remote period, and of which the blackened walls and buttresses alone remained to prove its monastic origin. Here the robbers paused, and listened for a moment; when, all being silent, Golotz gave a low whistle, and presently some eight or ten shadowy figures were seen emerging from the tombs amongst which they had concealed themselves, and hastened to join their companions from whom they had received the acknowledged signal of security.

"What now?" cried a fellow of Herculean mould, who wore a colored shawl beneath his sombrero. "Are we to have trespassers upon our private property?"

"This is a friend," replied Golotz.

"To whom?" demanded his comrade.

"Justice," sneered a short man with a sinister countenance.

"Shoot him," exclaimed the first speaker, and scarcely was the command uttered when a third robber suddenly drew a pistol from his belt and fired in Ulric's face. Fortunately it missed-fire, but Ulric stepped back almost blinded by the flash, and placing his hand to his eyes, entreated his assailants' forbearance.

"Gentlemen, you mistake me, altogether," said Ulric, "I come to render you a service."

"No doubt," observed the robber who had attacked him, deliberately reloading his pistol, "if hanging could be considered serviceable to us, we should have no reason to complain of your generosity."

"No; on my oath," cried Ulric, with vehemence, "listen to me and I will explain. You want money—I want revenge."

A murmur of assent ran through his grim audience, and perceiving that he had excited their interest he proceeded to detail his plan with increased confidence:—"a lady and her daughter" said he "reside half a league from the spot where we are standing. Their only domestics are an infirm old man and a female, neither of whom can offer any effectual resistance. The lady is wealthy; her jewels are worth, to my knowledge, at least two thousand thalers. She wears them to-night at the masked-ball at the Burgraves; she will probably return home in less than an hour from the present time—before that period, I can introduce two of your party into her chamber—will you go with me?"

"I see no objection" said Golotz, smiling grimly.

"Then give-me-your-hand" cried Ulric, and he shook the bandits brawny hand with an expression of fierce cordiality.

"If you play us any trick" returned Golotz, pointing significantly at the broad-bladed knife that glittered in his girdle—

"Plant it here" interrupted Ulric, placing his finger on his breast.

After some further parley, in which Ulric had to remove the scruples of those
whose safety was the least compromised by his proposition, it was arranged that Golatz and Bludoff should accompany him to madame Koffmann’s residence, while the other members of the band remained on watch, without.

A few minutes brought them to the residence of madame Koffmann, where, on enquiry of the domestic, Ulric found, as he desired, that his aunt had not yet returned from the masked-ball. Intimating that he would wait her return, Ulric, followed by the robbers whom he represented to be his friends, was shown into the apartment which madame Koffmann usually occupied, and having been supplied with wine, the robbers, by Ulric’s invitation, began to regale themselves at their own free-will and pleasure—the only restraint imposed upon them being that of silence, lest their conversation should be overheard and their plans defeated.

The clock on the staircase struck the hour of two. Bludoff and his companion became impatient, and having inspected the furniture in the apartment, expressed a desire at once to commence their work of plunder. By entreaty, remonstrance, and, ultimately, by threats of immediate exposure, Ulric alone prevented them from supplying their imaginary wants and departing. Repeatedly he opened the parlour-door and listened. At length, however, the sound of carriage-wheels arrested their attention; and Ulric, anticipating madame Koffmann’s arrival, suddenly quitted the apartment, leaving the robbers, alone, to execute the task which he had assigned them.

Ulric had scarcely reached the street, which, silent and dark, was alone disturbed by the tramp of the military guard, who paced to and fro beneath the glimmering lamps of some public building, when madame Koffmann’s carriage drove up to the door of her residence.

Ulric saw her enter with her handkerchief to her face, as if overwhelmed with grief. The carriage drove away, and advancing a few steps, he paused and listened, and could distinctly hear the voice of his aunt appealing for assistance. Suddenly a scream of thrilling agony smote his ear, followed by the rapid scampering of feet. A second and a third shriek, each fainter than that which preceded it, announced that the assassins were faithful to their trust; and as a smile of demoniacal joy and triumph lit the ghastly features of Ulric Koffmann, the door opened, and the bandits, rushing forth with their booty secured, dropped a blood-stained knife on the ground and fled. At the same instant, a sentinel, alarmed by the cry of murder that issued from madame Koffmann’s dwelling, discharged his musket, and hastened to the spot where his aid was required, followed by several of his comrades, four of whom entered the house, while one, keeping watch without, was speedily surrounded by a crowd, eager to learn the particulars of the presumed assassination.

In the mean time, Ulric had picked up the weapon, and concealing it beneath his mantle hurriedly wended his way towards the abbey, where he expected to meet the agents whom he had employed for the gratification of his vengeance; but neither they nor his companion made their appearance. A solitary owl hooted from the distant church tower—the moon lay hid behind a pile of thunder-clouds, and nature’s aspect, like Ulric’s bosom, was fraught with gloom and mournful desolation.
CHAPTER XI.

Ulric sat down upon a grave-stone, and unconsciously his eyes fell on the instrument of assassination which was still wet with the blood of its victim. For the first time, a thrill of horror shot through his frame, and the conviction that he—the patriot—the vindicator of his country’s liberties—was an assassin, burnt like a searing iron into his inmost soul. He had satiated his desire for vengeance, but the mean and cowardly treachery by which it had been effected, had never, till this instant, presented itself in all its hideous iniquity. Thirsting for revenge—reckless by what means he accomplished the destruction of the object, he now experienced a sense of degradation, more insupportable, even, than the keenest remorse which might have been engendered, had he himself struck the blow with the manliness of an avenger, sensible of the justice of his deed, and prepared, when done, to proclaim it as his own.

And, now, memory, like a stern wizard, came to increase the torture which wrung tears from his proud and obdurate heart. He saw—himself—the earnest and enthusiastic advocate of liberty—the misguided instigator of rebellion; the projector of an ideal polity, at once false, vicious and impracticable—the chief of a party of young and reckless spirits defying authority and panting for the destruction of existing institutions. He now perceived the fatal folly which had suggested physical force as the lever of political reformation. He now felt conscious, that however pure and commendable his motives might originally have been, his conduct had been in the highest degree censurable; and that in the presumption of youth he had usurped the functions which can be safely exercised alone by wisdom gained from great experience and reflection. But he had undergone the penalty of his indiscretion. Imprisonment and disgrace—the alienation of friends, and his prospects of worldly advancement prematurely blighted, constituted the punishment which his recklessness had justly merited. He now perceived how crime, originating in a minute and almost trackless spring—when swelled by those tributary streams, which naturally seek their kindred element—may hurry its unhappy agent into a vortex more terrible than that of the fabled seylla, making a wreck of the exalted portions of man’s nature—his peace—his honor and his fame.

If retrospection only served to increase his misery, what consolation could the future bring to him? None. Without love, without friends, without hope, a perpetual prey to the tortures of remorse, why should he wish to prolong an existence, which must ever be embittered by the remembrance of the past? There was but one dream of happiness which he desired to realize, and that was to repose in the same tomb with his beloved and lost Therese. The thought seemed suddenly to inspire him with renewed energy. He started-up, his eyes glittering with a frenzied joy. His resolution was fixed. He would repair to the castle of Offenbach, would once more gaze upon the pallid lineaments of her, whose image was inde-
libly impressed upon his heart, and there, beside her lonely bier, would cast-away
the life which man and destiny had conspired to darken and destroy in its noon.

We need-not linger to describe the slow and weary steps which led Ulric Koff-
mann to the object of his pilgrimage. Often would he pause, and with folded-
arms, and eyes averted, ponder upon the awful mysteries of that gulf into which he
was about to plunge; and once, as he halted before the effigy of a saint, which
some pious wayfarer had placed in a recess by the road-side, he sunk upon his
knees speechless, his humble soul wrung with penitence and terror.

At the close of the ensuing day, Ulric reached the castle of Offenbach. He was
admitted by the porter, who, notwithstanding his altered aspect, did not fail to
recognise him. Crossing a spacious court-yard, Ulric ascended a staircase lead-
ing to the governor’s apartments. At the extremity of a covered corridor, he
perceived a light, which shone from a casement in one of the octagonal towers.
Breathless, he proceeded thither; a door, partially open, stood before him; he
listened, but all was still, save the beating of his anxious heart. A cold perspi-
ration bedewed his temples—a chill crept over him, and he felt faint unto death.
Some inward monitor warned him as he paused at the threshold of that apartment
that there lay all that was mortal of his beautiful Therese, in the snowy cerements
of the grave. Thrice he essayed to enter, and thrice his limbs refused to do his
bidding. The striking of a clock, however, suddenly revived his dormant energies,
and with downcast brow he mechanically entered the chamber of death. The first
object that met his eyes, as he raised them from the ground, was a coffin covered
with a velvet pall, on which three wax tapers were burning before an ivory crucifix.

Ulric was about to advance, when he heard a light step behind him, and turning-
round beheld a figure which transfixed him with astonishment and awe.

It was Therese, attired in a white robe, with an ebony cross suspended from her
neck. There was an expression of tenderness, blended with sorrow, in her counte-
nance, as she gazed at Ulric, who, falling on his knee, regarded her in silent venerate-

“Ulric!” she said, in a soft but mournful tone, and advancing she extended her
hand as if she desired him to embrace it.

“Why do you fear me?” she asked, as Ulric rising, instinctively recoiled from
the shade whose lips assumed a smile of the deepest sympathy and affection.

“Great Heaven!” gasped Ulric, his hand to his brow, and regarding Therese
with increased amazement, can this be fiction, or is it reality. If thou livest, Therese!
speak!—say that I am he whom thou didst once profess to love—if thou art the
spirit of the sainted one, tell me that by her I am forgiven, and then my heart shall
rest with hers, for ever, in the tomb.”

As Ulric uttered those words, he perceived that the form which he addressed
became more and more agitated, and would have sunk, had he not, rushing forward,
carried it in his affectionate embrace.

“Therese!—Therese!” he exclaimed, in a state of mingled fear and rapture,
“no—no—it cannot be—look-up, my dearest one—once more gladden me with the
light of thine eyes—Therese.”
Ulric paused. The poor girl—for it was no evanescent phantom: but Therese—living and beautiful—had fainted, and lay insensible in his arms. Ulric placed her in a chair, and kneeling at her feet, by expressions of tenderest solicitude he endeavored to recall her to herself.

In a few minutes, Therese revived, and her overcharged heart found relief in an effusion of tears.

"Therese!" said Ulric, fondly, as the poor girl leant her face upon his shoulder, "explain to me, I entreat you, this strange and awful mystery. I had thought thee dead, and came hither to mourn over thy corpse, and, now, I find thee, gentle—loving—beauteous as thou wert, in our earliest acquaintance. "O! this is happiness, Therese, greater than man did ever yet conceive—greater than man—most excellent of his kind—did ever yet deserve."

In compliance with this earnest entreaty, Therese, conducted Ulric into an adjoining apartment, and there, when sufficiently recovered from the excitement under which she had labored, she told him the circumstances connected with the funereal appearances which Ulric had lately witnessed, and in which had originated his unfounded conviction of Therese's untimely and tragical death.

A cousin about her own age, who labored under temporary mental aberration, induced by the sudden intelligence of her lover's death, had been removed for change of air to the castle of Offenbach. There, through Therese's affectionate solicitude and cheerful temper, her cousin's mind began to recover its proper tone, and, accompanied by her, she would occasionally stroll from the castle to contemplate the scenery, amongst which it formed so conspicuous and picturesque a feature. One evening, however, after her return with her amiable protector, she was missed, and the most painful apprehensions being excited by her disappearance, parties were dispatched to the cliffs, where it was feared she had met with some fatal calamity. The result has been already described, and however extraordinary Ulric's error may at first-sight appear, it must be remembered that the time—place—and accessories were strongly calculated to confirm the impression which, doubtless, had its primary source in an imagination, stimulated into morbid activity, by the trying vicissitudes to which it had recently been exposed.

Therese had just concluded her explanatory narrative, and was about to inquire the cause of Ulric's agitation at their first meeting, when she was interrupted by her father's entrance.

Colonel Rimbert expressed his surprise at finding Ulric—his quondam prisoner—returned to the castle and in his daughter's company. "I have just come from Prague," he observed, addressing Ulric, "where I heard of the serious misfortune which has happened to your aunt."

Ulric made no reply, but his eyes were fixed on those of colonel Rimbert, with an expression of unutterable and ghastly horror.

"It appears," continued the colonel, "that madame Koffmann's residence was broken into last night and—"

"My aunt murdered" said Ulric, in a tone of forced calmness.

"No" replied the colonel "the gardener, an elderly man who slept in the house
was stabbed, in attempting to raise-an-alarm, and, for some time, his life despaired-of; but I understand that he is now pronounced out of danger."

Ulric breathed again—a weight of enormous guilt and agony had been lifted from his breast. The dark clouds of despair, which had so lately overcast his mind, seemed, as by enchantment, suddenly to vanish, and the Sun of Hope and Gladness burst-forth in all its pristine splendor—a fair and verdant prospect once more opened upon his imagination—the brand of the assassin was obliterated from his brow—no words can express his secret but earnest gratitude—his penentence—his joy.

He looked at Therese, and his heart throbbed with ecstasy.

The only condition required for his happiness was a divorce, which the promise of madame Koffmann, so ingeniously extorted from her, would have been sufficient to secure, even had Ulric not been apprised of the circumstances which, forced upon his attention at the masquerade, had thrown new light upon Bertha’s duplex character, and might have enabled him before a competent tribunal to insist upon being released from his marital responsibilities.

Therese having quitted the room, colonel Rimbert informed Ulric what had transpired since their last meeting.

"I suppose," he said, "that Therese has told you of our arrangements for going abroad."

Ulric answered in the negative—

"An appointment at La Plata has been offered me, which renders my immediate departure necessary—but for the calamity which has befallen my poor niece, we should have left this a week since."

"And Therese—?" said Ulric anxiously.

"Goes with me," replied the colonel, "and should we find no inconvenience from the climate, it is most probable that we shall settle there, permanently.

Ulric turned aside, to conceal the agitation which his countenance too vividly portrayed. He dared not avow his love for Therese, and the thought of eternal separation penetrated his bosom with an agony more poignant than aught which he had before experienced.

After a pause of a few moments’ duration, he approached colonel Rimbert, and enquired if Therese felt no regret at leaving her friends, and the scenes which were associated with so many fond remembrances.

"If her personal wishes were consulted," replied the colonel, "I believe that Therese would prefer remaining here, but knowing that circumstances of an urgent nature require the separation, like a good and sensible girl, she is willing to sacrifice whatever attachments she may have formed, but which I believe do not extend beyond the ordinary objects which have surrounded her from infancy."

"Colonel Rimbert," said Ulric, calmly, "it would be useless, I feel, any longer to disguise from you, what, perhaps, you are already apprised-of—when I confess to you that I love Therese."

The colonel, though a man endowed with great command of temper, had some portion of the soldier’s sensitive pride; and on hearing this unexpected declaration, he started with an expression of indignant astonishment.
"I fear," he said, as his resentment gradually gave-way to his natural urbanity, "that I misunderstand you—were you speaking of my daughter?"

Ulric bowed.

"And you presume, sir, in my presence" pursued the colonel "to announce that you have formed an attachment which human and divine laws alike prohibit. You must be laboring under some illusion—recollect-yourself."

Ulric shook his head and smiled.

"It is true, colonel Rimbert" he replied, "that I am at this present moment in a position which forbids me from entertaining any immediate thoughts of marriage, but in a few days I hope to be able to make a proposal which will fully satisfy the requisitions of honor and propriety—in short—sir, I am about to be divorced from the woman, with whom, as you are aware, I was forced into an alliance, against which my heart and soul recoiled with disgust."

"Sir!" interrupted the colonel, "I cannot listen to observations of this nature; for whatever understanding may already exist between you and my daughter, as I am ignorant of it, I cannot be held responsible; but I feel that my duty as a parent demands that I should instantly adopt those measures which will prevent my daughter's-reputation from being compromised in the opinion of society, by any longer permitting an intimacy with one whose position is so ill-defined and precarious as you represent yours to be. I trust you will take these remarks in the spirit in which they are uttered, and, with that assurance, I wish you farewell."

So saying, the colonel retired, and Ulric, haggard and faint with excitement, sank into a chair, murmuring:—"the die is cast—she is lost—my last hope has perished, and for me nothing remains but an eternity of despair."

CHAPTER XII.

It was a bright and genial morning in September, when a number of idlers were assembled upon the quay which surrounds the harbour at Copenhagen, to witness the departure of a newly-built barque, the Fridolin, on her outward-bound voyage to Buenos Ayres. The waters, sparkling beneath the influence of the meridian sun—the gay dresses of the fairer portion of the assemblage—the numerous boats crowded with juvenile groups—the forest of ships, with their variegated pennons fluttering in the breeze—for it was the anniversary of some national victory, combined to form a spectacle at once animated and picturesque.

As the brave barque, with her sails set, stood slowly out to sea, the spectators raised a spontaneous cheer, to which the crew responded with that hearty cordiality which characterises the "modern mariner" of every rank and nation. Under favor of a strong head-wind, the vessel soon touched the verge of the horizon, and her tapering spars were alone visible from the shore, when a young man, habited in a cloak, whose dark expressive features were almost concealed by a travelling cap, hastily advanced upon the quay, and enquired the name and destination of the vessel which had now almost entirely disappeared from view. On being informed
that it was the Fridolin, he sprung into a cutter, which lay at the foot of the pier, and offering a large reward to its owners if they succeeded in reaching the vessel, the spectators were left to speculate upon the urgent business which induced him to enter into such a munificent engagement.

"'Tis young Koffmann," said Uthelbert, a wooden-legged man, with a boat-hook, "I know him well; he and the other young fellows at college used to be capital customers of mine, some two years ago, but he got into trouble, since then, I understand, through meddling with politics—but what he wants to get on board for, now, I don't know."

"Why, has he not an eye upon the governor's daughter?" returned a tall mulatto-complexioned man in a straw hat.

"Aye, to be sure," laughed a blacksmith who stood by, with a tremendous hammer over his shoulder "I can answer for that, because I was at the castle not long since, doing work there, and I used to see what was going-forward. Of course, its no affair of mine; but this I know, that if it should ever be my misfortune to be imprisoned for high treason, I only hope to find my governor's daughter as agreeable as that young skipper discovered his to be; but, then, he is a tolerably good-looking fellow—perhaps that makes some difference."

"You seem to have forgotten Bettine," cried a shrill-voiced little woman, in a seaman's jacket, "that the young man is married."

"Married!" exclaimed the blacksmith, "to whom, pray thee?"

"Not to the governor's daughter," replied the amphibious little woman, "but to as discreet and nice a lady as could be found, were you to search from Shrovetide till Martinmas."

"I never heard of any marriage," returned the blacksmith, "it must have been done very quietly."

"It was," rejoined the little woman, "and they say there is not much love to spare between them; but Ulric Koffmann always was wickedly disposed."

"What?" cried the blacksmith with a sly look, "wickedly disposed, Bettine, when he took unto himself a wife; never let the grace of a good deed be put-to-shame from a bad intention."

"They separated almost as soon as the priest had given them his benediction," said the little woman, sorrowfully.

"Hearts like anchors, you see, dame," replied the blacksmith, filling his meerschaum, "will never hold long, unless they are properly welded?"

"Poor lady! she is very ill," rejoined Bettine, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, "she met with a severe fright at the grand masquerade."

"Ha! a fright say you? Let us hear it," cried the blacksmith.

"She was sitting in conversation with a particular friend, when some wild and thoughtless fellow came stealthily behind them, and drawing a dagger from beneath his mantle made a pretense of stabbing her. She has never since recovered the shock, and it is doubted by the physicians whether she will ever be-herself again."

"And who was this particular friend as you call him, to whom she was talking?" demanded the blacksmith.
"I never heard his name mentioned," replied Bettine, "but it is rumoured that he is a handsome young French count, whose father has sent him on his travels, with permission to choose for his wife any young woman of modesty and good principles, however humble or however ignorant she may be;—so that you see there is an equal chance for us all."

This naïve observation, coming from a lady of advanced age, and whose personal attractions were not quite irresistible, was received with shouts of laughter by the blacksmith and his companions, who, after indulging in a little harmless banter, were about to disperse, when their attention was arrested by the appearance of the cutter, in which Ulric Koffmann had embarked, and which was now on its way back, having failed in the object for which it had been engaged. Silent and morose, Ulric ascended the pier-steps, and repaired to a neighbouring hotel, when he shut-himself in a private apartment, and sat down to indite his last letter to Therese.

He had been thus employed for some time, when he was interrupted by the sound of voices without, and approaching the bay-window which commanded a view of the sea, Ulric beheld, to his surprise, the vessel of which he had been in unsuccessful pursuit, standing in towards the shore.

In a few minutes, a pinnace was lowered, and after a short delay colonel Rimbert and his daughter were landed at the pier. They entered the hotel from which Ulric had been anxiously watching their approach, and were ushered into an apartment contiguous to that which he occupied.

To account for this unexpected occurrence, it appeared that the wind, which had been variable for several days previously, had suddenly changed; and the vessel having sustained some slight damage from striking on a shoal at the mouth of the harbour, she was compelled to put back for repairs, prior to her proceeding on her intended voyage.

Watching the opportunity of colonel Rimbert's absence, Ulric proceeded to his apartment, where he found Therese alone, and in tears.

Before she could speak, Ulric had thrown-himself at her feet, and pressed her hand to his lips.

"Therese!" he said, as she rose-up, and regarded him with an expression of mingled sorrow, tenderness and reproach, "listen to me; do-not by coldness and disdain deprive me of the only hope which renders my unhappy existence supportable."

"This is folly—this is madness, Ulric," cried Therese, turning aside to conceal the bitterness of her grief.

"It is, indeed, madness," he rejoined, "to love and be despised."

"Oh! why do you thus pursue me," returned Therese, clasping her hands, while her countenance derived new beauty from the eloquence of distress, "you know, Ulric, we never—never—can be happy."

"Why-not be happy, Therese?" cried Ulric, "say that you will be mine—speak but one word of kindness and consolation, and earth nor heaven shall have joys to compare with those which shall attend us, under whatever sky it may be our fortune to be cast."
"Ulric," said Therese, with returning composure, as Ulric’s passionate impor-
tunity demanded the exercise of all her self-control "would you have me renounce
the affectionate confidence of my dear father? Would you see him curse the child
who had betrayed and dishonored him—would you have me become a mark for the
scorn of all whose esteem I value and enjoy. O! no, you could-not—you, so
generous, so noble, and so just; then why urge me to that which can only end in
disgrace and misery to us both? You know, that while another lives—"

"She lives for me no longer," exclaimed Ulric with frantic vehemence in his tone
and gesture "Therese, I would-not do aught to wound your peace of mind—I would
not dim by a breath the fame of her whose soul is the reflection of all that is pure
and fair and estimable. No! not for worlds of wealth—no, not for an eternity of
bliss. But if thou wilt confide in me, whose honor has never yet been im-
pugned—if, loving, as thou art beloved, thou wilt flee with me, I swear, by all that
man holds sacred, that ere to-morrow’s sun hath set, thou shalt become my true
and acknowledged bride."

So saying, Ulric again pressed Therese’s hand with impassioned ardor to his
lips, but she made no reply, while her tears flowed without intermission.

"Therese," pursued Ulric in a subdued voice, "there is no time to be lost.
Already I hear——" and as he spoke the door was opened, and colonel Rimbert
stood before him, with a letter which he informed Ulric he had been requested to
deliver to him immediately.

Ulric hastily broke the seal, and glanced over its contents—then handed it to the
colonel with an air of calm satisfaction.

It was from the physician who had attended Bertha during her late illness, and
announced her death, which had been anticipated for some days by those who were
acquainted with the circumstances to which it was generally ascribed.

We have little more to add, but that little involves a question of the gravest
importance. Many, whose scruples, though the offspring of a too refined and
sensitive imagination, are deserving of consideration and respect, may feel certain
painful misgivings at the close of our narrative. Is it consistent, they will demand,
with nature—to say nothing of the canons of that ideal justice which belongs to
the classical era of antiquity, or to the exclusive jurisprudence of romance—is it
consistent that the gentle, innocent and confiding Therese should voluntarily bestow
her heart and hand on one like Ulric Koffmann, debased by crime in will, if not in
deed? We answer this appeal unhesitatingly and fearlessly in the affirmative.
Woman, self-sacrificing—persistent in charity—deriving her estimate of man’s
virtue from the unblemished purity of her own mind; ever willing to extenuate,
ever reluctant to condemn—the guileless and unoffending seraph who can weep
over a fallen angel needs no great show of argument to acknowledge that the object
of her sympathy is "more sinned against than sinning." And while to establish
the consistency of the characters we have endeavored to portray, we would-not,
for one instant, be the apologists of rude and lawless passion, or solicit sympathy for
him who is hurried by its overwhelming influence into the darkest abyss of depravity,
still, we cannot with due regard to truth and candor but admit, that Ulric Koffmann,
with all his errors, his follies and his crimes—vices he had none—has a claim upon the forbearance of those who, having loved with the passionate fervor of imaginative youth, can appreciate the agony of having the heart’s tenderest flower destroyed in its bud by the secret but fatal blight of an insidious foe, or to satisfy the demands of a cold, mercenary policy of unrelenting, parental despotism.

Colonel Rimbert, with his daughter, and her now, we trust, reformed and repentant Ulric, embarked in the same vessel, and about four months after their arrival at La Plata, Therese was united to him; nor, with a vivid remembrance of his political transgressions had she ever cause to regret the wary nanly daring which prompted her to select Ulric Koffmann as her ‘liege lord and governor.’ Endowed with talents of no mean order, and with energy to stimulate them into profitable exercise, Ulric applied himself to the study of medicine, and was soon distinguished, no less by his professional skill than by his generous and unwearied exertions to alleviate the sorrows of suffering humanity.

For madame Koffmann (his aunt) a less enviable destiny was reserved. The scheme so ungenerously devised to redeem the grand error of her life—her clandestine marriage with the soi-disant count, better known as captain Giltsper, had failed, and she now found herself exposed to the perpetual extortions of a man whose profigacy she abhorred, but whose power she dared not set at defiance—who pursued her wherever she went, and, by threatening to assert his legal authority over her name and fortune, eventually reduced her to comparative destitution. Thus, while lamenting her daughter’s untimely death, to which she might in some measure be deemed an accessory—for it was to her influence alone that Bertha owed her unhappy union with Ulric—she was compelled to acknowledge that, notwithstanding the distrust of timid minds, there is, for the safeguard of the soul’s bright jewel—honor—but one safe and imperishable keeper—truth.

A. A.
THE HOME VOYAGE.

With wings, like the eagle,
As fearless and fleet,
We give to the breezes,
And sunshine our sheet;
And the needle points far
On the billowy foam,
To the beauteous retreat
Of our country and home.

What lips can express
The deep feelings that start,
Like waters of old
From the fount of the heart!
As the vessel pursues
Her lone track o'er the tide,
And flings the white surf
Of the breakers aside.

Hope, pleasure, and love,
Are the links of the chain
Which bind us to country
And kindred again;
And the visions of Home
That have gladd'en our eyes,
More exquisite still
To the fancy arise.

As the purple of morn
Sheds its glow o'er the sky,
And wakens delight
In the wanderer's eye,
So the first distant gleam
Of 'The Isle of the West,'
The impulse of rapture
Excites in the breast.

Away—o'er the foam!
With the stormy petrel!
And around us the harp
Of the breezes shall swell;
And the moon, as she glides
In the pathway of clouds,
Shall throw from her bosom
Her fairy-like shrouds.

Our affections are blended
With mountain and plain;
They form the best links
In vitality's chain;
And the shores, where the surges
Triumphantly roll,
Awake a congenial
Response in the soul.

Then, fleet as the eagle,
Pursued to her nest,
Let us turn our ship's prow
To 'The Isle of the West,'
And as it repels
The white snow-wreaths of foam,
Rejoice on the billows
That bear us to home.

G. R. Carter.
ADMIRAL LORD HOWE AND THE BREST FLEET:

TRAITS OF HIS CREW ON THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE, 1794.

One of the most signal victories obtained in the reign of George III., at a moment when the rivalry between France and England was at the greatest excitement, occurred between admiral lord Howe and the Brest fleet, of which report had spoken as being superior in number and appointments to any fleet which had hitherto sailed from either France or England—a fleet on whom the republican government had placed the utmost reliance, and of whose successes they felt well assured. The equipment of this vast armada was effected at a great national expense, and was fully expected to wipe-away the stain of, and take ample vengeance for the disastrous losses which the French nation had suffered in the year 1793, at which period the British cruisers had captured no less than 140 armed ships. The republican government, regarding their fleet as invincible, conceived that it was too formidable to stand the slightest chance of a successful attack from the British.

So certain, indeed, were they of overawing the British navy, that the deputies of the convention, in their address to the officers in command, and the men of this vaunted fleet, emphatically declared:—"You have only to will to beat these eternal enemies—these British islanders—and victory is certain. Unanimity and discipline reign among officers and men, and all are burning with ardor to meet and over-throw this vaunting enemy. Aye, disgrace and defeat await them; they will flee before you, and you will chase them even to the very mouth of the Thames."

These were the words addressed by St. Andre, Breård and Thibaudot, to the men composing the fleet. Other partisans of the convention (far outstepping the renowned prince de Joinville) pictured to them flaming accounts of the exploits of the French navy in former days, in the wonderful defeats and losses which the English had been subject to, from the superior bravery and experience of the French navy. There was nothing, truly, to object against this grand parade, except its falsehood; and the French deputies were careful not to mention such names as either HAWKE or RODNE\textsuperscript{y}, during their fine and frothy addresses, for those admirals had given the French navy such a lesson, that the recollection of their brave exploits could never be effaced by time.

Meantime, the British government had not been idle. They had equipped the channel-fleet, which lay in port during the winter until certain intelligence had reached them regarding the movements of the French fleet. The spring arrived, but no tidings had been received of the enemy being yet at sea; but it was ascertained that they were lying snug in Brest harbour.

Lord Howe was, however, obliged at that period to set-sail, in order to convoy the West-India and Newfoundland fleet through the channel. There was also a fleet of 340 sail reported to be on their passage from America to France, richly
Admiral Lord Howe and the Glorious First of June.

laden with provisions and stores, of which the republic stood in so much need, that, but for its arrival, they were threatened to be visited with famine.

Accordingly, Lord Howe sailed from St. Helena, in May, 1794, with 34 sail-of-the-line and 15 frigates, having 100 ships under his charge, bound for the East-Indies, West-Indies and Newfoundland; and it was not until he was off the Lizard that he directed the different convoys to part-company—rear admiral Montague with six 74 gun-ships and two frigates accompanying them as far as Cape Finisterre, whence captain Rainer, with a 74 and 64, and five frigates was to protect them during the remainder of the passage. The channel-fleet was consequently reduced to 26 line-of-battle ships, seven frigates, with sloops, cutters and two fireships.

Admiral Howe for a while hovered about Brest, without being able to get the slightest glimpse of the vaunted French fleet; when, at length, having ordered two frigates to reconnoitre, they reported that the French squadron was still in port. Tired of waiting for them, and not wishing to remain inactive, his lordship steered at once for the track of the West-India fleet; but after cruising from the 5th to the 19th of May, without meeting with them, he returned to Brest, where, to his mortification, he learned that the French had sailed several days previously. He was moreover totally unable to ascertain their strength, or the course they had actually steered; all, indeed, which he could ascertain, was, that it was commanded by Villaret, Joyeuse and Jean Bon St. Andre, who were vested with unlimited powers.

Lord Howe having received a dispatch from admiral Montague, resolved to proceed to his station; but having received information that the French fleet were within a few leagues to the westward, he altered his course and went in search of them.

There were some excellent seamen on board the British fleet, many of whom had seen sharp service; there were likewise a great number of pressed men, but they were so well and equally distributed among the more experienced, that, finding that it was useless to bewail their fate, they gradually became more resigned to their situation, and being inspired by the merry but resolute bearing of the veteran men-of-war, with whom they were associated, they threw-aside all regrets and became as willing and active as their heroic companions.

The difference in the mens' dispositions, manifested, indeed, in the crew of a line-of-battle ship, is almost beyond belief. For instance, on board the Bellerophon, —or, as the sailors jocosely termed her, the Belle-rough-one—there was a John Folkard, who, although one of the soberest men in the ship, always made a custom of drinking to excess as soon as an enemy appeared in sight and there was a probability of coming to action. Folkard (like another Sheridan) was then in full fighting trim as he termed it, and feared neither man nor devil, and no man knew the duties of a seaman better. At his gun he was as firm as oak; if his messmate fell by his
side, he would lift him in his arms and put him out of the way of danger, but he would never quit his station for any man. If orders were given to board the enemy, Folkard would be found one of the foremost. He was a tall and powerful man, and if he had neither pistol, pike nor cutlass at hand, he would seize any missile that came in his way; and, on one occasion, so eager was he to be amongst the first in the fray, that he armed himself with a block, to which a piece of rope was attached, and with this he did the greatest execution among the enemy.

After the action, Folkard would be found at his berth, counting-up his lost messmates, with a countenance pouring out excessive sorrow. Here you might behold the man who, but an hour since, was shouting and huzzaing amongst showers of shot and splinters, with all the energy of the bravest of heroes who despised the terrors of death—here you would see him forlorn and wretched. The fumes of the liquor which he had drunk had then evaporated—reason had once more regained her sway—and he looked round him with a kind of stupefied horror, when he took the hand of his only remaining messmate, and ejaculated:—"Bill Thomson, this is clearing the deck with a vengeance; there’s only you and I left alive out of our mess. Death is a d—d particular sort of a lubber, he don’t take the men by chance, but he picks out the best of the lot first, and then he comes again and gathers-up those he has left behind."

"Aye aye" rejoined Bill Thompson "When death boards us, he don’t stand for no repairs, it’s all fish that comes to his net, if he don’t take-off the captain, he’ll take-off the cook or the cabin-boy, or any one that comes in his way. Now, only listen to this. Yesterday morning there comes a chain-shot right athwart the mizen-chains, as one would say, to pay-its respects to the captain, but he happened to be gone into the cabin at the moment, so it passed over the ship’s side, quietly enough, after sending the master and three midshipmen to Davy Jones’ locker."

"Aye aye" rejoined Folkard, "but them chaps didn’t belong to our mess, you see, therefore it was no consarn of ours, but there goes the boatswain’s whistle—all hands on deck; aye, aye, Bill, there will be a good many wot won’t answer to their names when the muster-roll is called-over."

In direct opposition to Folkard, was Joe Rogers. He had seen much service, and was as fearless as any of the crew; but his disposition, though naturally kind, was in some degree darkened by a rough, and, in some respects, repulsive manner; but this in a great measure was more the force of habit than his natural disposition. He was originally a pressed-man, and had been twelve years in the navy: at the time he was pressed, he had just returned from the East-Indies, and no sooner had he set-foot on shore, at Gravesend, than he was snapped-up by a press-gang, and taken on board the Tender, whence he was sent on board the fleet. Joe Rogers had made some money in the Indies, and he intended to divide his little property equally between his parents and a young woman whom he had resolved to make his wife, but fate ordained it otherwise, and through the treachery of a false friend, who took-
advantage of Joe's helpless situation, his hopes were for ever blighted. His pretended friend was entrusted to convey the intelligence of his then trouble to his parents as well as to his intended wife, but though the scoundrel presented the orders for drawing the money, he treacherously hinted that Rogers had not been pressed, but had willingly entered the navy in order to avoid marrying the young woman to whom he was betrothed. Some two or three years had passed, and Joe Rogers returned to England. The fleet was brought into Plymouth, and Rogers, as a matter of course obtained leave-of-absence for a fortnight. His parents were his first thought, and, with hasty steps and a bounding heart, he steered his course towards Barnstaple. But here the first cloud of disappointment burst upon his head; both his parents were dead, and, to his utter horror and dismay, a friend of the family informed him that their deaths had been hastened by his supposed want of filial affection, and his treacherous conduct towards his intended wife.

Had Rogers fallen from the top-sail-yard, or been struck down by an enemy's boarding-pike, the shock could not have been greater than that which the intelligence occasioned: he stood aghast, his heart, which never quailed in danger, now beat as if it would burst its bounds: speech failed him and he gazed on his informant as if he were bereft of reason. A little time sufficed, he was soon apprised of the treachery which had been exercised by the rascally Moorcroft: boiling with rage, he rushed towards the church-yard wherein lay the humble grave of his beloved parents, and kneeling down, he vowed——. It was too horrible a vow to make on hallowed ground, but it was uttered in a moment of phrenzy. A lion's rage burnt in his bosom, and he rushed from the spot, heedless where he was going: fate, however, ordained that the climax of his fate should—not be delayed. He had dashed into a bye-road, and shortly came within sight of a row of neat cottages: a burning thirst ran through his veins and, as he seated himself at the door of one of them a little boy came to enquire if he wanted anything. Rogers eyed the boy for a moment, and his countenance seemed to remind him of some bygone friend; but he spoke—not. The child, alarmed, knew—not whether to remain or to attempt to flee, and timorously ejaculated:—"Father come, father come!" The door of the cottage flew quickly open, and, in an instant, the child's father and mother were on the spot: but what was Rogers' astonishment, when he beheld, in the persons of the child's parents, his betrothed Eliza and the treacherous Moorcroft. Eliza instantly recognised her long-lost lover, and dropped speechless on the ground. Moorcroft's pale, distorted features, at once betrayed his terror; while the enraged Rogers rushed towards him, and seizing him by the throat, dashed him to the ground as he exclaimed "Devil—this moment shall be thy last, if I hang at the yard-arm for it." His hand, which grasped a weighty stick was raised, and deadly would have been the blow, had not the screams of the terrified child struck upon his ear.—His uplifted arm was paralyzed; the voice of spotless innocence had more power over the enraged Rogers than would the thunder of an enemy's broadside. "No, poor child," exclaimed he "I will not make an orphan of thee" but mark me, Moorcroft; mark me once and for ever, avoid me as you would a wolf, for it will be hard, indeed, to keep-down the furious devil that is at this instant urging me to revenge. Go—go to your wife—I dare-not
look upon her—go—to her that was to have been mine—she needs assistance—to her—but remember never to come within hail of me, again, if you would avoid certain death." Rogers rushed from the spot like a maniac, and he rested—not until he reached Plymouth.

The sight of his ship, as she lay in the harbour, which some years since Roger had viewed as his prison—the only barrier between himself and happiness—assumed for him another form. He was alone in the world; relatives—father—mother—all were gone. His forlorn heart yearned towards his ship: he felt that it was his last, his only home. He mingled—not with any of the crews on shore, their gaieties to him were now unsuited and shunning all his former, merry companions, he went on board, alone and unattended, full five days before the expiration of his ticket-of-leave. Having unburthened his sorrows to one of his messmates, as he was not disliked among the crew they forbore to question him regarding the sudden change in his manner; the true cause, however, soon got-wind, generally, and a feeling of unavailing regret at his misfortunes quickly manifested itself among the crew. This was the chief cause of Joe Rogers' taciturn, and, in some respects, morose conduct; he had been betrayed by one man, and ever since the unhappy transaction he appeared to look with suspicion on all around him.

This recital may appear to have a tinge of romance about it: but it is strictly true, and there are many similar events, still more romantic, in which seamen have been the chief actors. It may, also, be observed, that some years after, when Joe Rogers had passed the meridian of life, he was again at Plymouth, and although it brought unhappy recollections to his mind, he sought-intelligence of Moorcroft and his wife; and he then learnt that both were dead, and that their orphan child was left unprovided for.

The rough casement in which Joe's heart was closed now gradually expanded; his better feelings predominated over his sense of wrong; his pockets were—not scant of money, and as his hand fluttered amongst his hard-earned gold, he ejaculated:—"The money is of no use to me, and this poor child is on the world's wide ocean, without a friend to pilot him through its shoals and quicksands: my mind's made up—I'll take the boy in tow—on board—no—not on board—he is so like his mother that—no d—n it, the sight of him would only remind me of—no, no—I'll speak to the dock-master, and see what can be done for him, and as far as my money will go he shall have it." Joe Rogers was as good as his word.

The act was looked upon as a noble effort; as a generous return for an evil deed, and the boy was placed in a situation beyond the reach of temporary want, where by industry and perseverance he would have a good chance of getting-forward in the world.

Hugh Evans, one of the topmen, was totally different in manner and feelings to either of those men: care was to him unknown, sorrow was a feeling which to him appeared visionary. If they were on short allowance he made up his mind to be satisfied, and let what would happen, be he ever so uncomfortable, it never annoyed Hugh, whose constant expression was "what's the use of grumbling." He was the merriest, aye, and one of the bravest fellows on board the ship; he was really an able
seaman, and though he would now and then splice the main brace a little too stiff, yet he was not a drunkard. Thus it was with Hugh: nothing intimidated, nothing grieved him. Now, it happened, that when he was carrying a bowl of grog to his quarters, an ill-natured shot carried-off two of his fingers: one of his messmates exclaimed “Poor Hugh, that’s a bad job, you’ve lost two of your fingers.”

“Fingers be d—d,” ejaculated Hugh Evans, “What, tho’ I’ve lost two fingers, I’ve saved my grog.”

And when, in the heat of action, poor Hugh’s left arm was splintered, he answered the condolence of his messmates with the usual expression—“What’s the use of grumbling?—What tho’ my left arm’s gone, my right arm is left, and that’s the more serviceable of the two. “Hugh Evans’s saying quickly spread through the ship, and it soon got wind among the officers.

The purser’s mate, who was rather a merry fellow, said that if the doctor would stand by him, he would undertake to make Hugh grumble. The gunner seemed inclined to back Hugh against the united efforts of the doctor and the purser’s mate, who, on their parts, were quite sure of success; a short time, however, sufficed to determine. On the following day, Hugh was called aft, and on the doctor looking steadfastly at him, he said “Hugh, you must take great care of yourself, otherwise your wounds may prove serious; keep steady and quiet, for you are a good seaman and your services are to be spared, and it has been determined that you shall lay-by for the present until you are better.”

“Thank ye, sir,” replied Hugh.

“Don’t drink any grog, at present,” continued the doctor.

“Eh!” exclaimed Hugh—“not drink?”

“No”—rejoined the doctor “I must stop your grog, Hugh!”

“Stop my grog?” echoed Hugh, starting back in horror—“stop my grog?”

“Yes, to be sure” added the purser’s mate—

“Why surely you don’t mean to grumble, Hugh?”

“Not grumble” ejaculated Hugh—

“By —— it’s time to grumble, when you talk of stopping my grog.”

Of those mixed materials and varied dispositions were the crews of our navy composed; each had his peculiarities and his faults; there was not one amongst them but had some failing; but all their faults were strongly counterbalanced by their bravery, strict sense of discipline and steady courage in the hour of battle.

On the 28th of May the look-out frigates of the British made signal of a strange fleet to windward, which having wore, were seen bearing-down towards them. Lord Howe made the signal to prepare for battle, an order which all obeyed with the utmost alacrity; and hearty cheers proclaimed the joy which inspired the brave
hearts which composed the British fleet. The French fleet which contained 26 line-of-battle ships and five frigates having approached within nine or ten miles, hauled-to-the-wind and lay-to; the British fleet pressed to windward, in two columns, and ordered the flying divisions to harass the enemy's rear ships; but in a short time it appeared evident that the French fleet was inclined to make-off, and lord Howe consequently gave orders for a general chase, the action to commence as soon as they came up with them. The 'Audacious' having got within hail of the 'Revolucionaire' immediately engaged her, and so furious was the onset that both vessels were disabled in less than two hours; in consequence of which, the 'Audacious' proceeded to Plymouth, in order to refit, and entered the Sound on the 3d of June. The 'Revolucionaire' was soon after taken-in-tow by a French ship, which conveyed her in safety to Rochfort.

In the interim, the Admiralty having gained information of the situation in which lord Howe was placed, immediately dispatched admiral Montague to his assistance, that gallant officer having opportunely returned into port.

The French fleet had been standing to windward of the British fleet, under a crowd of canvas, closely pursued by the British. On the 29th of May, the French squadron were on the bow of the British, in a shattered condition; the British fleet suffering a loss in number by the separation of the 'Audacious,' while the French force was increased by the return of another ship similar in name to that just captured (L'Audacieux), so that the French fleet consisted of twenty-six sail of the line, while the English could only muster twenty-five.

Lord Howe finding the enemy resolved, if possible, to avoid a close action, made his disposition in such manner as to cut through their line. This manoeuvre was, however, frustrated by some of the ships not obeying the signal, or, probably, not understanding it. Lord Howe, however, having the Bellerephon close astern, determined to dash at them, without waiting for further support; and instantly tacked and boldly passed through the French line.

The Leviathan joined him in this situation.

As soon as lord Howe had passed through the French line, he put his ship on her former tack, in the hope of renewing the action with this advantage, but no other ships following him, and those which were with him being much disabled, he could-not take-advantage of his change of position, as the other ships had passed to leeward of the enemy, and did-not rejoin him in sufficient time to give him effectual support. At length, after much delay, the English ships were collected by different signals, and came to the support of lord Howe, who retreated towards them as the enemy approached, while the French poured-in a distant fire as they passed to leeward of the British, who were again in-order-of-battle to the westward, but lord Howe having got the weather gage, followed them on the larboard tack; but a thick fog coming-on obscured them from view. Lord Howe, notwithstanding, held-on his course although ignorant of the situation of the remainder of his fleet. On the 31st the fog cleared-off, and discovered the French fleet, still consisting of twenty-six sail, to leeward, but some of them much disabled from the recent action.
Admiral Lord Howe and the Glorious First of June.

The British fleet had, also, suffered severely, the 'Royal George,' 'Queen,' 'Bellerophon' and 'Invincible' having sustained serious damage from the enemy; but they repaired their losses with surprising activity. The French, however, much strengthened by Admiral Neilly having joined Villaret during the fog with a further reinforcement of four sail of the line. Evening approaching, Lord Howe resolved to keep-the-wind during the night and watch every change of the enemy.

The morning of the 1st of June disclosed the French formed in order-of-battle, five leagues to leeward, N.W.: Lord Howe immediately made-arrangements for opposing his large ships to those of the enemy, but before he bore-down on the enemy he made-signals that there was just time for breakfast. The meal having been hastily dispatched, he bore-down on the enemy the 'Queen Charlotte' bearing the signal for close action. The British received a heavy fire from the enemy which, however, they did-not return until they got close to them, and then the enemy felt the effects of it most severely, for every shot told.

Lord Howe forced his way under the stern of the French admiral, a-head of the 'Jacobin' though there was hardly room to effect the passage, and the ensign of the 'Montague,' a much loftier ship, frequently waved over the stern of the 'Queen Charlotte.'

Soon after 10 o'clock, after an hour's severe fighting, admiral Villaret gave-way, and was followed by all the ships in his van, which were enabled to carry-sail, leaving twelve of his dismasted and crippled ships surrounded by the British. But the uninjured state of some of the French ships enabled them to escape, as the shattered state of the 'Queen Charlotte' and others, nearest them, rendered pursuit hopeless, as the only canvas they could spread was a mere jury-mast, or a temporary sail reared on the top of a foremost.

The French admiral having, in some degree, repaired his damage, brought-up aine of his line-of-battle ships, which had received but slight injury, in order to succour his dismantled ships, but notwithstanding all his efforts, seven still remained in the hands of the British; one, however, sunk immediately afterwards.

The 'Queen' having drifted in a most disabled state, might have been cut-off and taken as a prize, but the French admiral appeared to be deprived of all energy, from the defeat which he had suffered; and leaving the prizes in possession of the English made-sail for his native France.

One of the French commissioners declared that the 'Vengeur' which sunk, went-down with the tricolor flag flying amidst the shouts of her crew. But this was-not the case; the ill-fated crew, in fact, stretched-out their hands in supplication to their enemies for assistance. Part of the crew were saved by the exertions of the British, and it is probable that all might have been rescued from death, but that the numbers who attempted to spring into the boats as they successively arrived, threatened destruction to both parties, and checked the efforts of their compassionate enemies, who were obliged to row-off to avoid having their boats swamped from being overloaded. Amongst the crew were two officers who betrayed no signs of either fear or anxiety for their perilous situation, and continued walking to and fro on the stern gallery, until their vessel went-down.
Nothing could be more opportune than this victory, which spread universal joy throughout Great Britain, and roused the sinking spirits of many, whose presentiments were—not of the most favorable description, for the French had met with signal success in all their operations on land.

That it was a hard-fought battle, and that both parties acted bravely, no one can deny; and it was entirely owing to the intrepid and resolute bearing of the veteran Howe that this defeat was accomplished.

The news was received in London with every demonstration of satisfaction. An immense concourse of people surrounded the Admiralty, and when the tidings were promulgated, the multitude burst into a triumphant shout of joy. The populace ran through the town insisting that every inhabitant should illuminate, and in less than one hour London was a blaze of light. The illuminations continued for three successive nights. It was 4 o'clock A.M. when the intelligence arrived.

In this battle, it must—not be forgotten that admiral Howe was supported by some of the bravest and most talented officers in the service; the names of Graves—Hood, Bowyer—Gardner—Paisley—speak for themselves. This desperate battle could—not of course take-place without severe losses on both sides. The British lost 281 killed and 807 wounded. A most liberal subscription was opened for the relief of the wounded officers, seamen and marines.

The cities of London—Dublin—Edinburgh, and every considerable town, contributed liberally to the subscription, while lord Howe returned thanks in the most public manner to the officers and seamen for their unwearied exertions during the engagement.

London soon abounded with small parties of maimed vagrant sailors who endeavored to persuade the passers-by that their limbs had been lost or mutilated in the late battle; most of them were, however, impostors, but they made a good harvest among the unsuspecting Londoners; and it was no uncommon sight to meet with four or five sailors, with wooden-legs or amputated arms, singing lustily to an old tune:—

"My starboard fin I lost in action soon,
And my larboard leg on the GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE."
"It was at Ambleteuse" continued my old friend "where Harry VIII., during the siege of Boulogne, had his stores, he himself (report says) residing in that time-worn mansion in the distance, the chateau d’Honvault, near to the village of Terlinchun.

There are certain periods, in the history of every country, at which reason is perplexed, and human credibility staggered. Seeing that much good has proceeded out of great temporary evils, in tracing things to their original source we flutter between the inscrutable decrees of an overruling Providence and our own imperfections. The age of Henry VIII., especially, as regards Great Britain, is, to the inquiring mind, one of intense interest, involving, too, no less of interest than perplexity, and no thing more perplexing than the monarch himself. A mighty philosopher has said that 'the greatest and best of men is but an aphorism': pray what, too, is the worst of men but an aphorism? But let us turn away from one, whose vices so far exceeded his virtues (if indeed Henry VIII. had any), and who has left behind him every thing which a man can leave but the inheritance of an honest name and the treasures of a good man's memory. I know," continued he in the words of Dr. Johnson, that:—'To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, were it endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would-not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would-not grow-warm among the ruins of Iona.' That man (the doctor might have further added) is still less to be envied who can gaze unmoved upon a Nero's tomb, or whose blood would-not grow-warm as he looks upon the fatal axe, or as he treads the blood-stained pavement of the Tower.

"'However," continued my friend, "let us follow the footsteps and contemplate the fortunes of a better man with a worse fate; the head and front of whose offending was that he wanted courage to play the Tudor. James II. after his abdication in the year 1688 landed at Ambleteuse, and there first received the rights of hospitality which England has since repaid to abdicated monarchs of the house of Bourbon. Alas, alas, poor Stuart! thou wert a devoted deer, but—more sinned against than sinning! To defend the memory of the dead is the sacred duty of the living; but how can I defend thee? What can I do but repeat the ready truths which, with the quick impulse of the mind, start upon the lips of every man who looks upon thy unmerited fall? What can I do but curse 'that comet of the Rights of man which, from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war and for fear of change perplexes monarchs?' What can I do but denounce the unhallowed and revengeful spirit that still pursues thy remains, even into the solemn stillness of the tomb? Englishmen, fellow Christians! Call it revenge, malice, republicanism, freedom
call it what you will but Christian charity!—There stands recorded in the statute book of a Christian country—in the statute book of Great Britain, the oath of *abjuration (horresco referens! * I shudder when I think of it) although long—long ago Henry—cardinal of York—the last of the name is gone to darkness and the worm—in a city which you affect in the pride or blindness of power to despise and ridicule, as too full of bigotry, superstition and folly to be in alliance with Great Britain!—*Abdicated* indeed! Admiral Paine spoke like a man when he called it 'cashiering.' He spoke the truth in the language of truth—'Abdication,' 'desertion,' 'forfeiture'—words in which the differences and consciences of the then 'collective wisdom of the nation' found at once a stumbling-block and a resting-place, serve but to remind one of Talleyrand's exquisite paradox, 'that words were given to man to conceal his thoughts;' and the disputes about their meaning and effect remind one of Washington Irvine's description of a Congressman using the efforts of a Hercules to balance a straw upon his nose: well did the poet say:—

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!"

"Have you ever reflected upon this doubtful piece of public policy?" enquired he—"This cashiering, this so-called *abdication*?"

I shook-my-head and answered:—"I took-for-granted what Hume and other historians have written upon the subject, and since then it has lain quietly in the dormitory of my soul, side by side with other such historical events, undisturbed and unmolested."

"Were all men" continued he "to speak as frankly as you do, they would grow wise in their generation. The mass of mankind never reflects at all. What a negation is the creature man! What an indolent, thoughtless, self-complacent animal! He thinks by proxy; he acts by proxy; nay, by proxy, he even impiously dares to have communion with HIM who breathed into the mortal frame, above all other animals, a living soul—an intelligent free-will and reason supreme. If man was not made to think, why was the *spirit* given to him? Why was he a man at all? The historian you mention had strong mental faculties; a reflective mind; but is he to reflect for you? For us? For all and for our posterity? Was he inspired? Is his mind the rod of the intellectual world in which all the rest are to be swallowed-up? Let us calmly examine, out of respect to the name of *Stuart*, the following sentences. History, remember, is philosophy, teaching by example:—

Whereas the late King James II., by the assistance of divers evil councillors, judges and ministers employed by him, did endeavour to subvert and extirpate the Protestant Religion and the Laws and Liberties of the Kingdom:—

1. By assuming and exercising a power of dispensing with and suspending of laws and the execution of laws without consent of Parliament.

2. By committing and prosecuting divers worthy Prelates for humbly petitioning to be excused from concurring to the said assumed power.

3. By issuing and causing to be executed a Commission under the Great Seal for erecting a Court called the Court of Commissioners for Ecclesiastical causes.
Boulogne in 1845.

4. By levying moneys for and to the use of the Crown by pretence of prerogative for other time and in other manner than the same was granted by Parliament.

5. By raising and keeping a standing army within this kingdom in time of peace without consent of Parliament, and quartering soldiers contrary to law.

6. By causing several good subjects being Protestants, to be disarmed at the same time when Papists were both armed and employed contrary to law.

7. By violating the freedom of election of members to serve in Parliament.

8. By prosecutions in the Court of King’s Bench for matters and causes cognizable only in Parliament, and by divers other arbitrary and illegal causes.

9. And whereas of late years partial corrupt and unqualified persons have been returned and served on juries and trials, and particularly divers jurors in trials for High-Treason which were not freeholders.

10. And excessive bail hath been required of persons committed in Criminal Cases, to elude the benefit of the laws made for the liberty of the subjects.

11. And excessive fines have been imposed and illegal and cruel punishments have been inflicted.

12. And several grants and promises made of fines and forfeitures before any conviction or judgment against the persons upon whom the same were to be levied.

All which are utterly and directly contrary to the known laws and statutes and freedom of this realm.

"The nature or existence of this dispensing power mentioned in the first count of this statutory indictment—of this Bill of Pains and Penalties—had been twice argued before the assembled judges of the realm, and by them declared to be legally vested in the Crown; and yet, withal, it is here said to be illegal! Nay, as truth only, can, in the nature of things, be consistent with itself (falsehood never), it is in the beginning recited as being illegal, and then at the end for the first time declared to be so! Ab uno disce omnes—from one learn all! Brutus perished untimely and Cæsar did no more! Which would you have preferred? Would you have been Cæsar or Brutus?"

I answered "Cæsar," beyond all controversy. The world was made for Cæsar not for Brutus!"

"But these," said my friend "are reflections more suited to the closet than the field—to be discoursed about elsewhere, let us therefore pass round the fort, a little, and proceed with details. You see a farm-house-like-building, yonder, on this side the sand-hills of Ambleteuse?—there is the race-course—Boulogne’s race-course. I was by chance one day at La Bonne Esperance at Wimereux, taking a cup of Monsr. ——grateful biere brune, when it occurred to me, from the conversation of many of the numerous passers-by, that it might be the race-day: impregnated from earliest infancy with a love for horses, add to this, schooled in Yorkshire in the midst of the training-stables, I only staid to drink Boniface’s beer and hear his wonderful tale out, about Louis Napoleon who had made a descent at Wimereux; how he had seen him; how he had talked to him; how he had wondered what they were about! &c. &c."

He was just beginning to philosophise upon the subject, and evidently dive deep into the mysteries and the secret cabinets of princes, especially into that of our most gracious Queen, which he seemed as fully to know as if he had been a cabinet-minister, when I thought it right not to dispute his knowledge or catechise his conclusions, but to wish him ‘good day.’

I was soon in full sail with all the steadiness and haste of one with a certain har-
bour in view, steering my way up the warren at Wimereux. Not that the all-absorbing passion was now so strong as once in early youth. "It sat on me like down upon the thistle's top"—all subduing Time had chastened me. If some wayward youth had for the first time mounted a tandem and wheeled-himself and friends into the Slack or Wemille; some dandy lost his whip or moustachio; some lady fainted by the way-side, I could perhaps have checked the giddy laugh, and, utterly regardless of the pleasures of the course turned aside to act the part of the good Samaritan. My fortitude, however, in this respect, was not put to the test; but mark the sequel.

On the side of the path on the warren, there was a neat granite-stone, upon which were two little boys with their coats off, seated, and from its shape, color and size, it was evidently there to mark the spot of some remarkable event. As I neared, the boys ran-off, as if conscious of their unhallowed tread. It could not have been from apprehensions of me! but their escape gave me an opportunity of examining it. Alas! my presentiments were too well founded in fact; it was there by human aid to mark the spot of earth where, near a century ago, poor humanity fell, in its vain attempt to scale the Heavens on wings not vouchsafed to man. The inscription records the fate of two Frenchmen, one of whom was of exceeding great promise in the world-of-science—attempting to cross-the-channel in a balloon and cut-off under circumstances of deep regret and melancholy interest.

Mons.—it is said, had applied to the government of his country for pecuniary assistance to carry his design into execution, which in confidence of his worth and genius had been granted. A large sum had been received by him, and expended in preparations, when nearly ready it was announced in the English papers that Mr. Blanchard was at Dover, and would in a few days cross-the-channel in his balloon. Mons.—hastened to Dover to see Mr. Blanchard and found it was true. Disappointed, dejected and melancholy, he set-out for Paris, and wished (it is said) to abandon his undertaking, as a project utterly worthless to himself and equally useless to his country, as the novelty was gone—its glory carried-off by a rival power. To this it was answered "you must either make-the-attempt or return the money." The glory of the one was gone—the latter impossible; since the money had actually been expended in preparations for the grand experiment. Mortified to desperation he returned to Boulogne to convince the world that, though poor, he was honest; though disappointed, his life was a bauble in the scale with his honor. He was in a few days joined by the intended partner of his hazardous enterprize. Meanwhile, Blanchard had ascended and succeeded!* The two,† also, made their ascent, amidst the acclamations of admiring thousands.—But alas, alas! the balloon was scarcely balanced in mid air, when, from some unknown cause it burst into a mass of vivid flame—a flame instantaneous—a flame no sooner seen than gone, as if struck and consumed by the lightening of Heaven—nought left for the eye to rest upon but those two human-beings tumbling headlong from that immense and immeasurable height into the yawning chasm beneath of earth or sea. What an

* "He ascended with Dr. Jefferies January 7th 1785."

† "M. Pilatre de Rosiere and M. Romain June 15th 1785."
appalling sight it must have been!—the death of a human being even in the solemn stillness and repose of old age, in the blessed hope of eternal bliss is unspeakably awful!

“How wonderful is Death—
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the moon
When thron’d on ocean’s wave
It blushes o’er the world—
Yet both so passing wonderful!”

He who has watched the last moments of an aged parent can alone tell. But to think upon the fate of one before his time, ‘unhouseled unanointed unanealed’ in the vigor of manhood, on the zenith of fame struck down by the hand of Death—one moment the idol of his fellow-creatures, the next a cold and lifeless corpse—to think of the fate of such a man under such circumstances is enough to make the blood run back to its sacred source. Such is a brief outline (imperfectly told) of this melancholy and painful scene. One is said to have been partly alive when found—the other, quite dead: their remains lie in the church-yard at Wemille, with a suitable memorial to their memories."

"I presume," said I to my old friend, "that these reflections had their due effect upon you, and that you returned?"

"I did-not go to the races, but sat me down and wept—I wept, but knew-not why! During my melancholy reverie, I had taken a little pocket-edition of Horace from my coat, and the ‘Third Ode of the First Book’ was accidentally open before me—the Poet’s Ode to his friend Virgil, on leaving for Athens, and my eyes almost unconsciously rested upon the words:

"Expertus vacuum Daedalus aera,
Penis non hominii datis."

when amazement seized me at the remarkable coincidence—that this volume should thus, as it were, open-itself at that very Ode—on the very spot—on the very subject so written—about 1800 years before! An electric shock could-not have struck me more forcibly.

"Tell me," energetically exclaimed my acquaintance, "tell me ye divines and philosophers—tell me why those inanimate pages should have there unfolded-themselves?—Why my own unconscious fingers should have there rested? Was it a freak of fickle chance?—The firm purpose of design?—An act of the will or understanding—of course necessitated—Or a momentary flash of that heavenly light when the faculties, according to Coleridge, "are superseded by immediate vision?" Or that condition, according to Swedenborg "When the great curtain between us and Eternity is withdrawn, and the living and the dead—in full and perfect harmony—hold sweet intercourse one with another? Be the reason what it may, the frequency of the fact makes the belief of it intelligible. Most men’s experience acquaints them that immediate vision is neither improbable nor yet unfrequent.

* * * Thus did the venturesous Cretan dare,
To tempt with impious wings, the void of air."
who that has passed through the gradations of human existence, from boyhood to youth; from youth to manhood; from manhood to old age that has-not some strong impression of it. 'Last night,' exclaims one, 'in a winding-sheet stood before me in bed my affectionate boy in India.—I awoke—no child—all was a dream!' I have heard such a tale from a fond mother. A few months afterwards, a letter in deep mourning came as the sombre messenger of death—of the death of him in whom all her joys and hopes were centered; his death, too, at that very hour—that very moment of time when robed in death his image appeared at her bedside, as it were to take his last farewell before he went hence to be no more seen! What but a flash of the lightening of Heaven?—Of vision instantaneous? But we will at a more suitable season discourse on these sublime topics.

'One word, however, upon this interesting Ode. It is interesting as bringing together two of the greatest poets which mighty Rome had produced. Horace accompanies his friend Virgil, then on his way to Athens, as far as a sea-port in Calabria—the vessel sails out of port—the poet's soul takes fire, and not content with wishing for every favorable wind that could waft his friend safely to the destined port, he launches forth into a most violent philippic against the folly and wickedness, and impiety of man. To these—the worst passions of the human heart—he attributes navigation and aeronautism. Close upon the sea-shore, as I then was, with a commanding view of the whole English Channel from shore to shore, with many thousand sail of my own and other civilized countries of the world scattered over its heaving surface, on the very soil marked by this stone as the fatal spot where two young men had lost their lives in imitating him who is so beautifully described in this very Ode, it gave birth to a train of thought not likely to have had existence at another time or place, or under different circumstances. To attribute the one or the other to the impiety of man!'

'Is this,' thought I, 'mere volatile, poetic license—the fleeting flash of the poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling? Or is it the fixed and sober language of a Pagan moralist? Truth is—not the less so, for being told by a Heathen! To me though neither of the herd of Epicurean or preferring the philosophy of Paganism to the morality of the gospel—nor yet ignorance to wisdom the language of the poet seems winged with truth and conviction to every eye that can discern the thoughts and the ways of men. Where is the rock that is dead to the sound of words like these!—

"No work too high for man's audacious pride,  
Our folly would attempt the skies,  
And with gigantic boldness impious rise:  
Nor Jove, provoked by mortal pride,  
Can lay his angry thunderbolts aside."

Although I did not that day arrive at the race-course, I must, however, tell you that I was once there during the so-called races. The spot has been laid-out at considerable expense, by whom or when I know not. The notorious John Wilkes (who resided here with his friend Churchill, with many others of the same herd of Epicurus' styte), may, for ought I know, have bequeathed a sum for that purpose. In shape, extent and elevation, the ground resembles much that of A—
in the county of W—, the only difference being, that, in the very centre of the latter stands the gallows or wooden gibbet on which criminals were formerly executed.

“A L’Anglaise miscier utile dulci. The Grand-Stand—for they have their Grand-Stand—and their winning post—and starting posts—and their distance-posts, &c., &c.—seemed to be the top of the wall which forms the curtilage of the building on which were ranged twenty or thirty of the aristocracy (judging by their moustachios)—all honorable men;—my lord M——, sir V. C——; captain K——; young G——; five or six gents. late of London—custom-house officers—but now of Calais, Mons. "I beg monsieur—ten-thousand pardons (not a Frenchman was present!) and though last not least, there was the man whom that very sarcastic, keen-eyed little man Punch calls the ‘great unaccountable;’ the oi politei, or multitude, consisted of the sine quâ non from Angles and other livery-stables; whether any of the swell-mob were there, I am not at liberty to say. In all there were about eighty persons.”*

"Did any of the fair sex grace the scene with her presence?" enquired I.

"None!" said my old friend, indignantly, none!—women have more sense and better taste. A virtuous woman sets too high a value upon her character to endanger it by such intercourse; she knows that evil communications corrupt good manners; at home, no doubt, even Royalty deigns to grace Ascot and Epsom with her presence: tens of thousands of her age and sex, fair and virtuous, and pure and lovely, follow the royal example.”

There is a maxim of the English law which says—“The Queen can do no wrong;” but this, my fair ones, is not a rule of law, or of morality for you! The complex requirements of state policy may be different from the plain and simple rules of right and wrong which regulate private individuals.

"Moreover, the stadium of our Ascot" said my friend “is some distance from the pestilential atmosphere of the Sand Banks of Wimereux.—To enjoy the innocent amusements of life is the natural right of humanity, from the prince to the peasant; but we should all be on-our-guard even in the comparatively pure atmosphere of Ascot lest the lewe cliniamen, the gentle bias strike deep root where the virtues only ought to flourish; and from its parasitical propensities they die from the embrace they give; lest the pomp and vanities of the world like the Saxons of old enter the land as auxiliaries, and remain in it as conquerors and lords.

"During the afternoon two or three races were run, if running it could be called. Before and after each race many Bigendian controversies arose, and a great deal of money was supposed to change-hands. The “settling corner” was understood to be at the Café——, rue ———. Young G——, before-mentioned—was the winner of the great race of the day, on his celebrated horse ‘Rattler’. ‘Old Rattler’ for that was his proper name, was a light bay nag about 14 hands in height, with a long tail almost sweeping the ground—not the fine aristocratic bangtail of our Godolphin Arab of the turf, but the dirty, uncombed, ill-favored accident of a thing, allowed to sweep the ground, it might be for beauty, like that of the Roman cows,

* The population of Boulogne exceeds 40,000, and the English residents only average 4,500.
or like that of the French charger to act as a sort of fan or anti-gadfly for the belted
knight upon his back:

In this worlde he hadde no pere
Dromedary nor desteree.

Young G— too, his matchless rider was a picture! A happy personification of
the aphorism that men are but children of a larger growth. He was so tall that with
little difficulty he might have either walked or ridden—he was dressed a l'Anglais,
in tops and smalls, and silk jacket, and cap—all in all—except that he seemed to dis-
dain the old-fashioned spurs with black-leather straps to fasten them with, and had,
instead, with evident pains with screw or spring fitted a pair of military ones to his
heels. Yet, withal, they answered every purpose of pomp and power, and what
cared the Grecian youth, triumphant to the Goal returned?

Amazement seized the circling crowd,
The youth with emulation glowed,
Even whiskered children hailed the boy
And all-but gazed with joy
For he deep judging sage beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the rider he drew nigh
And flush'd with hope had caught his eye

"Alas! unhappy youth he cried
Expect no praise from me and sigh'd
With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away;
The time profusely squandered there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care
If well employed, at less expense,
Had taught thee honor, virtue, sense
And raised thee from a Jockey's fate
To govern men and guide the state.

By the time my aged friend had finished this story of his excursion to the Olympic
games (here imperfectly told, but to me narrated in his dry and good-humored tone)
we had arrived at Terlincthun, where, as I have said before, Henry VIII. held
his court during the siege of Boulogne. Opposite the door of the first building
in the village my friend stood stock still and said, with his oaken staff raised and
pointed to the door:—"That's the celebrated chapel of Jesus flagellé."

As it had rather the appearance of a school than a church or chapel I had to col-
clect my wandering thoughts, as to what he meant.

"Go in" said he "and see."

We went in, the door being well nigh wide open—much too wide and insecure for
a Protestant country, easily to be named, where the distinction between meum and
tuum—mine and thine—seems, if even understood, not, at least, at all times well
observed.

But so it was, and all secure from the unhallowed touch or tread of dishonesty, as
if a guardian angel kept-watch over it. But what, forsooth, was there to guard so
sacredly? A portion of the Holy Cross? The seamless coat? The blood of some Gennaro or deified saint? Its treasures indeed were-not tempting! The interior of this little chapel - so celebrated for the miraculous cures that have been effected, by simply kneeling at its shrine - may measure (if one may speak so irreverently) twenty feet by ten, one fourth of whose length being divided off with a strong iron railing enclosing the altar and the sanctum sanctorum. In the centre was a large painting representing Our Redeemer scourged! Jesus Flagellé: the remaining space of the Chapel—that is to say its walls and ceiling were covered with miniature ships—the offerings of mariners—a legion of images of saints, small pictures, and every ornament which piety could offer or superstition suggest. On the right and left of the door, in the corner, stood two oblong, oaken chest containing (as it is said) the staves and bandages of the halt and the lame who deposited them there to attest their miraculous cure. The Stoic or the Infidel may sneer at all these things—may call them baubles of superstition—toys of priestcraft and such like. True Christian Charity, however, will find another vent. Joy and gladness will swell the good man's bosom when he sees the rescued mariner with a heart heaving with gratitude to the God of mercies offering-up a little model of the Arc whereon he braved the tempest; his piety will gain-strength before the widow's mite, suspended for the soul of him she loved so well. Yet, even there, every emotion of this kind, every glow of piety, every feeling of devotion, one could almost find in one's heart to say, sobriety of thought is gone, the very moment the eye rests upon the Painting which stood at the top of the room—this 'Jesus flagellé.'

"I can well suppose (although it has not yet fallen to my lot to feel it) one of the immortal touches of a Raphael, a Rubens, a Corregio, or a West, by their own intrinsic beauties and force of reality bearing as a conductor the pilgrim's soul from earth to Heaven—the connecting link—the ladder of his ascent and descent—and that when by its sublime aid the human eye has reached its own horizon, enlivened Faith moves onwards, and on the wings of the Cherubim is borne-up to the pure Empyrean. If so, as a means to an end—an end so transcendent, they are jewels of inestimable price, and their masters the benefactors of mankind. But what can the dull resting of a stone give life to? Such is the design and finish of this, that it cannot but offend the mind that could value the works of such great Masters—it cannot but offend! neither can it exercise any quickening influence over an uninformed mind, however strong in faith, however weak in superstition."

"Is not this," enquired I, "the chapel which contains the candle which has been burning for upwards of eight hundred years?" a thought suggested by some giant tapers near the Picture.

"No," said my companion, "that was at Deserres or as sometimes called Desurences a small town about twelve miles, south-east of Boulogne, but it is now extinct—the Reign of terror—the Reign of the Dantons, Marats, Robespierres and Philip Egalités hated too much light for their work: and so they extinguished it—the Revolution put an end to its mysteries."

From Terlincinthe we passed the Château d'Horvaut, before-mentioned, down to the sands, and so to our Hotel. Thus ended our first day's ramble about Boulogne.
GENERAL MONTHLY REGISTER OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BIRTHS.
Balfour, the lady Georgiana, of twins, a son and daughter; at Balbirnie, Fifeshire, April 30.

Barnes, the wife of Christopher —, esq., surgeon, of a daughter; at Belle Vue-house, on a hill, May 1.

Barlow, the lady of Frederick Pratt —, esq., jun., of a daughter; at 17, Rutland gate, Hyde-park, May 17.

Batson, the wife of Thomas —, esq., of a son; at Snowdon-stone-house, Herefordshire, May 18.

Brewster, Mrs. Edward, 47, Burton crescent, of a son, May 2.

Bridge, the lady of George —, esq., captain 3d Regiment (the Buffs), of a son; at Anglesey, near Gorseyn, May 6.

Brown, the wife of C. Blakely —, esq., M.D., of a son; at Hill-street, Berkeley-square, May 12.

Campbell, the lady of captain James —, Royal Irish Fusiliers, of a daughter; at Ramsgate, May 16.

Cleather, the lady of captain —, of twin sons, one of whom was still-born; at Higher Ardwick-lodge, near Manchester, May 3.

Cowell, the lady of chevalier Longlands —, Belgian and Ottoman Consul, of a son; at Gibraltar, April 30.

Coylar, the wife of A. —, esq., of a son; at the Hotel de Nolles, Spa, Belgium, May 2.

Davis, the lady of Vaughan —, esq., of a daughter; at Frognal, Hampstead, May 11.

Denison, Mrs. Edward H. —, of a son; at No. 20, Thurloe-square, Brompton, May 22.

Elles, the wife of George Cary —, esq., of a daughter; at Brighton, May 9.

Forry, the lady of William —, esq., of a son; at 3, St. Andrew's-place, Regent's-park, May 8.

Gee, the lady of Robert —, esq., of Hollywood, near Stockport, Cheshire, of a son, May 6.

Gibbs, the wife of Henry Rucks —, esq., of a son, at Naples, April 23.

Guillems, the wife of the Rev. J. —, vicar of Kirtlington, Oxon, of a daughter; at Funchal, in the island of Madeira, April 19.

Hammick, the wife of Mr. —, of a son; at the vicarage, Milton Abbey, Devon, May 9.

Hamilton, the lady of captain F. Seymour —, R.N., of a daughter; at Hampton-grove, Surbiton, near Kingston-on-Thames, May 4.

Hardcastle, the lady of Joseph Alfred —, esq., of a daughter; at 26, Bolton-street, Piccadilly, May 12.

Herschel, the lady of Sir John —, bart., of a daughter; at Collingwood, Hawkhurst, May 9.

Hodgson, the wife of Kirkman D. —, esq., of a daughter; at No. 1, Clifton-place, Sussex-square, May 14.

Hoggins, the lady of A. Wynn —, esq., L.L.B., barrister-at-law, of a daughter; at St. John's-wood, May 13.

Hyslop, the lady of Major A. G. —, Madras Artillery, of a son; at Notting-hill, April 29.

Irvine, the lady of lieutenant-colonel —, C.B., of the Bengal Engineers, of a daughter; at No. 3, Conduit-street West, Hyde-park-gardens, May 17.

Kerry, the countess of —, of a son, at Hendon, May 19.

Macdonald, the lady of his excellency Norman William —, governor of the colony of Sierra Leone, of a son and heir; at Government-house, Fort Thornton, March 5.

Mars, the wife of Charles —, esq., of a son, at Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park-gardens, May 1.

Naylor, the wife of Samuel —, esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, of a son, April 20.

Oldfie, the lady of captain J. D. —, 11th Bengal Cavalry, of a son; at Leedsington, May 23.

Moore, the lady of Ponsonby Arthur —, esq., and of a son and heir; at Malta, April 29.

Noad, the lady of David Innes —, esq., of a daughter; at Hemer-hill, Dulwich, May 10.

Paget, the wife of James —, of a daughter; at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, April 26.

Plasket, the wife of T. Henry —, jun., esq., of a daughter; at St. John's Wood, May 29.

Pole, the lady of William Edmond —, esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter; at Wilton-place, Belgrave-square, May 16.

Robinson, lady, of a daughter, at Knapton-house, May 3.

Roper, the wife of David —, esq., of a son; at 18, Upper Woburn place, May 17.

Sandilands, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. John —, of a son, at Wardie-lodge, Edinburgh, May 4.

Scarth, the lady of the Rev. H. M. —, rector of Bathwick, of a son; at Bath, April 23.

Shaw, the lady of J. R. —, esq., of Arrowehall, Cheshire, of a son and heir, May 22.

Streatheld, Mrs. W. Champion, of a daughter, at the Val Madeira, April 3.

Thomas, the lady of — Le Marchant —, esq., of a son, at Berkeley-square, May 12.

Walker, the wife of captain W. —, 60th Regiment, of a son; at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, April 30.

White, the lady of William —, esq., of Grove-house, Yeovil, Somerset, of a daughter; at Walmer, Kent, May 2.

Williams, Mrs. William —, of a daughter; at No. 9, Upper Porchester-street, Cambridge-square, May 11.

Wilmor, the wife of Graham —, esq., of a daughter, May 10.

MARRIAGES.

Bagot, Charlotte Owen, second daughter of
captain C. H. Bagot, M.L.C., of Koonunga,
formerly of the county of Clare, Ireland, to
William Maturin, esq., Auditor-General, by
the Rev. James Farrell, at Koonunga, South
Australia, October 2.

Beach, Ann Catharine, d. of the late Will-
 iam Beach, esq., of Sloane-terrace, to John
Whitmore, esq., surgeon, Chelsea, by the REV.

Beamish, Mary Hamilton, second d. of the
Rev. Henry Hamilton Beamish, minister of
Trinity Chapel, Conduit-street, and chaplain
to the Right Hon. the earl of Bandon, to the
Brightons, at Hove Church, by Robert Ramsden, esq., at St. James's church,
Paddington, May 7.

Bennett, Emily, eldest d. of the Rev. H. Ben-
nett, rector of Sparkford, Somerset, to Charles
Crokat, esq., of Sparkford, by the REV. Dr.
Moberly, April 28.

Bethell, Ellen, eldest daughter of Richard
Bethell, esq., Q.C., to the REV. T. E. Abraham,
 perpetual curate of Bickerstaffe, Lancashire;
by the REV. C. J. Abraham, of Eton, M.A., at
St. Michael's, Highgate, May 9.

Bodley, Georgina, fourth d. of Dr. Bodley,
of Merton-house, Furze-hill, Brighton, to Samuel
King Scott, esq., seventh son of the late REV.
Thomas Scott, at the parish church, Hove,
by the REV. W. H. Bodley, May 14.

Bond, Harriet Jane, of Earl's court, Brompton,
to W. H. Cane, esq., of Uxbridge, at
the old church, Brighton, May 9.

Bowyer, Eleanor Catherine, fourth d. of
the late William Atkins Bowyer, esq., of the Manor
estate, Clapham, to Beaumont, youngest son of
Thomson Hankey, esq., of Brunswick-square,
Brighton, by the REV. S. W. Cobb, rector of Igtham, Kent,
May 2.

Buckle, Julia, ygd. d. of Joseph Buckle, esq.,
of York, to the REV. H. W. Hodgson, M.A.,
late REV. James Chadwin, chaplain of University College,
Durham, son of Rear-Admiral Hodgson, by St.
Maurice's, York, by the REV. Robert Sutton,
M.A., Canon of Ripon, April 28.

Burke, Helena Cecilia Hyde, d. of the late
Robert Burke, esq., of Cork, to Sir
G. H. Knight, K.S.L., Principal Painter in
Ordinary to Her Majesty, &c., at Our Lady
Chapel, St. John's Wood, by the REV. James
O'Neal, and afterwards at the parish church
of St. Marylebone, by the REV. Thomas Goldhawk,
M.A., May 12.

Butterworth, Ellen, ygd. d. of the late Joseph
Henry Butterworth, esq., of Clapham-common,
Surrey, to C. R. J. Sawyer, esq., second son of
the late John Sawyer, esq., of Seven-house
Hurst; at Henbury, by Henbury, Gloucestershire, May 14.

Cater, Mary Ann, ygd. d. of John Cater, esq.,
of North Brixton, to Thomas Sankey, esq.,
of Islington, at St. Mark's, Kennington, by the
REV. C. Lane, May 2.

Campbell, lady Mary Luvisa, fourth d. of the
Earl of Cawdor, to G. Egerton, esq., at St.
George's church, by the dean of Lichfield,
April 29.

Clark, Elizabeth Jane, ygd. d. of William
Clark, esq., of Cunningham-place, St. John's-
Wood, to Edwin Humby, esq., of Windsor-
terrace, Maiden-hill; at Christ Church, St.
Marylebone, by the REV. T. Wharton, May 10th.

Clayton, Eliza Dolly, eld. d. of William
Clayton, of Lostock-hall, esq., to captain
Charles Edward Stanley, Royal Engineers; at
St. Saviour's, Bamber-bridge, Lancashire, by
the bridegroom's father, the Lord Bishop of
Norwich, April 30.

Coleman, Louisa, third d. of the late Charles
Coleman, esq., surgeon, Maidstone, Kent, to
D'Oyly Richard Bristow, Bengal Artillery, at
St. Peter's church, Islington, by the REV. J.
Halsegrave, M.A., incumbent, at St. Peter's
church, Islington, May 25.

Colmore, Charlotte, ygd. d. of the late F.
Cregoe Colmore, esq., of Moor-end, Gloucester-
shire, to William Beaumariis Knipe, esq., late
captain in the 5th Dragoon Guards, at the parish
church, Charlton Kings, May 12.

Cuddon, Rachel Aloysia, third d. of James
Cuddon, esq., of Norwich, to Henry Liddell,
esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, third son of
Cuthbert Liddell, esq., of that place, at the Ca-
tholic chapel, St. Giles, Norwich, by the REV.
J. Etheridge, S.J., according to the solemn
rite of the Catholic church, April 29.

Cuthbert, Jane Elizabeth, ygd. d. of Wil-
liam P. Cuthbert, esq., Blessington-street, Dub-
lin, to David Wotherspoon, esq., of Cheapside;
at St. Mary's, Dublin, by the REV. G. Cuthbert,
May 6.

Davies, Georgiana Selina, eld. d. of the REV.
A. E. Davies, to M. A. George Burgess Hadwen,
ygd. son of John Hadwen, esq., of Dean-house,
near Hallifax, at St. Pancras church, by the
REV. H. Hughes, April 28.

Dewy, Mary Anne, eldest d. of Robert
Dewy, esq., collector of her Majesty's customs,
Shoreham, Sussex, to Edward Leigh, of the
Limes, Lewisham, in the county of Kent, by
the REV. John Evans, M.A., at St. James's
close, Piccadilly, May 21.

Du Corron, Fanny Augusta, d. of J. A. Du
Corron, esq., of Bruxelles, and grand-daughter of
the countess d'Auxy, to Arthur Hill Hassall,
esq., surgeon, F.L.S., of Norland-villa, Notting-
hill; at St. Pancras new church, May 26.

Dymond, Elizabeth, only d. of James Dym-
ond, esq., of George-street, Devonport, to C.
F. A. Rider, esq., of Rye-lane, Peckham, and
Hitchin, Herts, by the REV. Arthur Cyril Os-
low, at St. Mary's, Newington, Surrey, May 14.

Easton, Mary Anne, eld. d. of Josiah Easton,
esq., of Pawlett, to William Henry, esq., son of
the late Richard Honnywill, esq., of Clifton;
at Pawlett, Somersetshire, by the REV. J. D. Oland
Crosse, May 14.

Elwin Elizabeth, eld. d. of the late Michael
Elwin, esq., of Charlton, Dover, to Walter
Young, esq.; at Charlton church, Dover, by the
REV. G. S. Elwin, May 18.

Evans, Letitia, fifth d. of Jeremiah Evans,
esq., of Clapham-rise, Surrey, to Michael Hall,
esq., of Hanover-villa, Kensington-park, at
Clapham church, by the REV. R. Bickersteth,
minister of St. John's, May 14.

Field, Mary Ann Dyer, only d. of the late
John Field, esq., of Southwark, to Frederick
Joseph Routledge, esq., of Upper Stamford-
street, merchant, eldest son of the late Mr.
Joseph Routledge, jeweller, formerly of Lud-
gate-hill, at St. George's, Hanover-squ., May 23.

Falkner, Ellen, third d. of F. H. Falkner,
esq., of Lyncomb-vale, Bath, to John Blaxland,
esq., of Hunter's-hill; at St. James's church

Ferrers, Margaret Anne, second d. of the late Edward Ferrers, esq., and lady Harriet Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, Warwickshire, and grand-daughter of the late Marquis of Townshend, to captain Arthur Edward Ouslow, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, nephew of the Earl of Ouslow; at Baddesley Clinton, Warwickshire, by the Rev. S. Crowther, April 30.

Field, Susan Frances, d. of John Field, of Upper Gower-street, esq., to Michael Edward Conan, of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law; at St. Pancras church, by the Rev. J. F. Stainforth, May 12.

Forbes, Margaret Moir, third d. of Henry David Forbes, esq., of Balgownie, in the same county, to Alexander Kinloch Forbes, esq., of the Bombay Civil service, ygst. son of the late John Forbes Mitchell, esq., of Thainston, in the county of Aberdeen, at the Cathedral, Bombay, by the Ven. Archdeacon Jeffreys, March 27.

Fraser, Mary, d. of John Fraser, esq., late banker, Inverness, to the Rev. David MacKenzie, from Australia; at Invergordon; May 11.


Gay, Maria Simpson, ygst. d. of C. S. Gaye, esq., of Sheffield, Beds, to the Rev. H. M. Willis, of Little Dean, Gloucestershire, at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. C. H. Gaye, May 19.

Gun, Susan Sarah Christina, d. of the late captain William Gun, and grand-daughter of sir Thomas M'Kenny, Bart., to major Charles Henry Delaigle, C.B., 3d Bombay Cavalry, at St. Peter's church, Dublin, by the Rev. Dr. Singer, S.F.T.C.D., April 22.


Hardwick, Emma, d. of the late Mr. Hardwick, of New Bond-street, to John Hardwick, esq., of Credenhill, Herefordshire; by the Rev. W. J. Hutching, M.A., officiating minister of Brunswick Chapel, at St. George's, Hanover-square, May 19.

Hale, Jane Charlotte, eldest d. of John Blagden Hale, esq., of Gloucester, to William Davies, esq., of Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, at the church of St. Mary de Lode, Gloucester, by the Rev. Mathew B. Hale, April 29.

Hallpike, Ellen, widow of the late Stephen Hallpike, esq., of Singapore, to James Brodie Gordon, esq., of 57, Myddleton-square; at St. Mark's, by the Rev. J. Dolman, May 9.

Heyde, Charlotte Anne, d. of John Von der Heyde, esq., of Sydenham, Kent, to R. F. Bennett, esq., of Stockwell; at St. Michael's church, Stockwell, Surrey, May 2.


Hickson, Harriet, only child of the late Mr. T. Hickson, of Retford, Yorkshire, to Richard Rogers, esq., of North-heath, in the county of Berks; at All Soul's, Langham-place, by the Rev. C. B. Wollaston, M.A., April 30.

Hildebrandt, Frederica —, Baroness of Blattera and Slabez, in the kingdom of Bohemia, to George Treherne Thomas, esq., at Dresden, April 13.


Hodges, Eliza Maria, widow of the late Benjamin George Hodges, esq., to Ernest, second son of the late Alexander Scott, esq., of Beaumont-street, Pembroke, and nephew of the duchess de Fleury; at the Belgian Catholic chapel, St. George's-fields, by the Very Rev. Monsignor Scott, Vicar-General of Arras, May 18.


Hopkins, Mary Wright, only daughter of William Hopkins, M.D., of Cardiff, in the county of Glamorgan, by special license, to Philip Thomas Gardner, esq., of Conington-hall, in the county of Cambridges, at St. George's church, Hanover-square, May 15.


Births, Marriages and Deaths.


Knightly, miss, only child of the late John Wrightwick Knightley, esq., of Offchurch, Bury, in the county of Warwick, to Lord Guernsey, eldest son of the earl of Aylesford; by special license, at St. George's, Hanover-square, May 7.

Lacom, Clementina Louisa, third d. of Mortlock Lacom, esq., to Captain Spankie, 48th regiment Bengal N.I., eldest son of the late Mr. serjeant Spankie; by the Rev. H. Mackenzie, Great Yarmouth, May 20.

Leach, Mary Frances, eld. d. of Thomas Leach, esq., of Russell-square, to Henry Latham, esq., of the Chancery Registrar's office; at St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Hon. and Rev. H. Montagu Villiers, May 12.


Mackenzie, Janet Helen Alexandrina, ygst. d. of the late colonel Mackenzie, of St. Heliers, Jersey, to William Frederick Browne Staples, of the Middle Temple, esq., barrister-at-law, second son of M. W. Staples, esq., of Norwood, Surrey; at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Charles Mackenzie, vicar of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, May 12.


Mann, Susanna Maria, widow of the late James Violett, esq., merchant, of Bordeaux, fourth d. of the late Abraham Mann, esq., of Cheapside, to Charles V. Walker, esq., of Tonbridge; at St. George's, Ramsigate, by the Rev. A. Parrin, of St. Peter's, Hammersmith, May 12.

Mason, Jane d. of the late Mr. Robert Mason of Highland-borough, Leicester, to Mr. James Knight, of Burton-upon-Trent, solicitor; at the New Jerusalem church, Summer-lane, Birmingham, by the Rev. E. Madeley, May 14.

McDowall, Ellen, 2nd d. of Mr. Alderman Moon, to William Bosville James, esq., ygst. son of the late Major Charles James, of the Royal Artillery; at St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the Venerable Archdeacon Hollingworth, May 9.

Moresby, Mary, the eld. d. of Captain Moresby, of the Indian Navy, to Richard Dodd, esq., the second son of Charles Dodd, esq., of Camberwell; at the Old church, Calcott, by the Venerable Archdeacon Dealtry, March 14.


Munk, Elizabeth, second d. of William Munk, esq., of Heavitree, Devon, to Mr. T. W. Bentley, of Cross-street, Islington; at Exeter, May 7.


Pope, Eliza, youngest d. of Horatio Pope, esq., of Fant, Kent, to James Joseph Power, esq., M.D., of Maidstone, Kent; by the Rev. J. Henderson, at St. George's, Hanover-square, May 21.


Shield, Catherine Louisa, d. of the late William Metheringham Shield, esq., of Frieston, Lincolnshire, to John Webster Mayou, esq., of Mounslow; by the Rev. W. Thomas, at Llandawke, Carnarvonsire, May 23.

Sampson, Margaret, to Daniel Barton, esq.; at Hampton Church, in the county of Salop, May 30.

Williams, Mary Cross, d. of the late Rev. George Williams, M.A., of St. Anne's, Limehouse, to Robert Pugh, esq., of Clapham Common; by the Rev. John Hoole, M.A., at Trinity church, Stepney, May 23.

DEATHS.

Atchison, Mary Emma, seventh d. of major-general A. Atchison, of Ryde; at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, aged 17; April 30.

Allen, colonel Hans, of Claremont-house, Cheltenham, aged 72; April 23.

Anson, Sarah Anne, the wife of captain T. Vernon Anson, R.N., and second d. of the late Richard Potter, esq., of Manchester, formerly M.P. for Wigton; at Penzance, May 5.

Barlow, captain Thomas Pratt, late of the 11th Lancers, at Bath; after some years of severe suffering, May 7.

Barnard George, esq., grandson of the late Sir Frederick Barnard, of the Stable-yard, St. James's; at his residence, Cross-Deep, Twickenham, aged 36; May 20.

Bartley, captain George, of Her Majesty's 2d West India Regiment, to the late captain Sir Robert Bartley, K.C.B., having survived his ygst. brother, who was killed at Sobroan, but 32 days; at Nassau, New Providence, March 14.

Bastard, the Rev. P. Pownall, ygst. son of the late Edmund Bastard, esq., M.P., of Shropshire, in the county of Devon; at Ryde, in the 46th year of his age, May 6.

Brown, Elizabeth, wife of Ford Madox Brown, esq., d. of the late Samuel Bromley, esq., of Desford, Kent; at Paris, on her return to England from Rome, May 5.
Bidwell, Charles Broke, esq., Registrar of Her Majesty's Mixed Commission Court, at Sierra Leone, after a residence in that colony of 15 years, respected and esteemed by all who knew him; in the 32d year of his age, at the house of his father-in-law, J. Finden, esq., No. 24, Dorset-place, Dorset-square, May 12.

Burdett, miss Frances, sister of the late sir Francis Burdett, bart.; at Esher, Surrey, after a few days' illness, April 30.

Cameron, miss Culchenna, sister of the late sir John Cameron, K.C.B., in the 79th year of her age; at Fort William, Inverness-shire, April 16.

Campbell, colonel F., ygst. son of the late lieutenant-general Colin Campbell, lieutenant-governor of Gibraltar; at Ostend, in the 38th year of his age, April 23.

Carmichael, Thomas A., esq., third son of the late lieutenant-colonel Carmichael; at Leghorn, aged 22, April 19.

Carruthers, Christiana Wilson Paddock, d. of the late captain Carruthers, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, in the 38th year of her age, at Madeira, March 25.

Chambers, George Eld, eldest son of the late Stanton Eld Chambers, esq., of the Ordinance-office, Tower, after five days' most severe illness, aged 14; May 6.

Chase, Frances, widow of the late John Chase, esq., at Luton, Bedfordshire, aged 91; May 21.


Dickson, major Archibald, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service, in his 68th year, at No 19, Pembroke-square, Kensington; May 8.

Dirom, Anne Jane, wife of William Maxwell Dirom, esq., Hon. Company's Civil Service, at Chuprah, Bengal, aged 23; March 17.

Downe, viscount, in the 74th year of his age; at Beningborough-hall, May 23.

Dr. Ephrastone, sir Howard bart., G.C.B., in the 74th year of his age; at Ore-place, near Hastings, April 28.

Forster, Matthew, esq., member of the legislative council, and controller-general; at Hobart-town, Van Diemen's-land, in his 50th year, Jan. 11.

Gurney, Richard Henry, youngest son of the late Richard Gurney, esq., of Tregony, Cornwall, aged 18, May 11.

Harriss, Henry Lloyd, esq., solicitor, aged 45; at Llanddowery, April 26.

James, David, esq., barrister-at-law, aged 55; at his chambers in Lincoln's-inn, May 1.

Kinder, Thomas, esq., at his residence, No. 1, Clifton-place West, Sussex-square, in the 64th year of his age; May 6.

Larpent, Seymour, Frederick, second son of sir George Larpent, bart.; in the 24th year of his age, May 13.


Macklin, Mr. Robert, leaving a numerous and youthful family to deplore his loss; in the 45th year of his age, at his residence, Carlton-villas, Maidstone, May 4.

Mends, Mathew Bowen, esq., storekeeper of the Royal Dockyard, Chatham; after a few days' illness, at the Royal Dockyard, Chatham, May 10.


Moncrieff, Susan, the beloved wife of Dr. Charles H. Scott, and d. of the Rev. D. S. Moncrieff, rector of Loxton, Somerset: from the effects of injuries caused by her dress accidentally taking fire; at Southsea, May 6.

Mossé, Sarah Ann, widow of the late Major Charles Mossé, Royal Artillery; at Kilkenny, May 4.

Nicols, Eliza, widow of the late John Nicols, esq., of Blandford-place, Regent's-park; May 28.

Newland, John, esq., of the Middle Temple, aged 77; May 24.

Norcroft, Isabella, eld. d. of the late Thomas Norcliffe, esq., of Langton-hall, Malton, Yorkshire; at her house, in York, May 11.

Omnane, lieutenant George Wilkes, 33d Madras Infantry, sincerely and deservedly regretted by all who knew him, aged 37; at Mukteel, India, March 14.

Perry, Thomas Squires, esq., formerly of Dasson, in Java, aged 47, at Great Missenden, Bucks, April 29.

Robinson, Jonathan, esq., of Spring Bank, Stockport, aged 31; May 16.

Rodwell, Lionel, esq., of 66, Great Portland-street; after a long affliction, aged 40, May 11.

Rotton, J., esq., late Receiver-General of the Excise, aged 74; at Warwick-house, Leamington.

Schalch, Philip, esq., late of the Royal Artillery, third son of the late captain Schalch, of the Royal Artillery; at Bisham, May 13.

Shee, Mary, the beloved wife of sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy; after a few days' illness, deeply lamented by her family and friends; at Brighton, May 4.

Smith, Henry George, B.N., late of her Majesty's yacht William and Mary, youngest son of Samuel Smith, esq., of her Majesty's Dockyard, Malta, aged 23; at Grove-place, Brompton, April 28.


Thompson, J. C., esq., of Philadelphia, United States, aged 26; May 15.

Thornton, Mary, the wife of Stephen Thornton, esq., of Moggerhanger-house, Bedfordshire, after a lengthened illness, aged 70; May 23.

Upton, miss Jane, d. of the late J. Upton, esq., of Ingimire-hall, Westmoreland, at Weston, near Bath, aged 78; May 7.

Urquhart, Jemima Louisa Henies, fourth d. of B. C. Urquhart, esq., of Meldrum and Byth, Aberdeen-shire, North Britain, May 22.

Wilson, George Henry, of 17, Arundel-street, Strand, for 45 years in the household of his Majesty George III., and her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, aged 66; May 15.

Worthington, Charles, esq., late of Evereley, Hants, in the 65th year of his age; at St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea, May 11.
HER MAJESTY'S SPEECH,

On the Opening of the session 1846.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It gives me great satisfaction, again to meet you in Parliament, and to have the opportunity of recurring to your assistance and advice.

"I continue to receive from my allies and from other Foreign Powers, the strongest assurances of their desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with this country.

"I rejoice that, in concert with the Emperor of Russia, and through the success of our joint mediation, I have been enabled to adjust the differences which had long prevailed between the Ottoman Porte and the King of Persia, and had seriously endangered the tranquillity of the East.

"For several years, a desolating and sanguinary warfare has afflicted the States of Rio de la Plata. The commerce of all nations has been interrupted, and acts of barbarity have been committed, unknown to the practice of a civilized people. In conjunction with the King of the French, I am endeavoring to effect the pacification of these States.

"The convention concluded with France, in the course of the last year, for the most effectual suppression of the slave trade, is about to be carried into immediate execution by the active co-operation of the two Powers on the coast of Africa.

"It is my desire, that our present union and the good understanding which so happily exists between us, may, always be employed to promote the interests of humanity, and to secure the peace of the world.

"I regret that the conflicting claims of Great Britain and the United States, in respect of the territory on the North Western Coast of America, although they have been made the subject of repeated negotiation, still remain unsettled.

"You may be assured, that no effort consistent with national honour shall be wanting on my part, to bring this question to an early and peaceful termination.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"The estimates for the year will be laid before you at an early period.

"Although I am deeply sensible of the importance of enforcing economy in all branches of the expenditure, yet I have been compelled, by a due regard to the exigencies of the public service, and to the state of our naval and military establishments, to propose some increase in the estimates which provide for their efficiency.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have observed with deep regret the frequent instances in which the crime of deliberate assassination has been of late committed in Ireland.

"It will be your duty to consider whether any measures can be devised, calculated to give increased protection to life and to bring to justice the perpetrators of so dreadful a crime.

"I have to lament that in consequence of the failure in the potato crop in several parts of the United Kingdom, there will be a deficient supply of an article of food which forms the chief subsistence of great numbers of my people.

"The disease by which the plant has been affected has prevailed to the greatest extent in Ireland.

"I have adopted all such precautions as it was in my power to adopt for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings which may be caused by this calamity; and I shall confidently rely on your co-operation in devising such other means for effecting the same benevolent purpose as may require the sanction of the Legislature.

"I have had great satisfaction in giving my assent to the measures which you have presented to me from time to time calculated to extend commerce, and to stimulate domestic skill and industry, by the repeal of prohibitory and the relaxation of protective duties.

"The prosperous state of the revenue, the increased demand for labour, and the general improvement which has taken place in the internal condition of the country, are strong testimonials in favor of the course you have pursued.

"I recommend you to take into your early consideration, whether the principles on which you have acted may not, with advantage, be yet more extensively applied, and whether it may not be in your power, after a careful review of the existing duties upon many articles, the produce or manufacture of other countries, to make such further reductions and remissions, as may tend to ensure the continuance of the great benefits to which I have adverted, and by enlarging our commercial intercourse, to strengthen the bonds of amity with Foreign Powers.

"Any measures which you may adopt for effecting these great objects will, I am convinced, be accompanied by such precautions as shall present permanent loss to the revenue, or injurious results to any of the great interests of the country.

"I have full reliance on your just and dispassionate consideration of matters so deeply affecting the public welfare.

"It is my earnest prayer that, with the blessing of Divine Providence on your counsels, you may be enabled to promote friendly feelings between different classes of my subjects, to provide additional security for the continuance of peace, and to maintain contentment and happiness at home, by increasing the comforts, and bettering the condition of the great body of my people."
FINIS.

LONDON:
DOBBS & CO., PUBLISHERS.
16, GATE-STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.
DESCRIPTION OF THE
FOUR
PARIS-PLATES OF FASHIONS:
JANUARY 1846.
(Accompanying the present Number.)

Plate 1289—First figure, Visiting dress.
Robe of Satin princesse, of a bright shade of Lavender, trimmed on the front of the Skirt, with three rows of black-velvet ribbon, on which are placed Steel buttons; high, tight body, made with a point, and having a row of black-velvet ribbon, and steel-buttons to fasten in, the centre of the front: tight sleeves, with a lace cuff, turning upwards. Lace Collar. The under-dress is also trimmed with lace, and work at the bottom.—Green-velvet bonnet, ornamented with a turning feather, which droops at the left side. Violet-satin brodequins, pale-yellow gloves.

Plate 1289—Second figure, Dinner dress. Dress of white tarlatane, made with a double skirt, each of which is embroidered in white: low body, made with a point, and having fullness, which is confined round the neck with an embroidered band to match the skirt. A narrow lace stands-up above this. The sleeves are short, and, also, embroidered; at the bottom of which is placed a fall of lace. Small, lace cap, rounded-off at the ears, and trimmed with a pink-satin fringed ribbon.—White gloves and shoes, hair-bracelet.

Plate 1290—Ball dresses.—1st. Figure.—Dress of white moire, trimmed on the front of the skirt with three biais of gauze, which are fastened at each side with a bunch of green grapes; tight body made with a very long point, and finished with a berthe, composed of folds of gauze, at the edge of which is placed a fringe or effilé: Short sleeves finished in a similar manner. Hair à la Calypso, and crimped, having a pink rose at each side.

Plate 1290—Second figure.—Dress of pink, poul de soie, plain skirt, and the body low and full—berthe of guipure—narrow band and buckle.—Visite of black velvet, with a border of plush; all round, with narrow biais of satin, placed at equal distances; short sleeves, finished in the same manner. Lace-cap trimmed with pink ribbon.—White shoes, and gloves, gold bracelet, and fan.

Plate 1292—First figure—Ball dress.—Dress of striped pink-and-white silk, with a running pattern of roses on the white stripe. The skirt is ornamented en tablier with a double row of loops of pink and white satin ribbon. Low, tight body, with a row of similar loops of ribbon round the waist. Berthe of application d'Angleterre. Short sleeves trimmed with M. C. 1—46.
loops of ribbon. The coiffure is formed of a piece of satin ribbon, placed flat on the head
fastened on the right side with five roses without foliage; and, on the left, with a bow and
fringed ends of ribbon.—A jewelled ornament of Carbuncle, set in gold, goes up the front
of the corsage; bracelets to match.

Plate 1292—Second figure.—Toilette de ville.—Dress of satin à la reine, chocolate-
color; the front of the skirt trimmed with five rows of black-lace, placed across, and caught-
up in the middle with a silk button: light corsage, made high and with a point, having three
rows of black lace, one, at the throat, the second, lower, and the third forming a sort of
berthe and falling over the shoulder. These are, also, confined in the centre with a silk
button. Tight, long sleeves with a Jockey trimmed with lace White-satin bonnet, short
and rounded at the ears, having two white feathers drooping to the left. Bronze shoes,
white, lace cuffs, trimmed-up, pale-yellow gloves, and ermine muff.

Plate 1293—Ball dresses.

1st. Figure—Dress of pink tatarlute, over white, poult de soie. The dress is made with
a double skirt, the upper one cut in very deep-scallops, the points of which reach to the
knee. A short half wreath of white roses, is placed in the upper portion of each scallop
A similar ruche is placed near the waist, in the form of scallops which gives a very pretty
effect.—Tight body with a long point, and a berthe made of folds of tatarlute, and a rose
in the centre.—Short sleeves similarly trimmed. Hair dressed in braids, and a bunch of
white roses. White gloves and shoes, cedar fan, gold bracelet.

Second figure—Dress of straw-colored brocaded silk, open in front, the revers at each
side trimmed with a wide fringe en zig-zag. Corsage, à pointe, having a similar trimming
reaching nearly to the end of the point.—A narrow lace goes round the neck—short, tight
sleeves, trimmed with fringe—Lace cap, trimmed with white-satin ribbon, and two long
ends.—Black-satin shoes, white gloves, gold bracelet, and lorgnette.
1st JANUARY 1846.

COURT AND LADY’S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

Subscriptions for Great Britain be taken out with MM. Dobbs and C* 15 gate Street, from n. 41 Carey Street- Lincoln’s inn London. The terms of subscription, payable in advance, can be obtained at the office. The plates can be forwarded by post to all parts of the kingdom, at the average cost of 8d., a month The number of plates annually published in the complete work is about eighty four, or twenty one quarterly.

DESCRIPTION DES GRAVURES

Gravures n° 1289, 1290, 1292, 1293.—Toilettes de ville et toilettes de bal.

Gravure 1289. — Robe en satin princesse gris, ornée sur le devant de la jupe de trois velours noirs recouverts de boutons d’acier; corsage plat, montant, à pointe, orné d’une bande de velours sur le milieu et fermé par une rangée de boutons, manches plates; chapeau en velours vert orné d’une longue plume tournante.—Robe en tatarlante brodée à deux jupes, la seconde descendant sur le bord de la broderie de la première; corsage décolleté, fronce, à pointe, avec bande brodée autour des épaules, manches courtes brodées, et mantille en
Nous vous dirons aujourd'hui, comme observation générale, que la forme redingote est universellement adoptée pour les robes de ville qui se font fermées jusqu'au cou avec un petit collet, ce qui dessine le corsage et fait en même temps valoir le buste. Nous préférons au petit collet des revers tombant très bas sur les épaules et ouverts sur la poitrine, parce que cette mode exige les chemisettes de dentelle que l'on ne saurait trop encourager. Les femmes élégantes ne doivent pas s'y tromper: la dentelle est, pour ainsi dire, le seul véritable luxe, et à ce propos nous ne croyons pouvoir mieux faire que de recommander la maison Violard, dont toutes les productions sont marquées d'un cachet de supériorité incontestable, quoique d'un grand quart au-dessous du prix ordinaire. Aussi la dentelle est maintenant de rigueur dans toutes les toilettes.

La porcelaine est plus à la mode que jamais dans les appartements de luxe et de goût. Grâce aux étagères, il en faut aujourd'hui une profusion; elle passe en première ligne dans les acquisitions du jour, car elle offre une foule d'objets tous agréables, surtout à la manufacture de la maison du pont de fer. Là, on a porté dans les recherches de cette année des soins de détails d'autant plus méritaires qu'on y a joint tout ce qui pouvait en assurer la modicité des prix. Ainsi, les porcelaines de Chine, du Japon, les thés anglais, si en vogue dans les salons, sont dans ces magasins, ravissants de choix et de bon goût, à des prix moindres que partout ailleurs. Nous y avons vu entr'autres, cette semaine, un thé anglais composé de dix-neuf pièces en porcelaine fond rose avec dorures d'un délicieux effet; des verres d'eau en cristal blanc rubané de rose ou de bleu, nouveauté charmante qui mérite d'être citée; puis des caves à liqueurs, flacons et cristaux taillés sur des modèles gracieux et riches, qui tous composent de fort jolis cadeaux dignes d'être présentés, et, qui, à coup sûr, seront bien accueillis. Enfin M. Bourlet a su réunir dans ses magasins tout ce qui paraît le plus luxueux pour les salons comme le plus utile pour l'intérieur d'un ménage.

Si nous voulons désigner d'une manière spéciale ce que nous avons eu l'occasion d'admirer de plus remarquable et de plus riche dans l'élegant magasin de M. Gillon, la tâche serait difficile, par l'embarras de fixer notre choix entre les riches services d'argent ciselés, les objets de haute orfèvrerie, les thés complets en vermeil; ou bien si, abandonnant tout ce qui est relatif au service de table, nous nous arrêtons aux bijoux pour lesquels les dames ont toujours une haute prédilection. Cependant nous en choisissons quelques-uns parmi ces derniers, comme se rattachant à la mode: les camées épingles ou broches, montés avec une extrême richesse, les bracelets qui se distinguent, tant par le travail que par la réunion des pierres les plus précieuses, les diverses nuances d'émail si artistement alliées aux diamants; enfin ces charmants boutons d'oreilles en émail rose si en faveur aujourd'hui.

Parmi les choses qui doivent avoir un grand succès à cette époque de l'année, nous nous reprocherions d'oublier les dentelles de Violard, les flacons et nécessaires à essences de Guerlain, ainsi que les mouchoirs de L. Chapelon et Dubois, car ces différents objets, expression du luxe le plus distingué et le plus recherché, ne peuvent manquer d'être accueillis avec une haute faveur par toutes nos dames.

Imprimerie de A. Appert, passage du Caire, 54.
LE FOLLET

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Poufier des Magasins du Passage Chausseul, 61, du 1er Champs, 32.
Robe de Mlle. Anne Hénry, Rue de Rempart, 68.
— Robes et intrigures de la Maison Safflard, 15 Mars 8.
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1st FEBRUARY 1846.

JOURNAL DES MODES.

COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

Subscriptions for Great Britain be taken out with MM. Dobbs and Co. 15 Gate Street, from n. 44 Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, London. The terms of subscription, payable in advance, can be obtained at the office. The plates can be forwarded by post to all parts of the kingdom, at the average cost of 8s., a month. The number of plates annually published in the complete work is about eighty-four, or twenty-one quarterly.

DESCRIPTION DES GRAVURES

Gravures n° 1295. Intérieur et jeune personne.
1298. Toilette de bal et toilette de ville.
1299. Toilette de bal et toilette de ville.

ENSEMBLES DE TOILETTES DE VILLE.—Robe en satin xérr, ornée sur le devant de deux larges dentelles noires séparées par une rangée de boutons de soie; corsage plat, montant des épaules et ouvert par devant, avec petite demi-pêcher arrondie par derrière, descendant en diminuant jusqu'à la ceinture et retombant en longs bouts arrondis sur la jupe, garnie tout autour d'une dentelle noire, et fermée par de-
vant au moyen de boutons pareils à ceux de la jupe ; manches plates et jockeys garnis de deux rangs de dentelle. Chapeau Pamela en velours gris feutre, orné d’une longue plume tournante de même couleur et de rubans de satin rose à l’intérieur.—Robe en satin à la reine gris, ornée sur le devant de la jupe de trois bandes de marron zibeline réunies à la taille et se séparant en descendant jusqu’au bas de la jupe de la largeur de l’une des bandes ; corsage plat, très montant, orné de trois bandes de fourrure, une sur le milieu et les deux autres sur les coutures de côté ; manches plates avec parements et jockeys ouverts bordés de fourrure. Chapeau en crêpe rose orné de rubans de satin.

Entre les différentes toilettes que nous devons à la première quinzaine de janvier, nous citerons des ensembles de toilettes de ville d’une distinction parfaite ; d’abord : une robe en damas bleu de France, ornée sur le devant de la jupe d’une bande de velours noir, large du bas de la jupe, montant en diminuant jusqu’au corsage et marquée au milieu par une rangée de boutons de soie noire ; corsage plat très montant orné sur le devant d’un pлаstron de velours noir formant la pointe au bas et s’arrondissant en basques autour des hanches ; manches plates avec hauts parements en velours ; écharpe ouatée en velours noir ; chapeau Pamela en velours noir, plissé autour de la calotte sous une demi-couronne de nœuds de ruban de satin noir. — Une robe en satin grenat ornée sur le devant de la jupe de petites coques en ruban fixées par des boutons d’acier ; corsage plat montant, orné par-devant comme la jupe ; manches plates ; par-dessus en satin à la reine noir, orné de chaque côté de la jupe de larges revers de velours noir ; corsage ajusté ; double pèlerine ne dépassant pas la taille et se terminant en pointe par-devant, garnie tout autour d’un haut effilé ; manches demi-larges avec revers en velours ; chapeau Pamela en velours couleur feutre, orné d’une longue plume et de rubans bleus à l’intérieur.

Les étoffes de ces ensembles sortent des magasins de nouveautés du Passage Cuisiat. Les robes sont de Mme Thiéry, et les chapeaux appartiennent à Mme Delaporte, dont les ravissantes coiffures de bal ont obtenu le succès le plus mérité dans les bals de la dernière quinzaine.

La reine et LL. AA. RR. Mme les duchesses de Nemours et Cobourg et la princesse de Joinville ont visité les ateliers et les salons de Constantin. La ravissante perfection des ouvrages et fleurs artificielles qui ont été placées sous les yeux de S. M. et des princesses, les a vivement surpris et a obtenu leurs suffrages unanimes.

La reine a daigné écouter avec le plus vif intérêt tout ce que M. Constantin, questionné par elle, a eu à lui dire sur son établissement. Sa Majesté et LL. AA. RR. ne se sont retirées qu’après avoir fait un choix considérable de ses admirables fleurs.

Les gants sont un des articles importants de la toilette ; aussi devons-nous rechercher, pour les indiquer à nos lectrices, ceux qui paraissent réunir tous les avantages désirables. Les fe- moirs riviés, remplaçant les incommodes boutons, sont une heureuse innovation due à la maison Tarin.

Les fleurs de la maison Tilman, obten- nent, comme toujours, un grand succès dans les modes de cet hiver. Rien ne saurait surpasser la fraîcheur de ces fleurs et leur grâce légèreté ; parmi elles se distinguent surtout les guirlandes Marie-Stuart, en bruyère des Alpes, les guirlandes Joinville, en clématites des bois mêlées au feuillage d’amandier ; des roses-néige montées en touffe pour bonnets de soirées ; la fleur ainsi que le fruit du quinquina, qui sont encore une des reproductions du brillant talent de Mme Tilman, produisent un...
ravissant effet dans les cheveux ou sur les
coiffures en dentelle noire.

Nous ne terminerons pas ce bulletin, sans
parler de quelques nouveautés de la mai-
sôn Vaillard. Entre les articles qui nous
paraissent mériter le plus spécialement une
mention, nous avons distingué : Un toquet
castillan en velours gros vert, orné de brode-
ries d'or réappliquées sur le rond; une torsade
en or tourne deux fois autour de la coiffure,
vient se nouer à gauche en laissant tomber
les deux glands, dont l'un doit descendre très
bas et l'autre doit rester fixé à la coiffure; —
une coiffure algérienne en chenille bleu de
piel nattée avec des fils d'argent, hauteur de
deux centimètres, formant deux couronnes
dont la première arrive sur le devant de la
tête et la seconde entoure la naissance de cheveux.
Du côté gauche, un joli gland transparent al-
gérien est retenu par la première couronne,
tandis que de l'autre côté une épingle, dont la
tête est semblable au gland, fixe la seconde
couronne un peu au-dessous de l'oreille. Nous
signalons cette coiffure comme la plus distin-
guée et la plus en faveur auprès des personnes
dont le goût exquis n'est jamais en défaut.
Avant de terminer les coiffures, n'oublions
dans de dire un mot des coiffures réelles si
gracieuses, et que l'on reproduit de toutes fa-
çons, soit avec des dentelles noires et des
bouquets de roses sans feuillage, soit en tulle
lamé or et argent, et plus fréquemment en-
core avec perles et fleurs mélangées.

Passons maintenant aux petits bonnets né-
gligés, devenus indispensables depuis quelques
jours, même aux petites dames, et em-
pressons-nous de leur donner la description
de deux nouveautés que nous avons remar-
quées aussi chez Vafflard, et qui doivent leur
faire oublier, pour quelque temps au moins,
qu'elles ont de beaux cheveux qu'elles n'ai-
ment pas à cacher.

Le premier est en tulle de sole formant la
dent de loup; la garniture n'a qu'un seul rang
sur le sommet de la tête et quatre rangs sur
les côtés, le fond du bonnet, de forme pay-
sanne, est entouré d'un ruban ponceau à rais
noires posé à plat; d'un côté six coques de
ruban sont adroitement mélangées avec la
garniture, et de l'autre côté un nœud à larges
coques laisse tomber deux longs bouts de ru-
ban. Ce nœud doit être placé un peu haut. —
Pour le second, il est de forme tout à fait ronde,
et laisse par conséquent la figure et le col dé-
gagés; — une garniture d'angleterre à un seul
rang, posée à plat sur le front, est froncée
tout autour de la passe, un large ruban de
velours noir est mélangé avec un ruban bleu
saphir à dents d'argent. De chaque côté il y a
quatre coques de velours et quatre nœuds de
ruban bleu; deux longs bouts de rubans mé-
langés tombent de chaque côté; le velours noir
doit être placé près de la figure.

N'oublions pas non plus de signaler les cols
feston guipure comme la plus jolie création de
broderies que nous ayons vue en ce genre.

Rien d'élégant et de parfait comme les
petites montres de femmes de M. Gillon.

Ce sont de charmants bijoux qui réu-
nissent un but d'utilité première, tout en
formant un ornement dont les plus élégan-
tes feront choix. Les bracelets et toute la haute
bijouterie qu'on trouve chez M. Gillon pré-
sentent une réunion des plus complètes de ce
que le goût et l'art peuvent aller à la richesse.

Gravure 1298. Toilette de bal. Robe en
crepe blanc à deux jupes de même longueur,
la seconde terminée de chaque côté du le de
devant de la première par trois plis recouverts
d'une guirlande de fleurs formant des zigzags;
corsage plat, très décotlé, à longue pointe et
drapé autour des épaules; manches courtes,
plates, ornées d'une rose ainsi que le devant
du corsage; fleurs dans la coiffure. — Toilette
de ville. Robe en velours grenat, ornée d'une
fourrure entourant le bas de la jupe et remon-
tant de chaque côté du lé de devant jusqu'à la
pointe du corsage; corsage plat, très montant,
orné d'une fourrure posée sur la couture de
côté et formant la continuation de la garniture
de la jupe; manches plates avec jockeys ronds
bordés de fourrure; chapeau Pamela en ve-
lours noir orné d'un oiseau de paradis.

**ÉTUDES PSYCHOLOGIQUES.**

CCCLXVI.

Un ennemi est impitoyable pour vos ri-
dicules, un ami les excuse: il y a donc plus à
gagner avec le premier qu'avec le second.

CCCLXVII.

Si l'avarice est sourde aux misères du pau-
vre, l'insouciance est aveugle à tous les maux
qu'elle coudoie.

CCCLXIX.

Un jugement sain vaut un ami.

CCCLXXIII.

C'est surtout en fait de vertu qu'il y a loin
de la théorie à la pratique.

CCCLXXV.

On peut gâter une affaire par trop de finesse
comme par trop de franchise.

CCCLXXVI.

On se désole de l'indifférence de ceux que
l'on aime : peut-être s'en consolerait-on si l'on
connaissait leur amour.

CCCLXXVIII.

Pour le monde, les heureux sont ceux qui ne
se plaignent pas.

CCCLXXX.

Pour le vulgaire, le malheur n'est que le

malheur : pour le sage, c'est le père de la
philosophie.

CCCLXXXII.

Il vaut mieux vivre de privations que de re-
pentirs.

CCCLXXXIV.

Si vous voulez que vos amis vous pardon-
nent vos qualités, jetez-leur en pâture vos
ridicules.

CCCIII.

La société a placé les femmes entre l'ennui
et le repentir.

CCCIV.

En politique comme en amour, quel est le
plus vil de celui qui achète ou de celui qui se
vend?

CCCC.

Les bonheurs qu'on n'attendait pas devraient
conserver de ceux qu'on a rêvés.

CCCCVIII.

Ce sont les petites passions qui meu-
vent faute d'aliment.

CCCCX.

On lit dans le cœur d'un seul homme l'his-
toire de l'humanité tout entière.

CCCCXII.

On est presque toujours crédulé à l'endroit
des choses que l'on craint.

LOCATION.

L'amitié grandit et se fortifie dans une at-
mosphère calme, mais l'amour s'y étoile et
meurt.

LOUISE VAN GAVER.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin 64.

Coiffure de Normandin par Chevallier. 19 — Fleurs de Millot. 3 de Meunier. 17.
Robes d'Amée-Anna. 9, Ruelle du Boulevard. 18 — Chapeaux de Mme. Mart., haut de la Madeleine. 23, Côté Vinc.
Gants à foriner de M. Vurin. 17, St. Honore. 23 — Chaussons de Hasmann. 1 du Dragon. 19.
1st MARCH 1846.

Le Follet,

Courrier des Salons.

JOURNAI DES MODES.

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DESCRIPTION DES GRAVURES

N° 1301—1303—1305—1306. — Toilettes de ville, de bal et de soirées.

Le bal des artistes, cette brillante solennité dont la salle de l'Odéon gardera longtemps le souvenir, suffirait à défrayer de nombreux bulletins de modes. Voici, pour faire un choix, trois ensembles de toilettes qui ont obtenu cette nuit-là un succès de bon goût et de distinction, et qui méritent vraiment de vivre encore un peu de temps pour voir d'autres fêtes et pour
recevoir d'autres hommages : Une robe en moire blanche recouverte de bouillonnés de tulle jusqu'à la hauteur des hanches ; corsage très décotélé, à longue pointe, orné de quatre rangs de bouillonnés de tulle formant berthe et fermée par devant au moyen d'un bouquet de roses de plusieurs couleurs ; longue châtelaine de roses assorties à celles du bouquet et posée du côté droit de la jupe ; roses dans la coiffure ; une robe en gaze de soie d'un vert très clair, ornée de trois hauts volants bordés d'une frange ; corsage très décotélé avec berthe en étoffe pareille recouverte de trois rangs de franges ; turban en gaze de soie blanche et or. — Une robe en crêpe rose à deux jupes, la seconde descendant presque jusqu'à l'ourlet de la première, ouverte de chaque côté dans toute sa hauteur, et ornée de ruban de satin rose qui servent à rapprocher les deux côtés sans les réunir entièrement ; corsage décotélé en pointe, drapé de l'épaulette à la couture du milieu, et orné d'un nœud en ruban de satin rose posé sur l'épaule et retombant sur la manche qui est courte ; coiffure en plumes blanches.

Nous sommes heureux de pouvoir vous donner, en quelques lignes, l'analyse de trois autres toilettes de bal, fraîches et gracieuses, et qui ont joui d'un véritable succès à la dernière soirée de Mme G...

Robe en gaze de soie blanche à quatre jupes bordées et relevées de chaque côté par cinq choux en ruban de satin blanc ; robe de dessous en satin blanc ; corsage décotélé, à pointe, et longue berthe en gaze brodée fermant par devant par un chou en ruban de satin blanc ; choux en marabout, posés de chaque côté de la coiffure. — Robe en crêpe vert à deux jupes bordées d'une bande de marabout et relevées de chaque côté, sur une jupe de satin blanc, par des choux en marabout ; corsage décotélé, à pointe, drapé de l'épaulette à la couture du milieu et orné d'une rangée de perles blanches posée sur la couture ; manches très courtes bordées de marabout ; coiffure en velours rouge et damas d'or terminée de chaque côté par des franges d'or retombant sur le cou. — Robe en tatarane ornée de cinq volants festonnés à crétes de coq ; corsage décotélé ; berthe à trois rangs de tatarane festonnés comme la jupe ; couronne de marguerites bleues posée sur le front.

Ces toilettes, dont les étoffes sortaient des magasins de nouveautés du Passage Choiseul, portaient ce cachet de coquetterie qui distingue toutes les créations de Madame Thiéry. Le turban, en gaze de soie blanche et or, était une fantaisie de Madame Pratt, dont les coiffures de soirée et de bal ont autant de succès que ses chapeaux et capotes, déjà légèrement modifiés dans leur forme, de manière à faire pressentir les beaux jours qui sont en route pour nous revenir, quoique bien capables pourtant de se faire attendre longtemps encore. Les ornements et accessoires en fleurs se faisaient remarquer par une vérité d'imitation, une finesse de travail, qui révélayaient la main habile de Mertens.

Les articles de linge qui complétaient ces toilettes avaient été fournis par M» Malteste, c'est dire que c'étaient autant de chefs-d'œuvre pleins de fraîcheur et de délicatesse, car M» Malteste excelle dans la confection de ces mille riens gracieux qui font quelquefois la beauté d'une femme du monde, souvent toute son élegance, et toujours son bonheur.

Ce qui favorisait aussi ces toilettes dont nous avons pu apprécier le bien porté, c'était, il faut le dire, pour être juste envers tout le monde, le corset Ninon, de la maison Pousse. Le nom seul de cette création indique tout ce qu'elle peut renfermer de mystères de coquetterie, de ressources d'élegance, et toutes celles de nos dames qui se seront servis du corset Ninon, ce véritable régénérateur de la jeunesse, ne pourront manquer de convenir qu'il justifi
son titre à tous égards.

Le bal des artistes nous a aussi fourni la preuve que la passementerie était devenue pour la Mode un besoin généralement senti et généralement accepté. Nous avons vu fort peu de toilettes qui n'eussent emprunté quelque chose à cette industrie de la féodalité de laquelle la maison Richenet-Bayard, sait tirer si bien parti. Nous avons reconnu là bon nombre de ravissants accessoires et de garnitures complètes sortant de cette maison, et notamment les insignes que portaient les dames patronesses, ornements que tout le monde a trouvés d'un goût exquis et d'une composition parfaitement distinguée.

Parmi les riches coiffures qui captivaient à cette fête l'attention d'une foule élégante, il serait souverainement injuste de ne pas mentionner celles qu'avait fourni Vaillard, car cette maison est une de celles qui justifient le mieux la confiance du public. Pour les coiffures de bal se rattachant à la spécialité, ainsi que pour tous les articles de haute linge- rie, on trouverait difficilement ailleurs autant de goût, de recherche et de distinction.

Les bals et soirées abondent; on danse de tous côtés, le faubourg Saint Germain même a repris un élan de vivace gaité; c'est à qui donnera les plus brillantes réceptions. Dans toutes ces toilettes, l'éventail est devenu indispensable: son luxe et sa richesse vont toujours croissant. Nous en avons remarqué dans la maison Vagner-Dupré, d'un style et d'un goût admirables, qui doivent fixer le choix d'une femme élégante. Cette maison est importante dans cette fabrication, et fournit pour l'exportation dans toutes nos colonies, et jusqu'au Brésil, ces riches étoffes destinées à prendre place dans un salon, dans un boudoir, sur le hamac même de la créole, c'est-à-dire partout. Les étoffes de Vagner figurent à merveille dans une de ces jolies boîtes que nous présente M. Tahan. Tout ce que l'ébénisterie peut fournir de plus gracieux et de plus artistique est réuni dans ce magasin qui a maintenant une vogue immense pour ses riches corbeilles de mariage, ses coffres à chaînes, ses tables en bois de rose et marqueterie, ainsi qu'une foule de petits meubles genre Boule, qui font la joie des femmes qui les possèdent et l'envie de celles qui les admirent.

Les gants à fermer de la maison Tarin, sont une des innovations qui méritent d'être signalées, réunissant l'élegance à la solidité et remplaçant les incommodes boutons qui se rompent ou se décousent dans l'instant le plus inopportun et vous laissent toujours à moitié gauchis. Le magasin de Mme Tarin est en outre pourvu de tous les articles de bal, et même de costumes et dominos frais et coquets qui sont instantanément arrêtés au goût et à la taille.

Les articles de fourrure, les étoffes pour déul et les différentes confections de la maison Arnould-Lecomte conservent une vogue marquée, et la faveur que le public élégant leur accorde est une véritable justice, car nulle part on ne trouverait un assortiment aussi complet, aussi bien entendu de tout ce qui concerne cette spécialité.

Gravure 1303. Toiletttes de bal. Robe en taffetas d'Italie paillet à deux jupes, la seconde ne dépassant pas le genou est encadrée d'une large guipure; corsage plat, décolleté, à longue pointe; berthe en guipure; coiffure Haydée.—Robe en crêpe gris Mogador relevée du côté droit sur une jupe de satins de même couleur par une guirlande de marguerites sans feuillage remontant en biais sur le devant de la jupe, et continuant au corsage sur la couture du milieu; corsage décolleté; berthe en crêpe et ruban de satin disposés en petits carreaux; coiffure absolument pareille à la précédente.

Gravure 1305. Toiletttes de spectacle. Robe
en damas rayé gris et bleu, jupe unie, corsage plat, décolleté, à longue pointe, manches plates, courtes, et longues manchettes en application d’Angleterre; fichu Marie-Antoinette garni de deux rangs et d’un rabat d’application et fermé par devant par un nœud à longs bous en taffetas rayé bleu et gris; petit bonnet en tulle garni d’un seul rang d’application d’Angleterre posé plat sur le milieu de la tête et froncé sur les oreilles, surmonté d’une couronne de roses simples. — Robe en popeline mauve, ornée de six rangs de passementerie posés en travers sur le lé du milieu de la jupe; corsage plat, très montant, à pointe arrondie, orné de passementerie, manches plates avec parements, manchettes en mousseline bouillonnée garnies de dentelle, bonnet en dentelle orné d’un bouquet de roses posé sur le côté.

Rappelons en quelques mots à nos lectrices le métier parisien à tapisserie de Mme Chanson. Ce métier parisien est un petit meuble qui, par son élégance, tient convenablement sa place dans un salon, et dont l’utilité bien constatée doit lui ménager un accueil favorable auprès de toutes nos dames. On n’a pas oublié que le métier parisien, par un mécanisme aussi simple qu’ingénieux, donne le moyen de monter et de démonter l’ouvrage aussi facilement qu’on peut le désirer, ainsi que de tendre le canevas dans tous les sens par des mouvements remplis d’aisance et de grâce. Nous recommandons aussi les nombreux travaux en tapisserie qui se trouvent chez Mme Chanson, à laquelle nos lectrices nous sauront certainement gré de les avoir adressées.

**LE SAULE PLEUREUR.**

Vingt ans, mon beau saule, ton ombre,
Epanouie en longs arceaux,
A régné sur des fleurs sans nombre,
Et sur un peuple d’arbrisseaux.

Par la fenêtre de la chambre,
Aux panneaux gris, aux rideaux verts,
Où, sous les brumes de décembre,
Mes yeux au jour se sont ouverts,

Pris d’un frisson involontaire,
Pénétré d’un effroi soudain,
D’un regard triste et solitaire,
O noble géant du jardin !

Je te contemple ! avec ta tête,
Tes bras et tes cheveux épars,
Tu luttes contre la tempête
Qui t’assiège de toutes parts !

Peut-être que la destinée
En ses coups de mort t’a compris ;
Qu’avant la fin de la journée
Les vents rouleront tes débris !

Comme toi, battu par l’orage,
Contre un sort cruel, inhuma,
Je lutte de tout mon courage;
Qui sait si je serai derrain ?

Oh ! si du moins à cette terre
Bientôt il me faut dire adieu,
J’aurai suivi la route austère
Où m’a conduit le doigt de Dieu.

Oui, si je vide le calice
Que me présente le malheur,
Si je meurs vaincu dans la lice
Par les assauts de la douleur,

Oui, des martyrs, si je succombe.
La palme est promise à mon front;
Et sur la pierre de ma tombe
Les nobles âmes pleureront !

Août 1812.  

**ESCOUDAR D’ANGLEMONT.**

Imprimerie de A. Appert, passage du Caire , 54.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin. 61.

Théâtre de Caron, r. Louis de Grâce 36. — Gantelet de M. Malletier, r. de la Paix 30.
Manteau de L. Chapron à l'âne r. de la Paix 7. — Gante à fermer de Varin, r. St. Honoré 335.
Chausseries de Höffmann, r. de la Paix.
LE FOLLET'
Boulevard S. Martin. 61.
 Dentelles de Roland, 3 - Chaussettes 24 - Fleurs de Mme Edouard Menars, 2.
 Bonnet de Gelinot, boulevard des Italiens, 9 - Éventail de Nanterre, 1 - Canivet, 37.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin. 61.

Coffrets de Vergniaud, 6 rue de la Masse. 13.
Bonnet de Me. de Randoux, 67.
Robes de Me. Cheyre, 40, Montmartre 45.
Dentelles de Violard, 6 et Chauveau 314.
Manteaux de Me. de Montaigu, 6 Rue de la Paix.
Bonnet de Gillot, 6, rue des Italiens.
Chausseries de Hoffmann et du Dauphin.
Courrier des Salons.

JOURNAL DES MODES.

COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

Subscriptions for Great Britain be taken out with MM. Doreus and Co 45 gate Street, from n. 11 Carey Street- Lincoln's inn London. The terms of subscription, payable in advance, can be obtained at the office. The plates can be forwarded by post to all parts of the kingdom, at the average cost of 8d., a month The number of plates annually published in the complete work is about eighty four, or twenty one quarterly.

DESCRIPTION DES GRAVURES

Gravures 1313.—1314.——1316. Toilettes de ville.—1317. Toilettes de spectacle.

Parmi les étoffes que la saison nouvelle a rendues l'objet d'une faveur toute particulière, et qui se trouvent dans les magasins au Passage Choiseul, nous citerons les taffetas à larges carreaux et à filets bleus, les taffetas gris unis, qui sont d'une distinction parfaite, les rep's de satin, les damas Pompadour, les foulards à petites raiies satinées, gris, cerise, lilas, vert,
nankin, etc.; les popelines unies et les polis
de chèvre.

En attendant que nous vous donnnions de
longs détails sur les formes, voici quatre en-
sembles de toilettes de ville qui résument à
peu près le printemps et Longchamps. D’abord
e une robe en soie violette de Parme à petites
raies vertes, brodée en sotache verte sur
toute la largeur du lé de devant; corsage plat,
montant des épaules et ouvert sur le devant,
brodé en sotache de l’épaulette à la ceinture;
manches demi longues et manchettes de den-
telle à trois rangs; guimpe en mousseline bro-
dée; chapeau en paille de riz orné de bouquets
de violettes de Parme et d’une voilette de
dentelle; — une robe en soie glacée, ornée de
deux hauts volants dentelés; corsage montant
des épaules et ouvert par devant, froncé de
l’épaulette à la ceinture; manches plates avec
jockeys dentelés; guimpe en mousseline bro-
dée; chapeau en crêpe blanc orné d’une guir-
lande de liserons; visite dite matinée en poul
de soie bleu de France, recouverte en dentelle
noire et garnie tout autour de deux rangs de
haute dentelle; — une robe en taffetas d’Ita-
lie rose ornée en tablier de deux rangs de ru-
ban de taffetas rose tuyauté; corsage montant,
plat à triple couture, orné d’un rang de ruban
tuyauté posé sur la couture de côté de l’épa-
lette à la pointe du corsage; manches plates,
demi longues, avec un haut parement montant
jusqu’au coude et bordé d’une ruche de ruban;
sous manches en mousseline ornée au poignet
da une haute manchette en dentelle; capote
Clarisse Harlowe en crêpe rose ornée d’une
longue plumes bleue et de ruban de taffetas
rose à l’intérieur; — une robe en poul de soie
à larges raises bleues et blanches, ornée de
deux hauts volants coupés en travers de l’étoffe
et bordés d’un éfilé bleu et blanc; corsage
plat, montant, orné de revers bordés d’éfilés;
manches en bais, demi larges, ne dépassant
pas le coude, bordées d’un éfilé; sous-man-
ches en mousseline bouillonnée; capote en
taffetas d’Italie blanc recouvert d’un bouillonné
de tulle et ornée d’un nœud de ruban de taf-
fetas blanc posé de côté. Les robes de ces
quatre toilettes sont de Madame Bienvenu.
La faveur publique a depuis longtemps consa-
cré les créations de cette maison, dont nous
nous estimons heureux de pouvoir reproduire
quelques fois les gracieux modèles. Les dentelles
sont de Violard, les passementeries de Riche-
net-Bayard, les fleurs de Mme Tilman, et les
chapeaux de Mme Baudry. En attendant notre
compte-rendu de Longchamps, disons que le
troisième jour, le seul qui soit aujourd’hui
adopté par la fashion parisienne, on admirait
aux Champs-Élysées bon nombre de nouveautés
sorties du salon de Mme Baudry, et entre
lesquelles nous avons distingué de ravissantes
capotes un peu serrées de forme, les unes en
crêpe rose, les autres en crêpe bleu Marie,
d’autres enfin en crêpe blanc, mais toutes peu
chargées d’ornements, et ne cherchant à se
faire valoir que par l’adjonction soit d’une
touffe de tulle à bouts francés, soit d’une petite
plume saute aux bouts irisés, soit d’une fleur
de fantaisie aux feuilles larges et tombantes.
Nous parlerons dans notre prochain numéro
de quelques pardessus qu’établissent en ce
moment nos premières couturières, et qui
n’attendent pour être en vogue qu’un peu de
chaleur et de soleil.

Les femmes montent tellement à cheval
maintenant, qu’on ne peut passer outre sans
dire un mot du costume amazone. La longue
jupe n’a pas subi de variations importantes; le
corsage est resté juste, serré, boutonné, avec
basquine plus ou moins longue; mais il a été
admis comme nouveauté la cravate Jordery,
qui se met et s’ôte sans volontiers avoir besoin
de s’en mêler.

Le gros bleu, le vert et le noir, sont les cou-
leurs préférées pour ce costume. Mais si le
noir se porte toujours et quand même en cette
circonstance, il conserve non moins de vogue comme négligé et toilette, car il étend de plus en plus sa domination. Le pourquoi est qu'il sied à la jeunesse, à la beauté, comme aussi il plait encore à celles qui ne possèdent pas ces avantages. Il fixe invariablement le choix de toutes femmes qui les recherchent à la fois une mise seyante, distinguée, qui paraît sans prétentions, bien qu'elle renferme souvent la plus exquise coquetterie. Il n'est donc pas besoin d'être en deuil pour visiter aujourd'hui ces maisons spéciales où se trouve une réunion variée de toutes les diverses étoffes de noir; aussi avons-nous remarqué la foule dans l'un de ces établissements, qui, après avoir figuré longtemps sur le boulevard de la Madeleine, ne peut manquer de continuer à jouir de la faveur d'une nombreuse clientèle. D'ailleurs M. Tonnet dirige cette maison avec un zèle et des connaissances si bien entendues dans cette partie, ayant des rapports établis avec les meilleures fabriques de France, qu'on est assuré d'y rencontrer tout ce qui peut flatter les regards par la nouveauté et fixer aussi par la qualité des tissus toutes les indécisions.

La forme Paméla, quoique dépendue encore par quelques modistes, restera, nous l'espérons bien, cette fois sur le champ de bataille, et l'on dit même que l'on craint pour la Clarisse Harlone, qui se rapprochait de la Paméla, en ce sens seulement que le bavolet était formé par la passe, les joues un peu évasées, mais tout cela raisonnablement et sans exagération.

On prétend qu'une de nos bonnes maisons de modes veut conserver quelque temps encore cette coupe pour l'appliquer aux crêpes et aux pailles, et que pour la rajeunir elle se propose de lui donner une dénomination polonaise. Si cette combinaison réussit, comme nous l'espérons, tout le monde ne pourra qu'y gagner.

La ganterie est une partie de la toilette sur laquelle on ne saurait apporter trop de soins minutieux : une jolie main doit être bien gantée, c'est le signe distinctif auquel on reconnaît le bon goût et l'élegance; aussi, les gants à fermoirs rivés de Tarin sont une de ces spécialités que toute femme doit favoriser, car ils méritent une adoption sans partage par toutes les qualités qui les distinguent.

L'espace nous manque pour parler des corsets Ninon, de la maison Pousse, ainsi que de ses corsets dissimulateurs et correcteurs de la taille, mais nous en ferons l'objet d'un prochain article et de longs détails.

Les premiers rayons du soleil ont rendu à l'ombrelle Casal toute son ancienne et utile importance. Nous avons vu les nouveaux modèles de cette maison, et nous pouvons affirmer que l'on n'avait encore produit rien d'autre frais, d'abord coquet, d'autre léger. Casal est toujours le premier dans sa spécialité par le luxe bien entendu des étoffes, par le goût incontestable des manches, par l'élegante disposition des détails ainsi que par la bonne harmonie de l'ensemble.

Gravure 1314. Robe en mousseline blanche, jupe unie, corsage plat, décolleté, à pointe, manches courtes; fichu en mousseline bordé d'une dentelle formant bretelle par derrière, croisé sur la poitrine, entourant la taille et noué par derrière; petit bonnet en tulle garni d'un seul rang de dentelle sur le milieu de la tête et de deux rangs sur les côtés, et orné de roses et de ruban de taffetas rose. — Robes en taffetas d'Italie à rais blanches et vertes, avec dessin dans la raie blanche, garnie à la jupe de deux volants dentelés bordés d'une petite passementerie, corsage décolleté, plat du haut et froncé dans la ceinture, manches courtes garnies de dentelle; chapeau en crêpe blanc orné de dentelle.

Gravure 1316. Toillettes de ville. Redingote en soie à reflets citron et rose, jupe ouverte avec de larges revers bordés de passementerie, corsage-gilet demi montant des épaules, ou-
vert par devant dans la moitié de sa hauteur, 
et fermé par le bas par trois rangées de bout- 
tons de soie, revers bordés de passementerie 
prenant de l'ouverture et formant petite pêle- 
rine sur l'épaule et dans le dos; manches demi 
longues avec parements bordés de passemen- 
terie ; sous - manches en mousseline bourdonnée. 
Robe de dessous en batiste, brodée sur le de- 
vant de la jupe et corsage décolleté, brodé et 
garni de dentelle; capote en crêpe rose ornée 
de petits bais de tulle rose et ornée de choux 
en tulle.—Robe en taffetas d'Italie gris, ornée 
d'un haut volant; corsage plat, décolleté; 
manches courtes; caraco en dentelle noire 
descendant un peu plus bas que la taille, for- 
mant corsage demi montant et ouvert par de- 
vant, garni tout autour d'une dentelle, et fermé 
par devant avec un nœud de taffetas rouge; 
manches longues, et jockeys formés d'un rang 
de dentelle; chapeau en paille de riz orné 
d'une demi guirlande de feuillage terminée de 
chaque côté par trois roses, rubans verts à 
l'intérieur. 
Gravure 1317. Toilettes de spectacle. Robe 
en taffetas gris lilasé, jupe unie, corsage dé- 
colleté, à pointe, avec demi pèlerine formant 
berthe ouverte sur l'épaule, demi couronne 
de roses, écharpe en velours noir doublée en 
satin blanc. — Robe en soie écarlate, jupe unie, 
corsage plat, décolleté, berthe à deux rangs 
en application d'Angleterre; écharpe en gaze 
de soie, coiffure en dentelle et petites fleurs de 
différentes couleurs.—Robe en soie rose, jupe 
unie, corsage décolleté, berthe en tulle de soie 
plissé, garnie de deux rangs de dentelle, fleurs 
dans les cheveux. — Robe en satin noir, jupe 
unie, corsage plat, très montant, avec revers 
prenant de l'épaulette à la ceinture; manches 
plates, petit bonnet de dentelle sans garniture 
oré de rubans bleus.

AU PRINTEMPS.

Imité de Schiller.

Oh ! soit le bien venu; le plaisir t'accompagne,
Charme de la nature, ô printemps, doux enfant ;
Toi qui portes des fleurs sur ton front triomphant !
Oh ! soit le bien venu dans la verte campagne.

II.

Te voilà, te voilà ! ton aspect réjouit.
Que tu nous sembles beau ! que tu plais à la vue !
Au-devant de tes pas la foule est accourue
Pour saluer ton front dont l'éclat éblouit.

III.

Pense à la jeune fille à qui, l'âme charmée,
J'offris ma foi ; ce fut pendant les plus beaux jours ;
C'est là qu'elle m'aima. Nous nous aimons toujours.
Oh ! oui, rappelle-toi ma douce bien-aimée.

IV.

Tes bouquets parfumés, tu me les offriras.
Si je t'ai demandé beaucoup de fleurs pour elle,
Va, je reviens encore, à mon amour fidèle,
Te demander des fleurs ; tu me les donneras.

V.

Oh ! soit le bien venu, le bonheur t'accompagne,
Charme de la nature, ô printemps, doux enfant ;
Toi qui portes des fleurs sur ton front triomphant,
Oh ! soit le bien venu dans la verte campagne.

LÉON MAGNIEZ.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin. 61.

Effets du Magasin du Passage Choiseul. Rue de la Paix. 139.
Robes d'Officiers de la Garde du Roi. Rue de la Paix. 139.
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TO THE HALF-YEARLY VOLUME

ENDING JUNE, 1846, OF

THE

COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,

MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM,

AND LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE;

United Series, Volume XVII, 1846;

Improved-Series-Enlarged, and Ancient-Portrait-Series,

Vol. XXVIII, 1846;

and from the commencement,

Vol. CLXXXIII, ending with No. MXCVIII.

(This half-year, comprising only three numbers, prices 2s. 6d.—3s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. each.)

PRICE 9s. 6d.

LONDON:
(From No. 11, Carey-street.)
This Periodical was first published in the year 1756, under the title of "The Lady's Magazine, and there have been altogether published up to June 1, 1846, CLXXXIII half-yearly volumes, or MXCVIII monthly parts.

In the year 1832, when the copyright of The Lady's Museum was purchased, 'The Lady's Magazine' bore the title of 'The Lady's Magazine and Museum;'; just previously to that period, the full-length, authentic, ancient portraits were first published, colored; when, for the better-displaying the same, the size of the Magazine was enlarged:

Then began 'The Improved-Series-Enlarged,' and the 'Ancient-Portrait-Series;'

So that up to June 1, 1846, there have been published XXVII half-yearly volumes, or CL monthly parts, (some 2s. 6d. others 3s. 6d. each;) and in January, 1838, the copyright of The Court Magazine, Monthly Critic, and La Belle Assemblee, edited by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, being purchased of Mr. Churtion, the whole was incorporated under the present Title, of:

'The Court and Lady's Magazine and La Belle Assemblee; Monthly Critic, and Museum,' of which there have appeared up to June 1, 1846, seventeen half-yearly volumes, or eighty-eight monthly parts.

In July, 1844, owing to many vexations interruptions, we were forced to issue a notice respecting the Memoirs in arrear, that, for the future, each number, as published must answer for itself.

Nevertheless, we trust, before the close of the year, to publish one or two memoirs, and, also, at no very distant day, be enabled to add some curious and very beautiful portraits, as well as very interesting memoirs to our present collection.

For the list of unpublished memoirs see the Index to December, 1844.

N.B.—In order to obviate apparent difficulties arising from non-publication of Memoirs and descriptions of the Portraits simultaneously with the Portraits, a paper will be printed, to be placed in the volume with the respective Portrait, shewing in what subsequent number the Memoir, and, when separate, the description of the Portrait and the Portrait have appeared.
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GENERAL REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS*, MARRIAGES† AND DEATHS‡

* Particulars and Mode of Registration of a Birth.—1. The Lady's name. 2. Christian name. 3. Rank or Station. 4. Husband's rank or calling. 5. Son or daughter. 6. Place. 7. Date. 8. The Child's intended name.—(Parties thinking proper to do so, could afterwards transmit to us, after Christening, the No. of the Register, name of the Church where Christened, and the same would be printed in a subsequent number.

† Particulars and Mode of Registration of a Marriage.—1. Surname. 2. Christian name. 3. Eldest, or other daughter. 4. Father's name, rank, or calling. 5. The Father's place of abode. 6. Christian and Surname, rank or calling, and residence of the husband. 7. Further particulars when desired of the bridegroom, and particularly when the eldest son, with his father's name, rank or calling, and residence. 8. The Church or place where the ceremony was performed, and Minister's name. 9. Date of the Marriage. 10. No. of the Register;—and it would be well, in case of the destruction of the Register, to add the names of the attesting witnesses to the marriage.


Registration of Marriages, Births, & Deaths from the country.—Notices, accompanied with a remittance of postage-stamps, would be received at the office—the letters being prepaid—the charges are, for Marriage entries, 5s., not exceeding five lines; Births or Deaths, 3s., each, not exceeding three lines; Monumental inscriptions, 6d. a line.

The Names of sought-after Legatees, Next of Kin, or Heirs at Law are, also, in like manner, advertised.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The volume for the half-year ending June 1, 1846.

The binder will commence the volume with the Emblematical Title-page facing him—which is in the present number (that is for August, September and October).
From February and March.—A. B. C. D.—but between pages 54 and 55 insert.—From January—Plates of Fashions—and Description, 1—46.
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From February and March—Ditto ditto.
From April and May—Ditto ditto.
To conclude with this Index.

The Magazine is not to be cut smaller than the Plates, that is, diminished as little as possible.